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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA. A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The path of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval: in that gentle look
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all told rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile—worth immortality!"

MOORE.

A week had passed and a serene happiness pervaded the household, when one balmy evening Emilia led her daughter to the solitary grave amid the overhanging trees and sheltering hedges. A simple monument had been erected to his memory. Supported by her mother, Eva knelt beside her father's grave and wept for him, whom on earth she would never behold again. Her mother had gently informed her of the manner of his death; but the wrongs he had committed, the stains upon his humanity, were never revealed to the grieving heart of his child. Lovingly his errors were concealed by the mantle of charity, cast around them by the forgiving woman who once had loved him; by the faithful Agnes who loved him still. As he had desired, his memory was revered, his faults forgotten. Eva's love for her father was a hallowed sentiment, fostered by her mother and step-mother. Emilia revealed not even to Agnes, that with her child, Maurice had abducted also a large sum of money, at that time in her house; and Malcolm Mackenzie, calling together all the creditors of the deceased, paid all their demands, thus generously rescuing the memory of the unfortunate man from reproach. In obedience to her mother's wishes, and for the sake of her grandmother, Eva donned no mourning, but she often repaired to the solitary grave, to weep, and pray for the departed.

Many months afterwards, by slow approaches and careful preparation, Mrs. Greyson was informed of the death of her son. She wept much, but her grief was neither violent nor loud. She said fervently: "God's will be done! I shall soon meet my Maurice, and causing herself to be conveyed to where his earthly form rested, she prayed there long and silently. Nelly informed Emilia, that in her morning and evening prayers, "the poor old mistress prayed the Lord might forgive her, and her dear Maurice, pardon her, and meet her in a better world."

Manuela Gonzalez insisted that Agnes should go home with her for a time; and Agnes consented, passing her days at the *Palma Sol*, but invariably returning to the Castle at sunset, to see her infirm old mother-in-law, and pray beside her husband's grave. Frank Wylie was an alternate guest at the *Castillo* and the *Palma Sol*; and in his soul doubt and hope struggled with each other; would Eva ever love him? She appeared so absorbed with her mother's affection, so entirely devoted to that mother and Agnes, to her weak old grandmother, would another sentiment ever obtain admittance to that gentle breast?

Besides, he was leading an inglorious life; his profession was neglected: the sun rose and set, and no renewed mental effort marked the day. His extreme conscientiousness whispered of lost time; duty beckoned him away to the broad field of labor; love whispered: "Stay awhile and wait."

But four months elapsed, and still no change in Eva's manner; sisterly and confiding she appeared to him; treated him as a friend and companion, yet whenever his lips unclosed with the utterances of his cherished hopes, then Eva turned away with a rising blush, or turning upon him a mildly reproachful glance, left him alone. And Frank Wylie bore his great, and as he deemed it, unrequited love in silence; placing it far above the stars, enshrining there the spirit of Eva, that one day would listen to his vows.

He presented himself before her, one afternoon, with a pale face, and a saddened demeanor, which he vainly strove to render cheerful, and announced his departure on the morrow. Eva turned pale, and inquired the reason of this sudden resolution.

"I am wasting life, Eva. I must return to my labors; wealth should be no incentive to inactivity. I must return to the world of thought and action. At some future time I may return."

"You will return soon, Frank?" said Eva, imploringly. "I—my mother—Agnes—uncle, all will miss you."

"I shall return if Eva recall me," he replied, gazing intently upon her face; "if not—never! I ought to have left your presence long since, but I lacked the courage—I could not resist the temptation. Eva, forgive me! Your looks are reproachful—benevolent—my lips are sealed. Farewell, dear Eva! Farewell!" His voice faltered, despite of his rigid self-control, his blue eye swam in a mist of tears, and the hand

he extended to Eva trembled with the emotion he vainly sought to vanquish.

Still the clinging skepticism, the darkening self-distrust, lingered in the young girl's heart, battling there with the dawning love and the rising hope. She dared not trust her voice with a reply, but pressing his proffered hand, she left him abruptly; left him standing there in mingling doubt and hope and fear.

Next morning there was a pensive shadow on her sweet face; but her manner was calm and self-possessed. She bade him adieu with an unfaltering voice; but as she turned to leave the room, she hastily dashed away the rising tears.

He bade a subdued farewell to Agnes, respectfully raising to his lips the beneficent hand that had smoothed the rugged life-path of his mother. The old lady solemnly blessed him, and Nelly hung weeping around him, as he left the Castle.

"Dear Frank!" said Eva's mother; "do not leave us with a heavy heart. My Eva's time; I will not bend my child's inclinations, not even for you, whom I love as a son, and deem full worthy of her. But if my presentiments speak true, Eva will yet love you. Whatever occurs, I am your friend; confide in me; write to us regularly. If a change occurs in my child's sentiments, I, her mother, will announce it to you. Hope on, Frank! God is good, and love is life's choicest blessing!"

Bending low in reverence before the noble woman, he kissed her hand, and accompanied by her brother, passed down the marble staircase to the garden gate.

A white kerchief waved from Eva's window, and the breathless Alita summoned him to the spot. Hastening thither, a white hand dropped a bouquet of crimson pomegranate blossoms, and white and blushing roses, to the ground. He stooped for the fragrant token, but the graceful giver had withdrawn. With renewed hope, he returned to his awaiting friend, who accompanied him on board the vessel.

With a beating heart Eva sat within the shadow of the rose colored curtain of the doorway listening to his retreating footsteps, unbidden tears starting to her eyes.

The news of the re-purchase of *Castiglio del mar*, by its former mistress, also the startling intelligence of the existence of Eva's mother, soon spread over La Toma, and the adjacent neighborhood. Many of the native families, as well as their former associates, called upon the residents at the Castle, and were hospitably entertained. Thenceforth the title of "cold and haughty" was no more applied to the Senora Golding. The natural majesty, the sweet charm of Emilia's manner won all hearts.

Mrs. Greyson regained a portion of her former strength; she could again walk without assistance, supporting herself, however, by a heavy gold-headed walking stick. One hand and arm were for ever disabled; her manner was subdued and thoughtful; her petulance and ill humor greatly overcome. Alita now waited upon her with real pleasure, and performed her bidding with alacrity; the old Senora was now so good and gentle.

Eva, supremely happy in the possession of her mother's love, in her noble step-mother's companionship, regained her health, her youthful bloom, her bounding step, her elasticity of spirit. Only the memory of her father clouded her young heart's joyousness; but it was not long before her mother's spiritual belief reconciled her to his loss; she knew that he lived, and loved her more than ever.

She turned again to her music, to her flowers and pets; Jose restored to her her periquets. The shaggy Fidelde accompanied her in all her walks and rides. The little Loby received his share of her tender petting. Zephyr, too, had been rebought, and a milk white horse presented to her by her loving uncle. She would sit for hours at her grandmother's feet, reading the news to her, telling her pleasant stories, and fondly caressing the disabled hand. Eva was very, very happy.

Yet often there arose in her heart the wish for Frank Wylie's presence, and frank and truthful as ever, she acknowledged the wish to her mother, who smilingly, yet firmly, replied, "I will not recall him, Eva dear, till your own heart summon him forever." And Eva blushed and was silent.

Frank wrote by every opportunity; but he spoke not of his increasing fame, and the wealth and honors that followed in its train. What to him were the laurels, the elated voices of applause, the shower of wealth, unblest by Eva's love? But Emilia

received regularly the American papers; they teemed with the praises of the gifted young author, the poet of Nature and the people. With a glow of pride and pleasure Emilia read aloud the flattering tributes of the public voice; gazing fondly at her daughter's face, she read there the secret triumph, the enthusiastic delight that filled her heart; as she listened to the praises of one who was hourly growing dearer to her, whose name had become a household word throughout his native land. She listened with a throbbing heart and a heightened color, and while the past faded into indistinctness, as some evil dream that had oppressed her soul, an awakening consciousness thrilled her being, whispering of joys to come, of the crowning love that was to be her haven of glory.

A year sped on; the graces of girlhood deepened on the rosy cheeks of Eva, a sweet seriousness dwelt on her chiseled lips, a serene thoughtfulness upon her brow. A beautiful, saving faith, dwelt in her soul; love and peace nestled within her heart. Beneath her noble mother's tuition, her faculties had expanded in heavenly knowledge of life and duty; her mind had unfolded as beneath angelic sun-rays, her gifted spiritual vision had penetrated far beyond the visible confines of earth. Humbly grateful, meekly acknowledging the high purposes of sorrow, deriving benefits from trials past, she still cherished the ideal hopes of girlhood, with reawakened faith, with a heavenly trust. Emilia is beloved by all; her unstinted benevolence cheers many a toiler's path; her graceful, well-timed charities, lighten many a weary heart. She has ransomed sons and daughters from slavery, and the grateful tears and fervent prayers of many a mother's heart have been showered upon her. She has handsomely provided for Odalia; Zairo lives at the Castle, the happy attendant of Eva. Santiago is learning a lucrative trade in Puerto Sereno; the intelligent boy writes beautiful letters to the beneficent ladies at *Castiglio del mar*.

Whenever the Catalina anchors in the roadstead of La Toma, her dapper little captain so contrives, as to spend at least one afternoon at the *Castiglio*. He wears a handsome gold watch, and chain, presented to him by the Senora Emilia, who, he still vows, must be some English duchess. Doctor Walter is a frequent visitor, happily, in an unprofessional capacity. He has become great friends with Mrs. Greyson, who watches for him as for a brother's coming.

Carmela Nunez has spent some months at the Castle. Between her and Edward Olden was formed a lively friendship, which, before the year's end, ripened into mutual love. Edward could not win Eva, and in the gentle, subdued Carmela, he discovered the same qualities of heart and mind, that had attracted him towards the Northern girl. He somewhat resembled her lost Enrico, and gradually her heart warmed towards him. They plighted their faith, and lived in happy contemplation of the future; Edward going to Puerto Sereno every two weeks, and Eva corresponding regularly with her friend.

Nelly became the companion and friend of Emilia, a member of the family. Though all were eager to wait upon the old mistress, Nelly refused staunchly to give up her place. It is her pleasure to disrobe, and attire the old lady, who is now so calm and gentle; to sleep beside her, and attend her in her daily walks around the garden. In those walks Malcolm, too, invariably attends her; that benevolent man entertains a deep pity for the stricken woman, and does all in his power to enliven her lot. He, like his sister, is universally beloved and respected.

But Nelly sits beside her former mistress at table, her plump figure is arrayed in becoming dark silk, or sober satin; her shining hair smoothly parted upon her forehead, her rosy countenance ever smiling and happy. A lace kerchief of snowy whiteness is neatly folded across her ample bosom, and fastened by a valuable brooch. A massive gold chain is around her neck, to which is attached a costly timepiece; it is an offering of gratitude from Eva's mother. Daily, unrestricted intercourse with the gentle Agnes, with the high-toned Emilia, the graceful Eva, and the gentlemanly uncle, has unconsciously refined the little woman's speech and manner. Though still using her own peculiar phraseology, she has dropped many of her oddities of expression, her irreverent ejaculations; she has become outwardly, what she always was at heart, a true little lady.

Though always sleeping in Mrs. Greyson's room, a chamber has been fitted up for her own especial use, and adorned with every comfort, and many luxuries. The aristocratic Creoles, at first looked on in wonder as they beheld the whilom serving woman seated at the table, and mingling with the ladies of the family; they thought it a strange innovation; certainly; but Emilia, with her usual grace and impressive dignity, introduced Nelly as her friend. Agnes presented her to the company, as one who had been instrumental in forwarding the happiness of her family, and this explanation was the little woman's passport to universal favor. She was styled the Senora Nelly, and invited to every party or marriage feast in the neighborhood.

Emilia soon mustered sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language; she acquired it with astonishing facility. Her health, too, was strengthened by a residence in the Tropics; she appeared, a woman in the prime of life, erect and strong; radiant with serene happiness, endowed with the rarest gifts of mental excellence. From the white Castle's gates, she dispensed blessings unto the remotest lands.

Wealth in her hands was indeed a wand of wondrous power and healing. Malcolm placed a large sum of money at Agnes' disposal; blessing her anew as a daughter, he entreated her acceptance of it, and she withstood not his pleadings. She wrote to Germany, and sent valuable presents to the humble friends beneath whose roof she had found a happy home in her days of girlhood. She continued sending the annuity, which had been theirs since her marriage, which she had regularly sent them, until misfortune interrupted her benevolent designs.

As time sped on, many cavaliers looked with eyes of love upon the beautiful widow; but from them all she turned with gently rebuking glance, and a definite refusal. There was one who, in disinterested faith, offered her his hand and fortune—the father of Enrico de Silva; but from him, too, she turned away with faithful heart, and upraised appealing glance to Heaven. Her love was enshrined beyond this world's change and sorrow; the assurances of its eternity, the consoling proofs of its spiritual existence and return, were fully awarded her; the patient sufferer, the trial-enobled woman! Life and serenity beamed from her soft, brown eyes; beauty glowed in rose-tint upon her cheeks, holy thought sat enthroned upon her placid brow, enthusiasm upon her richly curved lips; her step grew buoyant, a calm contentment shed its glory around her path. Agnes was happy in the happiness of others, in the exercise of benevolence, in the expansion of her feelings, in her lofty communion with the spirit world. She rested in the blessed consciousness of eternal reunion with her beloved in the Eden bowers of the immortal Land of Peace!

Manuela Gonzalez was blest with another child; it was so like the departed one, that she gave it the name of the angel child. The little Angela thrived and grew in stature, beauty, and intelligence. The friends were much together; a deep and lasting friendship subsisted between Don Ramon and Malcolm Mackenzie.

One day Nelly presented herself before Agnes and Emilia, with a blanched face and a shocked expression. She had just heard that Don Felix Rivero had committed suicide, driven to extremity by pecuniary troubles, and leaving his wife and infant boy almost in penury; they had returned to La Toma, and were received by Anita's father, who, however, refused admittance to Donna Isabella, who was reduced to the utmost need, having sold her house in La Toma. She was now living with an old mulatto woman.

Eva heard the news without much emotion; she pitied the poor wife, the haughty Isabella; "God forgive Don Felix," she said calmly; "but I always expected his life to end so."

The next day Emilia rode to town, on an errand of mercy; she sought the suffering Isabella Rivero, the haughty, imperious woman, who would have wronged her child. Gently as angels reprove, she displayed to her the vanity of pride, the uselessness of wealth, unless sanctified by a noble purpose; she proved to her that unfailing retribution awaited the wrongdoer, that the reaction of sin was upon the offender. Lovingly and gently she warned her of the folly of a mispent life—the pathway that leads to ruin. And Isabella, the haughty, courted, frivolous, coquettish Isabella, listened, spell-bound, to the majestic stranger's utterance, and wept bitter tears of humiliation before her. But when she said, "I am Eva's mother!" Isabella gazed upon her with distended eyes, and burying her face in her hands, gave free expression to her remorseful sorrow. Emilia left a purse with money for her immediate wants, promising her future assistance and continued good will.

When she returned to the Castle, she found a package of newspapers, and a letter from Frank Wylie. The letter was as usual interesting and affectionate; he mentioned that he had just recovered from indisposition. But the newspapers contained a lengthy account of a great conflagration in New York City. In blazing capitals—in glowing terms of universal praise and popular admiration—stood the name of the gifted author, as the humane savior of life and property. With almost superhuman effort and daring, he had rescued two sleeping children, from a burning house; and through the flames, through clouds of densest smoke, had carried them to where the frantic mother stood, in safety. Then, he had re-entered the burning building, though strong men stood aghast, to secure a valuable deed that ensured those fatherless children the possession of their heritage. As the soul-stirring shouts of the assembled multitude greeted him, he had placed the papers in the mother's hand, and had fallen senseless to the pavement. His white hands were severely burnt, the pursuing flames had singed his light, brown hair, but otherwise he was uninjured, and prayers and grateful tears poured forth, from hearts unused to worship, from eyes unused to weep. Hundreds of eager hands had pressed forward to assist him, to bear him off in triumph; the wealthy, and the great, the city's proudest, disputed their claim to his possession. Palatial mansions were opened to receive him, the hero, the gifted poet, the humane philosopher! The beauty and fashion of New York thronged his reception-room, when it was known that he was convalescent. He was now fully restored to health, and pursuing his literary avocation.

Eva had listened, intent and breathless; a deathly pallor chased the rose-tint from her cheek, she could have screamed with terror, but intense suspense held her silent. As her mother finished reading, she rose from her chair, and knelt at her feet, crying with a burst of long-repressed emotion: "Write to Frank, dear mother! write and recall him! I

have been ungrateful—I love him! Oh, if he had perished—my noble, self-sacrificing Frank! Mother, dear mother! write to him!" and gazing imploringly into her mother's face, she burst into tears.

Emilia tenderly raised her child, lovingly enfolded her in her arms, kissed her tear-stained cheek, and smoothed back the waved hair from her candid brow; saying with a radiant and playful smile: "Write yourself, my child; none but yourself can recall him," and she went to her writing-desk, and placed all the necessary materials before her daughter. Agnes looked up to Heaven with a beaming smile and fervent gratitude.

And Eva wrote with a happy heart and trembling fingers; pouring out her full, loving heart in a long, affectionate letter, that recalled him to the Castle, there to receive her hand, as he had long possessed her heart. Eva's lips lingered on the missive, imprinting there her full heart's love and joy.

Six weeks from that day, Frank Wylie returned; and when he met his Eva, it was no more with doubt and fear; and as he folded her in a close embrace, her mild, grey eyes beamed love upon him, and her soft lips dwelt on his scarred hands, and her pitying tears rained upon them. Then he blest the past sorrow and the danger that insured him so sweet a reward.

There was a merry bridal at *Castiglio del mar*, at which the now happy Carmela, with her husband, assisted. Mr. Olden performed the ceremony, and good Father Anselmo was the merriest among the invited guests.

The pure, patient, enduring love of Frank Wylie, was rewarded with full fruition, even on earth; the post-heart received its crowning glory. Mrs. Greyson lived to behold her grand-child happy. Agnes' heart-wish was realized for the beloved step-daughter. The home, once witness of despair and gloom, was now the abode of love and peace.

When the sounds of dancing ceased, and the merry footstep no more resounded in crowded hall, and along the lighted corridors, Frank Wylie, kneeling at his young bride's feet, on the moon-lighted veranda, blest her for the inestimable gift of her love. While mother and grandmother wept for joy, Eva placed a wreath of laurel, twined by her own hands, upon her husband's brow; and, while her looks bespoke the yearning homage of her soul; she bent forward to press a kiss upon his gifted forehead, 'round which floated the golden-brown hair, uplifted by the breeze with caressing emotion. Then, while the silvery bridal veil floats cloud-like around her, and the diamonds glisten on her satin robe, and the golden moonbeams play upon her love-illumined face, Frank Wylie turns to kiss the hand of Agnes; and the fantastic lamps adorning the flower-enriched balcony, shedding their many-colored gleams from bending tree and shady grove, flicker in the night air; aerial music seems to linger on the breeze's tone.

And Agnes' dream is fulfilled.

Love and peace and harmony—sweet angel visitants! they nestled in that "home of love," and called it their abiding place. "Through darkness to the light," have unseen angels led the woman's aspiration, the man's noblest effort; purified by trial, exalted by sorrow, they rest securely by the sun-lighted hearthstone, loved and loving, blessing others, forever blest themselves!

My tale is ended. Farewell, dear tropic land! with thy glorious skies and near-seeming gold star-worlds—thy music-murmuring ocean, thy palm-trees' shade, and waving cocoas' salutation. Farewell sweet scenes—pleasant memories, holy recollections of thy sun-blessed clime, land of poetic beauty—of eternal summer, and true, hospitable hearts!

If the perusal of these pages has led off heart to the beautiful practice of forgiveness, one soul to the sun-lighted path of duty, if one mind has been gently drawn from the lures of a false ambition, from the trammels of prejudice—then this, my humble effort, was not undertaken in vain; then will the labor of hand and brain be fully rewarded—the prayers of my soul responded to.

To thee! long dwelling in the land to which so oft my prayerful eyes are uplifted; to thee, whose memory is a fund of joy—whose music-voice was the soothing strain of my lonely childhood, now oft recalled in mine hours of heart-solitude—gentle, heavenly blest step-mother! I dedicate these pages. To thee, and to all true souls on earth!

THE END.

OLD AGE.

It is not well that a man should always labor. His temporal, as well as his spiritual interest demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary, after a life of activity and industry. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a drudge all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit, can scarcely be fit for another world. The release from toil in old age, most men have a prospective pleasure of; and in the reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind.

TRUST IN GOD.

Forget not thy Creator in the pleasure of thy life; remember Him also when thou art in trouble. Be not regardless of His protection, for thou canst not do without it. All happiness cometh from Him, all life from thyself; therefore lift up thine eyes, let thy mind be exalted, and thou shalt receive strength and be enabled to pass through life peacefully and happily.

A. SMITH.

Poetry.

A DIBGE FOR ONE YET LIVING.

BY LILLA M. CUSHMAN.

Alas! for the human heart when its dream of bliss is o'er,
When the sunlight that its pathway filled will bloom in it no more;
When the tender vine that round it clung till it seemed of life a part,
Falls to the ground to rise no more, alas! for the human heart!

Alas! for the heart that thrills no more at a dear remembered tone—
But joyous, without faith or hope, plods on through life alone;
And when the winds of midnight through pine-tree branches wave,
Goes forth in bitter sorrow to weep beside a grave.

Alas! for the heart that weeps alone o'er the grave of buried love;
That seeks no sympathy on earth, praying for rest above;
How desolate and gloomy, could we look its cells within,
One kind word might have saved it—ah! no, what might have been!

Alas! for the heart! what might have been, if even a gentle smile
Had blessed it as it speechlessly drank in each word the while;
Ah, met the word was never spoken, no smile the lips did part,
And it bears its weary load alone; alas, for the human heart!

Written for the Banner of Light.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CHAPTER I.

"Angels, near us walk unseen,
Guiding all our steps serene."

"There comes poor, blind, Sarah Brown, and her boy," said our good cook Betsey to the man of all work, as they sat gazing into the cheerful fire, upon the kitchen hearthstone, and, alternately, out, through the window into the November atmosphere, now full of tiny snow-flakes.

I, a little child of some nine summers, had stolen out into the kitchen to visit old Betsey, and hear her pleasant stories, which had been one of my greatest pleasures since my earliest recollection. Hearing her remark to Billy, my curiosity was aroused; and, while Betsey placed the chairs and ushered in the travelers, I backed up against the old stone jam, and opened wide my ears to listen.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown? and how is little Master Frank?" she said, closing the door as they entered. Mrs. Brown replying meekly with a child-like: "Pretty well, thank you!" while Frank placed her hand upon one of the chairs. He then removed his little cloth cap, and Betsey untied her bonnet-strings and removed her shawl, shaking the snow from each.

The face of the blind lady retained traces of remarkable beauty, although the eyelids were closed over the full orbs, the long lashes drooping over the pale cheek. Her forehead was high and full, her nose a beautiful Grecian, and the dark, brown hair, slightly touched with the frosts of sorrow, not age, was parted smoothly back and twisted into a graceful knot. About her lips there rested a sweet, pensive smile, and her figure was faultless, light and rounded. She often raised her small, white hand to her head, or laid it over her heart, and her brown woolen dress was constantly shaken by the restless motions of her feet. She wore woolen hose, neat calf-skin half-boots, and was in all respects neat and tidy.

Little Frank was dressed in a suit of heavy, blue woolen cloth, of home manufacture, a clean white collar relieving its sombreness at the neck. He was a sweet creature, with a thoughtful blue eye, and a wealth of light, brown, curly hair, shading a high, pure brow; apparently ten years old, and tall for one so young. I have learned since then, that he was twelve at the time I saw him first; probably his extreme innocence gave him a more youthful expression of countenance.

"Pretty considerable of a storm," remarked Betsey, as she put away the shawl and bonnet of the visitor; "we never know how it will end when it begins to storm at this season. There is such a damp, east wind, and I should not wonder if it should amount to something before morning."

"Yes," replied Billy, the hired man, "there'll be hail and rain mixed up with this ere snow an hour from this time; the wind is driving like sixty."

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?" said the soft voice of my mother; coming out to welcome the strangers; "and, Master Frank, how are you, my pretty bird?"

"Pretty well, thank you," responded the person addressed, turning her sweet face towards her, with a weary look, and an evident disinclination to talk.

"Give them a good, warm supper," said my mother, addressing Betsey; "they must be chilled and hungry."

"So I will, madam," and my mother returned to the parlor.

"Sorry to put you to so much trouble," said Frank.

"Not a bit of trouble, my dear," replied the kind-hearted Betsey, patting his head with one hand, whilst she raked out the coals to broil steak upon with the other.

"Why, Osceola!" she exclaimed, discovering my proximity to the jam for the first time; "if you haint been perched up there all this time, you little minx! Take little Frank along with you up into the library, and show him the pretty books, while I get their supper ready. Come, don't you stare so at his homespun clothes, and at your own, as if you were any better for your fine cloth and bell buttons, Mister Proud. Frank's mother has seen the day when she could have bought your mother out, land and movables. Her rich silks cost a sight of money then, and she's none the worse for the trouble that's befallen her—there, go along, Osceola, dear; go, Frank, my pet."

It had not occurred to me that it might be my duty to entertain the child in the blue homespun, although I was captivated with his first smile, and the music of his voice thrilled through my soul's chambers like a strange, yet long-remembered melody. I had seen him entering the kitchen door with his poor, blind mother, and hence concluded that Dame Nature had placed a bridge of ice between him and the heir of Bloomsdale, whose lady mother was one of the richest widows in the county, and whose deceased father prefixed a "Hon." to the very plebeian cognomen of "John Drake." But those large black eyes of Betsey's never, since my earliest recollection, had been fixed upon mine in vain, and now they looked so dewy and said, that I felt their mute reproach, and, silently, taking the boy by the hand, I led him to the library.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the long rows of volumes bound in the most costly style, and arranged upon the shelves with taste and order, "may I take one of them?"

"Oh, yes, you may take the prettiest of them; only be careful not to soil them. You can't read, can you? After supper I will read you the story of the 'Boy-Hunters,' if you wish; a real pretty story, full of bears, wolves, and everything 'strange.'"

"But I can read very well," replied Frank, his face crimsoning from lip to temple.

"Why, your blind mother couldn't teach you, could she? and she couldn't spare you to go to school. Who taught you to read?"

"My grandmother taught me before she died. She has been dead but one year. She taught me spelling, writing, geography, and arithmetic. I read the Bible to her every day, and sang a hymn with her."

I, Osceola Drake, shrank back into my own littleness then; for I, who had had the advantage of the best of schools, knew less than this little, wandering child, whose only teacher had been an aged grandmother, whose daily companion was a blind, crazed mother. I began to feel a deep interest in him, and wonder at my stupidity that, although I had often heard members of our family speak of "blind Sarah Brown and her boy," I had never sought to see them, never asked myself the question, if I could not, by little acts of kindness, sweeten the cup of bitterness he was so early tasting. I longed to know his history, and determined, in my own mind, to ask him many questions after supper.

When Betsey summoned him to supper, I followed, having a curiosity to see how the blind lady would deport herself, but I stood back at the window, only glancing at her occasionally, for I feared Betsey's reproachful eyes, in case, by my seeming rudeness, I should wound the sensitive nature of her child.

While they were at supper, my mother came out and spoke to Betsey about giving them comfortable beds, and attending to all their wants.

"They will go on, probably, before I shall be up in the morning," she said, "and if it should be colder, offer Frank an overcoat of Osceola's, and put an extra shawl about Mrs. Brown."

I had always loved my mother, but now I felt for her a respect which I had not before, to see her thus kind to the unfortunate.

"My mother is always good," I said to Frank as we returned into the library, "but she doesn't take your mother into the parlor, for you see the house is full of company, up to the brim, and they're all jewelry and flosses, and they might think strange of her brown dress, and think themselves above her. What made her blind, Frank?"

"The lightning. It is a long story, but, if you would like to know all about it, I will tell you," he said; and I begged of him to tell me all.

"When I was but a little, tiny baby, she was just as she is now; I have never seen her eyes, and she has never seen me. I had a father once, before I was born, and he had a great house beside Crystal Lake, ten miles from this place. And there was a little pleasure boat on the water, and father and mother liked to go out alone to sail in it; and one day they were out, and there came up a great cloud, which they could not see for the trees which hung over the lake; and a thunderbolt killed my father, and put out my mother's eyes. After the people missed them from the house, and went out to search for them; and there they found them, in the boat, drifting about on the lake. So they took them home, and in three days they buried my father. My mother was stone blind, and her speech was gone for many days, and when it came she called for light—light. 'Open the window,' she said, 'and let in the sunshine. Ah! is it night?—a lamp! a lamp! My eyes!—oh, God, my eyes!' And, finding she could not open them, she screamed, and tore her hair, and sprang from the bed upon the floor; and so she raved until she brought on a terrible fever. After the fever left her, I was there, a little, tiny thing, and they told her I was her baby, and she must love me, and try to take care of me; and she kissed me, and said she would; and never raved again. She never remembered the lightning, nor how it killed her husband and made her blind; but she has always thought that my father is lost, and is always looking for him. She will not stay at home, and some one goes with her all the time."

"Why don't you put her in the asylum?"

"Oh, do not ask me that—would you like to see your own dear mother in such a gloomy place?" he replied in the choked voice of grief.

I apologized for my thoughtlessness, and he proceeded:—

"When my grandmother was dying, she called me to her side, and told me something, which I must not tell, about my mother's death, and other things, and she said she would come to me after death, and I would go whithersoever I was guided. Osceola, she comes to me now—I know it! She is often with me, perhaps even now between yourself and me. She whispers in my ear: 'Be kind to your mother; the Father will call her away ere long; grieve not then—her spirit will come and comfort you.' And there seems to be three of us as we walk, and I seem to hear sweet music when there is no sound, and I am happy—oh, how happy! Sometimes, at home on the lake side, I look away over the water, and see two little white clouds floating about, and I seem to hear voices coming out of them, although I know there are none; and they come towards me, and touch my forehead, cool and misty. And I know that they are angels, come to watch over me, and I am not afraid, for those angels were once in bodies like ours, and I know who they are. And sometimes, as they go away, I see other clouds meet them, and they mingle together and all roll away. But you cannot understand all this."

"No, I cannot. But where is the great house that you once lived in; why did you leave it?"

"I never know why; but I remember, when we moved, my grandmother kissed me, and said: 'It is for your sake, dear child.' I was a very little boy then, and could not think it was right to leave that beautiful home; but my mother was pleased to go, and said, as she was led out of it: 'We shall find him now.' From that day till this, she has never been happy, except when she was going about looking for him. Nobody ever harms us; everybody is willing she shall stay all night; and I grow stronger as we walk, but I am weary of the same thing over and over sometimes, and wish we could stay at the cottage. I shall not walk long; my poor, dear mother, will go to live with the angels soon."

"Frank, come to bed now," said Betsey, thrusting her elbow into mine.

"Frank, I love you," I said, taking his hand, and reluctantly bidding him good night.

Early next morning I was up to see the travelers depart, and found them at breakfast.

"Come," said Sarah, as Betsey wrapped her shawl around her, "Come, we must look for him." The day was fair, Billy's predictions concerning a storm having proved incorrect. Frank offered to pay for the accommodations they had enjoyed, for that was his custom; but of course he was told he was perfectly welcome. As he took his blind mother's hand, and went out, Osceola Drake realized that he had "entertained an angel unawares."

"You saw little Frank, when he was here with his mother, months ago," said Betsey, eyeing me sharply.

"Yes, I do remember seeing them, but—Johnny Sharp was here then, to play with me—and—"

"And—and—you thought the poor child beneath you, Master Proud!" she replied, finishing my sentence with a mischievous look, with a sermon of reproach in it.

One week from that day a paragraph in a village newspaper ran thus:—

"BLIND SARAH, THE MONOMANIAC, is gone at last. It is known to many of our readers that her sight and reason were destroyed by lightning years ago. She was out with her husband upon the lake, at the time of the mournful dispensation, which robbed the community in which they dwelt of one of the most lamented and wealthiest of men, and left her, whom we all loved and admired, but a wretch of lovely womanhood.

After many days of delirium and fever, she became a mother, after which event, she was serene and tractable, except the strange propensity to walk in search of her deceased husband, which continued until she died. During the life-time of her mother, who died a year ago, she was led by a little girl, hired for that purpose; since then, the girl having become old enough to take charge of the little affairs of the cottage, 'Little Frank' has been her guide.

This boy has mysteriously disappeared, since the funeral of his mother. It is said that his grandmother was a believer in spirit agencies; and the more superstitious of the citizens of Crystal Lake hint that the old lady herself may have spirited him away; but the more sensible are under the impression that she had saved for him a handsome property somewhere, which has been the means of the poor lad falling into wicked hands.

The woods have been scoured, the lake dragged, and no pains spared to clear up the mystery. There is much excitement on the subject. The girl, Annette, owns the cottage, which was willed to her by the deceased grandmother of the boy."

CHAPTER II.

Fourteen years later I sat in my office upon Fleet street, upon the door of which was inscribed in gilt letters,

OSCEOLA DRAKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

There are times when the minds of all men revert to the past with an all-absorbing interest; when every scene of far off childhood comes sweeping back over the canvas of memory with overwhelming power; when the present only seems a dream, the past the only reality.

I was thinking of little Frank Brown and his blind idiotic mother; of the November afternoon, when I stood in the corner and noticed them for the first time; of Frank's strange story in the library; and, what was stranger still, that he had disappeared after his mother's funeral, and had never been heard of since. I never had believed that he was dead, or that his condition had been made worse by his flight. I remembered that he said his grandmother when dying told him a secret, with an injunction of silence on his part, and I believed that secret concerned the provision she had made for his future support. Yes, I was almost sure he was alive, and I should yet see him a distinguished man, and my superior.

It being summer, and warm, my door was open on the street, and I sat with my side towards it, my head bent down upon a large volume which I had closed, ears shut to both music and discord—thinking, thinking, thinking.

Something touched my shoulder, and I looked up. A pair of blue, beautiful eyes met mine, and a profusion of light brown, curly hair gleamed in the sunlight. A tall form bent gracefully, and my hand was earnestly grasped by "Frank Brown" of the long ago, of whom I had been thinking. Yes, it was he, the sweet smile of his boyhood had not died out from those matchless features; years had but transformed the lovely child into stately and beautiful manhood.

"Osceola!" "Frank!" we exclaimed in mutual glad surprise, and the old sympathy which sprang up in the library fourteen years before was renewed under different auspices. Oh, the changes of life! There he stood before me, richly attired, and the polished gentleman, yet the same "Little Frank Brown" with the blue homespun clothes, that contrasted so unfavorably with my fine broadcloth and bell buttons, years ago—even now I was ashamed of myself.

"I knew it! I knew that boy was his father right over again," said old Betsey. "Oh, that his poor mother could have kept her senses and lived to see this day. No table in the kitchen for him now, master Osceola!" and she rolled up her great black eyes until the blackness was hid under the eyelids, in utter horror of my pride and self-conceit fourteen years ago.

I fancied too that even my lady mother blushed, as the "little Frank" of the kitchen memory, seated himself at her elegantly furnished table, and was introduced, with a flourish, to her guests, as "Frank Brown, Esq., of Galveston, Texas." In her presence we made no allusion to the past, but that evening we spent in the library, and then I asked him, as an especial favor, to relate to me that part of his history which was utterly unknown to me.

"You may recollect," he said, "that I told you, that my mother's life-work was almost ended, and I spoke of my grandmother's death, and the secret she had intrusted to my keeping."

"My mother's propensity to travel increased as time wore on, and my grandmother indulged her, saying: 'Poor thing! it matters little where she rests at night; if she can be happy in searching for the lost one, she shall be gratified.' And she hired a young girl to go with her, an orphan, who was glad to have any employment with pay. She dressed the two in coarse brown garments, such as would not attract attention, convenient for walking; then supplied the girl with a sufficient sum weekly to pay necessary expenses, and intrusted her, not to leave the most public thoroughfare. She told her also to give my mother no idea of distance; to stop every

day, for the night, at four o'clock, and always, if possible, with a private family.

"My mother's misfortune was a sufficient protection against inquisitiveness and inquiry; even the most wicked of men look with a degree of reverence upon those whom God has so signally smitten; and they traveled unmolested for years. During all this time they were never twenty miles distant from home, but going the same round from week to week, while my mother supposed she was in strange countries, far from her native lake-side.

"My grandmother kept one servant. I was her companion; she confided in me as one of maturer years. Every Saturday she expected the poor wanderer to return, but we had difficulty sometimes in keeping her quiet through the Sabbath.

"Sometimes she knew us, but not always; at more lucid intervals she called me 'Baby Frank,' as she heard me speaking, but she never conversed with me, farther than to say: 'Come, let us go,' 'be sure to look everywhere,' 'we shall find him soon,' etc. Generally she was patient and meek as we walked with a sad, sweet smile upon her lips, as if in some pleasant dream; yet sometimes starting with a contracted brow, and uttering in desponding tones: 'No—not here—where can he be?'

"My grandmother was a handsome woman of fifty-five, with large, dark, flashing eyes, a Grecian nose, and compressed, determined lips. There were times when her fine countenance lighted up with a radiance not its own; when her words flowed forth so musically and softly, that I felt my whole frame vibrate with the mysterious influences; and when she talked of heaven and the spirit life, I almost fancied that the very air was stirred with the fannings of invisible wings, that I heard the chanting of angelic choirs, and inhaled the aroma of the celestial gardens.

"Upon one of these occasions she took my hand in hers, and said: 'I shall go up soon. My daughter will remain with you one year. After I leave you, be the companion and guide of your unfortunate mother. The girl Annette will remain at the cottage, where you will return after your weekly walks and find all things the same except, my absence. I have provided for your earthly wants; and my spirit will come to you hereafter and teach you as you shall need direction.'

"I clasped my arms about her neck, and wept in utter hopelessness. What, lose her, my only friend and benefactress?—be left alone in the world, with a poor, idiotic mother for one sad year, and then lose even her. 'Oh! no! you must not go—I cannot—cannot spare you!' I sobbed in anguish. 'I cannot live when you are gone.'

She kissed me, and I felt her own warm tears falling upon the hand she held in hers. 'Death is the beginning of life,' she said. 'Weep not, but think of the beautiful land of the blessed; the land of sunshine and flowers, where there is no sorrow, no blindness; where the light of reason is never obscured. There we shall all meet at last as one family, in our Father's house,' and I drank in the spirit of her faith, and was comforted. But the earth-chain which binds us to the beloved is hard to sever; and I began now to strain upon its links, and keep the thought of separation ever present with me, until when that chain at last was broken, the bitterness had in a measure passed away.

It was about four o'clock, on the evening of the Sabbath; mother and Annette were at home. The door of our cottage was open to the West, and the mellow rays of the Autumn sun stole in, lighting every object in the room with roseate pencilings. My grandmother had complained of occasional faintness through the day, and now sat with her head leaning against the high-backed rocking chair. She had been silent half an hour; apparently engaged in mental prayer, her eyes fixed, her hand upon her heart. Suddenly she groaned, her hand fell from her side, her head dropped upon her shoulder—she was dead!

Annette and myself sprang to her side; she supported the now sliding body; I ran for assistance.

"Has he come?" asked the poor creature, thus unconsciously made motherless, "has he come?" as she heard the unusual sounds of footsteps when the neighbors came in.

They led her to her mother and laid her hand upon her stiffened flesh; they told her she was dead; gone from earth to heaven.

"Gone!" she repeated, "to find the dear lost one; it is well, they will come back together—we shall be so happy."

Through all that night I was awake, but did not weep. I was sorrowful, yet comforted. Child as I was, I realized that He was there, whose ways are past finding out, and that His light would yet be revealed from behind all this darkness. I felt, too, that the dear lost one had but burst her clay fetters, and was there still, a purer, holier being, to watch over and direct us as she had done before; and as the night waned I crept up behind my mother, who was sleeping sweetly as an infant, my eyes closed upon the lights, my ears upon the sounds of many voices; and when those lights were quenched at last, as the bright, glad morning looked into the chamber of death, I was sleeping sweetly beside her—happy idiosyncrasy—happy childhood! Cares and griefs pass over ye both as the light summer cloud; mature intellect and intense and lasting sorrow, ye are too often twin brothers in this strange, mysterious life!

When I awoke there was confusion and noise in the cottage; in every room men and women were searching trunks and drawers, and looking behind every article of furniture for important papers; and I heard some of them say:—

"The deceased had a fortune once; she has neither wasted nor given it away; where can it be? There must be a will somewhere—but they found none."

She was followed to the grave by many a sincere mourner; but no sermon was preached at her funeral, for she had often said to her friends: "When I am gone, let there be no ceremony of goods over my clay, but bury me quietly, with mental prayer, for the loved ones left behind;" and her wishes on this subject were respected.

There we left her, in her own little burial place beside the lake, where she, too, shadows rested all day on her grave, where no sound louder than the rippling of the tiny waters, or the music of the birds broke in upon the Sabbath-like stillness. And we returned to that desolate home, from whence the guardian spirit had been removed; we three, two of us, children, the other more helpless still. Kind neighbors asked if we feared to stay alone, and we told them we preferred to be alone.

My mother's eyes were again forgotten, and she

the misplaced articles of furniture; and then we sat down together, and she said:—

"When we were last at home, your grandmother called me to her and said: 'Annette, you are a good girl, and I have provided a home for you. Take care of my poor Sarah and her child; stay at home and keep the place in order, and let Frank go with her; you are wise beyond your years; be as a mother to them in my stead. I shall welcome them, in the body, but once more.

"You cannot mean that you will die," I replied, trembling with emotion. "You do not mean that Frank will be able to lead his blind, bewildered mother on the road—that frail timid child."

"Thy strength shall be equal to thy day," she said, "be faithful to your trust, and great will be your reward. Fear not—angels will watch over you—I will come to you."

Oh, Frank! the staff upon which we leaned is broken, but a strange hope struggles with my despair, and I trust she will come, as she said—perhaps even now she is here as a guardian angel sympathizing in our sorrows and directing our thoughts. A thrill ran through my frame as if a finger of ice had been laid upon me, and I seemed to hear the word "Come," although there was no sound.

"Annette, I am going out," I said, starting towards the lake.

"Alone?"

"Oh, yes, I am not afraid; it is not yet dark."

The sun was setting, and the shadows fell heavily upon the Western margin of the lake; a cool breeze sprang up, sighing through the trees and rippling the water. I felt the influence of that sylvan solitude which looked more beautiful through the misty haze of vapor now hanging over and around the lake. Overwhelmed with sensations, new and inexplicable, I realized, for the first time in the course of my short life, that man was never alone, but encircled by millions on millions of invisible intelligences, taking interest in all his concerns, exercising controlling power through some mystic agency over all the events of life.

I sat down upon a large brown stone, which jarred and heaved beneath me. Startled, I arose and examined it. I felt a desire to lift it from its place, which I did with ease, although at first sight I thought it very heavy. Putting it aside, in the place where it had lain, I found an iron box, which sprang open upon the slightest pressure. It contained some folded papers, upon the top of which lay an open note directed to me. I read these words:—

"The papers upon the top take out, re-shut the box, roll back the stone, and tell no one, but give the papers to Annette."

It was a Will, in which my grandmother had bequeathed to Annette the cottage, furniture, and a few acres of land. A clause also provided for our personal wants, designating a person to whom we should apply for such sums of money as we might need.

"I think she should have left the house and land to you, Frank, her own grandchild; but it will make no difference, I will use it all for you," said the good Annette.

The light was extinguished and our eyelids closed, still dewy with grief, yet in our hearts all was peace, and the sweet consciousness of invisible protection. The next morning the Will was made public, but even Annette did not know whence it came; and then properly instructed by her, I commenced walking with my restless mother.

CHAPTER III.

A year rolled on. During that year I had walked hundreds of miles, yet were we never more than ten miles distant from home.

The night which we spent under your roof was the last she spent among strangers; her final rest was at hand. I felt this; it seemed to be inscribed on every tree and stone by the wayside; I heard it in the sighing of the winds; it came to me in the murmuring of every brook; it was chanted in the low sweet undertone of every voice of earth and air—the last walk.

The face of the beautiful idiot waxed hourly more holy in its expression; it was oftener upturned towards heaven with a sweet, pensive smile.

We sat down upon a stone to rest, and I observed that her face was flushed, so I gathered a handful of snow, which had fallen on the evening previous, and yet lingered in spots, and pressed it to her cheeks and forehead, then wiped away the moisture with my handkerchief. When we rested for the night she seemed unusually weary, and I asked the mistress of the house to give her some tea, and let her retire early. Next morning she scarcely tasted food, and when I tied on her bonnet and arranged her shawl, as I knew for the last time, great tears rolled down my cheeks, and trickled over my garments to the floor.

"Would not it be better to take her home in the wagon?" said the kind farmer to his wife, observing her unusual weariness.

"Oh, no, that might excite her terribly," she replied; "the day is before them, they can walk slow."

It was a comfort to my poor, tried heart, to hear all whom we met speak of her so kindly; and I loved every human being whose eyes moistened at the sight of one so hopelessly afflicted.

When we arrived at home she answered Annette's kind salutation with—"I am very near him;" and when she laid her head upon the pillow to sleep, she said, "I shall find him in the morning."

Oh, the weight that settled that night upon my heart and brain! how my whole soul trembled in view of the trial before me. True, I had not much to remember; I had never known a mother's teachings; but I loved her as the mother loves her sinless babe; shut out as she had been from communion with her kind; so pure and infantile in all her ways—oh, there still remained a something that caressed which told of the jewels it had once enshrined.

"You are sad, Frank," remarked Annette; "you are weary of your daily round; your mind preys upon itself. Naturally ambitious and reflective, you long for higher things. I have been thinking it would be better to hire some poor child to lead the monomaniac in your stead, and let you rest at home."

At that moment there came from the bed-room a moaning sound; it was the invalid talking in her sleep.

"There, there, I have found him at last," she said; "he is beautiful and bright—and there is my mother, too, and father, who went up when I was in the cradle. And millions on millions of angels are here—oh, what a pleasant land, what a paradise, all flowers—joy, joy, I have found them all, my loved and lost ones, and I shall never more be parted from them."

She awoke, and that reason, so long obscured, re-kindled and burst from the accumulated ashes of years. It was the last flashing of life's expiring ray.

She indicated a wish to be raised up in bed, and we propped her with pillows. She held out her hand, and I placed my own within it, and she said, "My son, the Father is calling me; I shall go home now. In His own wisdom He has seen fit to afflict us as a family, with most signal chastisements; but His name is Love; and, even as we have suffered more than others, there is laid up for us in heaven a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I have never been permitted to see your face on earth, but I shall know it in heaven. Walk humbly and honestly before God, taking no man's reason for your mentor, but look up for wisdom to the Fountain Head of all Light. Ask, and it shall be given you. Farewell! the angels and guardian spirits of your kindred will often come to bless you, and shield you in the hours of temptation; farewell for earth! Annette, my good Annette, let your life be pure and holy, for in keeping His commandments there is great reward; may He bless you also, now and forever—farewell!"

The last words came with a stifled, sobbing breath, a red flush passed over her features, making them for a moment glow like fire, then faded slowly out; she threw up her arms, a spasm distorted her mouth, she fell back upon the pillow, and life was gone.

We laid her at rest in the quiet churchyard upon the borders of the lake. It was November, and the sods were yet green; a few snow-flakes fell upon the coffin as it was lowered into the cold, damp earth, and many a tear was dropped upon that sacred turf; for there were many there who had known her from the cradle to the grave;—as the sunny-haired child, the beautiful and accomplished woman, and the happy wife;—and they had wept when the strong man was cut down at her side, in the full vigor of life, and she was at once shut out from the light of heaven and of reason.

Annette and myself sat upon the door-step of our cottage, pondering the strange mystery of earthly destinies, and, child-like, wondering if, in all the world, there were two beings so utterly alone as ourselves. The sun was setting, its lingering glory lighting up the gorgeous foliage of autumn, and making the long line of village windows glow like a hundred fires. I was gazing upward at the church-spire, my imagination soaring far above it into the depths beyond. I fancied my mother in Heaven, gazing down upon me with soft, starry eyes—blindness and sorrow forgotten. I rejoiced that she had found him there whom she had long sought ignorantly on earth; and I wondered if my grandmother, who had promised to be my "guardian angel," would come to me soon, now that a new sorrow had darkened my life.

I started—did a light hand touch me? I saw nothing, but seemed to hear the whisper, "Come." I felt an impulse to go, to seek again that mysterious stone by the lake side, where I had found the papers the year before. I moved it a second time without difficulty, opened the iron box, and took out a package containing two letters, one addressed to Frank Brown, the other to Caleb McNull, of Galveston, Texas. My own read thus:

My dear grandchild, go to New York, taking with you the letter for Caleb McNull. When you arrive in the city, go to the Astor House, where you will meet a friend. Inform Annette only, and leave secretly after nightfall, walking to C—, where you will take the cars. Fear nothing; you will be guided. Your affectionate friend,

HANNAH McNULL LARLE.

The letter bore date of a year previous. With a sad, yet hopeful heart, Annette made up my little bundle of clothes, adjusted my snowy collar, tying it with a black ribbon, brushed my brown curls, kissed me over and over, then, giving me all the money she had, bade me God speed.

After riding all night in the cars, I arrived in the city just before day-break. Jostled and jammed in by the crowd at the depot, I felt my heart sinking in my bosom; for how could I, a little country boy, find my way to the Astor House? and if I should find it, how should I proceed—to whom should I address myself?

"Come"—who spoke? No one had noticed me—ah, it was the voice of my guardian spirit, heard with the inward ear. I walked forward—on—on, my bundle swinging on my arm, as my feet tripped over the pavement in the shadows of the tall fabrics, upon whose fronts glimmered here and there a waning light from the lamps, now blending with the light of morning.

I stopped in front of what seemed to me a little city of itself, upon which I read the words, "Astor House," inscribed in mammoth letters. I ascended the first steps. A fat person, with a pen over his ear, stood in the door chatting with a new comer. I liked his good natured voice, and as soon as the new comer followed the porter, who was shouldering his trunk, I ventured to say, "Do you own this house, sir?"

"No, my lad, but I see that strangers find accommodations in it sometimes. Can I do anything for you?"

"I'd like to go to bed and sleep awhile; and may-be I shall wish to stay a day or two."

"Why did you, such a child, come alone into this great city? Have you no friends here? Where did you come from?"

"I think somebody will come for me, but I don't know. If you will let me sleep here, and give me some breakfast, I will pay you."

"Very well, my lad; come with me, and I will write your name upon our 'register,' that if any call for you."

"Stop a moment, sir," said a gentleman who had listened to our conversation unobserved. "I wish to speak to the child. My son, have you in your possession a letter directed to Caleb McNull, Galveston, Texas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Sir, I will take the lad under my protection. I have just arrived. Give us a room immediately. My dear, I am authorized to take charge of you by your only living relative."

There was a deferential softness in the manner of the clerk as he preceded the stranger to his room, for he was a man of commanding presence.

Three days afterwards, with clothes and prospects changed, I was en route for Texas.

Caleb McNull, Esq., parted from his only sister, my grandmother, in anger, because she married against his will. Since then they had never met. But time dulls the edge of resentment, and he had become reconciled sufficiently to correspond with her. Two years before her decease, he was a bachelor without heirs, and was persecuted by her to

adopt me. She also conveyed to him her property in trust for me, except barely a sufficiency for our simplest wants.

Through what agency their plans were carried on is a mystery to the unenlightened mind, as they resided thousands of miles apart, and communications between the older States and Texas were at that time slow and interrupted.

I found my great uncle a white-headed, reverend old gentleman, from whom I received a hearty welcome. He, as well as his deceased sister, was a firm believer in the continual ministrations of departed friends. To him I owe my education and present position in the world. What think you, my friend? has my story impressed you with a belief in the new and beautiful faith called "Spiritualism?"

I have come to my native land to find my foster sister Annette, to provide for her beyond her wildest hopes, and to surprise our old neighbors with the apparition of "Little Frank Brown."

It was long past midnight; the fire was low upon the village hearth-stones, the cocks crew in their loudest tones, and the wind, sighing under the eaves, seemed burdened with spirit messages, when Frank and I retired. My last waking thoughts were of the strange destiny which had metamorphosed "Little Frank Brown," with the curly head, and dressed in blue homespun, into the tall, stately gentleman in rich attire, who needed no other credentials of character and fortune than his imposing presence. My dreams were a continuation of my waking thoughts, and I awoke again to reply honestly to the unanswered question: "What think you, my friend?" of the evening previous:

"My friend, I am your proselyte; to-day is added to the multitude of believers in the new doctrine which is agitating the whole of the Christian world, the name of Osceola.

Written for the Banner of Light. LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Sunshine has fallen like burnish'd gold,
On turret and tower grand;
And fragrant zephyrs their light wings fold,
As the proud ship leaves the land.
The bright blue waves are roused from their sleep,
As onward she ploughs her way;
And with a crest of foam they leap,
Above her with crystal spray.

The busy hum of gay, glad life,
Floats up on the curling wind,
As they scan the fast receding view
Of the land they are leaving behind.
Calm and tranquil each loving eye
Rests on the ocean around;
No thought of danger comes flitting by,
For the ship is homeward bound.

The storm king will give them battle ere long—
He is gathering a mighty force;
But what care they? the ship is strong,
And will keep her onward course.

Aha! the grim monarch is on your track,
With an army faithful to see;
Clad in armor heavy and black,
And he asks—who dare brave me?
Is it because you have labor'd long
To perfect every grace?
Is it because she is staunch and strong
That you brave me thus to my face?
Others have labor'd weary years,
Taxing the fertile brain;
For enough to bridle my wild career,
Or battle my leisure reign.

Do ye blindly dream that success has won
The coveted grandeur at last?
That what man by his boasted skill has done,
Will conquer the furious blast?
Aha! the tall masts like reeds shall bend!
The shrieking cordage fly;
And the sturdy frame-work quiver and rend,
When my power comes sweeping by.

You shall hear the roar of my boundless wrath,
From my stormy battlements high!
You shall quail from the horrors that line your path,
As before me you madly fly!
I'll teach you how futile is finite thought,
When seeking to fether my will!
No matter how dearly the lesson is bought,
You shall know I am monarch still.

Onward the beautiful vessel ploughs,
Though the surging billows swell;
And each moment the stifling, furious blast,
Gives a more terrible yell!
On! on! though the mast comes crashing down,
Though the straining timbers groan;
Though the splinter'd fragments are hur'd about,
As she grapples with death alone.

Alone? Who spread such a holy calm
Over shrinking women then?
Or whence came the soothing words like balm,
From their lips again and again?
Who to the delicate nurtured youth?
To the innocent, shrinking child?
To sturdy manhood, or querulous age,
Brought peace in that tumult wild?

When the last footstep trod the deck
E'er the fatal plunge she made!
Who nerved him to meet his fearful fate,
So calm and undimay'd?
Who, through the pitchy, darken'd night,
Through the pelting, pitiless storm!
Guided the tireless sea-hunt's flight,
Till it hover'd o'er human form?

Till the light wing flapped in the gazing eye,
As it swept o'er the raging main;
Thrice darting across the anxious face,
Till their course was alter'd again?
Who gave to the listening ear such power,
Amid the tumult high,
In the struggle and toll of that perilous hour,
To distinguish each shrill, wild cry?

Who bore the parting spirit's aloft,
To their homes in a brighter sphere?
Who lingers around the sorrowing ones,
In their desolation here?
Who! but ministering spirit forms?
Clothed with power divine!
DIZZOYAS, fresh from the hand of God!
Pituites from mercy's shrine.

Who but the loved ones lost and gone,
Only to sound and sight?
Hovering ever around our paths,
To guard and guide us aright?
Yes! messengers bright from the spirit land,
Never weary of watching around;
God grant ere long you may break the spell
With which your sweet influence is bound.

Harrison Square, Boston, Mass.

THE FARMER'S OBEED.

We believe in small farms, and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat, as well as its owners, and ought, therefore, to be nurtured.
We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once.
We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if with a subsoil plough.
We believe that the best fertility of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—with-out this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marle and plaster, will be of little use.

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

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XIV.—Continued.

The following letter, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Hebron, which appeared in the London Critic, is considered valuable as showing the moral courage of one in his position to take the stand, which he did, amid the storm of persecution with which we were assailed:

"At my first interview with Mrs. Hayden," observes the writer, who adopts the signature of "M. A.," and dates his letter from Cambridge, "the following particulars (of which no one in the room but myself could possibly know anything, as they were all perfect strangers to me), were communicated in the usual way through the alphabet. The Christian name of a cousin of mine, who, whilst an undergraduate at Jesus' College, Cambridge, was drowned in a small yacht, with a man and a boy, who formed the crew; the age at which he died, the number of persons drowned with him. The surname was not satisfactorily answered, and with regard to the manner of death, I inadvertently put the question in such a way as to make it a leading question, which might of itself have suggested the correct reply. But all the other particulars were given in a satisfactory and prompt manner.

I next took a letter out of my pocket, placed it (in its envelope, which was neither a very thick one nor thin one) on the table, and asked for the writer's name to be given. This was done most promptly and correctly.

It occurred to me, even whilst these answers were being given, that the solution was to be found in the simple circumstance of my pausing or dwelling on the right letters, which a quick-sighted and practised medium might easily notice, and rap accordingly. But, to the utter discomfiture of this simple solution, the following facts quickly presented themselves:—

The gentleman whose turn came next to question the invisible, held the card on which the alphabet was printed, in such a way that it was (I believe), impossible for Mrs. Hayden to have seen the letters; and even if she could, her face was turned in quite a different direction during a good part of the time. This, however, did not prevent the gentleman alluded to from receiving correct answers to the following questions, viz.:—the name of the person he was thinking of, (a very long one, which took so much time in spelling out by the slow method used, as to have tried to the utmost the powers of the medium;—if an impostor—to avoid becoming confused;) her age at death, and some other particulars I have forgotten; concluding with giving him the name of the last action (Toulouse), in which he (formerly a Colonel in the Guards), was wounded. I should add, with regard to this last question, that this time it was another gentleman, and not the questioner, who held the card and pointed to the letters, and thus received the answer. And this gentleman assured me that he did not know the name of the battle in question, as that in which the Colonel was last wounded.

Another gentleman present preferred asking his questions mentally; so did a lady; and each assured me that they received perfectly correct replies. This, of course, may be explained in the same way as the other, viz.: by supposing the questioner to dwell on the right letters; but in some of the questions thus put mentally, the answers, being a simple 'yes,' or 'no,' or else a 'number,' were capable of being answered without any use of the alphabet at all. So much for my first interview.

My second was a complete and total failure in almost every point. A spirit presented itself as the spirit of a relation, who is still alive and well. On being informed of the mistake, it then purported to be that of another relation, who indeed was dead; but it told such a heap of lies respecting him, as to convince me that my respected progenitor had nothing to do with the manifestation. Finally, the unfortunate ghost rapped out, through Mrs. H., the following infantile request:—"I want to learn to use the alphabet." The idea of teaching the ghost of your grandfather his A B C! At a third interview my time for questioning was very limited. But the following curious circumstance occurred:—I resolved to have some communication with which my own mind could have nothing to do in the way of influence. I received the following, which I give exactly as it was rapped out, that is, without any distinction of words or sentences, [a necessary feature in all these communications, as the reader will at once perceive.] "What sayest thou outpour'd brother ergod will give you?" The sense was not clear, (indeed I thought it was all nonsense, that I was getting,) until the end of the communication, when it appeared that the communication was: "What sayest thou? a proof, brother, God will give you." The word struck me as merely a common formula; and, not having the most distant idea to whom I was indebted for this communication, I asked if the 'invisible' would favor me with his name. The answer was 'James.' Now as I did not, at the moment, recollect any friend of mine in the spirit world of that Christian name, I immediately thought of an old college friend of mine, who, however, is still living. So I next asked if it was any relation? 'Yes.' What relation? 'Brother.' And it was not till this moment that it occurred to me that I had a brother of that name, who died when I was only a few months old, of whom, therefore, as the reader may suppose, I am not much in the habit of thinking.

All this is certainly very queer. But my disposition is naturally so skeptical, that even these curious coincidences, guesses, or whatever you like to call them, would have had little weight with me, were they not reinforced by the enormous mass of evidence which I have received from several persons, well known to myself as sensible and cautious people, who have witnessed these phenomena, and who have had far clearer and better manifestations than those rapped out to me. As Sir Charles Isham has already given his public testimony to the facts witnessed by himself, I need not hesitate to say that I received from himself and other members of his family (including the rector of a parish in Nottinghamshire), the most explicit and positive assurance that they all, together with several others, heard these mysterious sounds at Lampport Hall, in a perfectly private family circle. [Neither Mrs. Hayden nor any other professional medium being present.] They all assured me that there could be no mistake or delusion about it. The rector alluded to also mentioned several satisfactory tests to which he had subjected Mrs. Hayden's spirits—receiving correct answers, through another gentleman present, who held the alphabet, to questions which nobody present could have known by any ordinary mode. I have also received letters from a gentleman of the very highest reputation and authority in the scientific world, and with whose writings and character my Cambridge studies have long ago made me familiar, as those of the most cautious reasoner whom I know. He is professor of mathematics in a well known college; is universally recognised in the mathematical world as one of the first mathematicians in England; and is pre-eminent, even amongst mathematicians, for the profound and cautious scrutiny of principles and reasonings which characterizes his writings. A man who can detect the errors of such writers as La Grange, Laplace, etc., is surely one whose opinion is deserving of respectful consideration. Well, then, he writes to me: "From what I have heard from—and others, joint witnesses, I think the hypothesis of imposture is insuperably difficult." An impostor who is ready, at any notice, to spell the names, correctly, of children who died twenty years ago (including second, Christian names), being relations of any half-dozen who will make up a party, is such a marvellous impostor, that any other hypothesis is, to my mind, easier. If the phenomena be what manifest-

ists call *thought reading*, then I am satisfied that not only actual, but dormant, recollections are read. Those who are already clear about the occasional intercourse of beings from the spiritual world with men, will, of course, find the hypothesis of spirits as easy as, to them, it will be natural. Those who can set it down as easily explicable by imposture, are among the easiest believers I know—if they know anything of such facts as I know, from a plurality of witnesses to each. I have not heard of any information being given, except what *might have been* in the thoughts of the querist; but circumstances have been reviewed which were not." In a second letter he says, in reply to some questions I put respecting what tests have been employed:

"A thick screen has been placed before the alphabet in such a manner that it was impossible Mrs. H. could see even the person pointing." "I have now a few remarks to add, which will, I hope, be considered of some interest in themselves, whatever may be thought of the real nature of these phenomena. 1st. The founder of Spiritualism—the celebrated Robert Owen—has been converted in his old age, by these rappings, to a belief in a spiritual world, and a future state. He has published a manifesto to that effect. I met him one day last week at Mr. Hayden's, and heard from his own lips the statement of this fact, and several of the facts which had produced this conviction in him. This, of itself, is a curious fact, which I presume even the sapient writer of the Zetist will not deny. 2d. The excitement on the subject in the United States, having already existed nearly five years, is so far from subsiding or dying away, that it is increasing and spreading wider and faster every day. Only a month or two ago, a Dr. Tyng, one of the Episcopal clergy in New York, preached a sermon, at the usual time and place, warning his congregation to have nothing to do with these spirits. The preacher did not for a moment pretend to deny or doubt the facts; but, like the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, in this country, with regard to Mesmerism, he considered them of Satanic origin.

I will conclude with a few words to the numerous clerical readers of the Critic. Being myself a clergyman of the Church of England, I consider that the subject is one in which my brother-clergy must, sooner or later, take some interest, however reluctant they may be to have anything to do with it. And my reasons are briefly as follows: If such excitement become general in this country as already exists in America—and what reason have we to suppose that it will not?—then the clergy throughout the kingdom will be appealed to on all sides, and have to give an opinion, and may probably be obliged, by their very duties, to interfere and endeavor to prevent the delusions to which, in many cases, this 'mystery' has already led. One of the most sensible and able writers on the subject of these spirit manifestations in America, viz., Adin Ballou, in his work, has expressly cautioned his readers not to believe all these spirits communicate; nor allow themselves to give up their former opinions and religious creeds, (as so many thousands have done,) at the bidding of these rappers. The thing has scarcely begun in England as yet; but already, within the few months since Mr. and Mrs. Hayden arrived in London, it has spread like wildfire, and I have good reason for saying that the excitement is only commencing. Persons who at first treated the whole affair as a contemptible imposture and humbug, on witnessing these strange things for themselves, become first startled and astonished, then rush blindly into all sorts of mad conclusions—as, for instance, that it is all the work of the devil, or (in the opposite degree) that it is a new revelation from heaven. I see scores of the most able and intelligent people whom I know utterly and completely mystified by it; and no one knows what to make of it. I am ready to confess, for my own part, that I am equally mystified. That it is not imposture, I feel perfectly and fully convinced. In addition to the tests, etc., above named, I had a long conversation in private, with both Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, separately, and everything they said bore the marks of sincerity and good faith. Of course this is no evidence to other people, but it is to me. If there is any deception, they are as much deceived as any of their dupes.

A word or two as to its being a money-exhibition. In the first place, there are, to my certain knowledge, several persons who are mediums in private life, who, so far from making it public, and getting money by it, are only too anxious and solicitous to keep it quiet; but of course, such things cannot be altogether hushed up. Of these, one at least is a lady of rank, (whose name I could give, if necessary,) and others are in a position which render all such charges as imposture and money-exhibitions perfectly out of the question.

In the present state of the public opinion, however, nobody cares to avow their belief in these sort of things, unless they have a particular wish to be set down by their friends as lunatics, or are desirous of profiting by it in a pecuniary way. But even these are not *fairly* dealt with, I think. Mr. Hayden held a respectable position in America, as editor of a newspaper of good repute and circulation; and if he and Mrs. H. believed (as they state), that it was advisable to come over and make these things known here, why should not they be paid for their time and trouble? But this, of course, has nothing to do with the main and grand point—Are these rappings what they profess to be—the work of spirits? For my own part, nothing will convince me that they are, short of some such proof as the following:—If the ghost of Sir Isaac Newton, or Euler, or La Grange, or some other first-rate mathematician, will come forward and integrate certain differential equations which have hitherto baffled our best men, then will I believe in the ghost theory, most implicitly. But hitherto I have seen only enough to mystify me."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

COFFEE.

"The first effect of coffee," says Hahnemann, "is, in general, a more or less agreeable increase of the vital activity. The animal, the natural and vital functions, as they are called, are for some hours, at first artificially elevated by it; and the subsequent effect which arises after several hours, is its opposite—an unpleasant feeling of existence, a lower degree of vitality, a kind of paralysis of the animal and vital functions. When a person unaccustomed to coffee, drinks a moderate quantity of it, or one accustomed to it, an immoderate quantity, his individuality, the sensation of his existence, of his vitality is, for the several next succeeding hours, made lively. His pulse beats fuller, quicker, but softer. He acquires a well-defined glow in the cheek—a glow which does not disappear insensibly in the adjacent parts, but stands out separate like a spot of red. The forehead and the palm of the hand becomes moist and warm. He feels warmer than before; he feels an agreeably oppressive warmth, a sort of voluptuous palpitation of the heart ensues, as when great joy is felt. The veins of the hand are distended.

If the dose is immoderately large, and the subject peculiarly irritable and quite unaccustomed to its use, it produces a headache affecting one side of the head, from the upper part of the side bone (*os parietale*) to the base of the brain. The membrane covering the brain seems to partake of its influence on the affected side, and to become painfully sensitive. The hands and feet become cold; there is a cold sweat on the forehead, and in the palms of the hands. The temper is extremely irritable and intolerant; no kindness awakens gratitude. The patient is much disquieted, weeps without any occasion, or laughs involuntarily. After a few hours he slumbers, awakening from time to time, as if much frightened."

Says a distinguished writer on dietetics, when speaking of the effects of coffee—"Intestinal motion is more difficult, and often painful; muscular mo-

tion generally irksome, the extremities chilly, ill-humor is excited, a sort of gnawing hunger comes on, and there is more or less of oppression of the head and stomach.

But other diseases, such as the individual is predisposed to, are also excited—such as nervous or sick headaches, toothache, darting pains in the body, spasms in the chest, stomach and abdomen, costiveness, erysipelas, diseases of the liver, uterus and bones. The latter become carious, sometimes exceedingly so. Nothing but grief and the use of mercury is so destructive to the teeth. In children, a species of hectic fever is induced; and, short of this, inflammation of the eyes, with difficulty of breathing, and bowel affections. Even when not excited by coffee, these diseases and most others are aggravated by it.

Coffee is a *stimulant of the mental faculties*; and notwithstanding its deceptive promises at first, no person, young or old, ever escaped its influences in this respect. But if the mind could escape, in the general attack upon the nervous energies of the system, not so with the moral faculties. These are crippled and dwarfed."

Says Hahnemann, "Immediately after our coffee, . . . talkativeness, haste, and the letting slip something we should not have mentioned, are often the consequence. Moderation and prudence are wholly wanting. The noble, original impress of our nature disappears before the medicinal beverage, and gives way to over-hasty attempts, rash resolutions, immature decisions, levity and fickleness, inconstancy and rapid mobility of the muscles."

A STARTLING IDEA—SEA TELEGRAPH WITHOUT WIRE.

We find the following speculations on the possibility of telegraphing across rivers and even oceans—using the water instead of a wire as the conductor—in an English journal. The idea seems at first a mad one, but who shall say that it is? May not the people of a hundred years hence laugh at the pains we were taking about 1837 to lay a cable across the Atlantic that was not needed at all? At least the idea, whether ever carried out or not, is startling enough:—

Mr. Lindsay, of Dundee, in a cotemporary, reminds the public of some curious experiments of his at Portsmouth and elsewhere, in the formation of marine telegraphs without any transmarine or submarine wires, except on each of the coasts so connected. In respect to the Atlantic telegraph, he says—"One plate or sheet of copper might be immersed in the ocean at Lizard Point, in Cornwall, and another at the north west part of Scotland, connected with the former by a wire and its telegraphs. Here the lateral distance is about 500 miles, and between the parallels of 50 and 59 degrees. Nearly opposite to these are the north-east point of Labrador, and some part of Nova Scotia. The lateral distance being 500 miles, would be a fourth part of the cross distance, which is nearly 2000 miles, but as much electricity would pass as would move the needle without an excessive battery. By this method the expense would not be a tenth part, perhaps not a hundredth part, of that by the cable, and the charge for messages would be proportionately smaller. Cases may, however, occur, when lateral distance cannot be got, that a cable is necessary,"—the Atlantic line, however, not being one of these! The experiment at Portsmouth was indeed considered a remarkable one; but the idea of an Atlantic line without any Atlantic wire is scarcely conceivable. Dr. Franklin, in a letter to Peter Collinson, of London, says—"Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water, an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of the navy." The countenance of a Franklin in favor of this very startling idea ought not to be lost sight of.

We extract the following from Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha." It is purely spiritual:—

"One dark evening after sundown,
In her wigwam laughing Water
Saw the old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha.
When the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted,
And two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited.
Was it the wind above the sombre blue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koko,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice came in the silence,
These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you
From the kingdom of Honenah.
Once at midnight, Hiawatha,
In the wigwam dimly lighted,
By the braids that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow,
Saw the wall-ghosts, the shadow-ghosts,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight;
And he said, O guests, why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
My wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?
Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
And they said, with gentle voices,
We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you,
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you,
Of grief and lamentation
Reached us in the blessed island,
Of anguish from the living
Call us back, their friends departed."

ORIGIN OF THE BARBER'S POLE.

The origin of the barber's pole is to be traced to the period when barbers were also surgeons, and practised phlebotomy. To assist in this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or a pole was always kept by the barber-surgeon, together with the fillet, or bandaging, he used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use the tape was tied to it, that they might be both together when wanted. On a person coming in to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole and bound around the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done with, the tape was again tied on the pole, and, in this state pole and tape were often hung at the door, for a sign or notice to passers-by, that they might there be bled; doubtless the competition for custom was great, because, as our ancestors were great admirers of bleeding, they demanded the operation frequently. At length instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandagings, and thus came the sign.

Our books speak to our minds, our friends to our hearts, Heaven to our souls, and all the rest to our ears.

He who knows how to suffice to himself is safe from dishonor. He who knows when to stop never stumbles or falls.

Banner of Light.

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 Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.
 CINCINNATI.—R. DUNCAN is our authorized Agent in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

FIRST PAGE.—Conclusion of Agnes, the Step-mother.
 SECOND PAGE.—Poetry; a highly interesting original story, entitled "Guardian Angels."
 THIRD PAGE.—The "Loss of the Central America," by Caroline A. Hayden; The Farmer's Creed; Seven Years with the Spirits; Coffee; Sea Telegraph Without Wire, &c.
 FOURTH AND FIFTH PAGES.—Editorials; Miscellaneous; The Busy World, &c.
 SIXTH PAGE.—Letter from Rev. John Pierpont; Letter from Judge Edmunds, of New York; Home, the European Medium; Speaking in Different Tongues.
 SEVENTH PAGE.—Selfishness: A Chastisement Manifestation; The Messenger Department.
 EIGHTH PAGE.—Poetry; Thrift for Gold; Muscular Strength; Flashes of Fun; Agricultural, &c.

A NEW STORY.

We know that the reader will join us in expressing the opinion that the story of "AGNES," which we have concluded in this number, is one of the very best of American works of fiction. And although its length was somewhat of an objection to a newspaper reader, yet we find that most of those who have read it, did not, after all, want it to end any sooner than it has. Hereafter, its talented and pure-souled authoress will write a series of short sketches for the "Banner," and her welcome visits will be made weekly.

Our next story will be finished in two or three numbers, and is from the pen of Mrs. Ann E. Porter, who wrote for us that charming story, "Dona Moore." It is entitled,

THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE.

OR THE

Riddle of French History.

And will doubtless be read with pleasure and profit, as is everything which emanates from her pen.

We have concluded, hereafter, to limit our stories to four or five numbers of our paper at most, as we think that length not so apt to tire.

TO OUR READERS.

It affords us undivided satisfaction to inform the readers of the Banner of Light that we have secured the aid of Mr. Thomas Gales Forster and Mr. J. Rollin M. Squire in the publication and editorial management of this paper, and that hereafter it will be conducted with the efficient assistance of these two well-known gentlemen, and under the new co-partnership, whose style is to be found at the head of our columns.

Of Mr. Forster, one of the most eloquent and gifted trance-speaking mediums of the age, it is unnecessary for us to say anything to our readers, further than to congratulate them on having secured to them the talents of such an individual. He has made his deep impress as an apostle of the great truths of Spiritualism wherever he has been heard, and will give added force and influence to the Banner of Light wherever it may go. The crowded assemblies that have hung breathless on his stirring words, cannot fail to recognize in the increased value of the columns to which he will hereafter give his attention, the same spirit and the same power that have so acted upon them through other channels and in other places.

Mr. Squire is a gentleman of talent and capacity, and has already contributed largely to our columns. His verses are some of them much better than he thinks them himself. He assumes his share of the responsibility of conducting an enterprise of this nature only with great diffidence, yet with a determination to add in every way in his power to the attractions and valuable qualities of the paper.

The course of the Banner is onward and upward. It represents none but the most enlightened and spiritual ideas of the age, which it will ever aim to do faithfully. It is well known, also, that papers thus devoted to reformatory principles sustain themselves only with the generous and steady co-operation of those who sympathize with such principles; and as we have already put ourselves to large expense in establishing the Banner of Light, it is evident that we must likewise depend upon the true friends of spiritual reform for assistance in carrying forward our original plan. We most earnestly hope that they will respond to our efforts in the same spirit in which they are put forth.

We rejoice to be assured that the course of the paper has heretofore received the warm approval of its numerous readers and patrons; and now that we have been so fortunate as to secure the valuable assistance of the two gentlemen above mentioned, we feel renewed confidence in calling the attention of the friends of spiritual progress to our columns, and pledge ourselves anew to additional efforts in the way of satisfying the large demands that are continually made on all sides by the aspiring souls in the community.

LUTHER COLBY & CO.

SALUTATORY.

Having associated ourselves as above stated, in accordance with the usual custom, we desire to say a few words to the numerous readers of the "Banner," with regard to the principles of faith that shall actuate us in the discharge of the duties devolving upon us.

Religiously believing the phenomena of modern Spiritualism to be founded in fact, we as sincerely credit the assumption of interior minds, that a philosophy, most beautiful and truthful in its details—great and glorious in its results upon the human intellect, is to be established through the developments of the future, consequent upon a judicious and honest investigation into the various phases presented to the inquiring mind. It is a lamentable fact, that, partly through ignorance, and partly through the efforts of the prejudiced, much of error and folly has been attributed to the inculcations of modern Spiritualism—and from this has arisen much of honest opposition, both to the facts as claimed, and the theories as taught. It shall be our aim, through the

agency of mediumistic power, and a long experience, to disabuse the public mind, as far as possible, of any erroneous conclusions in this respect—whilst, at the same time, we shall seek, by calm and dispassionate reasoning, to overthrow any antagonism that may arise, from the force of educational faith in the past, or from the fanatical inculcations of the bigotry of the present.

Believing, as we do, that our friends who have thrown off the mortal coil, still see us as we are—appreciate all our purposes and actions, sympathize with us in all our troubles and vexations—rejoice with us in all our rational rejoicings—see and regret all the spiritual errors and moral delinquencies into which men have been led by false teachings and vicious propensities—watch over us continually, striving to impress us with truthful sentiments, and to guard us against temptations to do evil—hover around us with watchfulness during slumber, and love us tenfold more intensely than they did or could whilst with us, encased in mortal forms—believing this, we shall constantly endeavor to render the "Banner" the channel of good tidings, touching the evidences of immortality that may arise from the developments of the future, irrespective of the misinterpretations of the revelations of the past—around which so many clouds of doubt are lingering.

The mind of man, externally, it has been truthfully remarked, is but a barren soil indeed, unless fertilized and enriched by foreign matter; the more especially is this true of the unaided efforts of humanity on the spiritual plane. Whilst endeavoring to enlighten others, therefore, with regard to the developments of the age, we shall consequently look for assistance to those interior minds of Truth and Love, whom we believe are aiming for the progress of the race, in all that appertains to the welfare of humanity, both here and hereafter. Thus actuated, and recognizing the fact, that the race is as yet but in its childhood, touching the great truths of the future—we shall be prepared to discuss with calmness and deliberation every new thought that may be presented for investigation—seeking ever to demonstrate practically the fundamental idea of continual progress. In the demonstrations of Divine Economy, we recognize Truth as a unit—presenting itself in the sphere of manifestation, in multiplied variety—proportioned to the varied degrees of mental appreciation. Consequently, whilst strenuously advocating, at all times, what we believe to be true—we shall as earnestly endeavor to avoid all dogmatism with regard to our own opinions, and all uncharitableness with regard to those of others—believing, as we do, that Spiritualism inculcates, most emphatically, "in essential things, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; and, in all things, charity."

Such, briefly, are the bases of action that will operate in the conducting of the editorial department of our sheet. The departments of romance, literature and general intelligence, will continue to receive the attention of the firm. The manner in which the "Banner" has thus far been conducted in all its departments, has commanded the unqualified approbation of a very large circle of readers; and the ambition of the undersigned will be fully realized, if he shall, by assiduous attention, render the paper, in the future, as equally meritorious as it has been in the past.

In conclusion, in order that our sphere of usefulness may be enlarged by a more extended circulation of the truths we shall be enabled to gather, we solicit the further patronage of the friends of the cause throughout the country.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

"GOD WITH US."

We need not soar in our imaginations to heaven, in order to find the companionship of the only living and true God. He is not so high that we cannot breathe our prayers to Him in the lowest whispers of the spirit; He is not so far off that we need to plume our thoughts and put forth labored efforts to reach Him. "God is a spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

In infancy we are superstitiously taught to consider the Almighty a monstrous being, arrayed in all the insignia which human ideas of royalty are able to clothe him in, sitting on a great throne, high over the heads of the nations, dispensing "judgments," dealing out wrath like mortals, uttering threats and condemnations, and even wreaking His vengeance upon poor creatures of a single day's sport, who have never even learned to apprehend His nature rightly, if at all. It takes long and unhappy years to divest ourselves of these almost fatal superstitions, and the question naturally arises, whether it is right thus to warp the young nature from the true and spiritual perception of its relations to God, even for the sake of the immediate advantages that have hitherto been supposed to be gained by the process. For ourselves, we have long since admitted no such question to our thoughts. It has been answered to us over and over again long ago.

It is an error that proves fatal to the present preaching under cover of the creeds, to suppose that God is distant from us at any moment of our lives. The Great Spirit bathes and embraces our souls, even as the atmosphere bathes and surrounds the universe. On that spirit we lean; that spirit we breathe into our natures in our aspirations; we go out to it in prayer; it lives in our lives, acts in our acts, speaks in our speech, and works in our labors. God is with us, in us, and around us forever. He is nearer to us than we think, and dearer than a brother. From that all-creating and all-sustaining spirit we draw our strength and power. It comes not of ourselves; He alone it is that gives the increase.

It is this same idea of the nearness of the Creator to our souls, in all places, and at all times, that is calculated to work so miraculous a change in our daily lives. We need manifestations hourly, to remind us of the relations we bear to a superior power. In the midst of our strife and selfishness, we should otherwise fall away from a living faith, and our actions would insensibly glide into the courses that belong, by habit, to heedlessness. Our own strength is so meagre, so apt to fail us in the time of actual need, so insufficient to cope with the powers that offer us battle at every turn, that we should be wretched indeed, were there not resources of a seemingly mysterious nature from which our own resolutions may be reinforced and strengthened.

When we go abroad out of ourselves, out of the circle in which our faculties and aspirations naturally dwell, in order to make ourselves acquainted with the Great Spirit by whose aid we exist, it is in obedience to the rules of unadvised creeds, or the suggestions of those who know not their Creator spiritually. He is never far off, but always close at hand. He is not the being of authority, meting out punishments and vengeance, as represented by partialists and dogmatists; but the being whose love is

limitless, who dwells in every human heart, who throws His ample protection and defence around every dwelling.

We can never come too near the All-father. We cannot pour our sorrows into His all-hearing ears too freely and fully. It would be ten thousand times better for the whole human family, if they made Him the close companion of their thoughts, communing with Him hourly, aspiring to more perfect holiness, living after the pattern of a loftier faith, and convinced that as between the world without and the purity of God, there was everything to choose in favor of the latter.

The popular preaching in this respect must undergo a remarkable change. There must come a mighty revolution. The old superstitions about the good God are yet to crumble and fall away; and their ideas of the Father must enter in at the portals of every heart, and prevail openly in the conduct and the life. The idea of mystery, and authority, and especially of revengefulness, must be put out of sight and existence forever. God is to be represented as our best Friend, as our truest Counsellor, as the kind Father of us all, as the nearest and dearest to us of any one whom we are to know or love.

MISS HOSMER'S STATUE.

This beautiful production from the chisel of that rare and brave American female artist, Miss Harriet Hosmer, has been on public exhibition for several weeks at Cotton's print and picture store in this city, and has but recently been removed to New York. Few of our citizens, or of the strangers in Boston, but went to see such a piece of sculpture, or left it without a high admiration for the powers of the artist and her noble art. Rosa Bonheur, the famous French painter, is showing the world the marvellous genius that woman possesses in the art of painting. Miss Hosmer has entered upon a still higher walk, and in working out her splendid conceptions in deathless marble has already carved a name to which the world will hereafter point with pride and satisfaction.

The subject which Miss Hosmer has chosen is the sleeping figure of Beatrice Cenci; a daughter of an Italian Count, who, in the year 1599, was publicly executed for aiding in the death of her cruel and inhuman father. Count Cenci was a man steeped in crime, from the consequences of which he was in the habit of purchasing immunity at the hands of the Pope. His infamous passions so completely took him captive, so possessed his wicked soul like devils, that he could not refrain even from directing them against his own family. That family consisted of a second wife, a son, and this daughter, Beatrice.

He removed one season to his castle near the sea, situated in a lonely and forbidding place, and ordered his household to go with him. In his castle he deliberately shut them up, jealous of their enjoying even the slightest degree of liberty. His cruelties here began to practice on an enlarged system. No tyranny conceivable could be too severe for him to exercise. He was so base as to meditate the most fiendish crime against the lovely Beatrice—a crime at which nature revolts in horror. That single act, no doubt, sealed his fate. Step-mother and children immediately conspired for his violent removal, and a faithful servant was entrusted with the execution of the plan. He was stabbed in the breast, and afterwards thrown into the jagged limbs of a tree that formed a natural protection for a portion of the castle. This was done that it might appear that he had met his death in some other way than by the knife of the assassin.

To go through with the history of the discovery of the crime, would occupy more room than we could devote to the matter at this time; it is sufficient to add that after sundry experiments at torture, Beatrice finally confessed her complicity with the crime, though it is not stated how far she also confessed in relation to extenuating circumstances. At all events, the family were doomed to be destroyed, root and branch. Mercy would indeed be little to be expected from a Pontiff whose interest it manifestly was to secure the entire estates of the Cenci family for his own private purse.

The artist has chosen the moment in which to represent her subject, when the executioner enters her prison cell, after condemnation, and is about to inform her that the morning of her execution has dawned. Beatrice shows by her features, and by those beautiful eyes which have been so exquisitely sculptured, that she had been weeping through the long hours of the night, but towards morning had fallen into a short and sweet slumber. She has thrown herself down upon her hard couch, one arm carelessly laid beneath her head, and the other fallen over the edge of the couch, and just resting its beautiful hand upon the floor. Out of that taper hand has fallen a row of pearls, worthy ornaments for such marvellous beauty.

The posture is a study. Those exquisitely moulded limbs—that flowing drapery, just sufficient to cover, and yet most skillfully adapted to betray their beauty—the budding signs of lovely womanhood—the large eyelids, closed in dreamy slumbers over eyes whose depths betrayed the noblest traits and passions of woman—the expression of sorrow and unrest upon the features even of the sleeping face—these are all represented in the breathless marble by the hand of faithful genius, and are destined to delight thousands who have never before heard the tragical story.

Miss Hosmer has established her fame. All honor to a brave girl, who, relinquishing home and all its pleasures, married herself to lofty art, and has so early become one of its devoutest worshippers.

THE ELECTION.

The State Election in Massachusetts has passed off very quietly, and it is unnecessary for us to inform our readers all over the Union that N. P. Banks, Jr., was elected Governor.

It is a subject for profound congratulation, that while some other parts of the country have not been altogether free from the fears of local popular excitement during similar contests, we have here been entirely at our ease in relation to any suspicious even of such a character.

Of course, in our capacity of journalists, we do not pretend to speak of this or that man's politics, believing that all are alike sincere and honest in their opinions. We can only express the hope that men of all parties have been satisfied with the result of the late election, and will lend their exertions as patriotic citizens to strengthen and perpetuate the cause of good government and obedience to the laws.

There is one point, however, to which we may be excused for alluding; and that is the freedom from the usual personalities and slanderous charges that has been one of the most marked features of the

campaign just over. It is a good symptom. It indicates a better state of public feeling and the public morals. Everything is to be hoped for from such a change in the public sentiment, and the influence of the public journals cannot fail to be felt in a higher and better form than heretofore from that change.

JUST AS WE FEARED!

Our proposition last week to the Professors of the Boston Courier to unite with us in a fair and candid investigation of the Spiritual phenomena, as exhibited through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, has not been accepted—if we are to conclude that those gentlemen themselves speak in the article in Monday's Courier. We doubted if they would dare accept it. We questioned if they had a tithe of the fairness they have so clamorously professed. It has been the general impression from the beginning, that they, or at least the one who writes for the Courier, desired only the opportunity to attack the great truths of Spiritualism under cover of the columns of that paper, and not to investigate the subject in the spirit in which our proposal was made.

The writer in the Courier willfully and mendaciously misrepresents our design, when he says that we "merely invited two gentlemen to be present and listen, while Mrs. Conant utters the sentences and paragraphs, which make up the Epistles of the dead." If ever a proposal was made in fair terms and in a friendly spirit, we can solemnly answer that this one was. And how has it been met? In the same brigandish style of swagger in which all other propositions of this character have been—by open ridicule and misrepresentation, and calumny. We have nothing but commiseration for a man, who, while he professes to be a candid seeker after truth, is too much of a coward to trust himself to open and patient investigation.

The Courier's attempt to dodge this plain issue by reverting to old and long forgotten matters, and by repeating base fabrications which we have exploded over and over again, is the very best index to the mind and the manners of the man who crowds out better reading from that paper with the effusions of his own impotent madness. He talks again of the "Bird story;" we do not wonder that the ghost of that story still haunts him. What we published in relation to that matter was true, and we so proved it to be, and the Courier writer himself knows it to be true likewise. To bring this up again, therefore, is no less than an avowal of the weakness of his position, and the utter insincerity of his professions. If he believes that the Bird letter was a forgery, nothing is easier than for him to show that the others that come through the same mediumship are forgeries also. This was what we gave him a fair opportunity to show; and this is exactly what he has not the courage or the hardihood—much as he manifestly possesses of the latter—to attempt.

But let not this reckless man think that he stands securely in his unbelief, when he is liable to fall at any day. When it comes about that he is convinced, even against his own obstinate will, which is quite as possible with him as it has been with others, he will have much, very much to lament of the unreasonable conduct he has exhibited, and the passionate language he has been betrayed into. Meantime we commend him to the influences of his occasional better thoughts, and extend to him that large degree of compassion which his lamentable ravings serve only to provoke.

BRAZIL.

So little is popularly known of this great country, lying in the very heart of the Southern portion of the continent, that a brief statement, setting forth some of its chief characteristics—in the matter of government, people, customs, and the scenery—may not be either out of place or altogether uninteresting. This land, which we usually regard in the light almost of a new land, because of our imperfect acquaintance there, is daily offering increased attractions to the merchant and the adventurer, and looming up gradually out of the mists and fogs of time.

Brazil was colonized more than three centuries since by the Huguenots, under the leadership of Villegagnon—fifty years before the settlement of Jamestown, and seventy prior to the landing of our austere fathers on Plymouth Rock. We are taught to regard it as of anything but an age so venerable as that, but have been in the habit of giving it over to the proprietorship of savages, wild beasts, tropical birds, rank vegetation, and awful alligators. A work, not long since published by a couple of very intelligent travelers in that country, is calculated to brush away such dull notions as these, and give the reader an insight into the actual condition and resources of the empire.

The area of Brazil is greater than that of the United States; and from this it can be judged what an extended territory is comprised within its limits. The population is computed at seven millions and a half; they are chiefly descendants of the Portuguese, and given in their own way to progress like ourselves. Perhaps they may reach their end as rapidly. The Emperor is Don Pedro II., who unites in his veins the blood of the Braganzas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburgs. He is very tall and well formed, exceedingly intelligent and capacious of mind, and esteemed one of the best rulers that at this day occupies any of the thrones of the world.

The laws of the empire are enacted by a General Assembly, which is composed of two branches, like our own legislatures—a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senators hold their office for life, and the Representatives for four years. The Empire is divided up into Provinces, each one of which has its Governor, appointed by the Emperor. These Provinces likewise have their legislatures, which are elected by suffrage quite as general as our own. These Provincial Legislatures make laws for the people within their respective jurisdictions, levy taxes, and administer the local government through their Governors; they likewise elect the Senators and Representatives to the General Assembly, by means of Electors, in their turn duly appointed.

The religion of Brazil is Roman Catholic. Toleration is, however, extended to all forms and modes of religious belief.

Rio de Janeiro is the capital of the empire, a beautiful city, enclosed by a circuit of mountains, and situated on one of the most magnificent bays in the world. It is a view equal in all respects, so travelers tell us, to the famous Bay of Naples, or the enchantments of the Golden Horn. The meaning of the name Rio de Janeiro is the River of January; manifestly a misnomer. If the pleasant stories of the skies, the climate, and the bay, are to be received even with the most liberal degree of allowance. The climate is said to be that of perpetual summer—so soft, so bland, and so ending, as to cause lasting

regret in the heart of the visitor at being obliged to leave it even for his own home.

The streets of the city are quite narrow and poorly paved. Vehicles are therefore permitted to pass in but one direction, and that is, duly indicated by an index set up in public sight along the narrow cross street. The houses are three and four stories in height. Formerly the "solid men" of Rio—the merchants and traders—lived over their stores; but the natural encroachments of commerce have driven their families forth into the suburbs; and now the men of business ride up and down to and from their daily avocations, in stages and omnibuses and on horseback, just as the merchants in our own cities go and come to and from their business, morning and evening.

It used to be the custom also in Rio, to convey loads, except of too considerable a weight and bulk, upon the heads of the negroes; but that has been changed in a measure, and though the woolly heads are thickly sprinkled over the streets, yet mules and vehicles, carts and drays are more common. Rio is, on the whole, a very bustling and busy place, and well worth a winter's visit from those who design to pass an occasional season abroad. Their customs may be very different from our own, but the reality of these differences is all the while becoming less and less. It is more and more evident that we all belong to a common brotherhood.

E. I.

When Shakespeare held the pen, that mighty place,
 From which fell trickling thoughts as bright as day,
 He left no line which time could more increase—
 No act undone by which to judge the Play,
 He wrote for generations yet to breathe,
 While those saw glory where he trod;
 His mighty mind the mists did convolve,
 And left creation actual to God.
 So thou, fair, favored child of Theophrastus' art,
 In Shakespeare's mind thy splendid powers did throng
 He gave thee words wherewith to play thy part,
 God, those perfections, which to thee belong.
 Thus he who writes, and writing meets thy claim
 But half, hath won himself an endless fame.

SCIENCE.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE IN BOSTON.

Mr. Sweet, a Tennessee gentleman, has been passing the larger part of the last season at the North, and for a few weeks past had been staying with his family, in Lawrence, Mass., the birthplace of his wife. They brought North with them a female slave, named Betty. She had remained quietly with the family of Mr. Sweet, in Lawrence, for the past few weeks, when it was ascertained that she was a slave, and a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* was got out on her behalf, to show cause why she should be restrained of her natural freedom, if such was the case, by her master. The writ was accordingly issued, and the girl brought last Monday morning before Chief Justice Shaw, at the court-house, in this city. The statement that a "fugitive slave case" was coming off, attracted a great crowd in and about the vicinity of the court-house, and created considerable excitement among the colored population.

The lawyers had some words on the subject, when the Chief Justice stated that he should have a private conversation with the girl, and would ascertain what her true wishes were.

He accordingly withdrew with "Betty," and having had a conversation with her, returned and stated: That he had had a satisfactory interview with Betty. He had found her intelligent, and being 25 years of age, he considered her perfectly capable of making a choice in this matter. He had therefore no hesitation in saying, that she desired to remain with her master. She had been with them from childhood, and was, consequently, much attached to them. In addition to this, he was informed by her that she has a husband living in Tennessee, which was also a strong objection to her remaining in Massachusetts. These being the facts of the case, it was against all principles of law that the girl should not be at liberty to follow her own inclinations.

The Chief Justice farther stated that he should record the proceedings of this case and deposit it with the Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court, embodying all the facts that she was not a fugitive from labor in the sense of the Constitution; and that she was at liberty to go or remain, so that in ten or twenty years from this time, it would show her to be free. Slavery was local and freedom general, and it was his opinion that although she remained in slavery now, she would still be entitled to her liberty at a future time, if she should desire it.

He should order, therefore, that the woman was at liberty to go, and that if any person should attempt to interfere with carrying out of her choice, that the Court was competent and ready to enforce its provisions. But it was understood that no one dared that she should be made free without her free will.

The girl returned accordingly with her master to Lawrence at 3 o'clock, P. M., without further interference on any side.

THE POOR OF BOSTON.

On Saturday evening, October 31st, a meeting composed of gentlemen interested in charitable objects was held in this city, at which the condition of the poor of Boston was discussed freely and fully and measures proposed for best bringing them relief. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Isaac Emery, C. F. Barnard, T. Starr King, S. B. Craft, and S. Tinkham, was appointed, and authorized to embody in a formal report the views and purposes of the assembly, such report to be read before the members at a subsequent meeting.

On Saturday evening last the Report was read by Rev. Charles F. Barnard, of which we furnish the following points:—

The first object is to point out the means of commencing the work. We have no authority over the Overseers of the Poor. The Howard and the Young Men's Benevolent Societies are equally independent, and have only a very limited number of visitors. An organization is required that shall be extended into every section, street, or part of a street, from Boylston, Essex, and East streets to Roxbury line. We need also an organization that possesses and is prepared to furnish a full corps of visitors, a place of reference for all applicants, and the means of extending or securing any relief that may be required. All these purposes and wants are met in the Boston Provident Association. It covers the whole field. The number of its officers and visitors for our portion of the city is large, and can easily be augmented. It enjoys the confidence of the community, and already is in the receipt of more money and means than is commanded by any other board, except that of the Overseers of the Poor.

We propose, then, that the district officers and sectional visitors of this society be invited and encouraged to assume the responsibility, and conduct of our movement. Let them issue their report, circulars, directories, reference tickets, &c. to every household within the city limits.

through their central office, or through an additional office in the heart of our portion of the city. Let them take charge of all and every case applying for charity at our doors or in the streets. Let their agent at the office, or their visitors at the rooms of the poor, investigate thoroughly, patiently, and kindly, the wants of each case. If the applicant is found to be destitute of friends, and means of subsistence, let the visitor first seek with all pains to suggest or find some such natural resources as these. Should circumstances forbid this, let the visitor take sole charge of the case. The poor person or family requiring aid should understand this, and agree to this at the outset. The visitor will proceed to administer relief. And when the portion allotted to each sectional visitor fails, still let the visitor keep the charge of the case, and solicit further help in person or by private application, never transferring this important function to the poor themselves.

It is calculated, and, of course, not without good reason, that families, the churches, and societies of various kinds, will contribute generously to the plan, and aid in affording the relief that is so earnestly demanded. Visitors will also volunteer to assist in carrying out the various parts of the design. Those who have either food, provisions or clothing to give, will not be backward in their charitable contributions. All the organized societies are appealed to, to lend their aid, such as the officers of the Boston Provident Association, the Overseers of the Poor, the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, and the new Board of Managers of all the charitable institutions of the city. The Report concludes with the following paragraph:—

"And in conclusion, let us express our most earnest hope that there will be at once and on all hands, throughout the city, as well as in our portion of it, the most prompt, liberal and decided measures in the direction that we have recommended, and in every other feasible mode, to meet the obligations so manifestly and imperatively demanded of us by the Maker of the rich and the poor."

The various churches were also appealed to by the gentlemen who subsequently addressed the meeting, and a committee was specially appointed to confer with them, in order the more thoroughly to carry out the principles of the report. The meeting then adjourned to the next Saturday evening.

The Spiritualists, though making no open show in their charities thus far, we rejoice to learn are working silently, steadily, and effectively to alleviate suffering wherever it is to be found. Their contributions have been liberal already, and we call upon them to cease not in the work of benevolence, until there is not even a poor child in the city that is left to cry for bread in vain.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

In one of our exchanges we find the following gratifying item:

"The depression of the distillery business in New York has affected the milk trade. The cows that have been kept on distillery slops are out off from their food, and are driven to hay and meal."

This is good news indeed. The law of compensation holds here, as it does everywhere else. No evil without its compensating advantage. Now, then, the youngers of Gotham can look forward to a decent winter, for its distillery slops will not enter, for that brief period at least, into their nourishment and their blood, bringing disease and death along with it. Pure country milk, we sincerely hope, will be found, upon trial in New York, to be so much preferable to the poisoned stuff that has been retailed so long in lieu of it, that a return to the old article will be out of the question altogether.

It is strange indeed that parents are willing to submit to the slow but certain murder of their innocents in the way they have done, without putting forth an organized and indignant protest. Where much smaller matters than this of the criminal adulteration, and the diseased production of milk, are concerned, political revolutions have not unfrequently been brought about. It is a shame therefore that the coming generations should thus be poisoned of malice aforethought, and not a step taken by legislative authority to put an end to the criminal practices.

CONFIDENCE AGAIN.

Things are looking up, decidedly. Confidence shows symptoms of reviving. Specie has been flowing into our bank vaults for weeks past, from California and from abroad, and what is called the "balance of trade" is altogether in our favor. It is even predicted, should the present encouraging aspects of business continue, that the banks of New York and Boston will resume the payment of specie by the 1st of next January. We only hope that such a step may be realized indeed.

Large amounts of money are lying unemployed in the hands of men who do not yet possess confidence enough in the movements of the stock market to invest in that line, but who, if they can yet be persuaded that such a course is safe, will "let out" their means to the relief of the business community. Croaking, however, continues to work as much mischief as it ever did.

A better feeling, we are rejoiced to learn, prevails at the West and South. The cotton crop is expected to be taken up entire, at large profits to the planter, which will put the latter class in a position to pay their bills at the North, and create orders for Spring goods. A large demand is also expected in Europe for our agricultural productions, which will give a new impetus to the trade of the West. Exports being kept up, and imports being reduced so sensibly, it is calculated that the balance of trade will be in our favor for at least the year to come.

ACTIVE WOMEN.

As a general rule, noisy women do less than they seem to do, and quiet women often do more. But it does not follow that all quiet women are active; on the contrary, six out of ten are indolent, and work only on compulsion. Indolent women have their good points, and of the most valuable of these is their quietness. It is a great luxury in domestic life; but perhaps it is a luxury which is too expensive for a poor man, unless he can get it combined with activity. The wife of a poor man, no matter what his profession or position, ought to be active in the best sense of the word. She ought to rule her house with diligence, but make no boast of it. Her managing powers ought to be confined to her own house, and never be sent out to interfere with her neighbor's. Her activity should be kept healthy, by being exercised upon important matters chiefly, though the trifles must not be disregarded. A woman who will make herself unhappy, because the usual custom of cleaning the house on Friday is, on a particular occasion, inevitably infringed, is inadequate to perceive the difference between the lesser and the greater. Some active women, who pride themselves on their housekeeping, seem to forget that the object of keeping a good house is, that human beings may be ac-

commodated in it; their sole idea seems to be this, that the object of keeping a house is that the house be kept in certain form and order, and to the maintenance of this form and order they sacrifice the comfort the house was established to secure. Such active women are pests to society, because they want sense to direct and control their energies. With a true wife, a husband's faults should be secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness—a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his wife. If this be not the case, she breaks her marriage vow.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, BY THE WRITER OF ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRY, TO ONE OF HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR SM.—You deserve to be congratulated for having so much firmness of mind as to give up your Conchological pursuits. Knowing, by experience the fascinations of such studies, the arduous labors they involve, and the loss of time connected with them—always entailing expense and never affording any profit in the utilitarian sense, which is the only sense in which the world at large is accustomed to view things, you deserve to be congratulated!

I congratulate you. But, on the other hand, you are engaged in metaphysics—perhaps verifying to yourself the saying of a certain king of Prussia, I think it was, who said, "A metaphysician is like a well-digger—the further he goes in his calling, the more he labors in the dark." Well, if I understand it correctly, men are accustomed to associate in a trine series—Metaphysics, Ethics, Theology. I am one of those who believe that to the mind that is properly directed few things are too great for comprehension; and again, scarcely anything is so contemptible as to be unworthy of investigation. The present age affords a remarkable field for the investigation of metaphysics and theologists, and the phenomenon or phenomena are multiplying under the law of conviction—and those persons who are developing the phenomena to the world stand accused of frauds, deceptions, connivances and impositions. What a multitude there is of them, and the throng is daily, hourly increasing, silently increasing—and it behooves the philanthropist and philosopher well skilled in metaphysical matters to investigate this matter patiently, thoroughly, minutely. It should not be held off at arm's length, as we would hold some disgusting object to discover its form, and then throw it away, but it should be closely examined, its interior parts dissected, and their relations established on a firm scientific basis. The learned men of the schools say it is a monster, that it should be destroyed, and that it is destroyed. The people who have examined it, say it is not a monster; that it can not be destroyed; that it lives!

Now, you ask, or perhaps you guess what all this is about, which I am thus speaking in enigma. It is that which establishes your relation to Deity, gives you a true demonstration of the immortality of the human soul without the formalities and ceremonies of human institutions, and without the aid of human records of similar phenomena in past ages.

You have commenced the study of metaphysics for some object, no doubt; perhaps a far different one from that which I offer for your investigation. I now ask you, have you ever seen or witnessed any of those phenomena, varied and wonderful, which are known in this day as Modern Spiritualism, and which I am ready to assure you are justly entitled to that name, for want, not of a worse one, but a better?

Having seen, have you carefully investigated? Having investigated, are you ready to do a service to your fellow-men, by giving a clear and lucid explanation of the causes producing these phenomena?

I have no doubt that you, as well as others who have not examined this matter, (or if you have, perhaps only superficially,) have pre-judged it. It is not at all uncommon for people to do so, and such things may be expected as the results of education and the habits of mind it induces—particularly one habit of mind which rules most persons, which is, to suppose everything false and a delusion which does not agree with previous convictions howsoever established.

I have now done what I conceive to be only a part of my duty, in calling your attention to this subject. The rest will depend on yourself.

SPIRITUALISM A FRIEND IN NEED.

RANDOLPH, Nov. 4, 1857.

MESSES. EDITORS—I send you the enclosed as a testimony of my ideal realization in the sustaining influence of the great principles of truth and light, which you are so earnestly, and with so much ability, laboring to disseminate. If you think it worthy a place in the Banner of Light, which we believe to be floating true to its name, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Left the mortal form, in Randolph, Oct. 29, 1857, Augustus L. Freeman, aged 80. In the demise of this individual a sensation has been created, the shock of which will be felt to vibrate on the heart-strings of an extended circle of relatives and friends. But we have the satisfaction of feeling that those who are mourners on this occasion, are not those who mourn without hope. A few months before the spirit left its earthly tenement, he became a believer in spirit communion, from whose gentle streams he drank, and was refreshed. "I love quiet," said he, "I love to think—it does me good." "It was my privilege," said a friend, "to have frequent interviews with him during his protracted and often distressing illness, and I can truly say, as I review them, that it was good for me to be there; for by them I was humbled, and instructed. The Christ of history had become to him the Christ of consciousness, and through this principle of truth, for it is written, 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' he seemed resting with an implicit confidence and a childish simplicity on the bosom of the one great universal Father. He often remarked, 'I am in the hands of God, who will do all things right; I fear no injustice.' As the last sands were dropping through the glass of his earthly existence, and it became evident that his dissolution was at hand, he expressed a desire to see as many of his friends as could be conveniently called together, as he wished to give them each a parting message. Among them were those each easily sundered—those which were inwoven with his own very being—a young wife, infant children, dearly loved parents, brothers and sisters. All these he was enabled to resign with a composure that to me was exceedingly beautiful to witness. 'And now,' said he, 'my last wish for you all is, that you may live in peace.' He remarked, as for himself, he felt peaceful; whatever inharmonies he had suffered, or animosities he had indulged, had all passed away, and he could say he felt at peace with all mankind. Thus we were permitted to hear struck the keynote of the same grand anthem that is said to have been heard chanted on the plains of Bethlehem eighteen centuries ago, and which has been echoed and re-echoed, as one after another of the

children of earth have been purified and elevated to that condition of spirituality where harmonies exist. After this he remained a few hours, when the immortal portion sped its upward flight. And now may God grant that this freed spirit, as it may be permitted, from time to time, to revisit the scenes of its earthly pilgrimage, may find a home, a resting place, in the hearts of those he loved so well. And that he may be a successful instrument in attracting their minds from the cares and trials of earth life, and of placing their thoughts on a more elevated plane, where they may be able to join in the great harmony which we believe this progressing spirit has already commenced, is the earnest wish of

THE WRITER.

INDISCRIMINATE READING.

It is a very common thing with young people to suppose that the more they read, the better read they are. This may or may not be so, according to the native powers of a person, especially that of his memory. Some people will read and remember nearly all that passes under their eye; while others find it extremely difficult to retain even a fraction of what they have given so much time to. And yet it is not to be supposed even that he who has the best memory, is consequently the best read man; for memory may be made a mere rubbish-room, where all sorts and sizes of worthless lumber may be accumulated, causing only perplexity and inability to use it when most needed.

The system, or no-system, of running through every book, newspaper, magazine, or pamphlet that comes in one's way, simply because it is called "reading," is not only a preposterous dissipation of the faculties, but likewise a criminal waste of time. Few books for reading, but the body of our time for reflection, for thinking, for self-discipline and self-culture. We labor under a lamentable mistake in these matters. It is not so much the quantity of what we read, as the quality.

We have lately fallen in with a fine passage from John Ruskin, the famous writer on architectural topics, which is so much to the point, and expresses so fine a conceit, that we append it in lieu of any further remarks of our own:—

"Among modern books, avoid magazines and review literature. Sometimes it may contain a useful abridgement or a wholesome criticism, but the chances are ten to one it will waste your time, or mislead you. In these days of book deluge, keep out of the swarth of literature, and live on a little rock island of your own, with a spring and lake on it, pure and good."

LECTURING APPOINTMENTS.

The editor of this paper lectured last Sabbath at Lowell, and will lecture at Salem, in Mechanics' Hall, on Sunday, the 15th inst., at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock.

He will also lecture at Portland, Maine, on the fourth Sunday of the present month. For the following two or three Sundays he will accept of engagements to lecture in the neighborhood. After which he proposes filling engagements South and West—the line of his travel extending as far South as New Orleans. He will be prepared at each point he shall visit, to receive subscriptions to the Banner, and takes this method of soliciting the interest of all who may feel disposed to aid him in the promulgation of Truth, in either field of operation in which he is called to labor.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WALKER TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The following is a letter addressed by General Walker to the Secretary of State, dated Sept. 29, 1857:

Sir: It is currently reported that the Ministers of Costa Rica and Guatemala have asked for the active interposition of the United States for preventing me and my companions from returning to Nicaragua. This request, it is further said, is based upon the assumption that I have violated, or intend to violate, the neutrality laws of the United States. The want of all official intercourse between the government of the United States and that of Nicaragua, will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for my addressing you on the faith of a public report; but the rumor comes in such a form that I am satisfied the Ministers of Guatemala and Costa Rica have attempted to dishonor the Republic of Nicaragua in the eyes of the United States; and I am further convinced of this fact by a decree of President Mora, dated at San Jose on the 7th of August last, and ordered to be communicated to the diplomatic corps generally.

The Ministers of Costa Rica and Guatemala attempt to humiliate Nicaragua by presenting themselves to the United States as her protectors and guardians. In behalf of the Republic, of which I claim to be the rightful and lawful executive, I protest most earnestly against this assumption on the part of Costa Rica and Guatemala, and ask that the government of the United States will not permit itself to be influenced by such pretensions on the part of these two Central American powers. On the contrary, it is to be hoped that the United States will, by its conduct, assert and vindicate the independence of its sister Republic, the governing State of Nicaragua.

It is my duty further to say that the people of Nicaragua have not consented to the military authority at present exercised over them by the agents of Costa Rica and Guatemala, and that they therefore cannot be held responsible for any interference of those latter States. In the administration of the municipal regulations of our government, concerning that the ministers of Costa Rica and Guatemala cannot justify any suggestion they make to the United States. Concerning the execution of its own acts of Congress, I desire to relieve Nicaragua from any responsibility for such officious intermeddling. So far as any violation on my part is concerned, I deny the charge with scorn and indignation.

Having been received in the United States, when forced for a time to leave Nicaragua, I have in all respects been obedient to its laws; and, permit me to assure you, that I shall not so far forget my duty as an officer of Nicaragua, as to violate the laws of the United States while enjoying the rites of hospitality within its limits.

I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant,

WM. WALKER.

Hon. LEWIS CASE, Secretary of State for the United States of America.

INTERESTING PAGES.

We call attention to our sixth and seventh pages, on which will be found Letters from "Rev. John Pierpont to the Courier," one from Hon. John W. Edmonds to Dr. Robbins, of Charlestown, in reference to the ability of spirits in the form to manifest through other organisms than their own; also, from the same gentleman to a student in a Western Seminary, on the subject of the spiritual gift of speaking in "divers tongues."

In the introduction to the letter to Dr. Robbins, please read *clairaudient* for *clairvoyant*.

The bank paper circulation of the United States, at the present time, is estimated at follows:—Bills of less denomination than five dollars, seven millions; of five dollars, forty millions; ten dollars, thirteen millions; twenty dollars, thirty-five millions; fifty dollars, thirty millions; of the denomination of one hundred dollars and upwards, forty-five millions.

Dramatic.

Theatricals seem to have received a little impetus, since the cessation of political hostilities; though we must not hope for a complete recuperation so soon after the bad effects of "downward tendencies." And extra novelties must be brought forward in order to insure a living to those interested.

The Boston Theatre has presented one of the greatest attractions of our time—the Roman Ballet Troupe, consisting of twenty-four of the finest artists in the world—pantomimists and dancers. Their performances, interspersed with witching music, airy, graceful dancing, and beautiful scenery, together form one of the most attractive and agreeable entertainments. The press of New York and Philadelphia unite in pronouncing them certain of unequalled success.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—"Cinderella," the fairy spectacle, which has long been in rehearsal, was produced on Monday last in splendid style. Among other novelties and appointments, Mr. Marsh went to considerable expense in procuring a handsome miniature barouche—a real article—strong and durable, capable of being used on our streets. This carriage, drawn by two Shetland Ponies, was introduced upon the stage, conveying Cinderella to the Prince's Hall. It will prove the most attractive of the many novelties introduced by the persevering manager.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The "Liberty Tree" still continues to be visited by large and probably patriotic assemblies. It is full of laughable incidents, and affords a fine opportunity for Messrs. Warren and Ring to display their many peculiarities.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. Prector's successful and popular engagement terminated with the last week. He opened in Providence on Monday evening.

ORDWAY HALL continues a place of popular and social resort, and is visited with the same success with which it began the season.

The Busy World.

An incident of a staffing nature occurred in Dorchester on Friday night. A widow lady named Foster, living on Dorchester avenue, near Centre street, was awakened in the night by the noise as of a person moving about her bed-chamber. Reaching out to obtain a light, what was her consternation to feel the grasp of a strange hand upon her own. She screamed "Murder," which awoke a young lady who occupied the same bed. The strange hand loosed its hold, but the possessor, a man, not the least disconcerted by the alarm, made no movement to leave the room, until the lady, at the suggestion of her companion, shouted lustily for "Sam." The burglar then moved leisurely from the apartment, and at the same instant the bed-room window was raised, and another stranger appeared, who swore roundly at the ladies, threatening with an oath, that if they did not stop their noise, he would blow their brains out. The ladies spent the remainder of the night in anxious vigils, and in the morning they discovered that the burglar who entered the chamber had effected an entrance by forcing a rear window. Nothing was missing from the house.

STARVATION IN TRENTON, N. J.—Pursuant to a call in the papers, a large meeting of the mechanics and laboring men assembled in that city on Nov. 7th. Several speeches were made and resolutions passed, strongly urging upon the city authorities to take immediate steps to prevent the actual starvation of from 200 to 300 people. Two large banners were displayed, on which was the following: "We ask not alms, but work to keep our wives and children from starvation." "Peace and good will is our motto."

Thomas Mead, who was indicted for manslaughter by the Grand Jury, obtained bail and was liberated from jail on Saturday afternoon.

A person holding a note for \$6000 against the City of Boston, which fell due last week, demanded specie payment, and on being refused, he had the note protested. Mean.

Rev. William P. Merrill, who was knocked down and stabbed in Biddeford, Me., on Thursday evening, it is thought will recover from his wounds.

The War Department has just received dispatches confirmatory of a previous report that the Mormons are bent on a resistance of the United States troops. The appointments of the army and general preparations are such that no fears are entertained for the result.

The Bangor Union says: "James E. Mills, of this city, the assistant of Prof. Agassiz, has returned from his scientific examination of the ocean productions at Grand Menan, where he has spent most of the summer. He will pursue similar examinations during the winter in Florida."

The Nashville, Tenn., papers of the 3d inst., announce the death in that city of Mr. William E. West, a distinguished painter. Most of his artist life had been spent in Europe, where he had a high reputation as a painter of portraits. He painted a portrait of Lord Byron, from life, which sold for \$2000.

The Administration has received no particular important dispatches relative to events in Central America or the Costa Rican movements. No matter what other governments may do with regard to these affairs, ours will pursue an independent American policy, without entangling alliances.

Oh, SUCH A ONE!—The Evening Mirror has a friend who states, as a fact, that a young man in India, who recently died of a scrofulous disorder, had one of his legs in such a state of putrescence that vegetation commenced in it! Two stems grew out of the mass of corruption, on which two buds sprouted that eventually became two flowers! That friend must have an imagination far surpassing that of Jonah Barrington, famed for his "botanics" throughout the literary world. Munchausen never could have approached the sublimity of such poetic extravagance.

The Navy Department have received dispatches from Captain Sands, of the frigate *Susquehanna*, dated Spezia, October 14. Captain Sands says that on passing the Straits of Gibraltar, he shaped his course along that part of the coast of Barbary known as the Rif coast, for the purpose of showing his colors, and letting the inhabitants, who are understood to be piratically disposed, know that any outrages or depredations upon vessels carrying a similar flag, will be followed speedily by punishment. He says further: "On nearing a point marked Cape Agia, I observed a body of men and horses, and some cannon mounted on the bluff. Having cleared

the ship for action, I landed near the place and brought four Arabs on board, from whom I endeavored to gain some information as to who they were and their intention, but I could learn nothing."

Neal Dow was received in Portland, Friday evening. The Advertiser says that a large assembly gathered in front of the City Hall, and, preceded by Chandler's Band and a number of torches, marched to the Western depot to welcome home Mr. Dow, now having been about seven months on his mission to Europe. At the depot the crowd was great, and as he entered the barouche prepared for him, he was loudly greeted with cheers. At a given signal the procession, with a long row of splendid torches, reformed, and, after escorting him to his home, where he made a brief speech, returned to the City Hall, and there dispersed.

Nov. 7th, legal proceedings were commenced to attach the property of Thomas Allibone, late President of the Pennsylvania Bank, Philadelphia, for his liabilities to said bank. The suit is brought by the directors, who depose that the defendant is indebted to the bank upwards of \$200,000. The affidavit then states that he has absconded to a foreign country with the design to defraud his creditors.

COLLECTIONS SOUTH AND WEST.

Our Mr. Squire will start on or about the first of December, on a visit to the South and West, where he will transact any business which may be entrusted to him.

Among the places which he will visit are—Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Erie, Penn.; Syracuse, Rochester, Batavia, N. Y.; Cleveland, Fredonia, Laona, Akron, Columbus, Grafton, Carlington, Xenia, Batavia, New Boston, Felicity, New Richmond, Toledo, Cincinnati, Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Madison, Ind.; Salem, Cairo, Chicago, Joliet, Springfield, Jerseyville, Alton, Ill.; Memphis, Tenn.; New Orleans, La.; Mobile, Ala.; Georgetown, Houston, Austin, Texas; St. Louis, Jefferson City, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington City, D. C.

Refer to B. E. Perry, 20 Court street; Daniel Farrar, 61 Blackstone street, Boston.

PASSED TO THE SPIRIT LIFE.

The following obituary notice, communicated through the mediumship of G. L. Pierce of Lowell, from the spirit of C. T. Torrey, is forwarded for publication by a friend.

MESSES. EDITORS:—I attended the funeral, through the mediumship of George L. Pierce, of sister Mary Dearborn, widow of the late Major Thomas Dearborn, of Candia, N. H. She departed this life on the 14th of October, aged 82 years, 4 months, and 4 days. She left the shores of mortality with the full assurance of an endless life in the beatific regions of eternal Progression, with the sweet consolation of a speedy reunion with her departed husband and children, with whom she has, for the few last years, been holding daily intercourse. Of her it may truly be said—

A mother in Israel is gone;
A daughter in glory received,
An angel has entered her home,
The hope of her life is achieved.

C. T. TORREY, by
G. L. PIERCE, medium.

Lowell, Oct. 27, 1857.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquettes, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2; performance commences at 7 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MARCH CHILDREN. The Christ will rise at 6 1/4 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquettes, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

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

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

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. (15-23) Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

Meetings for free expression of thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism, or other subjects bearing upon it, at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M. Free.

There will be a circle for manifestations at the Hall, No. 14 Bromfield Street, on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Admission, 10 cents, to pay expenses.

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

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

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR—entitled the "Harmonical Band of Love and Charity"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FARMINGTON Hall, Wintham street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 103 Washington, opposite Milk street. Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take subscriptions for the BANNER.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT:

Sirs—The Boston Courier has, of late, handled me rather roughly. It has published of me what is not true. This I have shown to it, and through it, to the public. Once has it asserted that I have given in my adhesion to Willis and Mansfield, and once that I have given in my adhesion to Spiritualism.

In the following letter "To the Editor," I advise him that, in both of these statements, he has wronged me, by telling of me what is not true; allowing him the benefit of the charitable supposition that he did not know that he was publishing a falsehood; but giving him to know, as everybody but the Courier does, that if, knowing that its statements are false, it should repeat them hereafter, they would be lies; and that, since it has told me that it is responsible for its articles on the subject of Spiritualism, I would, if I could find him, hold the editor to his responsibility for the lies that, in that case, he would tell.

The Courier refuses to publish my letter. It gives no reasons for its refusal, and I ask none. Perhaps the letter may reach a part of the Courier's readers, if published in the Banner of Light; if not, it will reach a smaller part of the public, and thus it will be known what the Courier would do, and what I would do, should it repeat its false assertion that I have given in my adhesion to Spiritualism.

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN PIERPONT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:

Sir—Twice have you wronged me, in twice asserting of me, in my relations to Spiritualism, what is not true. As an antidote to this, will you do me the favor, and the justice, once to state what is true?

Once, in the Courier of 19th October, you put the falsehood into the lips of a censor of my course, a creature of your own prophetic inspiration, whom you cause to bring this accusation against me, namely: "You appeared in a public meeting on the Sabbath day, and openly gave in your adhesion to Willis and Mansfield." And, in your paper of October 26th, you say, in *propria persona*, "Mr. Pierpont gave in his adhesion to Spiritualism." Both of these assertions are, I think, unequivocal, and are intelligible only in one way. I pronounce them both unequivocally false, in the only sense in which they are intelligible. Will you publish this, just as I have here written it?

I am an inquirer—not a professor. In my letter to Dr. Channing, as the letter itself shows, I placed myself in the attitude of an inquirer, and in no other. In the same attitude I presented myself before the meeting in Music Hall, on Sunday, the 4th of October. Then and there I stated to the meeting that, for years, according to my opportunities and my humble measure of ability, I had been investigating the subject of Spiritualism, and that I had reason to believe that I had received communications from the spirit of Dr. Channing. I did not attempt to state what the reasons were—*pro* or *con*—for, of course, on a converted question, there are reasons, *pro* and *con*—except only the facts connected with "the Pierpont Channing letter," and those I stated truly. I have never said, either publicly or privately, that my mind is made up on this subject. "If Channing could give me light upon it, I wanted and asked for that light. I wanted what light I could get, for the purpose of solving my doubts, and bringing my mind to a conclusion in which I could rest satisfied. You say, 'Mr. Pierpont was satisfied.' Did Mr. Pierpont say that he was satisfied? He did not. And when the Courier said that he was, it did not speak the truth.

I reported to the meeting one of the many facts that had presented themselves to me during my inquiries. My attitude before the audience was that of an inquirer—of one who is trying to investigate the origin, source, or cause of the mysterious and wonderful phenomena of which I am often, and for years have been, myself a witness. Such was my position then, such it is now; and, with the Courier's permission, such it will be, till either I have formed a settled opinion, or till I am convinced that, in my present state of being, it is impossible for me to form one.

The old patriarch of Uz—a man renowned in his day for his patience—a man of whom the Scripture testifies that he was "a perfect and an upright man," says of himself, as a matter of which he felt that he had a right to boast, "the cause that I knew not, I searched out." I think it would have required a large measure of that good man's patience, to hear his neighbors bruiting it all over the land, from the Euphrates to the Nile, that Job had given in his adhesion to this side or that of a cause which he told them that, according to the best of his ability, he was searching out. But, although Job's patience may have gone to that length, without protesting against the injustice of the publishers of his day, I frankly confess to you, Mr. Courier, that mine has not.

Was it a matter for which Job deserved public reprehension from the editors of Uz, that he was thus searching out the cause that he knew not? or that he was stating to his neighbors facts that he did know? facts bearing upon one side or the other of a cause in issue, in order that they might use them, if they pleased, in settling the question for themselves? Do you think, that if he had done this on Sunday, the Arab, who edited the Uz Courier, would have charged him with desecrating the Sabbath day?

The question touching spiritual manifestations and intercourse, which is now before the public, on both continents—and which you, Mr. Courier, have neither wisdom nor wit enough to banish from the public mind—is one of the most important that can engage the attention of any man, who even pretends to be interested in spiritual things; especially, of one who is interested, and who, from his position, as a religious teacher and guide, is bound to be interested in them, nay, must be, or be false to his position and his trust. Everything belonging to "the spirit land," of which Mrs. Hemans sings with such solemn sweetness, may be derided as a "Delusion of the Day," by the Sadducees of Wall Street and State Street. When money is so "light" as it now is, and when the gorgeous palaces that our merchant princes have builded, are tumbling about their ears, or vanishing from before their eyes, "And like an unsubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind!"

men who are most deeply interested in the pressures of the present, may neither ask nor care whether

there is, in the future, anything lying beyond the dark valley into which we are all going down together.

"But if, as holiest men have deemed there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee."

It seems to me that it is the duty of all who, from their position, ought to be spiritual men, to open their ears to all voices, and their eyes to all visions, that purport to come from that "land of souls;" for, peradventure, something more may be learned of it than the wisest of us do yet know.

In the Courier of the 6th October, you, sir, are pleased to speak of my forgetting my "personal dignity," and of my lending the influence of my "venerable name," to a system of pilfering. Sir, if I have any personal dignity, and a name that is venerable, I wish you to understand that, as I have gained them both by my own efforts, I have them both in my own custody. They are the natural result of a tolerably faithful exercise of such powers and means as God has graciously given me, in the investigation of truth pertaining to man's spiritual nature and destiny, and of a fair measure of independence in making known my opinions concerning that truth when I have formed them. If, in my "old age," I find myself in a state of society in which I can pursue this course no longer, without having my name dragged before the public by a secular press, that knows little of the subject in hand, and nothing of my motives in trying to investigate it; without having reproaches cast upon my name, which that press itself acknowledges is a fair one, and falsehoods shrouded upon it by those whom I have never wronged, I trust that God will forgive my sin, if there is sin, in praying that he will take my spirit to a world where I can pursue my inquiries in peace.

Mr. Courier, lest I become tedious to yourself or your readers, let me say, in brief, that both of your assertions, in regard to my having given in my adhesion, are false. You may not have known this when you published them, and, if not, they are simple falsehoods. But, now that you do know it, if you publish them again they will be lies; and, if I can find out who you are, I will hold you responsible for them.

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN PIERPONT.

West Medford, November 2, 1857.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

We are gratified in being able to spread before our readers the very able letter of Hon. J. W. Edmonds, of New York, to Dr. C. Robbins of Charlestown. This letter was called out by one to Judge Edmonds from Dr. R., detailing his own peculiar spiritual manifestations. In a normal state he is clairvoyant and clairaudient, and having by careful examination repeatedly received communications from, and daguerreotypes of, various individuals who were not in the spirit world, as clearly as those that have put off the form, he addressed Judge Edmonds on the subject before obtruding the novelty to the public; in this we think him judicious. The question and facts involved has scarcely, if at all, been noticed by our papers or writers, while it is one of deep interest and is very ably solved and answered.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24th, 1857.

Dr. C. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—DEAR SIR:—If, from my investigations into the subject of Spirit Intercourse, it shall be in my power to answer any of your inquiries, it will afford me pleasure to do so. But there is a difficulty about it which neither you nor I can obviate, and it is this, that we are as yet but in the infancy of the matter, but on the threshold of a knowledge of its phenomena, and I cannot therefore yet hope to arrive in all instances at certain and satisfactory conclusions. Think how long it was after man had learned that water would boil, before he learned the power of steam! How long after the affinity of iron for electricity was known, before the telegraph was discovered! So it is with Spiritualism—time and very many more manifestations and much more rational investigation must yet be had, before we can say that we understand the subject. In the mean time, it is very well, as tending to elucidate the truth, that we discuss the nature of what we have received. But I find it necessary to be careful to be not too hasty in arriving at my conclusion—not to be too ready to build up theories, lest I may rather mislead by the ingenuity and confidence of my own ignorance, than enlighten by the calmness and modesty of wisdom.

In the early stages of my investigations, I found myself measuring the phenomena before me, by the standard of my preconceived opinions, and it took me some time to find out that that was, at least as respects this subject, the standard of ignorance and not of knowledge, and that the first thing I had to learn was how ignorant I was of the whole matter—of its laws as well as of the manifestations of them. This taught me to move more cautiously, and not attempt a sum in the Rule of Three, until I had learned my Multiplication Table.

Hence I must entreat you to receive my expositions with great care, and rather as an index to your own thoughts, than as certain and reliable solutions of your difficulties.

Your first inquiry, as I understand it, relates to the communication with the spirits of the living as well as with the dead, and you ask, Is it a delusion?

I was a good deal disturbed when this feature first came to my knowledge. I had had related to me several instances, where it afterwards turned out the party was yet living. I did not understand it at all, unless it was a false personation by a spirit, or a delusion on the part of the medium or inquirer.

One day, while I was at West Roxbury, there came to me through Laura as the medium, the spirit of one with whom I had once been well acquainted, but from whom I had been separated some fifteen years. His was a very peculiar character, one unlike that of any other man whom I ever knew, and so strongly marked that it was not easy to mistake his identity.

I had not seen him in several years; he was not at all in my mind at the time, and he was unknown to the medium. Yet he identified himself unmistakably, not only by his peculiar characteristics, but by referring to matters which were known only to him and me.

I took it for granted he was dead, and was surprised afterwards to learn he was not. He is yet living.

I cannot on this occasion, go into all the particulars of an interview which lasted more than an hour. I was certain there was no delusion about it, and am certain that it was just as much a spirit manifestation as any I ever witnessed or heard of. Yet how could it be? was the question that was long agitating my mind. I have known since then many similar manifestations, so that I can no longer doubt

the fact, that at times, our communications are from the spirits of the living, as well as of the dead.

About two years ago I had quite a marked exemplification of this. A circle was formed at Boston and another here, and they met at the same moment of time in the two cities, and through their respective mediums conversed with each other. The Boston circle would, through their medium, get a communication from the spirit of the New York medium, and the New York circle would receive one through their medium from the spirit of the Boston medium.

This continued for several months, and records of the circles were carefully kept. One of these days, I intend to give to the world a full account of the affair, for it was interesting as an attempt to get up a sort of telegraph, whose possibility was thus and there demonstrated. To me the matter was also particularly interesting in another aspect. For out of its incidents and teachings there came to me much that was calculated to explain to me the rationale of it.

That rationale embraces much thought and investigation; more than I have yet been able to give to it. I have as yet only the faint outline, but I hope in time to be able to go farther than that. At all events, I give it to you now as I have received it, that you and others may direct your researches to it, and, like the recent discoveries of new planets in our solar system, out of many intelligent and well directed observations, be able to work out new truths in the moral firmament.

Have we ever yet been taught how it is that the soul—by soul I mean the immortal part of man—is connected with the material form?

There is something in man beyond what is possessed by any other animal. This is not merely the power of reasoning, for man and animals alike possess and exert the faculty. Place a man and a horse in the middle of a field, and both will reason in the same way about going to a neighboring brook to quench the thirst. A child and a kitten will reason precisely alike in respect to the danger of touching fire. But there is something in the man and child that the horse and the kitten have not got, and cannot get. I may, with much propriety, call this "Devotion," for it is the power of comprehending the existence of a Great First Cause, and our connection with it, and embraces something more than the power of reasoning, and the mere capacity of the intellect to form a conclusion from that reasoning.

This "Devotion" belongs to the soul, and not to the body, and can be displayed only by that living being which has the attribute of immortality.

Now how is the soul which possesses this attribute connected with the body?

Some have said it was seated in the brain, because it had the power of reasoning and judging as to immortality. But here comes the difficulty of distinguishing between the mind, possessed alike by man and horse, and the soul which belongs to man alone. And here comes the great argument of the infidel, that if such is the soul, man cannot be immortal any more than the horse.

Some have said it was seated in the heart, because there can be no "Devotion" without emotion. But here is again the same difficulty,—animals have emotions in common with man.

And it is manifest that this immortal part of man is connected with both his intellectual and emotional attributes.

Indeed, without dwelling too much on details, it will be enough to say, that how the soul is connected with the body has been hitherto a great mystery,—inexplicable upon any hypothesis ever yet suggested to man. For every such hypothesis has encountered somewhere some one insuperable difficulty; and that one alone can be acceptable which has the capacity of surmounting them all, and which can be consistent with every known fact.

The chemist, in searching for arsenic, finds other substances which will produce the same effects with the different tests, but he arrives at a certain conclusion, because there is no other single substance which will produce the same results with all the tests.

Now with all this long preface,—long, though stating many things too briefly,—let me come to my propositions:

1. The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself—possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existences, whether connected or disconnected with it.

2. It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body.

3. Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him; but how thus connected, is involved in profound mystery.

Strange as this idea has seemed, it has been accepted by many, because it was only thus that many things, indisputably established as facts, could be explained, and because without it the reasoning mind had no refuge, but in denying the reality of that whose existence could not be questioned.

4. This duality consists of two existences, (beings or entities), each possessed of its own mind and heart—or in other words,—(for it is difficult out of old words to convey new ideas for which they have not been fitted) each having its own power of reasoning and feeling; which in this earth-life, most commonly act in unison, but possessing the ability to act independently of each other, and at death one of them ceasing to exist, and the other acting on forever.

5. These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth life, and to give form and shape to the man in the spirit life.

Thus there is in man the emanation from God in the soul—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two in what I will designate as the electrical body. Hence man is a trinity.

6. This electrical body has, among other, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. 1st. In death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the spirit life, and lives with it there. In the earth life its presence is manifested by that odd light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the spirit world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees spirits.

2d. It has a power of elasticity, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it. When that connection ceases, death ensues, but while it exists, life continues.

Hence it is that in dreams and in clairvoyance we behold actual realities, existing and occurring at the moment far distant from us. This is not a mere

picture, like a painting presented to the mind, but is the passing, changing reality, for we behold the various and incessant changes of the scene, and we hear the conversation accompanying it.

7. The soul and the electrical body are never separated, but the animal body may be separated from one or both. In death the animal body is separated from both. In life it may be separated from the soul for a while.

These are not all the propositions connected with the union of the soul and the body, which have been revealed to us, but they are all which bear upon the immediate topic which we have in hand.

And in regard to them I ask you and all thinking minds these two questions:

1st. Are they not consistent with all the phenomena of soul and body which have ever come to our knowledge. 2d. Do they not explain many things connected with our earth life, which have hitherto been profound mysteries to us, and especially, do they not answer your question?

There is but one mode in which these questions can be wisely answered, and that is, each must search and see for himself. It will not do to receive the idea as a truth upon the *ipsi dixit* of any one, for no man has yet advanced far enough in this new matter to be warranted in saying, "I know." Nor will it do simply to deny its truth, for it is not impossible, and a denial will necessarily involve the negation of many things which are as firmly established as fact as anything that man is capable of receiving as such.

Your next inquiry relates to what may be called mental manifestations (as distinguished from physical) without the mediums being entranced.

If my previous positions are true, we may well ask why should not the soul be able to think through the animal mind without suspending the consciousness, as in the trance state? Sure enough, why not? Simply because, as I understand it, our education, physical condition and surroundings have given our material nature the preponderating power in us, and our spirit nature cannot make itself felt until the accustomed domination of the senses shall be suspended, and the supremacy which we have accorded to the animal mind, be made to give way.

Hence, with some of our mediums, the spirits have to resort to deep trance, to avoid the interference of the animal part with the spirit power.

There are some who are so organized that this is never necessary, and others who can attain that condition by proper training, and hence with them the manifestations are when they are in their normal condition.

This is the condition of the just supremacy of our spiritual over our material nature—a condition for all mankind, which Christianity aimed at, and Spiritualism is destined to achieve.

It involves a great advance in our nature, yet one that we are capable of, and which each may attain by proper self-discipline.

I repeat: this is the great end and aim of Spiritualism, and it will be arrived at when man shall make all of his material nature subordinate to his spiritual, and shall cause all his earthly surroundings to assume their proper positions of being, as but a means, and not an end.

Then the soul will be able always to speak to the animal mind, and make its presence ever manifest to the consciousness of the man.

Meanwhile, they who, either from self-discipline or physical conformation, have already attained that condition, have a fearful responsibility cast upon them—no less than that of showing before God and man what we may be, when the mortal shall thus, even in this life, have put on immortality.

Your next inquiry is whether a pure thought can be conveyed to us through an impure medium, or an enlarged thought through a contracted mind?

How simple is the answer! The same law which governs our earth life governs us in the spirit world.

You wish here to send me a message by your servant? By making him learn by rote the precise words in which you clothe your idea, you can convey it to me as accurately as you could yourself convey it personally. But if you content yourself with simply giving him the idea he is to convey to me, as is most commonly the case, you necessarily incur the hazard of his not having comprehended it, and therefore of his not getting it right. So if you give him for transmission an idea too elevated or too pure for his comprehension, it is almost certain there will be some error committed.

Thus, by your Irish servant, who has hardly learned that twick two is four—attempt to send me a demonstration in algebra, what sort of a message shall I get from you, be he ever so honest? Send me the same thing by an accomplished mathematician, and lo! how accurately I get the communication.

The purity of the communications is affected, however, by other considerations, but natural and simple still. How hard it is in life, for purity to approach and get near the impure! Try it. Go your self into the sinks of vice of your great cities, and see how difficult it will be for you to get near their inmates—how long it will be before you can get a hearing, and how forcibly they repel you.

Let them, however, but once entertain an aspiration for something pure and good, and lo! how easy of access they are to you.

And this is true, whether spoken of your messenger, or of him to whom your message is sent.

And now, having answered your inquiries, but so generally as to merely suggest, and not elaborate ideas, I subscribe myself,

Truly yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

HUME, THE EUROPEAN MEDIUM.

We cite the following from Harper's Monthly, as showing that Spiritualism is fast growing in importance, and gaining the attention of our best minds—

"The photograph of the eminent seeress is upon sale all along the Boulevard. There is in the physiognomy of Hume, inspiration and aspiration toward a better world. The looks, directed without affectation, to Heaven, are at once firm and gentle. One feels that they reach further than those of most men, but always upward. On the faith of this photograph, those good souls who would have exorcised him as a demon, may rest assured that his alliances, if they reach beyond the world, are with good spirits, and not with bad. There is nothing of the charlatan in the countenance, and far less of the demon than the angelic. Yet his power is unequal and fluctuates like the funds at the Bourse. To-day he fails utterly in producing his miracles, and to-morrow he shall startle the movement every object on which he fixes his magnetic regard." We do not learn that the secret of his power has yet engaged the attention of the Academies.

SPEAKING IN DIFFERENT TONGUES.

A LETTER TO A STUDENT AT A WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

BY J. W. EDMONDS.

The following letter is in answer to one asking of Judge E. some information in regard to the "speaking in many tongues," and containing a statement that a certain "Professor" had said he would endorse our doctrine when there should be brought to him a case well authenticated, (by three or more reliable witnesses,) of any person or medium, speaking in a language of which they were entirely ignorant, never having read, heard read, or heard spoken, such language during their previous life.

NEW YORK, October 27, 1857.

DEAR SIR—It is one of the strange things of the day, that persons of education and standing, whose lives are devoted to the pursuit of science, and who are engaged in the education of our youth, should be so profoundly ignorant of what is taking place all around them.

There are, perhaps, good reasons why it is so, as regards Spiritualism. Both the secular and religious newspapers of the day have refused to publish anything on the subject, except it be an attack upon it, and, therefore, the opportunities of the world at large, to learn anything about it, are necessarily contracted; and then, again, when this general practice is so far departed from as to publish anything, there is a class of people, who, for conscience' sake, refuse to read.

In which of these positions your Professor is, of course I cannot say; but he must be in one or the other, because the fact which he doubts has been published to the world, in such manner, that if it was false, that could easily have been shown.

My second volume on "Spiritualism," was published in 1855, and several thousand copies have been sold. In the Introduction to that volume, written by myself, and having to it my own signature, and, of course, my voucher for its truth, and on page 75, is a statement of my daughter's having spoken several different languages, and particularly of her conversation with a Greek gentleman.

As you may not have the volume, I annex a copy of the passage.

But it contains my evidence alone, for I have not appended the certificate of its verity from those who were present, nor do I mean to do so, for it is to me a matter of entire indifference whether any one believes it or not. I discharge my duty by publishing the truth, as I know it to be, and leave the matter to its fate.

I published it, however, here, where I am known—where my character for veracity is well known—where I am surrounded by the very persons in whose presence the thing occurred, and where, if my statement is untrue, its falsity can easily be established.

Your Professor is wrong, however, in one respect. He says he would endorse the doctrine, if the fact could be authenticated by three or more reliable witnesses. He would not do so, you may rely upon it. He can have it authenticated by fifty reliable witnesses, if he will. But he would not endorse the doctrine if such authentication even was before him.

He surely does not mean to say he would "endorse" unless he believed, and he surely knows that belief is not matter of volition. He cannot believe at pleasure. He may profess to, but actual belief does not flow from his volition. Let him try to persuade himself that the sun does not shine at mid-day, and see what a piece of work he will make of it.

I do not mean to impute to him any intentional misstatement in the matter, but I understand his remark as a mere expression of his opinion, as to what he now honestly thinks would be the effect of the evidence on his mind. But in that respect he is deceived, or, at least, I hope he is; for I would not give a copper for that belief in our beautiful faith, that is founded only on a knowledge of its marvels. It would be a house built on the sand, and could not stand the storms that would assail it. And then, such is not the office of those marvels. They do not come for such purpose. Their legitimate province is simply to awaken attention to the subject, and to induce the intelligent mind to investigate it. Blot from memory, or from existence, all these external manifestations, and then come the philosophy and the religion of spiritual intercourse, which will work conviction for themselves, in any candid mind, that will give itself a fair chance. That is the important aspect in which we are to view the matter, and the manifestations are to be regarded of moment only as they call attention to the subject.

I should pity any mind that should believe on the manifestations alone, for it would be eternally in a sea of doubt; but resting on the rock of reason and philosophy, it would attain firm faith, and with it, calm repose.

Besides, I have heard this assertion made so often, and seen its results, that I feel authorized to anticipate what would be the result in your Professor's case. I said the same thing myself several times, in the early stages of my inquiries, and when the fact came, on which I had promised or hoped to found a belief, I was surprised to find myself still a doubter.

I had an illustration of it in the case of George Walker, (now of Kansas.) He was told at my house of the manifestation there of the loss of the steamer Arctic. That was strange, he acknowledged; but there might be some explanation of it in that single instance. If, however, it had come through three or four different persons, unconnected with each other, then he would believe. I told him he would not. But he insisted he would. It was not long before he had the evidence that it had come just as he had suggested, and through four different channels, unconnected with and unknown to each other. Did he believe then? Not a whit! and for the reason, as I suppose, that belief is not a matter of volition, nor is it the province of a marvel to produce conviction.

Pray, how many converts to Christianity were made by the marvels of the days of Jesus? Of the thousands whom he fed, do we read that any were made believers thereby? And what, on the feast of the Pentecost, added three thousand souls to the believers; was it the apostles speaking in many tongues, or the beautiful doctrine which Peter unfolded?

No, my friend; we deceive ourselves when we say or think, that we should endorse the doctrine of Spiritualism, as soon as we become convinced of the reality of the manifestations. Something more is demanded to work conviction in the rational mind, and we who believe, will be likely to mislead our hearers, when we make of these manifestations an end, and not a means. Confine them to their legitimate purpose of awakening investigation, and they

become useful ministers to the truth. Let them be all in all, and they become its masters without the power of the government, but with the power of working much mischief.

Let me not, however, lose sight of your request, in my fear that too much consequence will be attached to its subject. I will annex hereto, not merely an extract from the book I referred to, but also some extracts from my records of other instances, with explanations, &c.

I give you these extracts as my own personal experience alone. But there are other instances which have been published, as known to others, of which I will not venture to speak.

Of what happened under my own observation, I can freely speak, for I know whether I speak the truth or not.

Yours truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Mr. A. D. RYLES, Meadville, Pa.

Extract from Vol. 2, Spiritualism, p. 45.

"She was next developed to speak different languages. She knows no language but her own, and a little smattering of boarding-school French; yet she has spoken in nine or ten different tongues, sometimes for an hour at a time, with the ease and fluency of a native. It is not unfrequent that foreigners converse with their spirit friends through her in their own language. A recent instance occurred, where a Greek gentleman had several interviews, and for several hours at a time carried on the conversation on his part in Greek, and received his answers sometimes in that language, and sometimes in English. Yet until then she had never heard a word of modern Greek spoken."

The foregoing is my account in very general terms of my daughter's mediumship. Let me here specify some of the instances more particularly:—

One evening there came to my house a young girl from one of the Eastern States. She had come to New York to seek her fortune. Her education was that which can be obtained at a common country school. She was a medium, and was accompanied by the spirit of a Frenchman, who was very troublesome to her. He could speak through her, but only in French. For more than an hour a conversation went on between my daughter and the spirit, speaking through Miss Dowd. They both conducted the conversation entirely in French, and both spoke with the rapidity and fluency of native Frenchmen. Miss Dowd's French was a *wretched patois* of some of the Southern provinces of France, while Laura's was pure Parisian.

This occurred in my library, where some five or six persons were present; and Miss Dowd is still living in this city.

On another occasion, some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura, and, during it, she several times spoke in their language words and sentences which she did not understand, but they did, and a good deal of the conversation on their part was in Polish, and they received answers, sometimes in English, and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though they seemed to perfectly.

This can be verified only by Laura's statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give her their names.

The incident with the Greek gentleman was this: One evening, when some twelve or fifteen persons were in my parlor, Mr. E. D. Green, an artist of this city, was shown in, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Evangelides, of Greece. He spoke broken English, and Greek fluently. Ere long, a spirit spoke to him through Laura, in English, and said so many things to him, that he identified him as a friend who had died at his house a few years before, but of whom none of us had ever heard.

Occasionally, through Laura, the spirit would speak a word or a sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek? The residue of the conversation, for more than an hour, was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and, on hers, sometimes in Greek, and sometimes in English. At times, Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed either by her or him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

He was sometimes very much affected, so much so as to attract the attention of the company, some of whom begged to know what it was that caused so much emotion. He declined to tell, but after the conversation ended, he told us that he had never before witnessed any spirit manifestations, and that he had, during the conversation, tried experiments to test that which was so novel to him. These experiments were in speaking of subjects which he knew Laura must be ignorant of, and in frequently and suddenly changing the topic from domestic to political affairs, from philosophy to theology, and so on. In answer to our inquiries—for none of us knew Greek, he assured us that his Greek must have been understood, and her Greek was correct.

He afterwards had many other interviews, in which Greek conversations occurred.

At this interview, which I have described, there were present, Mr. Green, Mr. Evangelides, Mr. Allen, President of a Boston Bank, and two gentlemen whose names I forget, but can easily ascertain, who were large railroad contractors in one of the Western States, my daughter Laura, my niece Jennie Keyes, myself, and several others whom I do not remember.

My niece, of whom I have spoken, has often sung Italian, improvising both word and tune, yet she is entirely unacquainted with the language. Of this, I suppose, there are a hundred instances.

One day my daughter and niece came into my library and began a conversation with me in Spanish, one speaking a part of a sentence and the other the residue. They were influenced, as I found, by the spirit of a person whom I had known when in Central America, and reference was made to many things which had occurred to me there, of which I knew they were as ignorant as they were of Spanish.

To this only us three can testify.

Laura has spoken to me in Indian, in the Chippewa and Monomoni tongues. I know the language, because I had been two years in the Indian country. I have thus enumerated Indian, Spanish, French, Greek and English, that she has spoken. I have also heard her in Italian, Portuguese, Latin and Hungarian, and in some that I did not know.

The instances are so numerous for me to recall the names of the persons present.

I will now mention instances through others than her.

Alman by the name of Finney, a carpenter, of very limited education, living near Cleveland, Ohio,

was once giving me a communication, for he was a speaking medium. The subject was self-knowledge, and while I was writing it down, I spoke (sotto voce) *Gnoli equon*. He paused, repeated the Greek, and added, "Yes, know thyself."

Mrs. Helen Leeds, of 45 Carver street, Boston, a medium of some note in these parts; has very often spoken Chinese. She is of very limited education, and never had heard a word of that language spoken.

This occurred so often with her in a former stage of her mediumship, that I suppose I may say that there are thousands who have witnessed it. I have myself witnessed it at least a hundred times.

In the early stages of my investigations I kept very full minutes of all that occurred. From my records I make this extract:

"128th INTERVIEW.

Nov. 3, 1852.

There was a special meeting of the Circle of Hope last evening, to meet some of our friends from Albany. Besides the numbers of the circle, [the circle consisted of Mr. Sweet and wife, Mr. Wood and wife, Mr. Ackerman and wife, Mr. Ambler and wife, Mr. Ira Hutchinson, Mr. Comes and myself] there were present Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Haight, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mettler, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. Mettler, of New York, and Mrs. Heath, sister of Mr. Ambler.

Mr. Ambler was soon thrown into the magnetic state, &c.

After he came out of the trance state Mrs. Shepherd was affected, and spoke in several languages. She occasionally spoke in English.

And she continued for an hour or two thus to speak in some foreign language. It seemed to us to be Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

Mrs. Mettler was then thrown into a trance state, and she was developed for the first time in her life to speak in diverse tongues. She spoke in German, and what seemed to be Indian.

And then, too, i. e. Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Mettler, then for some time conversed together in three foreign languages.

Occasionally they spoke in English, and sometimes in broken English."

I have looked in my records, but do not find it, though I very well remember the fact, that Mrs. Sweet, of this city, another of our mediums, of very little education, and an Irish woman, has often spoken French.

[Since writing the above I learn that she has also spoken Italian and Hebrew.]

I have, a number of times, witnessed a cognate manifestation, when the communication was through the rappings, and was given in a foreign language, though the medium knew only the English.

And I have heard Gov. Talmadge's daughter, at my house, speak in German, several persons being present.

I have thus gathered together my own experience on this topic. I have never done so before, and confess myself somewhat surprised to behold how large the sum total is. And yet my experience embraces a very small part of that which has been given, and less, if I remember right, than what has been actually published to the world.

I had hoped that in our country, where general information is so wide-spread, where this subject of spiritual intercourse has been a matter of investigation for at least ten years, and where the witnesses to its existence are numbered by hundreds of thousands, the time had gone by when it was necessary to pause in our progress to prove that existence. I had hoped that the time had arrived when the intelligent minds of our country were prepared to use the instrumentalities, whose existence cannot be ignored by any well-informed mind, for the purpose of inquiring whether there is not something in its philosophy and its relations worthy the attention of the loftiest intellect.

It seems, however, that I am mistaken, and that we must yet awhile trudge along in our infant school. So be it. The time will come, however, when better things will be, and the Truth makes its own way, even to the educated mind.

J. W. EDMONDS.

November 1.

P. S. I now add to the foregoing:—

To-day, at our conference, I mentioned this subject, and asked if any of those present could give me any further information? The attendance was unusually small, there not being over a hundred present, but I received the following in reply to my inquiry:—

Dr. John F. Gray mentioned having had communications through the rappings and table tipplings in the Malay, Hebrew, and Spanish languages. The communications were spelled out letter by letter, and written down. He obtained translations of all of these from persons versed in the different languages. He has records of it all, specifying where it occurred, and who were present. He will probably give me an extract from them. If he does, I will send it to you.

He mentioned one instance, where Professor Bush, who is a Hebrew scholar, was present, and he called the Hebrew alphabet, and wrote the communication down at the time, and afterwards translated it, no one present but himself being acquainted with that alphabet.

Dr. Abraham D. Wilson, another physician of high standing, stated that the late Mr. Henry Inman, the artist, told him that when his daughter was developed as a medium, she repeatedly spoke Spanish, of which she had no knowledge.

Mr. David Bryson stated that at a recent circle, where Mrs. Tucker was the medium; and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Taylor and others were present, the medium spoke fluently an unknown tongue, and conversed with a Dane, who was present, in the Danish language.

Mr. Taylor was at the conference, and confirmed Mr. Bryson's account.

Mrs. Richardson relates a recent incident of a woman, named Greenleaf, who spoke French. And Mrs. French, the medium, well known here, and at Pittsburgh, stated that through her the spirits had spoken nine different languages.

She relates a recent instance, where Mr. Henry C. Vail being present, she was addressed by an Italian female and led by her to a part of the town where some fourteen Italians were huddled together in one room, in a great state of destitution and sickness, and where Italian was spoken through her to them with entire ease. And she mentioned an occasion at Washington, where, in the presence of George Tallmadge, and Mr. Giddings, M. C., from Ohio, she spoke French fluently.

All these are cases where the parties speaking knew only one language—the English.

This is the gathering of one gentleman only,

can form no idea of the extent of the evidence that might be gathered by a more extended inquiry.

But is it not enough for all, except those who would not believe, though one arose from the dead?

Written for the Banner of Light.

SELFISHNESS.

The inordinate love of self, which the lust for wealth has begotten, inspired by the fictitious distinctions and conventionalities of society, is everywhere felt—seething and surging like a desolating torrent, through all the ramified relations of life, and becoming, directly, and indirectly, the predominant scourge of this beautiful world. The deadly Upas, poisoning the very fountains from which flow whatever tends to elevate the dignity of human nature, and bless a suffering race.

Fostered and nurtured in the hot-beds of speculation—in the active competition in the race for material aggrandisement and worldly honors—like a stealthy thief, it has entered into the political, moral, social and domestic relations of life, and, to an alarming extent, despoiled Conscience of its innate integrity to God and humanity, by erecting false, artificial, and antagonistic relations among men which practically ignore the neighbor-claims growing out of a common origin and a common destiny.

Emboldened by its conquests, ever seeking to enlarge the circle of its experiments, employing fraud, cunning and deceit as its faithful allies, it first needs to secure a usurpation over the legitimate prerogatives of Conscience, and then adjusts the balance of right and wrong, as shall best subserve the gratification of its sordid loves and sensuous desires.

Selfishness! How hast thou debauched the integrity of man's better nature, by poisoning the heart, and corrupting its better impulses, from which—but for thy hateful presence—would ever flow the loving stream of sympathy and kindness, only to bless and to save! But for thee, how would our earth bloom in Eden beauty—in light, joy and peace! But for thee, the famishing cry of Want would no longer reach the pitying ear of angels—the hydra monster's evils that scourge society, would retire forever, and to the rayless depths of oblivion would sink at once, and the bondman's chain, and humanity, enfranchised, rise in physical and moral freedom, glorious as the sons of God! Avaunt! Fiend of Discord! A light from on high has revealed thy true character, and the fearful consequences of thy domination over the consciences of men, and some are fleeing from thy presence as from the miasmas laden with the seeds of pestilence and death. Enough, we trust, yet to redeem the world from its long-continued thralldom to thine unhallowed domination and insensate despotism.

A. F. M.

From the Richmond (Ind.) Vanguard.

TEST FACT.

When sitting at a circle in this place, recently, several spirits presented themselves for recognition. I described several—among them a young man with dark hair and eyes, dressed in black cloth coat and pants, and a silk-velvet, plaid vest. First he had his watch in his vest pocket, and in an instant he placed it in his pants pocket, evidently showing that he wore it occasionally in both.

By this description, Mrs. Amos recognized him as her son. Two or three days afterwards, I called at her house, and, among many other daguerotypes, I recognized this young man's, at the same time remarking: "It is not an accurate daguerotype; he is better looking." Mrs. Amos then handed me another, which I told her was much nearer accuracy, though the apparent age of the first was, I thought, his as he appeared to me.

Mrs. A. then remarked that the first was taken shortly before his death, and the other some time previously, but it was more like him than the first.

Here was a satisfactory test to that lone mother! She has buried her husband and four children; and without such satisfactory proofs that they still live in a bright and happy world, how desolate and dark would all within and around her appear!

Does not Spiritualism indeed, and of a truth, "open the prison doors to them that are bound," and make the captives sing aloud for joy? Does it not rob the grave of its darkness, and death of its terrors, and deck the bereaved heart with undying wreaths of immortal flowers?

A. D. C.

A CLAIR-AUDIANT MANIFESTATION.

The following piece of poetry was dedicated in what seemed to be an audible voice to Dr. Robbins, the medium in this case, who also saw the spirit who dictated it.

THE SPIRIT MISSION.

TO LEONORA B.—

[From her guardian spirit. Communicated Nov. 1, 1857.]

"Tis a pleasure divine, to watch a fair flower,
As it smiles in the sun, as it blooms in the shower;
As it clothes with its fragrance the zephyr's fair wings,
As it charms with its beauty, as it plays, as it sings;
While its thoughts, like barred sunshine, excluding all night,
By the strength of its beams, by the sheen of its light,
To admonish of danger when the spoiler is nigh,
To remind that true safety descends from the sky;
To strengthen, sustain, when the heart sinks with fear,
By the rays of true wisdom to crowd back the tear;
To light up the soul in the night of its sorrow,
With Faith, Hope and Love, that illumine the morrow.
Such my mission to you, such my errand of love,
Till fruition is kindled by light from above;
Till that moment comes, my beloved and my dear,
Be assured thy Father is ever most near,
Think not this a task—it is life, it is zest,
(Here xxxxxxxx is case—activity rest.)
It sheds joy in my path, it gives peace to my breast."

FALCON.

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present during the whole harangue. Upon hearing himself several times spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader: "Don't call me a soldier, sir; I am an officer." Mr. Jeffrey immediately went on: "Well, gentlemen, this officer, who is no soldier, was the sole cause of the mischief that has occurred."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—The New York Post says that a worthy clergyman in that city, following the practice of his ministerial brethren, recently preached a very earnest discourse on the hard times, enforcing the duty of retrenchment and economy. Immediately after church the congregation took him at his word by holding a meeting, at which his salary was cut down from \$1000 to \$800.

"I remember," says Lord Bilen, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed: 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?'" "Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me."

The Messenger.

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

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

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

From Anne to her Father, a Minister.
(Communication commenced by the spirit singing the following verse):—

Come holy spirit, Heavenly dove,

With all thy quickening powers;

Come shed abroad a Saviour's Love,

In these cold hearts of ours.

The last thing I ever remember of doing when I was on earth, was singing that verse. Yes, and as I finished, my spirit winged its way home. I was happy—the church (religion) gave me happiness, light. I was not developed sufficient to receive the light you children have, but I received as much as I could bear, and I found it in the church. My mother, dear mother, stood beside my bed; she said, "Anna, are you happy?" I answered her by saying, "I saw angels around me, and they sang with me. My soul was borne amid sounds of melody, and I was happy." Four years have passed since then, and I still am happy. A few weeks ago I stood by that dear mother's side—(she is still on earth) and she said, if Spiritualism be true, let my Anne come, and sing that sweet verse she last sang on earth. And oh, I have come to give her, imperfectly it is true, proof that I can return to her. Oh, tell my mother I live to guide her through this dark scene of sorrow. Oh, tell her my soul will lift her above things of earth, and cheer her on. Oh, tell her that the only child our Father saw fit to give her, is waiting on the other shore to welcome her as she comes over. And my dear, dear father! oh, how I long to commune with him! how I long to tell him I am happy—how I long to comfort him. He fears, because I did not make a public profession of my religion, I am not happy. Tell him his Saviour will be my Saviour; that all that was sin on earth is forgiven me. The church was the light I lived by on earth, and although I see they are in error, there was light enough in it to carry me home. I was only twelve years old when I died. My father is a minister of the gospel, and I will not give my full name, for I wish to reach him silently. He lives a few miles from Boston, where you now are.

"Come holy spirit, heavenly dove,"

Oh, how sweet that was to me. It lifted my soul above earth; and it seemed to animate my soul as I once more returned to take on a mortal form. Do not wonder at my coming here as I do, for it is right I should.

Nov. 2.

Polly Staniford.

Oh, I am so happy to come! Every one I see here in earth-life are strangers. Thirteen years two months have passed away since I left earth, and now for the first time I come to speak to my own dear friends.

I lived in Boston, and died in Boston; my disease was fever. I was sick, as high as I can recollect, 14 days. My name was Polly Staniford; I lived in a small wood colored house, and the name of the street you now call Tremont Street. I have a daughter living in New York, another in California—both are married. Now my daughter Sally stood over me while I died, and she has often said, "Oh, if mother could only tell me what she wanted to before she died, how happy I should be!" and now I come to do so.

I wanted to tell her to take little George from the place where he was, and take him with her. She did this, I suppose, because I was so near to her I could not help influencing her to do it. He has since come to me, and it is well. That was all I wanted to tell her, and now I want her to be happy. Sally is in Sacramento, California, and her name now, is Wilson.

I am very happy, have progressed much, but never have seen God yet. I got dreadfully disappointed, for I belonged to the Baptist church; but it is all right. There, I have said all I wanted to, and must bid you good day.

Samuel Winn.

You must excuse my coming. I do not well know how to use the medium; this is the first time I ever attempted to. I have been away from earth a long time—it seems to me to be between thirty or forty years, but of the exact time I cannot tell. It seems to me very much like returning to one's native land, after being absent many years; but I am glad to come. I have long wanted to, but circumstances prevented it, so this is my first trial. I have got friends and relations in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, in Rhode Island, and in California. I have also relatives in England; but of them I know little. I have one daughter living, as high as I can measure distance, about thirty miles from the place where I now control your medium. She, doubtless, will be very glad to hear from me, but not half so glad as I am to communicate with her. She is a medium, in part, but does not know it—reads your paper, and wishes continually that some of her own friends may manifest to her. God is wise and just, I know, by all that surrounds me, and yet I have never seen him. It is to me a source of great joy to know that so many spirits are daily in the habit of communicating with mortals, even if I cannot myself, for I know that daily the breach is becoming less wide, and that the day is coming when the spirit will be visible to mortals, and the latter to the spirit. You must wait years, no doubt; but when you look back and see that the body of man came from some uncounted animal—that is, your animal part, you will not wonder that time will swallow up death in life, and spirits and mortals will be with each other.

I came to commune with my friends, and have wandered a little; I wish all those who know me on earth to search deep into the mysteries of Spiritualism. And when they arrive at error, cast that away, and take up all the truth; then I shall have none among you but will be true-souled Spiritualists.

You are a stranger to me—do not know that such a spirit ever had an existence in an earthly form. I am a stranger to all present, (spirits), with the exception of two brothers in the spirit life, who are here. I have many friends in spirit life, but they are not here present. Now it seems to me that you should prove me—see whether I am true or false—if you find me true, I wish you to publish my few remarks; they will serve only to show that I am neither dead nor asleep, and if I succeed in awakening some to this truth, I have done all I want to do. And now all that remains for me to do, seems to be to give you my name and reference. My name was Samuel Winn, and, without putting you to a great deal of trouble, I could not refer you to those very near to me. But my brother tells me that I have a nephew residing in your city, who will probably give you all you wish in proof of me.

James Gallagher.

Well, well, well, I am here, but I hardly know for what. You see I am mighty unhappy—I don't know what to do with myself. I can't see through it—why is it I am here? My name was James Gallagher. I can't see distinctly. I don't understand coming here at all. I lived in Boston—I was born in a place called Bennington, County of Glanmire, Ireland. I think I came to this country when I was about eight years old. I think, I say—I am not sure. I was about 34 years old when I died. I want to see my friends. I can't tell you what I would them. I'm green here, I know I am, and I want to ask some questions. I am disappointed all around. Do you know where my friends are? My brothers, William and Thomas, and my sister Margaret. They lived in Washington square, the last time I saw them. You may tell them I am alive and well—that I have

not seen God yet—that I do not know what death is—as I was taught it. You fellows here don't know much about death. I suffered a great deal, but when I got here (spirit land) I did not know I was dead. I have a better body, but it looks like my earth body. I seem to be very much on earth. I want to do right, but I talk the same as I did when I was on earth—I feel the same, but I have been disappointed in everything since I came here. I have a sister here, who has been here many years—she was the first child, was born some two years after the old folks were married, and she died when a child—so she is happy and much brighter than I, but I have only seen her once, and then she was not near me. Well, I'll try your advice, and see if I can be happy. I am bound to be if doing right will make me, and if being truthful and good, will carry me nearer God, I am bound to see Him. But I should like to talk to my folks; there was something I ought to have told them before I died, which I want to do now, but I cannot tell you, for I do not think it right I should.

Manifestations by Writing Names.

There was little done this morning, except in writing the following names, each one of which was distinct from the other in style of writing, and character of manifestation of the influence. The change of influence was so sudden, that it somewhat alarmed the medium, and when this fear became strong, some spirit, known to her, would write his name, to assure her that she was being cared for.

Frances Mason, William Johnson, John Sykes, Alexander Lake, Louisa Andrews Curtis, George N. Badger, Betsey E. White, James Wm. Killbridge, Elizabeth Johnson, Addison Phillips, W. W. Bliss, Rufus Kittredge, John D. Fisher, Albert Wedger, Charles Dodge, Black Hawk.

Each new point in progression, as it is first handed to mortals, wears the garb of mystery, and they must be content until that garb is thrown off. They must be content, and study well the language of each new idea as it is presented to them. They must not run fast, else they will not be sure footed.

Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Now, by placing yourself here, you are seeking, and God will give you light. Truth, however small, endureth forever, and the tiny seed of Truth, sown upon even so poor ground, will spring up and bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God.

We, a multitude, draw nigh unto you this morning to develop some in the spirit world who are undeveloped, and for developing a new action in your medium.

All spirits who draw nigh to you are anxious to present their own ideas, unmixed with those of other spirits or your own. Some receive their first lesson in one way, some in another. The spirits who came here this morning, have come for the purpose of giving something to their friends—of awakening some dear thought within the souls of mortals—of quickening some seed they have sown months since. Some seed I ah, how many are laying now dead to mortals; yes, they are dead—for death must come ere life can be brought forth.

Ah, spirits in mortal form, know you what you are, and to whom you must go. God calls for you—for his own; through unseen sources He comes and speaks to you; through developed and undeveloped spirits. Answer His call, knowing that you must one day come before Him, seeing Him as He sees you. Therefore see to it that you so live that you may receive an abundant reward hereafter.

Nov. 2.

Thomas Hunting.

This is my first attempt. I am drawn to earth by the force of circumstances; by the law that still binds me to earth. I lived on earth many years, struck past the meridian of my earthly life, ere I launched out to view the spiritual, the invisible world. But a few months have rolled on since I left your earth-sphere—since I quitted my earth body, since I saw it deposited in the receptacle where are deposited those bodies which once walked your sphere.

I heard of Spiritualism with all its errors, with all its evils, before I left earth; it was held up to me, and I saw it clad in darkness, superstition, and error. Therefore my soul rejected it, and I said if spirits do return, how is it they come as they do? I had marked you, I have seen nothing. Would to God I had knocked at the door myself! I am told that it is your custom to require the earthly name of the spirit communicating; I am told it is your custom to inquire somewhat of the spirit's life on earth. I lived in Boston, and I died in Boston; my disease was consumption. My name was Thomas Hunting, and I speak to you by aid of my son, who passed on some time previous to my coming hither. I left a wife and family; for them I come back. Come back, did I say? I have not gone; but I take upon my spirit this mortal organism. It was not my body which cared for them, but my spirit; so my spirit yearns to live again with them, at the same time that I live in this spirit land. One of my sons, Edward, has medium powers; another, George, has some, but Edward is blessed, doubly blessed; and if I can only make him see the importance of being a receptacle for angel news, I may not need to come to a stranger to seek out the hearts of my own, for I can then come to and through one of my own family. My son, who is present with me, requests me to ask you if you recollect his coming to you somewhere about a year ago? He says he then told you that I was soon coming to him. I received the intelligence, but I said why does not my son come to me direct, and I cast it off as folly. But when my life was hanging between the two spheres, I saw my son, and he said, Father, I am here, ready to receive you, for I knew you were coming. I said, Alfred, I knew you told me so, but why did you not come direct to me, instead of speaking to a thousand hearts. Father, said he, I did the best I could. And now I know he did the best, for I, too, am compelled to come to the same stranger, and commune with my own.

I am not unhappy; no, for I now know I can march on to complete happiness, unencumbered with any mortal form. Oh, tell them I am happy—that I am near them. And oh, tell them to listen to the voice which now comes from above—to seek ere they renounce, and to pray to the Giver of all Light for wisdom, and surely it will come to them.

Receive my thanks for your kind attention. Good morning.

Nov. 2.

George H. Hewins.

I am glad to come here. I can't say much, but I have not yet given up the light of the Church—it is good as far as it goes. I think the light of Spiritualism is far beyond it, but still I cannot give it

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

L. L. L.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Lily, I am dreaming!
With wondrous longing all my heart is fraught,
And true it is, no seeming;
The sweeter music of thy song
Is happily the motive of my thought.

Lily, I am sighing!
Each day my thoughts have passed through memory's hall,
Where in my soul are lying
Rich pictures traced by earnest love;
Yet no familiar voice attends my call.

Lily, I am watching!
I trust a star above my golden years
Will rise, whence spirit-catching
Its light, shall know thee as its cause,
And list thy song which now my fancy hears.

Lily, still concealing!
I'm gazing down imagination's dawn,
With all its heart's deep feeling;
My musing mirrors there, I seek,
A shadow flits away, and all is gone.

Lily, I am lingering!
Will thou not whisper to me whom thou art,
Lost my fancy, lingering
The pearly keys of memory,
A study dre, and wearily depart?

Lily, lady, lonely
Will every moment be and every hour;
And I be joyous only,
When from thy face the veil is drawn,
And actual reveals the ideal's power.

THIRST FOR GOLD.

A TRUE STORY.

The love of gold! who amongst us is altogether free from its influence? Some value it chiefly as a talent which they must seek to use aright, and for which they shall hereafter have to give an account. Happy are they who so use the "unrighteous mammon," that it may bring down a blessing, not a curse upon their heads. Some love it as being the means of power, of luxury, of worldly influence; let them beware of the glittering snake which is ready to entangle their souls, and draw them down into a pit of destruction.

Some there are, strange to say, who love gold for its own sake, without the expectation of any pleasure or advantage to be gained by it; these are the veriest idolaters of Mammon, and they may be found alike in the hovel and the palace; for the beggar may grasp his pittance with the same avidity as the millionaire his gold.

During a recent visit to the sister isle, a remarkable illustration of this truth came to our knowledge, which we are about to present to our readers. We were visiting a friend in the far west, who knowing our love of antiquities, kindly directed our attention to various objects of interest in his neighborhood. Amongst other spots, associated with the memory of bygone times, he brought us to visit a ruined abbey, whose crumbling walls are now overshadowed by groups of venerable trees, amongst whose outspread roots lie the graves of former generations. This being regarded as a peculiarly sacred spot, it is over an object of anxiety with the country people to obtain a burial place within the precincts of the abbey yard, which is, consequently, so thronged with grassy mounds, that one can scarcely glance around, without exclaiming with the poet—

"How populous, how vital is the grave!"

While gazing with interest at the scene before us, our guide observed to us, that many years before, he had chanced to be present here at a funeral which, although that of a very poor woman, excited a great stir in the neighborhood, on account of some extraordinary circumstances connected with the closing days of her life.

"It was," continued he, "somewhere near the spot on which we are now standing, that Honor Delany was buried, and her story is so illustrative of the absorbing love of gold and its tyrannical power over the human heart, when once it has gained admission there, that I will, if you please, relate her history to you." We gladly seconded this proposal, and seating ourselves beneath an ivied arch, listened to the following narrative:

"From twenty to thirty years ago, there dwelt in this parish a poor old woman, named Honor Delany; her husband was dead, and most of her children were settled in the world, so that her only remaining stay was her youngest son Alick, who was remarked amongst the neighbors as being a most industrious lad, and a very good son. As Honor advanced in years, she became extremely anxious, as is often the case with aged Irish women, about securing money enough before her death, to pay for a 'decent burial.' In her case, however, this desire seemed to be a sort of monomania, for in her anxiety to save every penny out of her small earnings as a flax-spinner, she often grudged herself even a simple meal of potatoes. Vainly did her son remonstrate with her on the subject, and beg of her to 'make her mind easy,' as he would take care she had 'a fine wake, and a decent burial too.'"

"It's mighty aisy to promise," was Honor's usual reply; "but how can the like of you ever save money enough to bury your mother with credit to the family?" Again and again did Alick remonstrate, and again and again did he receive the same incredulous reply. The poor fellow made no rejoinder; but, bent upon satisfying his mother's wishes, he saved every penny he could spare out of his wages, and in the course of time, came to tell her that her desire was accomplished, for he had saved a sufficient sum of money to "give her a handsome wake and a fine burial whenever it might please God Almighty to take her to himself." After praising him for his dutiful conduct, "and is it gold ye have, Alick?" inquired Honor of her son. Her eyes glistened with delight on receiving an answer in the affirmative, and she asked him to give her the money. This, however, he declined doing; as the gold, he said, might some day be stolen out of the cabin in his absence, and that he had therefore placed it in his master's hands, who would take care of it for him; and, added the affectionate youth—"long may it be before the money is wanted. But now," continued he, "I hope, mother, you'll think no more of slitting yourself with the milk and the prattles; but keep yourself stout and hearty for my sake."

Honor's countenance fell when her son refused to commit the money to her care, and she muttered something about his not trusting her. He soothed her as best he could, and only reiterated his request that she should, in future, take sufficient nourishment and clothe herself more warmly. It seems,

however, that the love of money had by this time wormed itself into the inmost recesses of the old woman's heart; and the habit which she had formed at first from a shadowy idea of self-respect and duty, was now become the very dearest passion of her soul. The clothes which were given her by her wealthier neighbors disappeared in some unaccountable manner, and whenever any one ventured to expostulate with her about her ragged apparel, her usual reply was, "Arrah then, ye don't know all the calls upon me, and how hard it is to keep a stitch on my back, when I see my own flesh and blood want the bit to eat, and rag to cover them."

Time wore on, and old Honor was seized with an illness which seemed likely to bring her to the grave. As Alick was preparing one morning to go to his work, she called him to her bedside, and told him she had a favor to ask of him; and that was, to have her grave dug at once in the Abbey Yard, as she should die easier if she felt sure of being buried there.

"Sure, mother," replied Alick, "you may depend upon me for having you laid in the holy spot. I have never gone against ye while ye were alive, and I won't do so when ye're dead."

"Well, Alick, I can't die any unless I see my grave dug."

"See it!" exclaimed Alick in astonishment. "Sure ye are too weak entirely to go and see it; but I'll have it dug for ye all the same, that ye may close yer eyes with contentment, knowing that it is all ready for ye."

"Blessings on yer head for the same," exclaimed old Honor. "Now go at once, like an obedient lad as ye are, and get the job done out of hand, for it won't be long before the breath is put of my body." At noon, she was informed by her son that "a beautiful grave had been dug for her, as clean and dry as if it was for a queen."

"Thank ye, Alick,—thank ye kindly," said the dying woman. "And now there is only one thing more upon my mind," added she in a melancholy tone.

"And what is that, mother dear?" inquired Alick. "Ye know that I will do anything in life to please ye."

"Well, Alick, I have a consate that I shall lie quieter in my grave, if I have said my prayers in it afore I die."

This whim seemed so extraordinary a one that Alick did his best to dissuade his mother from her proposed plan; but all in vain. She whined and wept until he yielded to her desire, and wrapping her up carefully in a blanket, carried her to the Abbey yard, and laid her down in the newly dug grave. She then requested of him to leave her alone there for a quarter of an hour, that she might attend to her "devotions." Accordingly, Alick withdrew to a little distance, and leant against a tree, which concealed him from his mother's view; but feeling anxious about her, he contrived to watch through the foliage at the open grave. What was his perplexity and surprise on perceiving that his mother, after having cast an uneasy glance around, as if fearful of being observed, bent herself down into the grave, and made a movement as if scratching the soil with her feeble hands! Alick waited until the quarter of an hour was past, and then returned to the spot, where he found his mother telling her beads. Having lifted her in his arms, he bore her back to the cottage, observing by the way, that she cast many an anxious, restless glance, towards the grave where she had so recently been laid. Alick's curiosity having been thus excited, he quickly returned to the grave, and on looking in perceived that the earth had been stirred in one of its corners, and had been beaten and smoothed down again, as if with the palm of the hand. He dug up the spot, and great was his astonishment on finding ten golden guineas carefully wrapped up in a rag, and concealed beneath the earth.

Poor Alick was no less wounded by his mother's conduct, than surprised to find that such a treasure could have been amassed by her. Taking the gold in his hand, he hastened home. With a beating heart he approached his parent's couch, and found there only a cold and lifeless body! Her feeble vital powers had been exhausted by the insane attempt to carry her idolized treasure with her to the tomb, and she had entered that unseen world, where gold avails not to purchase peace or joy, and where the soul must appear alone, to answer for the deeds done in the body.

It was a miserable moment for poor Alick, who was a loving, as well as a dutiful son; however, he soon persuaded himself that her mind must have been wandering, and that she was, consequently, an unaccountable being. He fulfilled his promise of having "a handsome wake and a fine burial" for her; and the noise of her living visit to the grave, with its attendant discovery, having got abroad with many marvellous additions, brought a great concourse to old Honor's funeral, so that the Abbey yard was thronged with people.

Alick is still alive, and is as contented and happy as a good son deserves to be. He is the father of a numerous family, who will, I hope, yield to him the same love and obedience that he did to a far less worthy parent; for under our Christian dispensation, no less than under the Jewish one, the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is still the first commandment with a promise."

So saying, our friend rose up from the aged stump of an oak, on which he had been seated, and advancing towards a spot where the green mounds lay thickly together—"It was somewhere here," said he, "that I saw Honor Delany laid in her last earthly home; and though many a year has passed away since then, yet I never look upon the spot without thinking how insidious and how tyrannical is the love of money; and how we should watch and pray against the growth of this hidden tendency within our hearts, lest, as was the case with her, its tyranny should in one form or other, pursue us to the very grave. The poet says truly—

"No only who has ceased to be,
Has learn'd to live."

INSTANCES OF MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

The muscular power of the human body is, indeed, wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athletic Crotonian, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burthens, and, by degrees, became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried an ox on his shoulder, four years old, and weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for above forty yards, and afterwards killed it with one blow of his fist! He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the lists against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon

strength the learned preceptor, and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the school suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the whole weight of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In his old age, Milo attempted to pull up a tree by the roots and break it. He partly effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the severed parts came together again, and held him fast by the hand. He was then alone; and, being unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentions that he saw a man whose finger being caught in a chain, at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body—one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet.

Augustus XI, King of Poland, could roll up in his hands a silver plate, like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder.

A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth on a piece of solid iron.

The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water, that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in a little less than a fortnight.

Flashes of Fun.

The late Presidential campaign was one of the most exciting and engrossing through which we have passed since the days of Jefferson, is well illustrated by an anecdote which has just been related. A gentleman, of benevolent character, called upon one of our wealthy merchants, in order to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who had not only fallen into misfortunes, but ill health, also. He was sick almost unto death, and in absolute want of the necessities of life. The merchant recognized the claim at once, but replied—

"Just keep him alive till after the election, and I will do something for him; but now I really have not time to see to him."

How *mal-a-propos* it would be in the poor man to die at such a crisis! It would be very inconsiderate in him. This reminds us of a poor Irishman, whose payments fell due upon Tuesday, but whose wife had fallen unreasonably sick a few days earlier. At her last gasp, he cried out in great distress: "Oh, Biddy, Biddy, don't yer die yet; wait till Tuesday, Biddy, and I'll bury yer decently." This matter of departing at inconvenient times, seems, however, to be met sometimes in quite a philosophical vein. A neighbor having come in suddenly to inform a good woman of the decease of her husband, while she was eating her breakfast, she calmly replied: "Wait till I've done eating, and then see if you don't hear crying."

TO PANIC.

Mr. Panie, it may be you're not known
To those who hold the strings to golden bags;
But unto some, your visage has been shown
In different lights, as off as payment lags.
You came not from the Noble People's Banks—
He stands "bove par," a partner in Sam's store;
Though "Providence is down," best there our thanks,
"Oh! Trust!" can have our trust no more.
"A Panie leaves no lesson," England said,
(Perhaps a brother; your families widely range.)
But when you come, the nation groans for bread,
And feels the lack, if only in the change.
You're apt to make a stir where'er your stays prolong:
Do you propose remaining in this quarter long?

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I your treasure?"

"Oh, yes!" was the cool reply; "and I would willingly lay it up in—"

"You brute!" cries the impulsive "treasure," and quits the room, leaving "her dear" reminded of his rashness, by a tingling sensation about his ears.

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?"

"Easily enough," said Billy.

"I suppose so, but how?"

"I guess you'd lost your'n if it had been where mine was."

"That don't answer my question!"

"Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

The Boston Post says, "labor is honorable," not denying, we suppose, its inconvenience, when the thermometer is about 95 in the shade.

Tom—"Hallo, Fred! What! you writing?"

Fred—"Yes, I'm writing an *owed* to my tailor."

Tom—"What's the time and tune?"

Fred—"Time, sixty days. It's set to a note of mine in his possession."

Law is like a tight sleeve; you may see through it, but you must be mightily reduced before you can get through it.

The editor of the Lynn News thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons, now a days, as he has seen recently "a large number of full-grown men, chasing hoops in our streets." They will get to playing ball, soon, probably.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered a country pedagogue to an urchin, at whose head he threw an inkstand.

"I've got an infiling of what you mean," replied the boy.

A minister out West advertises, in the hope of making young people come forward, that he will marry them for a glass of whiskey, a dozen of eggs, the first kiss of the bride, and a quarter of a pig.

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?"

"To be sure, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke."

We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish given to a piece of cutlery, is given by the hand of a woman." The same may be said of human cutlery, that "the last polish to a young blade, is given by his mixing with female society."

"Well, young man, your business?" "Why, I heerd' as how you teach navigation, so I tho't I'd come in and learn it this afternoon, 'cause I'm going to sea in the mornin'; dad is captin, and I'm mate."

Woman! If we can have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her—

Love, the plague, and the smallpox, are often communicated by the "clothing," especially the love.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the cheese of a year, and hung them to dry on a bee line.

How to make silver cake. Take the whites of three eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one-third of a spoonful of saleratus, and pour enough for batter. Luscious!

Agricultural.

SAVE SEED CORN.

Not by picking out the long, lank ears, after they are husked and in the bin, nor those that are eight rowed at the tip, and ten half way down, and twelve at the butt; but while husking, select only ears from the stalks having two or more, and only such as are as symmetrical as possible; if eight-rowed corn, only such as have eight rows and no more, from butt to tip, and no irregularities in the rows, if possible. A perfect ear of corn should have a small cob, perfectly filled with corn, arranged in perfectly regular rows. The cob should be but a very trifling larger at the butt, than it is near the tip. When two ears of this sort can be found on one stalk, or when one of two on the same stalk is such, there can be no better seed saved. But if it is too late, and the corn is husked, go to the bin and select perfect ears a trifle below the medium size, not above medium at any rate. Thus you will preserve and improve the kind of corn you cultivate. It will not grow to long, loose ears, one on a stalk and sometimes not that, with stalks growing heavier and coarser every year; but all its best qualities will be preserved or improved upon.

THE APPLE BORER.—I think I have discovered a new remedy for the grub, or apple tree borer. Being on the sea shore, lately, on a visit to a friend, my attention was arrested by the remarkable thrifty appearance of some young apple trees, of which he had upwards of a hundred. I inquired the cause, and was informed that the trees had been mulched with rook-weed, and had never been attacked by borers. The method adopted by him in applying it, is as follows:—He removes the soil from around the collar of the trees, and then for a tree four or five years old, uses from a peck to half a bushel of the weed, depositing it on the top of the bare lateral roots, and immediately in contact with the trunks. He assures me that he has never known an apple tree attacked by the borer when managed in this way. He has several trees—all remarkably healthy—on green sward, where the borer would be more likely to infest them than on cultivated grounds, but they have invariably escaped.—*German town Telegraph.*

THE APPLE TREE BORER never stays less than two years in the tree. The worm enters in July and buries itself under the bark the first season. In October you may find him, white, and one-fourth of an inch long.

The next year we find him boring into the sapwood of the tree, and his course is usually upward, yet he is sometimes found descending to the roots. He comes out pretty uniformly in June, boring through to the bark. Here the worm rests till its wings are formed, when it flies about in the night and fastens upon the apple tree, the quince, the white ash, and the locust.

THE CROPS OF 1868.—The Chicago Free Press says: "From personal observation during the last four weeks, in this State and Iowa, as well as from repeated conversation with farmers, we are satisfied that there is more winter wheat sown the present autumn than during any previous year in the history of the West. In most instances, however, we have found that the seed drill has been used, and great care taken in plowing and rolling."

Along the line of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, and Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, we observed some large fields pretty well advanced. In Iowa we also observed a large breadth in the ground.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thirteen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first insertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first, for transient advertisements.

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MRS. KENDALL HAS TAKEN ROOMS AT NO. 16 GINGHAM PLACE, where she offers her services to her friends as a WRITING and HEALING MEDIUM. See also for sale her spirit paintings of flowers. Nov. 7.

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NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—Professor HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Orono Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such accounts of their PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing ONE DOLLAR, Professor Huse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full reply of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence.
Office of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 17—21 Aug. 21

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM (ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS), gives notice to the public that he may be found at and after this date, at No. 8 Winter Street, near Washington street, (over George Turner, bull & Co.'s dry goods store), the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomena of spirit communion rendering it necessary for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the small fee he charges. Consequently no letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied with \$1. (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps.
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