

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN
are reported for us by the best Phonographers of
New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
EIGHTH PAGE—H. W. Beecher's Sermon.
THIRD PAGE—Ora Hatch's Discourse.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ERFINEST;

OR,

THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEPARTURE. A NEW FACE.

It was a proud day for Louis Dumont, and a prouder one for his worthy old mother, when he stood upon the quarter deck of the gallant "Queen," trumpet in hand, giving his orders for weighing anchor, and preparing to depart from the English shores.

The final "good by" had been uttered; the final shaking of the hands of scores of friends had taken place; the final parting tear had dropped; the final good wishes and "God-speed" had been given. The anchors were hove; the jib and topsails were flung out to the wind; sail after sail was quickly set; the fresh breeze whistled cheerily through the glistening rigging; and the "Queen" was abroad upon her element, verily like a thing of life. The white "kerchiefs" still waved upon the shore; and the youthful captain still lingered over the stern-rail, glass in hand, to catch a last glimpse of those he loved, and from whom he was now to be separated for many long months. But the good ship stood gallantly on her course. As she disappeared in the far distance, a fervent "God bless and prosper him!" fell from the mother's lips, and an inaudible but earnest "Amen!" succeeded it from the heart of Eugenie, as they turned away in silence and re-entered their carriage.

A fortnight passed away, and the family had become somewhat reconciled again to the son's and lover's absence. In the meanwhile, the "Queen" was ploughing her way across the ocean in splendid style, with all sail set; and, wafted on by prosperous gales, she made admirable headway upon her eastern voyage. The more he saw of her performance at sea, the more Captain Dumont was confirmed in the opinion he had formed of the good qualities of the "Queen" upon his first visit to her. He found that she carried an enormous spread of canvas, with the greatest ease; she was as readily managed as a yacht, and everything connected with the ship promised most creditably and satisfactorily. We will leave him, speeding on before a twelve knot breeze, and return awhile to the friends he left behind him at Yarmouth.

It was about two weeks after the sailing of the "Queen," that Mr. Leighton waited upon the family again, and enjoyed a pleasant *tête à tête* with Eugenie, during which he discovered in her more grace and good sense than he had hitherto had the opportunity to meet with when in her society. The conversation turned upon the subject uppermost in her thoughts, and she inquired if Mr. Leighton had seen the fine new ship which the Brothers Ellington had latterly sent out to China. In common with the people of the town, he had visited the "Queen," and much admired her.

"I have a friend on board her," said Eugenie, modestly.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Leighton; "so have I. My brother-in-law goes out as her supercargo. He is a relative, I think, of the Ellingtons. Who is your friend, madame?"

"Captain Dumont."

"The master, eh?"

"Yes. Did you ever meet him?"

"No. Is he related to the Mr. Dumont I have once or twice seen here, madame? I think the name is similar."

"He is the same person," said Eugenie.

"Ah! But I think we never heard him addressed except as Mr. Dumont, here, and hence my query."

"No; he is master, now, on his first voyage in that capacity."

"I never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. If I remember rightly, he was diffident in society."

"Something so, among strangers. He is a very excellent young man."

"I do not doubt that, madame, since he is the acknowledged friend of Madame's sister, I should be glad to know him, if he is on his way to China, you say?"

"Yes, sir. He will be absent a year or more."

Leighton reflected. He had resolved to present himself as a suitor for Eugenie's hand. His position and rank in society, his wealth, his reputation, rendered him her equal in all respects. He was polished in his address, good looking, well educated, rich, of good connections, and in every way worthy of Eugenie Erfinest, or any other lady to whom he would propose himself. He knew what his pretensions were, and he carried himself with a grace and modesty that drew around him myriads of friends, who valued him for himself rather than for his rank or riches.

He reflected upon his course before he undertook to work it out. Resolved upon it, he did not know what it was to turn back, until he compelled to do so. Ordinary obstacles were of no account in his calculations. Impossibilities he did not pretend to sur-

mount. But his temperament was so constituted that he went forward, in all his enterprises, until he had accomplished his aim, or was defeated beyond the shadow of hope. Such was the man—Charles Leighton. He had been struck with the grace and beauty of Eugenie Erfinest, and not being aware that he had a living, *bona fide* rival, (who might be preferred by the lady, possibly,) he laid out his plans to win her, if he could!

His ardor was in no wise checked when he heard Eugenie speak of Captain Dumont as her "friend." Indeed, he did not give this man a second thought. At the moment it was suggested to him that perhaps the captain might have been well treated by Eugenie, and very likely, at some future time, he would, peradventure, promise himself a further acquaintance. But he was gone to the further end of creation, to be absent a year or more. He, surely, would not be in his way, if he ever returned at all; and so he should not waste his time in thinking of Captain Dumont. The bird was worth the caging! She was *non* free; and he would make the most of the present time and opportunity.

Weeks expired, and still young Leighton was a continual visitor at the dwelling of Eugenie; dividing his attentions and disposing his favors between that lady and the pretty Lucie—but with a single aim, to wit, the conquest of Madame Erfinest. In the meantime Lucie became attached to him, and he found himself most zealously busy with his own scheme and the entertainment of young Lucie at the same time—the latter being so continuously in Eugenie's society. As his loving star would have it, he soon came to be very fond of Lucie, too!

Now, as Charles Leighton was really a sensible and upright man, he saw at once that he could not marry both the young ladies, very conveniently; so he made up his mind only to "esteem Lucie as a very good friend," (the more especially as she was so very intimate with Eugenie,) and to make love direct to the other. She might aid him in his enterprise, too! A capital idea, truly—he thought.

The fickle god, Cupid, would unquestionably be a very excellent *servant*, if it were possible for a lover to subject him, at his will; but, as this little fellow usually "rides a high horse," and is excessively head-strong in his way, he manages, ordinarily, to direct his votaries; and a mighty poor master he makes! Young Leighton was now at the mercy of this unloving one, and beloved by another quite as strongly and devotedly.

He soon ascertained that the captain was Lucie's own brother. She had never informed him that any attachment existed between Dumont and Eugenie, because she did not know how far matters had gone. And Eugenie herself had never informed either Lucie or her mother of the pledges that had passed between them. Thus, comparatively in the dark, Leighton followed up his suit, until he could bear suspense no longer, when he suddenly committed himself. He threw the dice, and lost!

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES LEIGHTON'S MISTAKE.

Five months, almost, had expired since Captain Dumont had sailed from Yarmouth, and the family had been anxiously looking for some news from him—when a parcel reached the residence of his mother, from the house of Ellington Brother, enclosing letters to herself, and Lucie, and Eugenie. The package had come to hand by a return ship, which had spoken the "Queen" two months out of port—reporting all well and prosperous.

In all his letters, Dumont spoke in terms of high praise of the ship he commanded; which had proved herself an extraordinary sailer, staunch in all weather, and admirably constructed for her business. To his lady love, he wrote—

"You cannot imagine, dear Eugenie, how more than pleased I am in my new position. Only that I am far from the society of her whose image I worship, constantly, I should realize the extreme of mortal happiness. The sailor's life—though you can never bring your mind to agree with me—is so continuously novel, so eminently inspiring, so constantly diversified with changing pleasures, and startling scenes—that I marvel, often, why it is that the profession is shunned, or condemned. Perhaps my heart is in it; too deeply; yet I confess to you, that when I cannot be at your side, Eugenie, I would only be abroad upon the open, beautiful blue sea! Up to the date of this letter, (which, with others that I shall forward to my dear mother and Lucie, by the first opportunity,) we have gone on swimmingly. Everything has worked well, just as I would have had it. Our crew is a good one, the weather has been propitious, the ship is a very excellent performer, and we shall make a speedy voyage, undoubtedly.

Bear my constant remembrance to my family, Eugenie. For yourself—shall I write what I would say to you? I cannot do that. For all that I am indebted to you, how can you ever expect to be remunerated? I know your answer is ready. Trust me, then, I am unchanged, unchangeable in my heart's devotion, Eugenie. We shall meet again, right soon. Will the days and weeks be long that separate us? Remember, then, that I too, shall be weary with watching for the coming of the joyous hour that shall again unite us!

I think, decidedly, that there are *graces* in loving, as in many other matters. How dearly I am devoted to you, Eugenie, I feel I cannot express. I think of the many happy, blissful moments I have passed with you, very often; and I question, does she so lovingly and constantly remember Louis?"

And then I answer, yes! For I know full well, your heart.

We have just spoken the ship "Edmund Burke," bound to the Thames, and I must close. God bless you, dear Eugenie! Be constant, and accept the best good wishes of Your sailor-lover,

LOUIS.

On the evening following the receipt of this letter,

so gratefully acceptable to Eugenie, Mr. Leighton found himself at the residence of the ladies, resolved upon a free confession of his feelings and intentions toward Eugenie Erfinest. "Love laughs at locksmiths;" so he does, occasionally, at youthful and presumptuous barristers!

In the present instance, young Leighton fancied that Fortune favored him; for Lucie was absent from home, and he found his inamorata alone. After a few minutes of common place chat, the young lawyer unmasked himself, and commenced the work of his own present demolition, in earnest!

"I have deferred, Eugenie, until this hour to speak to you," said Leighton, at length, "upon a subject which is so intimately connected with my happiness, that I can no longer delay it, because I desired to give you the opportunity to see and know me, before I intruded upon your confidence and your indulgence."

"I beseech you, Mr. Leighton," said Eugenie, quickly, (fearing that he was about to importune her, when she did not feel that she had ever encouraged it,) "I pray you, do not forget yourself."

"No, Eugenie, I cannot forget that you have charmed me—that you have enslaved me. But I must tell you of it, and know my doom."

"Mr. Leighton!"

"Permit me to speak, Eugenie—"

"Briefly, then; and spare me the pain of saying to you that you comport yourself rashly. I do not know what you are contemplating; but, I fear, that you may have misconstrued my attentions to you; I hope you have not misunderstood me, for I am really your friend; and would not wound your feelings."

"Do not use that cold epithet, Eugenie, at this late hour; but, if I tell you that for months I have watched your kindnesses toward me, if I assure you that I have construed them into the results of a warmer disposition than merely friendship for me, if I dare to tell you I have loved you, as men do not always love, if I swear to you, that you, Eugenie Erfinest, are the idol of my hopes; and my dreams, will you not respond to my ardent, devoted, and crown my wishes with your smile?"

"Mr. Leighton," she said, "if I have done aught that you have so plainly misconceived, I crave your forgiveness. But in all honesty and candor, I pledge you that you have deceived yourself. I can not respond to your feelings—I can only receive you as a friend. You will not, I think, on reflection, deprive me—deprive us—of this privilege? In one word, then, my honor is concerned!"

"How, Eugenie?"

"I am already affianced."

"Affianced, Eugenie?"

"Yes—Mr. Leighton—to the man of my own free choice, who loves me fondly, and to whom I am devoted heart and soul, believe me!"

A long explanation followed this announcement. Eugenie had good reason for the course she chose to adopt, inasmuch as she was aware that Lucie was warmly attached to Leighton; and, while she knew that the fair sister of her lover was fully worthy of him, she also felt that it was a desirable match for Leighton. She had supposed, also, that the visits of Mr. L. were directed to that quarter; never suspecting that he would torture her late civilities toward him into anything that should savor of undue partiality to himself.

Eugenie carried herself bravely, however, in this interview. She aimed so to comport herself as that she should be at once rid of further importunity on the part of Leighton, and at the same time retain his respect and esteem—in order that she might eventually aid in influencing a turn of his attachment in Lucie's favor, if possible; for all who were acquainted with him, knew Leighton to be a worthy and highly honorable gentleman, and Eugenie would have been very happy to know that her sister (that was to be) should be fortunate enough to please the man whom she so seriously favored.

This was a delicate business to be managed, however, without compromising somebody! Nevertheless, what a clever and pretty woman do not know about the arrangement of such little affairs, is not worth being known! And so Eugenie thought. She applied herself at once to the retrieval of any ground that she might have lost with Leighton, in the onset, and thus continued—

"Do me the justice, Mr. Leighton, to believe that I would for no reasonable consideration, disoblige one whom I have learned, from a long and pleasurable intercourse, to esteem so highly as I do yourself. And you surely know me well enough to receive my assurance in good faith, when I tell you that it would cause me the deepest pain to know that I had been the innocent cause of discomfort to you in any way. If you will accept it, then, let me reassure you of my continued friendship; and let me trust that the result of this evening's interview may never mar or interrupt that friendly relation which I have so long enjoyed, and which, on my part, certainly I will rejoice to continue."

Leighton was entirely disarmed, but he loved Eugenie none the less ardently after listening to this pretty speech! He saw his mistake, however. He saw that her affections were in another's keeping. He now knew that he had come with his offering too late for its acceptance. Eugenie had pledged her truth and her honor, and he thought he knew her too well to believe that her pledge could be broken, through any influence he possessed, or by means of any arguments or protestations he could advance.

Had dreamed, in his blindness, that he had a good cause! His evidences were all in—he had argued his case with his best rhetoric and his most fervent

eloquence—he had enjoyed the benefits of a patient and impartial hearing—but the judge had decided against him—the fiat had gone forth adverse to his interests and wishes, and he was too good a lawyer to appeal to any higher court, when it was, unfortunately for him, so apparent that the original judgment would surely be confirmed!

Eugenie deemed the present occasion no fit time for the urging of her plan to favor Lucie's claim upon Leighton's notice. He thanked her for her good wishes, and rose to retire.

"You will come to see us often, Mr. Leighton?" she said, "will you not?"

"I have not the power to avoid it, if I would, madame," he answered.

"But you cannot permit this disappointment—if it be such—to interfere with your good intentions, after what I have so frankly said to you, Mr. Leighton, I feel certain."

"No, Eugenie—I will not complain. I would it were—I would to God it could be—otherwise. After your confession of this evening, I will not murmur. I embrace the offer of your continued favor and friendship, and will endeavor to deserve your good opinion of me. Make my regards to madame, and Miss Lucie, whose absence I regret to night. I will call again. Adieu!"

Eugenie permitted him to take her hand, and Leighton retired honorably, but sorrowfully, from the field.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FRESH PROPOSAL.

When young Leighton stood ready to take his leave of the lady to whom he had so frankly but so rashly committed himself, he hesitated a moment on the threshold, as if he had not yet said all that he desired to say. He halted, because he knew that the lady possessed a highly honorable and judicious perception in such matters, and he did not wish to offend her nice sense and judgment. But still he lingered.

"Can I assist you, Mr. Leighton?" inquired Eugenie, who observed his embarrassment.

"I do not know whether to suggest it, or not—for I think I can rely on your discretion in the premises, and the proposal may prove offensive to that delicate sense of honorable conduct which is a characteristic of your daily life, Eugenie. But—if you agree with me that the subject of this evening's interview shall be kept a secret, strictly between ourselves, I shall feel grateful to you for the permission."

"There is no possible need that it should ever be referred to again, Mr. Leighton; and I fully appreciate the motives which have suggested this hint on your part. I assure you, I do agree with you in this particular, and you may rely on my silence."

The proposal originally made by Leighton to Madame Erfinest, was never heard of from that moment afterwards.

After the lapse of a little time subsequently to this meeting and frank explanation, the visits of Leighton were renewed once more, and he became a constant caller again at the residence of Mrs. Dumont. During these pleasant visits, he was permitted to enjoy the uninterrupted society of Eugenie and Lucie, and scarcely another month had elapsed when his attentions were directed more especially than hitherto, toward the pretty and agreeable Lucie Dumont!

Every possible encouragement that friendship and courtesy could suggest to the quick mind of Eugenie Erfinest, was given by her in good earnest, to the furtherance of the now plainly growing and healthful intimacy that existed between the young barrister and the sister of Captain Louis. Rides and walks, and excursions and parties innumerable, were got up for the purpose of keeping the youthful pair in continual association with each other; and Eugenie watched the progress of this attachment with the highest and most satisfactory enjoyment.

Three months after the interview that had terminated so unfavorably with Leighton, in Eugenie's case, the young lawyer found himself once more alone with her, and in confidential friendly intercourse.

"I have reason to believe," said Leighton, "that my attentions to little Lucie are not disagreeable to her, Eugenie."

"And so have I, Mr. Leighton," said Eugenie, quickly.

"But you will not have forgotten, too, that on another certain occasion, (which I need hardly hint at) I was quite as sure that my companionship would be as acceptable to another lady. In that instance, you remember, I committed an egregious mistake, though!" he continued, with a friendly smile.

"We will not go back, if you please," said Eugenie. "Let the past be forgotten. I am certain that Lucie favors you, Leighton, and she is worthy of all your thoughts and your favor, in return. She is well educated, sound in heart, refined in her sentiments, and respects you for your moral worth. She would make you a more fitting companion than I could have been, because she has that to bestow on you which I had long since parted with—a heart, that I am confident will be entirely your own."

"So I have believed, Eugenie! But I had made one unfortunate misstep on the ladder of prospective happiness, and I have feared to move again, as yet, lest I fall to the earth entirely!"

"You need entertain no such fears, I think, Leighton. Lucie is of age, and she can answer for herself. I am not her mouthpiece, of course; but I will not suffer this opportunity now to pass without advising you that it would be a source of genuine happiness

to me to know that you could appreciate her, and that you should love her as she deserves to be loved. If you can win the hand of Lucie Dumont, my word for it, Mr. Leighton, she will prove a brighter jewel in your casket than you have yet conceived of. I am your friend in this matter, believe me; and I repeat it, Lucie is worthy of your best devotion."

"And Lucie has no other friend, whom she will introduce to me, when I may ask her to acknowledge me her suitor, Eugenie?"

The lady smiled, and answered that she knew of no such rival.

Charles Leighton resolved to try his fortune with Lucie Dumont; and he went to his lodgings with the determination to make a fresh proposal in that quarter at an early day.

Eugenie had kept the subject matter of her own affair with Leighton honorably secret. Lucie never suspected that the man she so honored had ever been a suitor for Eugenie's hand, at all. On the contrary, she had always appropriated his attentions to herself; while Eugenie had been constant in her endeavors to turn all this over to Lucie's account, and the latter had made the most of her opportunities.

Charles Leighton embraced a moment, when he afterwards found it convenient and timely, to inform Lucie that he had long entertained a passion for her. He told her how he was peculiarly circumstanced, what were his prospects, how sincerely he loved her, and asked her if she would marry him, at a proper time.

Lucie blushed and encouraged his hopes. She consulted with her mother and with Eugenie, both of whom were highly gratified with this very respectable and apparently fitting offer for Lucie's hand; and three months before the return of Louis from China, his sister Lucie was the affianced bride of Charles Leighton, Esq., barrister, and counsellor at law.

Thus terminated all further fear of importunity from Leighton, on the part of Eugenie, who understood the youthful attorney's character thoroughly, and who had effected the accomplishment of two important objects, through the same means. She had secured the preliminaries to a substantial match between Leighton and Lucie, and she still retained the valued and valuable friendship of a gentleman of family and repute, whom she had respected very highly, from her earliest acquaintance with him, in England.

Lucie Dumont stepped with a prouder step than had been her wont. She loved Leighton warmly, and she was too happy to feel that she had won him over to herself. And he soon found that this choice was a good one. Lucie was a sweet girl—ardent, graceful, affectionate, winning in her deportment and manners; and the happiness of herself and her future husband was lasting and sincere.

Mrs. Dumont had cause, indeed, to bless the hour that brought Eugenie Erfinest to her humble home. Through her influence, Lucie had secured a good husband; by means of her liberality, the family, had come to be respected and beloved by those with whom they could never otherwise have associated; her interest in Louis had, unquestionably, been the cause of his late important promotion; and she now looked forward, with confident assurance—from the circumstances that had transpired within her own observation—to the hour when her loved and only son should be united in marriage with her beautiful benefactor and constant friend.

Other letters had been received by the family, of late, from Captain Dumont. He had been highly successful, and the time approached when he would return again to England. He had now been absent eleven months, nearly; and the Ellingtons would look for the arrival of the "Queen" in a few weeks, if nothing untoward should intervene to prevent.

Eleven months is a long period of time; and when the parties thus separated begin to count the weeks, and the days, and the hours, that pass by, anticipating, constantly, the return of those in whom they are thus interested, time lingers tediously.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEWS FROM ABOARD.

The family of Mrs. Dumont—herself, Eugenie and Lucie—in company with Charles Leighton, who had now become an acknowledged intimate of the home circle, and who passed most of his time in their society, were sitting together at dinner, one beautiful, clear day, late in November, 17—, conversing upon the subject of the absence of Louis, and speculating upon the probabilities when he would be with them again.

"The Ellingtons informed me," said Charles, "that he would certainly arrive within a fortnight, now."

"That will be too early to expect him, I think," remarked his mother. "You know I keep an account of his ramblings, and he cannot well be here, I think, much before Christmas time."

"He was to leave Calcutta, homeward bound," added Eugenie, "less than ninety days ago. He would stop at St. Helena, and I suppose that the average voyage home is some four months—is it not, mother?"

"You are correct, Eugenie. I shall not look for him much before the end of December; though, in his nice, new ship, he may make better time than ordinary."

"I think," added Lucie, happily, "I guess he will be here in a very few days, now. I am famous for my dreams, you know, mother."

"Yes; but the result of your dreams is generally just the reverse of what you prognosticate after you get up from your rest, Lucie."

"Well, I am now about to prophesy once more. B

dreamed that Louis had been gone from us a great while."

"That is astonishing, truly," cried Leighton, "considering that he has been absent little short of a year."

"Now do you keep quiet, Charley, and let me tell my story."

"Go on, then."

"Well, I dreamed that Louis had been gone a long while, and had got back with a fortune, and had given up the business of a sailor, and had got married to our Eugenie, here, and—"

"That will do, I think," exclaimed Miss Erfinest, at this point. "No doubt your dream must all be verified, very shortly," she added, ironically. "I wonder you do not set up for a seeress, Lucie."

"Well, now, you see if this dream goes contrary, my lady. I will guarantee—"

At this juncture the servant entered suddenly, with a letter that had just been left at the door, with orders to deliver it to the family, in haste.

Lucie seized it, broke the seal, devoured its contents at a glance, and springing up, shouted merrily: "Joy, mother! joy, Eugenie! joy, joy, joy!"

"What is it?" cried all.

"He's come—Louis has come! What did I tell you? My dream is out. Here, read, read!"

The note was from the Ellingtons, as follows: "MADAME DUMONT—Very unexpectedly, the ship 'Queen' but seventy-eight days from Hong Kong, via Calcutta, has this moment been signaled in the harbor. As the tide is now at the early flood, the vessel will be up in a short time; and we take pleasure in inviting you to our lookout, if agreeable to yourself—and the young ladies at home—to see your son's ship as she enters port, after a very highly successful, and extraordinary quick voyage from China. Respectfully, &c., ELLINGTON BROTHERS."

"Tuesday noon. ELLINGTON BROTHERS."

"Order the carriage, instantly," said Eugenie, as the servant carried for a reply.

"Send our respects to Messrs. Ellington, and say that we accept their invitation with great pleasure, and will attend them directly," added Mrs. Dumont.

And within half an hour the mother, the sister, and the betrothed of Captain Dumont, attended by Leighton, were seated in Eugenie's private carriage, on the way to the pier, where, within a twelvemonth, they had bid adieu to the son and lover.

The "Queen" had hove in sight but a few minutes before they reached the dock. The Ellingtons were expecting them, and they were immediately shown into the observatory of the merchants, where a fine view of the harbor could be had from the cone.

The company were furnished with glasses, and a sight that went to the hearts of that happy trio of ladies, was presented them in the still, far-off distance.

The breeze was gentle but steady from the southward, and the ship came up before it with all sail set, from deck to truck. It was a glorious sight in itself. But, ah! how full of joy and promise and gladness was that scene to the fond hearts of those who now watched the progress of that vessel to the shore, on board of which was the object in which were centred all the future hopes of the mother, the lover, and the sister.

In the last year, or less, Captain Dumont had visited China, where his outward cargo, to Calcutta and Hong Kong, had met with a ready and profitable sale. In addition to the freight he took from England; he had a plentiful supply of specie, for the purchase of a return cargo; and he found his facilities such, through the credit of the Ellingtons, and as partial owner of the "Queen," that he was enabled to procure a full return freight, of teas, and silks, and gunny bags, and opium, and spices, and shawls, amounting to an immense value, making in the aggregate, by far the choicest and most desirable return shipment that was ever brought safely into the port of Yarmouth. The market was quite ready for his arrival, too. Prices of teas and silks were then at the highest ruling rates known for many years; and no accident, no injury of any kind, had occurred to qualify the value, or impair the excellence of the merchandise with which the "Queen" was so heavily laden.

From the hour he left port, to the moment when the order was given to "let go the anchor" in the stream off Yarmouth again, not a spar had been sprung nor a rope had been parted, not a sail had been torn. He had been eminently prospered by wind and weather, and his health, and that of his crew, generally, had been remarkably good. With such good fortune, with such a freight, and with a grateful heart, Captain Dumont now stood again upon the quarter deck of his noble ship, as she came onward steadily and gallantly to the long wished-for haven of his hopes and his ambition.

The "Queen" approached, and sail after sail disappeared at the word. As she passed up to her moorings, through the large fleet of merchantmen and coasters that were at anchor in the harbor of Yarmouth, cheers upon cheers rang out from the sturdy lungs of the various crews who beheld her in her dashing sea dress, with streaming flags and flowing sail, moving on to her temporary anchorage once more, before the gentle breeze that pressed her home.

The telescopes of the ladies were turned steadfastly upon the ship's movements, and every eye in that loving party sought for a glimpse of the form of the gallant captain. Dumont had improved in his personal appearance during his absence, and he had already donned his best shore dress for the occasion—for he determined to proceed to his home directly, the moment the ship came to anchor. But, as yet, he was not to be discovered.

A mile from the shore, the jib and foresail suddenly went down, the bows of the "Queen" turned shoreward, a sharp order was given, a splash was seen, and the ship rounded up safely and firmly, at anchor. The captain's boat was immediately lowered away, and a cry from Eugenie, "There he is! That is Louis!" told the rest.

In a few minutes the boat arrived. The ladies had been escorted to the end of the pier, to receive him, and Louis Dumont landed—in the arms of his mother, his sister, and his betrothed.

They instantly entered the carriage; the crowd of friends who witnessed this exciting scene sent up these ringing cheers of congratulation, and they were driven at once to the residence of Madame Dumont.

CHAPTER XXX. BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

As soon as the first outpourings of joy and gratulation had passed over—when Louis had asked and answered a hundred questions about the past and present—when he had pressed to his warm heart the object of his constant veneration, his dear mother, and had kissed away the tears of joy that

sparkled in the eyes of his Lucie and his Eugenie—he shook the hand of Charles Leighton kindly, and then excused himself, as he had a duty to perform (at the earliest reasonable moment), with the Ellingtons, his partners and friends.

The old gentlemen were anxiously looking for his return, but they gave him an hour or two to the endowments of his family associations. As soon as he appeared, they greeted him cordially, and then proceeded at once to business.

"You have done famously, captain," said the elder partner, "and you now see the truth of what I asserted to you a year ago, when I proposed first to sell you a share in the ship."

"I appreciated your proposal, Captain Ellington, I remember, but I had not the means of purchasing at that time, you recollect. I now have to thank you for the preference you then gave me, and I indulge the hope that you are satisfied that your confidence in my seamanship and business abilities were not misplaced."

"You are right, Dumont. So good a voyage has never before been made from this port; and the cargo you have returned with, could not come in a more auspicious time, at least within my remembrance."

"I am happy to know this, gentlemen."

Yes, the price of teas is now at the maximum that has been known for years; and your supercargo purchased them low, we notice by your invoices. In silks the market is just now active, and the supply very limited; we shall do admirably well on these. Your gunnies are also in excellent demand, and the opium alone will yield us a very handsome sum. Be assured we are more than satisfied with your trip, and your excellent good management; and we shall insist upon your remaining in charge of the "Queen" as long as you continue to follow the sea as a profession.

"Thank you, thank you. But, upon this latter point, we may as well understand each other; I shall go to sea no more."

"What?"

"No—gentlemen; my sailor-days are done. I promised this before I ventured upon my last voyage, and there are those here to whom I am under obligations, and who will insist upon the redemption of this pledge."

"But, really—Dumont—"

"Well, we won't waste time now on this subject. The "Queen" will be hauled into the pier to-morrow; and, as soon as may be, we will have her discharged. I want an inventory taken of ship and effects, and I desire to have the details put in such a shape that I may know exactly who we all stand, and how much we shall realize by the voyage."

"We will have all these attended to, duly, captain. The sales of the entire cargo may be made in a very few days after she is cleared, as we have customers anxiously awaiting most of the goods. And do we understand you to say that you are desirous to dispose of your one-third interest in the "Queen," also?"

"That is immaterial to me, at present. Perhaps yes—probably not, however. If a good master can be found to take charge of her, I may leave my money where it is. Of this I will determine hereafter. Her freight list and present cargo valuation, according to my reckoning, is something like a hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling."

More than this, captain. The prices we shall realize upon the opium and silks is considerably in advance of your estimates, probably. But, we will see to it all, and you shall have a detailed account-current of the ship and ventures of the voyage, within a month, at the furthest. In the meantime, we shall honor your drafts for any amounts of money that you may want to use, with great pleasure."

"The 'Queen' is a magnificent sailer, gentlemen, and is really a credit to her constructors."

"Yes, your voyage out and back demonstrates this fact, captain; and we could sell her, to day, at a very handsome advance upon cost and interest, notwithstanding the year's wear she has experienced."

"I will see about this, then, in a few days. I have now to go on board, if will you please, signalize my boat, and give directions as to having her hauled into dock. We can get the Customs officers on board to-morrow, and break hatches, at once."

"The sooner, the better, for us all," said Ellington; and a few minutes afterwards, the boat arrived from the ship, and took Captain Dumont back, aboard. The necessary orders were now given, and the "Queen" was put into dock. The next morning they commenced to discharge her splendid cargo, and within a week everything was in store, agreeably to Dumont's wishes. Her spars were then taken down, and she was forthwith put into the hands of the mechanics, for refitting, painting, etc., preparatory for another voyage, before the season should get too late for her to start profitably.

Louis now turned his attention to a little enjoyment with the ladies, and to relaxation from his common duties. He had been unable, hitherto, when temporarily at home—between his voyages—for lack of means, to enjoy much of shore life. He was now rich—rich, in his own right—far beyond the limits of his most sanguine previous calculations; and he determined to look at the world as it exhibited itself on the land side, hereafter. He had now had an ample sufficiency of sailor-experience, he thought, and his promise to his sweet Eugenie he was now willing to redeem. His present means would enable him to provide for the future certain comfort and ease of his mother and sister, and he would still have an ample sum left for his own wants.

He soon learned that Lucie had been betrothed for some months, and he quickly approved the match. He was acquainted with Leighton's family connections, and knew his position in society.

"But, if Lucie is about to slip off in this way, Eugenie," he said, one evening, "we must not permit her to get ahead of us, surely. So put on all sail, now; and let us get into the haven as soon as they can report themselves. What say you, Eugenie, shall we not all be married on the same day?"

"Married, Louis!" screamed Eugenie, "we married? Upon my word, you are in exceeding haste, I think."

"I have waited patiently; and now I have the means to propose this with a becoming grace, I do so the more confidently, Eugenie. So, if you are disposed, I offer you my hand and fortune. Shall we marry upon Lucie's wedding day?"

"If you so elect, dear Louis, I am content," said Eugenie, more soberly.

"De it thus, then, Eugenie—and we will all go to church together."

The matter of the secret purchase of a portion of the ship, for the benefit of Dumont, was now explained to him, fully. Eugenie had taken this course to aid him, when she found him fully resolved again to try his luck at sea; and it turned out a judicious movement, that secured to him a name and a competency for life, subsequently. Louis had always suspected that he was indebted to Eugenie for this favor, but until she saw gave him the details of her plan to serve him, he was not certain to whom he owed so much.

A series of pleasant parties were now given at the hospitable residence of Madame Dumont, and Louis began to enjoy life at home right heartily. As he became more intimately acquainted with Leighton, he grew to esteem him proportionately to his true worth, and they became fast friends.

The good old lady Dumont was now at the zenith of her happiness. She had seen worse days than those she was now in the midst of; but her prospects were now bright, and she was cheered by the promise of the future continued companionship of all that was left her in life to love.

Preparations were being made for the approaching marriages of the four persons who had so curiously been brought together, and all was joy and prospective happiness at the widow's dwelling.

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CHAPTER XXXI. THE DENOUEMENT.

The account of the "Queen's" first voyage was made up, after a few weeks' delay, and the goods were all profitably engaged, or disposed of. The value of Louis's third part of the ship was credited in his account at eight thousand pounds. His salary amounted to six hundred pounds. His share of the profits on the outward and return freight and cargo, (minus his debit of interest account,) reached the handsome sum of three-and-twenty thousand four hundred pounds! So that he now found himself safely harbored, at home, in command of over thirty-two thousand sterling—which would yield him, at the current rate of interest at the time, an income of nearly two thousand pounds per annum. This was ample for his needs, and, added to the wealth of Eugenie, (which she still held in her own right,) their joint fortune was a very handsome and sufficient property.

Lieutenant McLeish had been called to quarters in another part of the kingdom; and Eugenie never thought it worth her while again to repeat to Dumont the details of that showy gentleman's adventure with her.

Young Leighton found that the exchange he had made, or rather the transfer he had made of his affections, from Eugenie to Lucie, was a very fortunate arrangement, ultimately. Lucie proved all that he could desire in a loving, faithful, devoted woman. Her disposition suited his own temperament to a charm; and he always contended, in his later experience, that his love belonged to her, originally—and that he intended it should be bestowed upon her, however he might have "flirted" with Eugenie! This was just as well on his part as any other declaration; and no one was disposed to allude to acid grapes, in connection with his assumptions!

The unfortunate history of Eugenie's father was never brought up, because she saw no occasion to explain it. The fact of her having been wrecked at sea, while in his company, then on her way to France and England, she often spoke of, and the particulars of that fatal scene were well known to Louis, who, it will be remembered, was at that time a sailor on board the "Raven" and beyond this, none knew, or cared to know, who or what she had been. Her education had been well attended to, and she was an apt scholar. She spoke English excellently well, on her arrival at Yarmouth; and since that time, she had aimed to improve herself, so that she would now very readily pass for a native of the country, in ordinary conversation.

Mulech continued to preside over the smuggler band that remained yet in the passes of the Sierra d'Estrella, where heaps of merchandise and hoards of riches were constantly being accumulated. The Abbe Dugarre returned to his "mission" at the castle, where he still dwelt, the terror of the menials and the tool of the lord of Estirone—the same scoundrel at heart that he always was, and always would continue to be, there or elsewhere.

Antonio Erfinest had gone the way of all the earth. Eugenie sometimes became shocked as she dwelt upon the singular fate that caused them to be brought together, as lovers, but she saw how her destiny was thus being carried out, and though she mourned his loss, she deemed herself fortunate that matters turned out as they did, in reference to her father's fate.

The "Raven," or her crew, were never afterwards heard of. The associates that "Ostello" left behind him at the Eyrre, believed that he had either been lost at sea, (which was the most probable hypothesis,) or that his vessel had been seized, and himself and crew assassinated, or taken into port as prisoners—in which latter case, they knew his schooner and property would of course have been confiscated to the government; and either supposition precluded the probability of his ever returning again to his camp. Mulech, however, though he said nothing of his belief, felt sure that he had run away with the girl he had abducted; and that he was still alive and safe, somewhere!

Among the effects which Eugenie reserved to her own use, after securing the two chests of merchandise from the wreck, were several pieces of choice silks and satins, which were now brought into requisition for the bridal dresses. Herself and Lucie were both to be attired alike, on the occasion of their nuptials, which were soon to take place at the residence of Madame Dumont. In the little box that she had also preserved at that time, were several superb jewels of high value. A portion of these were wrought up and set in tiaras, necklaces and bracelets, and Eugenie divided them with her new sister—that soon was to be.

Louis proposed a transfer of the portion he owned of the "Queen" to Eugenie, or to dispose of it, as he could at a profit, and pay her over the proceeds; but she declined it, on any terms. She had enough without this, she declared, and he was at liberty to do what he pleased with it. He finally sold it, and placed the funds at interest.

A new master was found for the ship, and she soon afterwards sailed for the east again. The Queen was kept in the China trade for several years, and proved a most valuable and profitable concern to her owners.

Mrs. Dumont lived to a green old age, in the enjoyment of all the comforts of life, and died at last surrounded by her children and their children—amidst happiness and plenty.

Agreeably to the arrangements finally made, the two couples—Louis and Eugenie, with Charles and

Lucie—met their friends at the dwelling of the mother, where the rites of matrimony were performed, and where the fortunes of the lovers were thus permanently united. A joyous gathering convened on this brilliant occasion. There were none who were acquainted with the parties most directly interested in this finale, who did not most sincerely "give them joy" on the conclusion of this ceremony; for rarely had it been the lot of men and women to be more appropriately matched than were the fortunate and happy brides and bridegrooms.

A tour to the north had, previously to the weddings, been arranged, and immediately after the ceremony, the newly-wedded people, with a brace of servants, departed for London, with a view to visiting Scotland and Ireland before they returned.

This trip was duly accomplished. They were absent from home some four weeks, when they at last returned and settled down, in separate establishments, in and near Yarmouth.

Mr. Leighton continued in the practice of the law, by which profession he rose to eminence. He never had cause to regret the course he took. As a wife and mother, Lucie Dumont proved all and more than he had anticipated; and there were no clouds to mar their future peace and prosperity.

After a few months of leisure, Louis became uneasy, and sighed for his old business again. Eugenie rallied him upon his forgetfulness of his promise. But still he longed to try it "only once more."

"What did you promise me, Louis," she asked, "when you last returned from China?"

"I remember it, perfectly."

"What was it, then?"

"That I would not leave you again, without your permission."

"Without my free permission, was n't it, Louis?"

"I think you are right."

"Well, then, I assure you I shall never consent to it, under any circumstances. We have sufficient of this world's goods—we are happy and safe, on the land. You will never have my free consent that you shall again leave me, to go upon the water."

"Then I will not go, Eugenie," said Louis, decidedly.

And he never did. They remained in the enjoyment of their wealth, content in each other's society. And the happy and beloved Eugenie Erfinest long had cause to bless the hour when was entrusted to her keeping the unfortunate Smuggler's Secret.

Written for the Banner of Light. ON SABBATH MORN.

BY GEO. R. JONES.

Moithinks the meadows look more fair, And gay'er tints the hills adorn, And flowers, more free, their perfumes spare Upon the still and fragrant air! On Sabbath morn!

It is the birthday of the week, And now creation, fled and lorn, Would seem a day of peace to seek, And Nature wears a rosy cheek, On Sabbath morn!

The forest birds more sweetly sing, In every tree, and bush, and thorn; The swallows circle twittering— The insects float with brighter wing, On Sabbath morn!

Then why not man, from troubles vile, Believe his mind, while joy is born— And let his spirit breathe awhile, And catch the glow of Nature's smile, On Sabbath morn!

Falmouth, Mass., 1850.

LITERARY PIRACY.

It sometimes becomes our duty to chronicle the advent of a "character" in the field of literature who evidently believes in the truth of that profound Western editor—"Facts is every man's property!" Whether in a high and exalted position or in a comparatively low one in the intellectual arena, a disposition on the part of a person to appropriate the thoughts of others to his own "glory" is decidedly contemptible. Sometimes men are deceived into it in their writing, by an involuntary action of the memory; but even on that ground how can we account for the fact the "Frank Lee, of Norway, Mo., remembered and wrote out insidiously a piece like the following. We received from this individual, the piece below—purporting to be

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY FRANK LEE.

There is a land mine eye hath seen, In visions of enraptured thought, So bright, that all which spreads between, Is with its radiant glory fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; To those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns or stars, To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind, Athwart that calm, serene abode; The wanderer there a home shall find, Within the Paradise of God.

Norway, Mo., Sunday, May 29th, 1850.

Now what we have to say of the above is, that whoever of our readers will take the trouble to turn to the 370 page of the collection of "Hymns for Christian Devotion—especially adapted for the Universalist Denomination. Edited by J. G. Adams and E. H. Chapin. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 1854"—will find the 664th hymn, under the head "The Better Land" to be the same as this, word for word! How are we to account for this—Frank's was written on "Sunday, May 29th, 1850;" the other—which is the same—was published five years before? Oh, no! for shame! Frank, how could you "steal" from a hymn-book, of all things! Let us give you a piece of advice: The broad ocean of Hymn-books is sailed over by the men-of-war of all nations—there isn't the slightest chance for a gentleman with buccannering proclivities to succeed—neither would we recommend you to try the more modern poets; but spread your sail, and speed off into the sea of the Elizabethan era—there, amid some of the minor poets, you may reap a rich harvest.

We take occasion to say to our readers that we exhibit this specimen for the "good of the press" in general—as the police of our cities hang up the portraits of great rogues—for verily there is a man among us who not only depends upon the "ignorance and stupidity of his readers," but also on that of the editorial fraternity!

Go forward, Frank, like a bold disciple of Dampier and Morgan—let your banner stream from the mast, and with your port-fires blazing with poetic frenzy, sweep forth upon your prey—as the old song (which we humbly hope you may not at some future time take occasion to purloin) hath it:

"Then said the rover to his gallant crew— To with the black flag—down with the 'blue'! Fire on the main-deck—fire on the bow— Fire on the gun-deck—and fire down below!"

WIT AND HUMOR.—"Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping round his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

Pure is our peaceful land, Bestrown with flowers, Thrown from a gentle hand To cheer the hours; We have no silent tears To mar our summer spheres, But oft, in thought we listen to the song That from sweet cherubs doth itself prolong.

From amber fountains flow Waters that blend With pearls that lie below And lustre lend, And muscled soft breathes forth Of some fair spirit's birth— Or tells some tale, yet causeth not a sigh, Or waits where cooling zephyrs with it fly.

We float where cascades fall, Sparkling and bright; Or where good shepherds call Their flocks at night; Or where pure children sleep, To soothe them if they weep, Or give them of that saving light a gleam, Through soft pictures which mortals call a dream.

We impress the mortal In all his sin, Showing him the portal To enter in, Where hope forever lives— Where peace her mantle gives— Where fields of truth before his eyes are spread, Luring him on her flowery paths to tread.

We still our progress keep, Through spheres above, Sowing good, thence to reap His boundless love, Our mansions bright do loom— The entrance is the tomb! Come! come then, mortals, and with one accord We'll praise our Maker, mighty God, our Lord.

SPIRITUALISM.

The following is from the pen of Mr. E. G. Folsom, published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, in answer to two lectures by Dr. Douglas, who made an effort to show that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were of mundane origin:—

Twice now have we heard Dr. Douglas in his two public attempts at solving the mysteries of modern Spiritualism—once before the Teachers of our High School, and lastly and namely as the bold champion of Cleveland's able clergy.

The second discourse, same as the first, was delivered in the usual gentlemanly, gentle, and dignified manner. His cool and dispassionate style may be proportionate to the certitude of his newly discovered key, with which he, as he supposes, unlocks all modern, and of course all ancient mysteries, which have and still are holding spell-bound the deceived and the deceiving.

He remarked, at the outset, that not until now have the minds of the world sufficiently ripened to receive the true exposition, and on this account has it been withheld, although he had been repeatedly advised to publish it.

We have most intently, and honestly, we trust, listened to what Mr. Douglas and others regard a complete expose of the whole thing. None, we trust, would more readily accept a rational explanation of this most interesting and important subject than ourselves; for there can be no advantage to the immortal mind to be ensnared in the mists of error and ignorance.

As an object of inquiry none can be more intensely interesting, none of greater importance, than these phenomena of the nineteenth century, termed Spiritualism.

Upon the threshold of our inquiry we are met with the two grand contending elements of aggressive thought, viz., Truth and Error, one or the other of which is to have the ascendancy. Let us investigate; then, this as all other objects of inquiry, with great candor, manifest honesty, and a desire to know what is truth and what is error in the premises.

We will now state, as far as we are able, Dr. Douglas's explanation, what are his positions, and what his conclusions. He gave to Mesmer the credit of presenting him the key with which he claims to unlock the mystery. The doctor then brings forward a new faculty of the human intelligence—a "medial faculty"—as the grand key-stone to his expose, although we are at a great loss to know what it is, and where its locality, or what its nature. But, nevertheless, this is his position—this the pivotal point and hinge upon which the whole philosophy rests. Now, granting that his "medial faculty" exists, how is it going to help the doctor to account for the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism? As far as the argument is concerned, we are willing to call impressibility or susceptibility of mediums a "medial faculty," if it be wished, and proceed at once to apply the principle to the phenomena.

The doctor said that a theory to be of any value must cover all the phenomena. He also claimed for the "medial faculty" infallibility, and that by means of this faculty the medium could only echo back the ideas and thoughts of the inquirer. He went even further, and admitted that the mysterious mediumistic faculty could be exercised between parties however far removed from each other. Quite sufficient it is, it sounds a little spiritualistic; at least it tends that way, and is all we want to prove the whole colossal theory of spiritual intercommunication between the two worlds. We greatly wonder, indeed, that the doctor should thus concede so much; but it may be accounted for on his theory of homeopathic medicine, which rests upon the great cardinal principle of "Similia similibus curantur"—like cures like. So to upset Spiritualism he takes "similia" phenomena, thinking, perhaps, it would prove an effectual cure, but unfortunately we think in this case the "similia" implies the "similibus" the very thing which he has sought in his blundering argument to overthrow.

We will in the first place argue the question in a pure metaphysical point of view, and see whether the doctor's theory is true, and covers the whole subject, without calling to his aid spiritual intelligences, for he is to be remembered that by means of this "medial faculty" he is to account for everything, while in fact he never touched upon raps, tips, playing upon musical instruments, &c., at all. We felt a little curious to know how he could, on any "medial faculty" theory merely, even approach a plausible explanation of one single "tap," to say nothing of other astounding demonstrations all over the world.

He affirms that this "medial faculty" cannot give us any phenomenon whatsoever, except that which is mundane, echoing and re-echoing only the stale and prevalent ideas already possessed as the capital stock of human knowledge. Let us see how this philosophy will work. On his theory, where is the possibility of the world's progress? Then again, we are inquisitive to know how came immortality and eternal life to light as a part of human knowledge? How, in short, has the idea of spiritual existence obtained in the minds of the entire human race? The idea itself is a living, inspiring, and omnipresent resident within every human breast; is constantly glowing and prompting to a higher and nobler life. But it out, and we are as the beast that perishes; but how comes it a universality with the race and the world?

Right here the doctor's theory failed, or rather, his principle of "medial faculty" was misapplied, for he had only to make right use of his key to have unlocked the vast storehouse of mind, wealth in the vast universals of thought and intelligence.

The doctor may have overlooked the fact, that the very idea of immortality was first lodged in the human intelligence, and is now constantly being recognized in the present as in the past experience and history of the race, on the very principle which he claims to make use of to prove its utter fallacy. It is here we see the use of the "medial faculty," which

WHAT IS CARBON?

Messrs. Editors—I will assent that carbon (possibly, yet doubtfully) may be a compound, but not of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, for reasons I have already sufficiently explained. If "Philadelphia" abandons the field of facts, and goes into the field of speculation, I shall not follow him, but content myself with facts, even though they be to the property of science (or knowledge), which he apparently ignores.

So far as his desires are to build up the temple of science upon a larger basis, I wish him every success. But it is not necessary to tear down the whole structure, because here and there a more fitting stone needs to be inserted in the building. I will now take leave of "Philadelphia," to pursue his speculations, while I content myself with the practical and useful.

Every such truism is an element of Natural Faith, which Faith is the substratum of Knowledge; and Knowledge is perfected by this conception. The proper rationale of instinct is Divine Tuition. Hence every element of Natural Faith is an Inspiration, or Divine Impress, and all human Knowledge is founded in God's Testimony. But we cannot accept the testimony of a being whose existence we deny. Therefore, he who presumes to ignore God, should not pretend to know anything. Faith is the root of the tree of Knowledge.

It can be nothing less than these. Let us look at it thoughtfully. The great want, or shortcoming, of the pulpit for the present times, lies in the fact that the preachers are not men of the time in which they live; they draw their sustenance and inspiration alike from a dead past, and not from the living, throbbing, seething, and ever-renewed present; they fail to keep abreast with their age; and, not choosing to take an interest in the signs of advancement and amelioration all around them, they go off groping and poking in the twilight of other days and far-back generations, and absolutely lose their temper because people now-a-days are not content with what barely sufficed for the men of a dozen or two generations ago.

CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AT PLYMOUTH. FIRST DAY. The Convention assembled on the fifth instant in Davis's Hall, Plymouth. There was a very good attendance at the opening. Dr. Gardner, the president, was absent, being indisposed; Mr. J. B. Loveland was therefore appointed president pro tem. of the Convention, or until the arrival of Dr. Gardner.

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PULPIT INFLUENCES.

We read a remarkably sensible and direct article in the Boston Transcript, about ten days ago, on the manifest waning of the power of the pulpit in these days, and the reasons there were to be given for such a phenomenon in our social history.

That the power of the pulpit is on the wane, we think any candid mind, at all addicted to careful observation, must concede, however reluctantly. Sectarians and bigoted people will at once think to make their side good—for it is not much more than taking sides, in their view, at least—by declaring that we make such a statement, simply because we are glad of the chance of making it, and, perhaps, out of even a hatred of religion itself; but even if their hasty declaration should happen to prove true to the letter, it does not in any way affect the truth of the statement, nor vitiate the force or weaken the directness of that logic by which such a statement is supported.

We have no better proof of the state of things, with reference to the pulpit, to which we allude, than what the pulpit itself confesses. The burden of its complaint, in these latter days, is, that there is no lamentable falling off of public interest in its own peculiar endeavor; that its efficiency is impaired at this point and that; that men do not now heed its ministrations as they used to do in the olden time; that the world is consequently growing more and more wicked every year; and that, in good time, it is quite safe to conclude it will be utterly delivered over to the pleasure of the evil Adversary himself. This is no pleasing picture to contemplate, certainly; yet it is a necessary product of the seed sown by the insufficient and unsatisfactory creed of rigid Orthodoxy.

Then, again, the "religious" papers—so called to distinguish them from papers purely "secular," as if everything in life was not deeply and truly religious—the "religious" papers, we say, are counting over their losses numerically, in attendants on church services, or subscribers to their own columns, and seriously fall to lamenting the fearful backsliding with which the time is afflicted, idly wondering to what specific cause it can be owing, and if the day of general conflagration and ruin has not at length come. The strain is a lugubrious one, enough to challenge the pity of any man who suffers himself to listen.

So that from both pulpit and press we have the sad story repeated, in all possible inflections of melancholy, and with all imaginable terminations in the character and style of woe. If we were obliged to believe them, it would be a great deal better for us that we were removed from the reach of danger to-day, even at the risk of going out of the wicked world altogether. Some affect not to heed these notes of warning at all; not being able to explain the causes of this rapidly working change, they prefer to face the story at once, without quailing, and deny that there is anything in it, or likely to be. But much the larger part understand its significance. It has a mysterious, an ominous meaning for them. It is the handwriting on the wall for all hollow and lifeless creeds, and that they begin to know; but where to go when they shall abandon their creed—that is the question!

Now what are the reasons for this rapidly diminishing power of the pulpit, and its ordinary accessories, over the minds of the people? This change could not begin and go on as it has done, and still is doing, without a good and sufficient cause; and there is never a fruit, unless a seed has first been planted. Then what is the cause of all this? Why do the body of men cease to attach to the Sabbath that superstitious reverence with which they were taught in their early years to contemplate it? Why is there not so much blind worship, too, of "the minister," as if he were not a man just like ourselves, and in no sense whatever any more divine, or deified? Why do men now allow themselves the blessed ease of smiling, and talking pleasantly, even on Sundays—when the custom was not to relax a single line of those rigid muscles that made the face of a religious man, such an extremely flinty study—a study, in truth, coming under the head of geology? It is manifestly because of some good and sufficient underlying cause; some radical change in the structure of men's faith; some revolution in popular sentiment, or at least in the popular mode of looking at things.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Much is being said in these days of free inquiry, in ridicule of such "articles of faith" as ultimate in their assumption. Yet I opine that our disgust attaches only to the abuses of this word, and that its interior significance is not to be discarded from any rational mind.

Since dogmatism has usurped the place of rational demonstration for ages in the Church, and men have been urged to believe, as the only alternative of being "damned," it is no wonder that the consequent disuse of evidence should occasion the intellects of many to sway at length from one extreme to another, and that such as were first emancipated from the yoke of ecclesiastical authority, should glory in a bald infidelity, which, with one fell swoop, demolished both Hell and Heaven. But human nature recoils from this error; for the soul conserves an inkling of its destiny, and the heart cherishes an innate longing for what is vaguely termed "The Beautiful Hereafter;" though till Reason can penetrate the mystery of Life, all is darkness; and, in this predicament, Faith is the only saviour from despair.

Some have betrayed their misunderstanding of the nature and conditions of Faith, by denouncing belief without evidence, and contending for something in the name of rational belief. Now evidence, if we do not misapprehend the word, signifies the form of Knowledge, and has no concern whatever with belief. The latter is not sustained, but rather superseded, by the former. To know is more than to believe. Knowledge is an irresistible conviction; whereas belief is a mere sensation, and may be either natural or artificial. In the latter case, belief is likely to be false; but in the former it must be true. This last is the condition of Faith; that is, belief in Truth. To be rationally assured of truthfulness in belief, therefore, one has only to consider whether or not its motive be natural; or whatever its natural is of Divine Authority, which, as will presently appear, is also the ultimate of human knowledge. To be rationally assured, I say; and when this point is gained, we no longer believe, but know.

The desire of happiness after death, is as natural as the love of present life; but to seek escape from Hell by means of the Christian Atonement, or that of imputed righteousness, is as unnatural as unreasonable, and as unreasonable as to expect security from disease by wearing an amulet. Tell me why the newborn infant clings to its mother's breast for food and affection, and I will explain why every soul yearns for God and Heaven, long before it conceives any evidence of their existence. This instinctive Faith is a Divine Inspiration, and so is the power of Intelligence.

Natural Faith, indeed, is the basis of all finite Knowledge. For what do we know, except by means of faculties whose efficiency we take for granted? Who will demonstrate a first principle, or prove the validity of an inference? Yet the whole use of logic is exemplified in reducing a complex proposition to a simple one, or in making it as evident as something we call self-evident, only because we have no power to question

Celebration at Plymouth.

Last week, on Tuesday, the corner-stone of the proposed monument to the Forefathers was laid at Plymouth with imposing ceremonies. A very large number of persons was assembled, and even the most distant States of the Union were represented. The laying of the corner-stone was accomplished with the aid of Masonic ceremonies. Dinner was provided in a mammoth tent by Mr. J. B. Smith, the famous colored caterer, with which the twenty-five hundred persons who partook were altogether satisfied. Excellent speeches were made by several Governors present, including one of mark by our own Governor, N. P. Banks. It is estimated that at least five thousand people were on the ground during the day. Letters were likewise read at the table from the President of the United States, Edward Everett, Senator Douglas, and others. The latter gentleman alluded to the open assertion of the genuine principle of Popular Sovereignty in the little cabin of the May-Flow.

This memorial monument to the Pilgrim Fathers is designed by Hammett Billings, the distinguished artist, of Boston, whose name will thus ever be honorably associated with the noble undertaking. We understand that proper committees will be at once taken in hand the business of collecting contributions in aid of the completion of the monument, and that it will be erected just as rapidly as the funds thus collected will allow. The structure is to be entirely of Quincy granite, and ornamented at its angles with the statues of four or more of the more renowned of the Pilgrim worthies.

The People and the Churches.

In a discourse recently delivered by Dr. Kirk, in New York, in aid of the Boston Tract Society, after stating in general terms the condition of the masses in this country in relation to their religious advancement, he remarked that, out of a population of thirty-four millions in the United States, it is computed that five millions are in regular attendance on the means of grace, and thirteen millions who could attend, but are living like heathens. In Maine, three-fourths are neglectors of public worship; in Vermont, four-fifths; in Connecticut, one-half; in Massachusetts it is no better. Thus in New England, a section of the land as religious as any other, one-half of the people are not worshippers of God, and do not hear His law or His Gospel. In the city of New York, if you should fill every house of worship, you would still leave two hundred and seventy-five thousand souls on the outside.

Next, he goes to work to show that what the great body of the people really want is truth; likewise, that truth is chiefly to be dispensed with the aid of the press. This is sensible. It has got to be admitted yet, even by those who get fat livings by preaching special creeds from pulpits, that the press is, in our day, the most powerful of all preachers. The people need to have the truth brought home to them—brought before their own eyes, on the printed page. That will go where preached sermons might never find their way.

Cora L. V. Hatch. Mrs. Hatch did not speak at Music Hall last Sabbath, as our last paper announced she would. On arriving at Brooklyn, her place of residence, she was threatened with typhoid fever, and it was necessary for her to postpone her visit to Boston. It is expected she will be here next Sabbath, and due notice will be given in the daily papers and by posters, we presume. We cannot speak with certainty on the matter at this time of writing.

EXERCISE SESSION.

At the evening session, Mr. A. E. Newton delivered a very excellent, philosophical lecture, in which he gave reasons why he was a Spiritualist. He said that the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism should be treated the same as the evidences of any other truth. The question of Spiritualism should be treated precisely as other questions. There are reasons why evil persons love darkness rather than light on this subject. To the pure and good nothing can be revealed with greater joy and honor than of thanksgiving.

If Spiritualism be a fact, it is not new; it goes back as far as the history of the human race. It is a fashion of the Christian world to ignore and oppose the whole subject of spirit intercourse. Skepticism is the high road to positive knowledge. It is a prominent fact that those who have become convinced of Spiritualism, and have been the most powerful skeptics, now give their testimony in favor of Spiritualism as more valuable.

He spoke of the development and growth of mankind as manifested in the great improvements of the present age—and with this present advance in progress, it is not strange that at the present time begins to be recognized the unseen power of spirit and spiritual manifestation. He gave a very interesting scientific exposition, quoting the authority of Prof. Hillecock and others, of the transmission of thought from mind to mind, and others in the human body or in spirit life—taking the ground that no individual thought in the universe exists without affecting the electric chain of thought throughout the universe. We cannot take leave in knowledge—we can never leap into omniscience—but we must learn fact by fact.

claim to be? He took the ground that the philosophy used in the denial of the truth of Spiritualism was far more absurd and improbable than the real philosophy of Spiritualism.

Springfield Republican says that shallow reasoners, like the philosophers of the Boston Courier, who would suppose that the tricks of an animal magnetizer afford a key to the Christian miracles, jump at once to the conclusion that M. Jobert's experiments in France and Dexter's hat-dancing in New York, exhaust the whole subject of Spiritualism, and explode it forever among all sensible people.

Lizzie Doten. This lady is not without honor in her own country, though she is a Spiritualist. She is speaking for the present every Sunday in Plymouth, her native town, to full houses.

Lecturers. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the month of September, October and November, in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. He is desiring his services in these localities and addresses him, through the month of August, at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

TO-DAY'S BABY. He opened his eyes this summer day. As fine a lad as e'er was known, And in his infant features play A hero's lineaments were shown;

Bracing the Brethren. It must be confessed that those who support their feeble fellows are engaged in a very benevolent work, and if they are not adequately and properly sustained in their praiseworthy and charitable enterprise, the effort to sustain others is certainly not less commendable.

Supporters must be large or small, according to the necessities of those who require to be supported. Moreover, they must be of various kinds to suit the peculiar weaknesses and wants of the people. If a man be destitute of food, and consequently weak at the stomach, a barrel of flour is an excellent supporter.

Now it is a plain case that one establishment cannot furnish all the required supporters; nor is it wise to patronize all the old concerns without respect to the quality and fitness of their goods.

The Davenport Boys. Messrs. Editors—Spiritualism at present appears to be on the standstill in this vicinity. We have not means to employ speakers as often as we could wish; still we hope the times will improve soon, so that we may be able to have our meetings oftener.

A Voice from Canada. LIBERTAS, YARMOUTH, C. W.—In this part of God's moral vineyard the BANNER is yielding a magnificent harvest. Its extensive circulation is a token of the interest with which it is read—evolution by the professors of that theology whose pillars, as they say, it is fast undermining.

House of Correction in Plymouth. Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, who is sentenced for life, for the murder of her husband, is still unconvinced to her hard lot. The idea of prison bondage for the remainder of her earthly life makes her perfectly wretched.

Mr. Thomas, the chaplain of the prison, though he is an Orthodox, is good, charitable, kind and liberal; he is kind to the prisoners, and seems to love everybody. Mr. Goddard, the superintendent, is uncommonly generous in granting freedom to the prisoners; he trusts them, and they are faithful to his confidence.

Mr. Spear, the prisoner's friend, and his good wife, spoke kindly to the prisoners last Sunday. Mr. Spear said, "The prison is my church; and I urge men by good behaviour to go out and keep out of my church, while other preachers urge men to go in and keep in their churches."

R. P. Ambler's last Lecture at Salem. DEAR BANNER—R. P. Ambler gave his concluding lecture for this season, at the Lyceum Hall, and gave his eloquent and truth-startling discourse to an audience larger than was usual. His theme was "Salvation"; that word of momentous importance to human souls; that, proclaimed from every altar in the land, led man to think of the future; but led him to think in fear and trembling; led him to cast his sins upon the innocent, to seek for escape from the just and unflinching consequences of wrong-doing, by warty penitence and prayer, by the meditation of the promised Atonement.

As usual, the lecture abounded with the rarest gems of thought and feeling; with a poetic lustre and a genuine fervor of truth, that must be heard to be appreciated. Bro. Ambler returns to Salem in October, to strengthen the growth of the immortal fowers implanted by his eloquent discourses in appreciative and receptive souls.

Spirit Messages. C. M. HENDRICK, MARSHFIELD, Mo.—"While reading the messages given by spirits through your columns to their friends on earth, I have wondered if who live in the West cannot have communications addressed to us as well as those who reside further East.

Libertas, Yarmouth, C. W.—In this part of God's moral vineyard the BANNER is yielding a magnificent harvest. Its extensive circulation is a token of the interest with which it is read—evolution by the professors of that theology whose pillars, as they say, it is fast undermining.

An Appeal to the Gifted and Kind-hearted. Messrs. Editors—Having been a constant reader of your paper about three years, I have felt a deep interest in all the cures of healing that have been given, as one of the strongest evidences of the truth of the spiritual philosophy you have been aiming to establish, as well as giving a foundation of hope for the relief of suffering humanity.

Soon after making my residence here, about two years since, I became acquainted in a family where there was a young and lovely daughter who had been prostrated for some years by disease in the hips, and for whose relief her father, being a wealthy man, had appropriated large sums of money in the employment of physicians, but without effect.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. The eighth chapter of Prof. Brittan's series on "Man and his Relations" arrived too late for publication this week. Its subject is "The Restoring Powers of the Human Mind."

Answers to Correspondents. ELIZABETH CHASE, NEW YORK.—Send the work to Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street—if you have not already. We should be pleased to assist you in this particular; but we do not deal in books.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS will commence meetings of religious worship in Opera Hall, No. 13 School street, Boston, August 7th, commencing at half-past 10 A. M., and at 8 P. M., to be continued Sundays till further notice.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT. MAY BE PURCHASED OF THE FOLLOWING Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Books & Newspapers. Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the NEWS DEPOT in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT on his counter.

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Miss H.'s discourse most beautiful and logical; and, another person, speaking disparagingly of it, declared that he could not understand what Miss H. said. The first speaker replied, "That Miss Hullett did most wonderfully in producing such discourses, but it would be too much to expect her, besides, to furnish brains for any one of her auditors!"

Mr. Burlingame's speech at Plymouth, on Tuesday week, was a very fine effort. We have room only for a brief specimen: "If my language rises to exultant eulogium, pardon it to the time and place. We stand by the first altar of liberty. We feel as Scotchmen feel by the birthplace of Robert Burns, and as Switzers feel by the springs of Grutli. We would not measure our praise, but pour our feelings freely and fully in honor of those who honored human nature in their lives. It is true, that theology was fierce, and their faces were somber; but they fought the Prince of Darkness, and they needed more than the thunders of Olympus Jove. They were persecuted the world over, and had to look the grimmest and gloomiest tyrannies in the eye, and it was needed that their faces should be half-blinded. We desire not to revive these things; but, viewing them in the light of their times, did they not meet their requirements bravely and grandly? In this let us imitate them. As they met the sins of their day, so let us meet the sins of our day. Because the Puritans lived, tyranny is not dead. Men still deny the rights of private judgment; they would still blind the mind and bind the body and will of God, still substitute their will for the will of God, and their decisions for the decrees of heaven. There are men here in the streaming light of New England, who would put back the hand on the dial plate of time, who would re-open the slave trade with Puritan hands and Puritan ships."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an elderly old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a fool has been shaved by them," he replied.

TO OUR READERS. We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the WORKING FARMER for Two Dollars per annum. The WORKING FARMER is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. J. S. Mages and assistants. Its advertisement in our present number will furnish particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers. If

A CARD. DEAR BANNER—We have been listening to the soul-stirring eloquence of John Henry Randall in this place, for some two months past. We desire not to revive these things; but, viewing them in the light of their times, did they not meet their requirements bravely and grandly? In this let us imitate them. As they met the sins of their day, so let us meet the sins of our day. Because the Puritans lived, tyranny is not dead. Men still deny the rights of private judgment; they would still blind the mind and bind the body and will of God, still substitute their will for the will of God, and their decisions for the decrees of heaven. There are men here in the streaming light of New England, who would put back the hand on the dial plate of time, who would re-open the slave trade with Puritan hands and Puritan ships."

BUSINESS NOTICES. [Business notices, set in loaded nonparel type, will be inserted under this head at twenty-five cents per line.]

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION. The Spiritualists of Adrian, Michigan, will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause from all parts of the country, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that all will be present that can. [Sept 11] Aug. 13

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ADVERTISEMENTS. Terms.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:—First insertion, fifteen cents per line; second, and all subsequent, ten cents per line. No departure will be made from this rule unless further notice.

GRAEFENBERG WATER CURE, AND Kinesiothatic Institute, near Utica, N. Y. This Establishment has been in successful operation for the last twelve years, and has been under the control of the present physician for the whole time, which is a long period for a similar institution in this country has been conducted by the same individual.

DODD'S NERVINE! Bottle Enlarged.—Price as Before. THE extensive sale and universal favor which this great specific remedy has everywhere met with, warrant the proprietors in enlarging the size of bottle, without increasing the price. For all affections of the Nervous System, coming under the general term of NEUROSES, Dodd's Nervine has no equal.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their stock, and for the sale of the most complete assortment of books and periodicals, at the lowest prices.

How can it be done? "NERVOUS" AND "FEMALE COMPLAINTS," SOLOZOLOV'S HUMORS, (Canker, Salt Rheum), and Dyspepsia with its attendant horrors, cured without medicine; also, sores, ulcers, and affections of the Eye! Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nervine Cure." (Sent to you for one dime,) and learn how these things are done.

SITUATION WANTED. BY a respectable, middle-aged lady, (aged 58 years), near the salt water, with a Physician, or some person in need of a servant, to make CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS and prescribe for diseases, in a Psychometric Medium, and give intelligence concerning business affairs, or sit in circles if desired, and examine persons at a distance; has examined and prescribed for over four thousand patients within six years past. Address: Miss C. B. M. COFRAN, Manchester, N. H. July 30

MUNSON'S BOOK STORE. S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, keeps for sale all the Spiritual and Reform Publications of the day, as well as all the popular Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers. Orders by mail attended to promptly. Henry Ward Beecher's Works; Theodore Parker's Works; A. J. Davis's Works; Judge Edmonds's Works, and Swedenborg's Works, constantly on hand, and sent by mail to those who order. Catalogues sent on application. if July 2

A CARD. MR. STOWE, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, SECOND HOUSE from State street, west door, Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit private families by request. Terms given on application. Mrs. S. is Agent for Dr. Brown's PARAFACINE for the cure of diseases. if July 23

5000 AGENTS WANTED TO INTRODUCE AN ARTICLE of universal utility into every household in the land. For particulars enclose one red postage stamp and address S. B. NICHOLS, General Agent, No. 23 Winook Avenue, Burlington, Vt. 3m

J. T. GILMAN, P.I.K.E., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN, No. 17 Tremont street, (opposite Museum) Boston. Will give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases. A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. DR. E. B. DANFORTH, M. D., TRANCE-SPEAKING, Medium, Clairvoyant Examiner, and Prescriber (N. Y.). Address 64 Eneelard street, Boston, 1p

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those who desire to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous ideas that they are more than finite beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is, and should learn that there is evil as well as good to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at two o'clock, after which we close.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? July 7.—Stephen Marden, Hallowell, Me.; John Dean, Boston; Peter McCann, Boston.

Sarah J. Sargent. My dear husband—Do not be surprised to hear from me, now that I am no longer with you in a form of spirit. But rather say that I know you are still here, and I am with you in this way.

John Watson. You allow every one to do as they please who come here? Well, I have a very strong desire to commune with some of the people of earth. My desire is not so strong as to wish to come here to give a history of my life, and suffer that wish to be made public, although I know of no reason why I should not do this, except that I was always retiring, and did not care to be brought before the public in any way.

David Gilbert. I'm in a kind of a funny place. In the first place, there don't anybody know that I can come back? In the second place I'm not used to coming; and in the third place I've got to come and see how it takes. Do you ever have anybody like me?

Jonas Chickering. I had an appointment here this afternoon, but cannot control my medium to speak. July 2.

John Robinson. I wish to commune with my son John. My name is John Robinson. July 2.

John Edson. The son calls upon the father, and the father will come in answer to this note. July 2.

William H. Wing. There seems to be a trouble here which most of the friends cannot overcome; but I can—at least so as to be able to give what I wish to. My name was William H. Wing. I was born down here on Cape Cod. I have been here for many years, but I don't know how long.

Charles Atwood. These few lines are intended for those dear ones who are waiting for intelligence from me in the home that was once mine in mortal. My dear, very dear friends, to tell you that the spirit-world is as real as the natural, would be telling you what your own intuitive perceptions must fully realize, even while you hold communion with a natural body.

you hold communion with a natural body. You wish to know what we have in the spirit-world. Just what you have in earth-life to make it beautiful, do we have in this life, and nothing more. You also desire to be informed in regard to what I am intending to do in my present state, or condition.

At down a word to the many, many I love, who are left on earth. You have no conception of the home and the comforts of home while you remain in mortal, so do not lay up too much, or too many treasures on earth, for they will only serve to cast a gloom over your spirit when you shall be called upon to leave the material and enter the spiritual.

William Holbrook.

My name was William Holbrook. I lived in Boston, and died in Boston in the year 1849. I was a ship carpenter by occupation, and my body lies in Dorchester. I was in my fiftieth year. I left a wife, two sons, and one daughter.

Mary Eliza Washburn, New York. On the 14th of February, 1852, my spirit left earth and went home to enjoy the realities of a spirit home in a new existence.

James Finlayser. I have visited you before. My name was James Finlayser of London. I am still anxious to carry conviction and conversion to those I love.

Billy George, Wheeling, Va. I had a general delivery—headquarters—stopping place—what do you think of it? Well, what about this business—what do you want?

David Bascom. I do not like to be finding fault with any of my fellow creatures, but I must say this much: If the South could boast of a better man than the one who has just departed, I should pity her very much.

Why do Spirits Commune in this Public Manner? A party of theologians, styling themselves silent inquirers after truth, have seen fit to send us the following interrogatory: "Provided the spirits of men, women and children, do have the power to return and commune with the friends they have left on earth, why do a great portion of them see fit to commune in this public manner, instead of remaining in their private abodes, and sending their messages all over the country?"

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Belmont, but on the passage home from the Indian Ocean I got hurt by falling off a spar, and I was hauled up for about two weeks, and was sick when I got into port. My home was in Illinois. I went to the Ball's Home, a boarding-house for seamen, and I did not get out for six weeks.

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Thoughts on Self.

In deeds, not words, we live! Our lives are books upon whose pages we leave The impress of our thought, by morning's hour, At noon, or in the solemn hush of night.

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Correspondence.

There are but few persons, before whom this will come, who have not heard something of the remarkable powers of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, whose office is at No. 8 Winter street, Boston; and yet but little, comparatively, is known by the public generally of the powers which are possessed by this so dutifully gifted man.

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postmaster, as directed by the spirit, and on the 20th of May received an intelligent reply to every inquiry, except one...

Hundreds, if not thousands, of the tests which spirits have given through Mr. Mansfield, have gone into hands which will withhold them, if not forever, for a long time from the public...

It would be a pleasure to the writer to be able to give the names and residences of the different persons connected with these tests; but that he cannot do without an unwarrantable interference with private family relations...

The Hon. Gerrit Smith.

Messrs. Editors—I have just arisen from the perusal of a discourse from the pen of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, on the "Religion of Reason."

It is somewhat difficult for some people to see good in anything, and whether it be owing to the too common teachings of total depravity and man's fallen nature, or not, I leave for those to judge who choose to do so.

Our beginning for this year, in January, with the presence and teachings of Mr. A. J. Davis and Mrs. Mary F. Davis, was exceedingly good and profitable.

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"Eternal hell! No man does, and no man can believe it. It is untrue, if only in the opinion of those who believe it."

This may be regarded as mere assertion, or assumption, which has no foundation in truth; but let it be borne in mind that the assumption is susceptible of the clearest proof and demonstration, which probably Mr. Smith well knew.

"I have never seen a particle of light thrown on those subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind, nor have I seen any relation, or connection, or sympathy, which would be of relief to you."

Take another case. Mr. Saurin, a celebrated preacher of Holland, said, when dwelling on the subject of an eternal hell—

"I sink under the weight of this subject, and I declare, when I see my friends, my relations, the people of my charge—this whole congregation; when I think that I, that you, that we are all threatened with those torments; when I see in the lukewarmness of my devotions, in the languor of my love in the levity of my resolutions and designs, the least evidence, though it be only probable or presumptive, of my future misery, yet I find in the thoughts a mortal poison, which diffuses itself into every period of my life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgusting, and life itself a cruel trial."

Our Orthodox friends say an endless hell is true, and that they believe it; nay, more they excommunicate those members of their churches who say they do not believe it.

I am under the necessity of preferring a complaint to you against Brother Ashley Clark, for hereby, in that he denies the perpetuity of future punishment; and maintains that all men will finally be saved, contrary to the express testimony of the Scriptures, and to the confession of faith of this church.

Witness: GIBSON WILCOX, A. J. CARROLL, J. L. ROBERTS, J. L. ROBERTS, J. L. ROBERTS.

It will be seen from the above that that church supposed it believed an "eternal hell" for somebody, if not for herself, notwithstanding our friend Smith calls in question their sincerity.

Two of the above signers—Curtis and Rogers—are still living, and as rigid professed "eternal hell" believers as ever; the other two have changed the form. Chadwick, the pastor,

acknowledged to me before his exit, with tears in his eyes, that he has wondered again and again how he "could have attributed such a character to his Heavenly Father, that he would inflict on his offspring endless misery!"

Spiritualism at Terra Haute, Indiana.

Messrs. Editors—As this is a point in the great Western Valley, that so far as spiritual matters are concerned, is seldom heard from, it is thought best to make to you, and with your permission, to the public, through the BANNER, a brief report of our condition, hopes, &c., as Spiritualists; albeit, we can't quite yet adopt for our motto any such words of our verbiage Saint, as the following: "Believest all things, hopest all things, endureth all things;" still our hope is large, our belief is reasonable, and our endurance tolerable.

The truth is, we have had some very exciting and very interesting experiences in this locality during the present year—and in return, (poor return, some may say) for the valuable communications given us weekly, from so many quarters, through your excellent paper, we wish to tell our story. It may interest some persons. Through various media we have had, at different times, the influence of good spirits, as well as of indifferent or less developed spirits—and, last, if not least, yet more emphatically and boldly than ever before among us—"Satan came also."

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subject he would have spoken upon, as the matter embraced so too extensive for one lecture. The professor replied, "The origin of the races and their relations," to which a most beautiful and appropriate discourse was spoken.

So much excitement existed during Miss Hulet's stay among us, and such multitudes crowded to listen to her discourses, that, as it is suspected, it occurred to some of the religious world that they might speculate thereon.

Thus you will see that with the reverend father "Satan came also"—and is it to be wondered at when we consider the history of the church, whose path, from the earliest period, is pointed out, as if by mile posts, in awful, bloody, cruel marks of evil deeds done in the name of God and religion?

I send you, Messrs. Editors, herewith, extracts from our papers that may interest you in relation to the lectures of Miss Hulet, who, by the way, will probably visit the Eastern States in the course of the present or the next year.

Please give notice for us, in such a way as may seem best to you, that we want very much the presence here of test-mediums, such as we suppose Mrs. Con and Mrs. Currier, and Dr. Redman and Mr. Conklin to be.

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principal room well filled. There were three circles round the table; so I determined to become a spectator, or watcher, of the proceedings. The medium was occupied by two rather violent spirits, who had commanded his attention for some time.

I took my station at some distance in the outer circle, carefully watching. He did not observe me particularly. Suddenly his hand moved by a new impulse, and he seemed puzzled by the communication. The two gentlemen laughed and ridiculed it, when the medium replied, "It is not for you."

I was astounded, and looked my feelings. The medium (Mr. Conklin) inquired if I understood it. I said, "Yes; they are answers to questions I have in my pocket," which questions I had prepared at a distance, and brought to the room, in order to place them on the table, if circumstances permitted.

My next letter will convey the particulars of another dream, or vision, connected therewith, and also the proof I have of identification, and my reasons for placing implicit confidence therein.

Newburyport Matters.

The papers have commented on the liberality shown by Mr. Spaulding, (Universalist) in allowing Prof. Emerson to occupy his pulpit.

The statement in my last letter, of Rev. Dr. Dimmick's attending the circus, caused a good deal of talk. Another circus soon after visited our city, and the example of Dr. Dimmick was imitated by Rev. Mr. Spaulding and other of our Orthodox clergymen.

A missionary recently preached at the First Baptist Church, who has been stationed in the East; and in his sermon he took occasion to rebuke the Spiritualists.

At an evening conference meeting in one of the churches, lately, the clergyman—who is getting a little thinned with Spiritualism, as he reads on the matter, and has even attended a few circles—in the course of some remarks, expressed the opinion that we could and should progress after leaving this world, and other views of the same nature, which fully agreed with the spiritual philosophy.

Recently, by chance, read "Notes on America," by Dickens, published in 1842, after his tour. I was much struck with his account, on page 31, of a visit to an insane asylum.

I stated in my last that I would relate a case of speech-restoring by spirit power. The subject was a lady belonging to Portsmouth, N. H., but a native of this city.

At the second sitting she became unconscious. The spirits then commenced operations. A seeling medium was present, who described the modus operandi. Drs. Warren and Gall, and one other, performed the operation.

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Spirit Manifestations.

CONFERENCES, AUGUSTA, ME.—Our circles are, at present, much refreshed by some interesting spirit-manifestations, through the mediumship of Mr. J. L. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me.

A spirit wisely said, through this medium, "That he would not force conviction on the mind of any one." Mr. L. told us that he once met a party of shrewd persons, who made a great ado of investigating himself and the table.

That incredulity which demands so much more evidence of these new phenomena, than is required to establish any other facts, produces such a confusion of ideas, that it is idle to address any argument to a mind in this state.

Mr. Lovell is also a healing medium and clairvoyant physician. He related his experience, one evening, which was deeply interesting. He has had the gift of second sight since his earliest remembrance.

H. T. C. PHILADELPHIA.—We have had Gov. Talmadge, of Fondulac, Wisconsin, in our city for a few weeks past. He is one of the true men of the age—a man of splendid intellectual powers, and at the same time of moral courage to avow his sentiments before the world, without fear of sacrificing his position or influence.

We have but little news stirring here. The weather is delightfully pleasant, though hundreds of our citizens are away roaming over the country seeking pleasure—crowding themselves into narrow and uncomfortable apartments, and living upon poor fare, and with poorer company, to worship at Fashion's "shrine," and spend their own or other folks' money under the assumed name of getting health.

From the West.

ENOS GAY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am happy to inform you that the friends of Spiritualism here have leased a new hall for the use of lecturers, and we would be pleased to have some of your best tracts and other speakers make arrangements to come out here.

Rosa T. Amedey at Franklin, N. H.

D. GILCHRIST, FRANKLIN, N. H.—Miss Rosa T. Amedey lectured at the Town Hall in this place on the 28th ult. The house was well filled with an intelligent audience.

L. K. COONLEY, KNIGHTSTOWN, IND.—We left Mayville, Ky., June 24th, and have averaged about one lecture a day since that time, besides spending considerable time at heating. Although the weather has been hot and the farmers so busy harvesting, the meetings have been more largely attended.

LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

WARREN CHASE'S address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON, Cambridge, Vt.

Mrs. LARRY MANNING, Providence, R. I.

