

BANNER LIGHT.



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Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
REMEMBRANCE NOT LOVE.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

Yes! Memory lingers still about the shrine,
Where taste the charm I worshipped long ago—
A love whose light I ne'er again may know,
Whose gentlest thoughts were thine, and only thine.

And yet 'tis Memory alone that brings
Thy form again; it has no throb of joy—
Long since thy falsehood worked my soul annoy,
From hence I shun the song affection sings.

"Thou'rt still a friend," must friendship's sacred name,
Become a balm for forgotten affection's wounds?
Hath cold deceit no limit to its bounds?
This later offering—friendship would delude.

Before the twilight of these sadder years—
When I was left alone, deceived, bereft;
I would not wrong thee, well thou know'st who left;
My soul was full, I knew not what were tears.

As bloom'd the rose that clung within the bower,
So grew my hopes before this sorrowing eve—
Thy false love my love could but believe—
And happiness lent sunshine to each hour.

I know repentance moves thy feelings now,
Thy heart bespeaks it through the tearful eye—
Thou know'st the grief thou brought in days gone by,
And thou rememberest well thy broken vow.

Not go from me; we ne'er can know again,
Or feel, the love thyself so rudely blasted—
The fires are smothered now, they might have lasted,
I still may love—acknowledgment is vain.

Thou felt it woe my warning to refuse—
I told thee, thou wert kneeling at a shrine
Whose only love was more for self than mine—
Thou, too, know'st 'tis sad—sad, to love and lose.

Hope's crown has not the hue it had of yore—
Yes, men's hearts too, I know, are cold and stern;
I've learned the lesson thou gavest to me to learn,
And shall I trust a woman's love once more?

Then fare the well! I live weary woe—
But blessing rest upon thy lonely hours—
Thy footsteps lead where brighter bloom the flowers,
Remembrance, not my love, is thine—now go!

Written for the Banner of Light.

HELEN STRAFFORD; OR, THE PHANTOM OF EAGLE HALL.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

It was towards the latter part of the month of June, in the year 1841, that I resolved to bid farewell to dusty law books and London for a season, with the view of seeking a few weeks rest and recreation amid the rural districts of "merrie England."

As I sat in my snug little office, reflecting soberly upon the past, and vainly endeavoring to solve the perplexing problem, whether I should wend my way with my somewhat limited resources, I bethought me of a near relative—a maiden aunt of mine—who lived some two hundred miles distant from the great metropolis.

This lady, although an older sister of my father's, I never remembered to have seen. For a period of twenty-five years, a kind of family feud had stubbornly maintained its existence in our family, occasioned, I believe, by my father's marriage with a young and beautiful girl, who was his inferior only in point of wealth and position.

As a proof of my grandfather's non-forgiveness to his son, he had at once disinherited him, thereby leaving him penniless upon the world at an early age, and entirely dependent upon his own exertions for the support of himself and wife.

A single child had graced the union of the high-born Charles Seymour, with his humble yet lovely wife. That boy, now a man, long since passed the prime of life,—is he who now trespasses upon your kindness and patience, by the recital of his tale.

The success which, for a time, attended my father's forays in the mercantile world, was all that the part of man could desire. Years of prosperity followed on, filling rapidly the coffers of Charles Seymour with a plentiful harvest of gold. No pains were spared by my parents upon the education of their idolized son. I had but half finished my collegiate course at Oxford, when the news of my father's sudden failure and utter ruin reached my ears. My faithful hopes thus early crushed, and my glorious dream so speedily dispelled, I returned home, in time to witness the death of my father, produced by disease of the heart, to which he had long been a subject.

A few months mourned my mother for her loved one, and then her gentle spirit winged its flight upward.

Orphan, destitute of the means to renew my studies at college, I at once set about searching for employment, where I might obtain an honorable subsistence.

Through the influence of a kind friend, I obtained a situation in one of the many law firms which infest the city of London, where, after three years of severe study, I was pronounced a worthy graduate, and was accordingly admitted to the bar.

I have been digressing from my story, by a recital of my own early history, therefore hasten to it.

I was, at first, somewhat doubtful of the reception I should meet with from my aristocratic and unforgiving aunt, I determined, nevertheless, to visit her, if I could look once upon her countenance, and assure her of the existence of her discarded nephew.

Early in the morning I set forth in fine weather upon my excursion. After two days' tedious journey, I at last arrived at the end of my journey.

Eagle Hall, the residence of my aunt, and so called from its elevated position upon the summit of Eagle Cliff, was a dark and gloomy looking structure, built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, with scarce any signs of vegetation, save the few wild and ungraceful trees which lay scattered here and there about the premises.

As I rode slowly up the narrow path leading to the house, a dull and chilling sensation crept over me. No light issued from the windows, to afford a cheering welcome to the worn and weary traveler. All was dark and silent as a tomb. With a feeling of heaviness at my heart, I sank back into my seat, and covered my eyes with my hands, as if to shut out from sight the dismal scene around me.

The carriage stopped; and stepping quickly out, I hurriedly placed in the hands of the coachman a golden coin, and bade him depart. Groping my way along through the impenetrable darkness, I ascended a narrow flight of steps, and at last reached what appeared to be the main entrance to the mansion. A loud knock hastily applied to the old brass knocker vibrated distinctly upon the evening air. It was some moments before my summons was answered, and then in the person of an old man, whose oval head, and long, snowy beard, falling profusely over his breast, gave to him quite a patriarchal look.

To his surly "Who's there?" I inquired if Miss Jane Seymour still resided there. He answered in the affirmative, but stood quietly regarding me with a look of mingled curiosity and suspicion. Half vexed at his in civility, I requested to see his mistress, for, from his peculiar livery, I judged him to be none other than the steward of the house. To my great surprise and perplexity, I learned from the old man that Miss Seymour had retired a short time previous to my arrival. Too proud to crave a night's lodging from one whose manner was anything but friendly, and being at a remote distance from any hotel or inn, I determined so far to intrude upon my aunt's slumbers, as to send to her my card.

The steward glanced first at the name engraved upon the smoothly enamelled surface, then at myself; but perceiving that I began to show signs of uneasiness at his long delay, he slowly ascended the broad stair-case, for the purpose of executing my order, having previously taken care to close the door of my apartment, before departing.

Although naturally possessed of a patient disposition, I could not help feeling provoked at his entire lack of politeness towards a stranger.

After the lapse of some fifteen or twenty minutes, the steward reappeared, and requested me to enter and pass the night within the mansion, adding, at the same time, that his mistress would probably see her unknown relative on the morrow. Although slightly chilled at this last announcement, I determined to avail myself of the hospitality so grudgingly bestowed, and immediately followed my guide up the main stair-case, and from thence along a narrow corridor, at the end of which the former paused.

Unlocking a door, I was at once ushered into a spacious and heavily draped chamber, whose extreme dampness indicated that it had been long unoccupied. After affording me slight assistance, my conductor retired, leaving me alone with self, and a train of anything but pleasurable thoughts.

My head had scarce touched the pillow, however, when, overcome by the exhaustion of my journey, I fell into a sound and most refreshing slumber.

"Miss Seymour awaits you, sir, in the breakfast room," cried the bass voice of the old steward, outside my door in the morning. Suddenly startled from the deep sleep which had lain so heavily upon my eyelids, I glanced quickly at my watch, to discover, if possible, the lateness of the hour.

I had neglected to wind it up on retiring, the night previous, and it had stopped. The apartment was so deeply curtained, as to admit of little or no light through the narrow-paned windows, and had more the air of some dreary sepulchre, than that of a cheerful and commodious sleeping-room.

A speedy toilet completed, and I was at once ushered into the presence of that austere lady, Miss Jane Seymour—a maiden-lady of some sixty years, whose countenance still bore some faint traces of former beauty.

I advanced towards her, and would have pronounced the words, "my dear aunt," but the look of freezing coldness which she bent upon me, as she slowly arose, and extended her hand in return for my respectful salutation, quite disheartened me, and repulsed and mortified, I sank silently in a chair close by.

As a servant approached and conducted his mistress to the table, at the same time motioning me to a seat upon her right, Miss Seymour cast her cold, grey eyes, momentarily upon me, and said in a low and measured tone:

"Mr. Seymour, this is my niece, Miss Helen Strafford; Miss Strafford, Mr. Seymour."

I turned and perceived for the first time since my entrance, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, who had just emerged from the recess of a window, where she had been reading, and now stood blushing returning my greeting.

Helen Strafford! the name was a familiar one. Could it be that the fresh and lovely creature before me—and so closely allied to the proud and selfish Jane Seymour—was the orphan child of my father's favorite sister, (the loss of whose affection he had mourned more than all the rest,) and therefore my cousin?

Absorbed for a time with this new and by no means unpleasant thought, I continued my breakfast in silence, not failing to observe, however, the significant glances which Miss Seymour exchanged

occasionally with her opposite companion, the crafty steward, who, by long years of faithful servitude, had at last become admitted to the near intimacy of a friend, if any such Jane Seymour possessed.

The morning meal concluded, I excused myself from the society of my aunt, whose chilly and forbidding presence acted like a restraint upon every nerve, and sought once more the solitude of my gloomy chamber. The dampness and utter cheerlessness of the room, were insufferable. Seizing my hat, I strolled forth into the open air. Descending the hill leading to the valley below, I encountered Helen Strafford, who was returning from a morning visit to a sick woman, one of the neighboring tenantry. Never before had I seen such perfect loveliness as was embodied in the person of Miss Strafford. In stature, somewhat above the medium height, with a form exquisitely rounded and proportioned; she had the graceful, yet haughty, carriage of a queen. Hair of a pale golden hue, shaded a brow white and expansive, while a pair of black eyes gleamed wistfully forth from beneath long, and jetty lids, that in repose swept daintily her fair and delicate cheeks.

Overpowered by the sight of the glorious vision before me, I stood gazing at her, in silence, like one entranced. The words, "a beautiful morning, sir," aroused me from the dreamy reverie into which I had fallen. I colored, deeply, as I met her full and curious look, and stammered out a reply, which must have been anything but to the point.

Recovering my usual composure, I proposed to my fair companion, (I would have called her cousin Helen, but dared not,) an extension of her walk. To my great delight, she consented to assume the office of pilot about the surrounding valley. In the course of conversation, Miss Strafford inquired if I slept well the night previous.

I replied, that notwithstanding the extreme chilliness and dampness of my spacious apartment, I managed to fall asleep very soon after my head touched the pillow.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you must have been shown through mistake to the Haunted Chamber. I pray you, sir, not to enter it again during your stay at Eagle Hall," and the young girl shuddered perceptibly as she spoke.

Anxious to discover the cause of Helen Strafford's alarm at my personal safety, I replied, that the unexpectedness and lateness of my arrival the night previous, might account for the mistake made in regard to my chamber.

My cousin nodded an assent to my last remark, but her face still wore a perplexed and unsatisfied expression, which, lawyer even as I was, I could not clearly interpret. From Miss Strafford's conversation, as we sauntered slowly homeward, I gleaned a few important facts concerning my maiden aunt, and her exclusive and eccentric style of living.

Helen Strafford had been bequeathed to the care of her aunt, Miss Jane Seymour, at the death of her mother, which occurred not long after my father's decease. To forget his grief, Henry Strafford joined the British troops in India, where he died from fever soon after his arrival. Bereft of parents, Helen Strafford had no one to love and live for, but her aunt. The latter loved her niece; that is, as much as such a nature was capable of loving.

Early disappointed in an attachment which she herself had formed when a mere child pursuing her studies in Paris, Jane Seymour had resolutely closed the door of her cold and unrelenting heart against mankind—against the world in general. Having taken possession of the old manor-house belonging to the family on the death of her parents, she buried herself in the society of her books, of which she was extravagantly fond, and living as it were an isolated and convent life, which quite harmonized with her misanthropic feelings.

The installation of Helen Strafford at Eagle Hall, was a new phase in the life of Jane Seymour. Cherishing feelings of bitter hatred against the few other remaining relatives of her family, she devoted herself exclusively to the guidance and care of her young charge. With all her pretended devotion to her niece, she was yet as jealous of her as is the eagle of its prey. To exclude her from society, and all the gayeties of this short life, was the determination of that cold and selfish woman, whose own existence had been, thus far, one long, eternal winter's day.

The girlish mind is plastic and impressible; to mould the character of Helen after her own poor model, was the one great aim of Jane Seymour's life. A month or two after the former had taken up her abode at Eagle Hall, (a somewhat barren, but nevertheless valuable estate,) Miss Seymour had made her will, bequeathing her entire property to her niece, on one condition—which was, that she should live in celibacy.

On the old family bible, Helen Strafford had made that vow, which, although her unnatural aunt had so cruelly exacted, God had never registered in Heaven.

The spiritual and poetic mind of Helen was a submissive instrument in the hands of her cunning guardian. Unused to the society and friendship of the opposite sex, and knowing nothing of the pleasures and temptations which lurk unseen about the pathway of the young debutante into fashionable life, Helen Strafford was content to live and die amid the dreary wilds of her country home, with no congenial companion but her own thoughts, her books, and flowers.

I had not been present but a single day at Eagle Hall, when I discovered with regret that my presence was destined to be a source of uneasiness to my aunt and—perhaps—myself. Helen had informed me,

during my brief conversation with her, that Miss Seymour had sworn to discard every relative who possessed on earth, with the exception of herself, who was the child of her youngest and favorite sister.

And when at distant intervals, some unrecognized relative or former friend presented themselves at Eagle Hall, it was her custom to appropriate to them the Haunted Chamber, where it was said a spirit, all clad in spotless white, kept its solitary vigil each night, and which being seen once by the occupant, served speedily to relieve her of her unwelcome guest.

All this Miss Strafford told me, with a degree of frankness and simplicity which quite assured me that she herself entertained not the slightest suspicion that her aunt cherished a similar feeling towards her young nephew; a conviction, which some how or other, I could not bring my mind to an acceptance of. Determined to solve the enigma of my aunt's singular conduct, I resolved to patiently await the development of such facts as time might bring forth.

As the second night of my sojourn at Eagle Hall approached, I observed, with a feeling of inward vexation, that no change of apartment was proposed, although once or twice during the day I had hinted in the presence of my aunt, and her confidential steward Jacob, that my sleeping-room was somewhat chilly and damp. Again, the same peculiar and significant glances were exchanged that had attracted my attention the morning after my arrival.

The hour for retiring came. With a degree of formality, amounting almost to coldness, I bade good night to the family assembled in the old oaken hall, for evening prayers. Miss Strafford had excused herself, on the plea of a headache, an hour before. As the door closed upon my retreating steps, I fancied I heard a low and chuckling laugh escape the lips of the old steward, as if rejoicing at the fear which sooner or later must be mine. I smothered some word like *Revenge!* between my firmly set teeth, and carefully locking the door of my chamber, threw myself into a stiff-backed tolling chair, with the firm resolution of watching the coming of my spectral friend.

I am a man by no means superstitious; yet, as I sat there in that spacious and gloomy apartment, a death-like stillness pervading the old mansion, and vainly endeavoring to strain my eyes over a book, by the feeble light of the fast-waning candle, I felt a sense of desolation and solitude, such as I had not known in long years.

Morning dawned. The candle was burned out, while the volume which I had attempted to peruse, lay upon the floor at my feet. Keeping my lonely night-watch, I had fallen asleep. The spectre, if it had appeared, was by no means an evil spirit, else it had disturbed me in my slumbers.

Three days passed—days of mingled pain and pleasure; painful, because though I exerted myself to the extent of my abilities to interest and amuse my aunt, I failed to elicit even a faint smile of approbation from that frozen-reined woman. The same impenetrable gulf of separation lay between us now that yawned at my feet on the morning of our first meeting. I could have sworn that no blood of the Seymours ever pervaded the heart of that living statue, had not the old family records in my possession told a contrary tale.

My days at Eagle Hall were not without their share of pleasure, since the charming society of Miss Strafford was not entirely denied me. Engaged with her embroidery, I sat beside her, reading in a low tone the songs and ballads of some favorite poet, while the occasional glances of her dark and soulful eyes, told me more than words could express, her gratitude and appreciation of my slight efforts in her behalf.

Both Helen Strafford and myself, however, felt the restraint of Miss Seymour's presence; a piercing look from that lady's cold, grey eyes, would cause my cousin to start, and send the life-blood mantling to her cheeks and brow. It seemed to me that Jane Seymour had got her youthful victim completely in her power, and my warm blood fairly boiled at times when I thought of the vow she had extorted from so young and inexperienced a girl.

It was Miss Seymour's fervent desire, that on her death, Helen should retire into a convent; that lady in the latter years of her life, having been converted from the Episcopal to the Catholic faith. This request, however, was not compulsory.

The fourth night of my stay at Eagle Hall, I retired at my usual hour, giving no thought to the spirit of the Haunted Chamber, it was my misfortune, or rather good luck, to inhabit. Long after my head touched the pillow, my eyes persisted in remaining wide open. I could not account for the fact, since I had felt unusually drowsy during the evening.

Thoughts of Helen Strafford and her future welfare, crowded thickly upon my brain. For the first time in my life, I realized what it was to be in love. I became conscious of a sense of guilt. I had committed no crime in loving, for that feeling was universal; I was only wrong in my choice of an object, upon whom to lavish the noblest affection of my nature.

To love Helen Strafford was madness. Admitting that she reciprocated my affection, would not her high sense of honor, and her attitude towards that aunt upon whose bounty she was now entirely dependent, cause her to sacrifice her own happiness for the peace of mind of another, and thus preserve inviolate her sacred oath?

These were questions which I quickly resolved in

my mind, and as quickly answered. At length a sense of drowsiness began to steal over me, and Morpheus was fast folding me in his gentle arms, when a vision passed, like a mist, before my eyes. A figure, tall and stately, and clad in spotless white, with long, flowing hair, rapidly crossed the room. Despite the fear which crept into my stout heart, I raised myself upon my couch, and strained my eyes to catch, if possible, a view of the features of that thing of air. A shadowy outline was all that was distinguishable, amid the impenetrable darkness of my chamber.

Once only, did that phantom of the past move rapidly across the apartment, then turning quickly round, it vanished ere my eyes could follow its shadowy track. In vain I listened for the retreating footsteps, but all sounds within were drowned by the tumult of the elements at war without. The wind was howling fearfully amid the straggling pines surrounding the mansion, while a merciless hail-storm was beating loudly against my widow-panes. Had the cheerful light and warmth of an open fire illumined that dreary room, I should have laughed defiance at fear, and the storm outside. As it was, I was only too glad to draw the dark curtains of my couch more closely about me, and bury my head in the downy pillow, to shut out, if possible, the dismal sounds which filled the outer air. Spirits within, and spirits without, seemed to be the burden of that drear night's song!

When I awoke in the morning, my cheeks were flushed and heated, while my throat seemed parched and feverish. I arose, and staggered towards a chair, attempted to dress. The task cost me considerable effort, for my limbs were weak and aching.

The morning air, struggling faintly in through the heavily draped window, seemed to inspire new life and strength. At the breakfast table, my pale face and heavy eyes were the subject of remark by all. Helen Strafford alone seemed almost inquisitively to divine the cause of my ill looks, but she remained silent, until I voluntarily broached the subject myself.

I told them of the ghost-like form that had so suddenly glided across my room, and then vanished as mysteriously into air. I remarked, that not unfrequently, when fatigue or mental excitement had worn upon my somewhat sensitive system, it was no uncommon thing for me to be attacked by a fit of nightmare. I tried to delude myself with the idea that the spectral form I had seen with my eyes clearly open, was, after all, but the result of imagination,—an inhabitant of dream-land.

During this conversation, I kept my eyes closely fixed upon the face of my aunt, who, for the first time, showed slight signs of annoyance and confusion, as her calm grey eye met my searching gaze.

I thought I detected a faint shudder run through her frame, as I finished my remarks, which was soon succeeded by a sort of self-satisfied air, and a half-calculation look in the eyes, which seemed to say, he will not tarry longer at Eagle Hall after last night's fright.

While Miss Seymour was inwardly congratulating herself upon my speedy departure to town, I was laughing heartily at Helen Strafford's fears, expressed concerning my safety. Old Jacob contemplated me with a half-reproachful and solemn look for my (I must confess, reader, somewhat forced and unnatural) levity upon the occasion. He then proceeded to relate to me the customary legend which all old manor houses in England, generally, have attached to them in their declining days. The wife of Lord William Seymour, the first of our illustrious race, (pardon the vanity of a now Americanized old man), dying suddenly, (as it was supposed,) from some infectious disease, received an immediate interment in the vault of a neighboring cathedral. The old sexton having occasion to enter the abode of death some two or three days after, learned, alas! too late, the sad fact, that Lady Seymour had been buried alive. The body was found turned upon its face, where it is supposed the poor creature actually stifled to death. A trance, into which she had fallen, having been mistaken for eternal sleep, had led to the early burial of that unfortunate woman. A rumor was soon set afloat, that Lord William had poisoned his old and somewhat ugly wife, for the purpose of making way for another, which he soon procured from an adjoining county. The latter lady was described as many years the junior of her husband, being not only beautiful in person, but also gifted and accomplished.

The old lord, so the story ran, was never happy with his new bride, being haunted constantly by the ghost of his former wife, who, it was said, made her entrance into his bridal chamber, by means of a secret passage. The room which I now occupied was seldom ever tenanted, except by some poor ignorant wight like myself, whose society was regarded as an intrusion upon the dull and monotonous every-day-life of the mistress of Eagle Hall, and who took that novel, yet successful, method of ridding herself of an unwelcome guest.

In spite of Miss Seymour's uneasiness upon the subject, her nephew was not to be disposed of so hastily. He had not undertaken the dust and fatigue of a journey into the country without a purpose. Stay he would, whether his presence was agreeable to his staid old aunt or not. So long as he could bask in the sunshine of Helen Strafford's smiles, he was content. When her friendship was denied him, he would willingly take his leave.

Days rolled on, and each successive hour my cousin grew dearer and nearer to my heart. Helen was a skillful musician upon the harp, and when of a glorious summer night our voices rose together in

harmony, over some deeper hymn, even Jane Seymour's lay heart seemed moved, and, once or twice I perceived a tear-drop glistening in her eye, accompanied by a convulsive movement about the small and severely out mouth. But these moments were rare, since nothing but low and solemn music had power to disturb the frozen waters of her soul.

Helen Stafford's conduct towards me was at times variable. One moment the look which she bestowed upon me, was full of tenderness and love; the next, so strangely cold and altered, as to make me wonder if it were possible for the heart of a coquette to lay enshrined within so fair a casket. Several times I was on the point of declaring to her my love, but the troubled look which swept across her fair brow, and her eagerness to change the subject, quite checked my utterance, and dispelled my golden dreams. Helen Stafford was the one woman on earth whom I desired to call mine own. With her love, my life would be one eternal summer; deprived of it, a dark and dreary winter, ending only with the grave.

For two or three nights after I had received my first nocturnal visit from the shade of the departed Lady Seymour, I kept a strict night-watch, forming the same resolution as did Hamlet, when he determined to speak to his father's ghost.

Each morning, however, dawned upon labor unrewarded, until worn and weary from want of rest, I resolved to give no farther thought to the matter. The constant dampness of my chamber had brought upon me a kind of rheumatism, which annoyed me not a little.

On mentioning the subject to my aunt, she consoled me with the remark, "that probably country air did not agree with my constitution; a London atmosphere being considerably milder."

Puzzle, as Jane Seymour was, to most people, she was not so difficult a one, but that I could read her crafty and cunning heart, like some well printed book. It was evident that she would be only too glad when the time should arrive for my departure. A feeling of daring and desperation had seized upon my heart, and I determined not to return to London without Helen Stafford as my bride.

One night, as Helen and myself sat alone in the deep recess of one of the few windows of the antique drawing-room, I breathed into her ear the deep and all-absorbing love of my soul. The ardor of my affection inspired me with eloquence, and I indulged in picturing bright dreams of future happiness, which should be ours, if she, the idol of my heart, would but lend a willing ear to my suit.

All the time I spoke to her in low, yet earnest tones; she listened attentively to my words, permitting me to hold her soft and untrembling hand within mine own, as I was often wont to do. A pause ensued; a dark cloud passed over the fair face of the moon, whose beams had so recently deluged that old and gloomy room with a flood of silvery light. I started when I saw the change, fearing inwardly that it might be an omen of my fate, which now rested entirely in the hands of my idolized companion.

At length Helen Stafford rose up slowly from her seat, and bending her large and lustrous eyes full upon me, said, in a clear, calm tone, that fell upon my ear like a death-knell:—

"Charles Seymour, I can never be yours. As a friend, I shall cherish and esteem your memory; beyond that, you can hope for nothing more. The sooner we part, the better it will be for us both. The gayeties of London life will soon shut out from your heart every thought of Helen Stafford. Before retiring, I have one request to make, which is, that you will consent to leave us on the morrow. Your quick eye has not failed to perceive that your presence is far from agreeable to my aunt. Were I to ask you to remain longer, after what has transpired this night, (and which God knows I prayed might be avoided,) both would be made unhappy and miserable. Farewell, my cousin—Charles, she would have said—and may the Lord bless and protect you!"

A mist stole over my senses; speechless and spell-bound, I remained like one transfixed to my seat. When I looked up and became conscious of my true situation, I was alone; alone, with my ruined hopes, blasted prospects, and a heavy sorrow weighing down my head!

That night I sought my pillow to rest, but not to sleep. My mind was torn by contrary emotions. One moment I was cursing the heartless woman, who had so cruelly won and spurned my love; the next, I was reproaching myself for having dared to lift my eyes to so pure and spotless a being.

I heard the old clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight. I tried to close my eyes, but my excited brain would not yield to sleep. For once the air of my room seemed oppressive and hot. I felt a stifling sensation about my throat, and extended my hand, to draw aside the drapery of my couch. To accomplish this, I was obliged to raise myself in bed, when lo! a figure, clad in white, again crossed my room. I would have cried out to it, but my tongue refused me utterance, and weak and speechless, my head fell back upon the pillow. My eyes, however, were glazily fixed upon the apparition before me. Once—twice—three times, it crossed and recrossed my chamber, throwing its arms wildly about, as if beating the air. It paused in its course. I strained my eyes that I might not be deceived. I was not destined to be. Slowly and statue-like, it moved towards my couch, and now a pair of dark and flashing eyes were discernible. A tremor seized upon my strong frame. I made an effort to clutch at the curtains, hoping thereby to shut out the spectral being from my sight, whose eyes still glared strangely upon me. In this I succeeded, but not until I had felt the touch of a cold white hand, laid upon my brow.

My head swam, my eyes seemed blinded, and I was conscious of nothing more, until the low tones of a female voice, falling plaintively and reproachfully upon my ear, roused me from the dull stupor into which I had fallen. In a moment the story of the Haunted Chamber flashed vividly upon my mind. Now, thought I, Lady Seymour, after the lapse of two hundred years, comes to chide her husband for having taken to himself another wife, after his cruel burial of her alive. I tried to reason with myself, for both had lain in their graves for long score years. Communing thus with self, I grew strong, and at last gathered courage, to uncover my head, which I had buried in the coverlet.

I listened anxiously, and now broke forth the words:—"Oh cruel, cruel fate, why is my heart thus torn? Why do you force me to eternal misery? What if I and his couch? he loved me truly and devotedly; yes, this night he told me so, and would have drawn me to his heart, but that cowardly turn of his, after strange and bitter words, that robbed my life to pronounce. God alone knows how deep

and passionately I love him! He can never know for he is gone! gone! forever!"

The tones died gradually away. I drew aside the curtains, and beheld Helen Stafford kneeling at my couch. I would have clasped her to my breast, and rained kisses upon her fair cheeks, but I feared to disturb her, lest she should awaken, and becoming conscious of her perilous situation, die of fright. So I lay quietly in my bed, until she returned carefully to her own room, which, on examination, proved to communicate with mine by means of a secret door I had not before discovered. The mystery of the Haunted Chamber was now solved most clearly to my mind. Helen Stafford was a Somnambulist!

As I anticipated, upon the morrow, Helen Stafford knew nothing of her walking in her sleep the night before. She colored deeply, and seemed greatly embarrassed, when I tenderly and delicately revealed to her those words she had so unconsciously uttered at my bedside. She heard me through, with crimson cheeks and downcast eyes; then gently twining her snowy arms about my neck, she murmured, in Angel tones, that thrilled my heart with joy, "I am thine, and thine only, now and forever more!"

Hand in hand, Helen and myself, sought the presence of our stern relative, to ask her blessing upon our betrothal, and sanction to our speedy union. But she denied us both. Helen plead, and I implored her to be merciful. She recalled the vow which her niece had made, never to marry. Her plans with regard to Helen were entirely frustrated, and declaring her innocent ward no longer heiress to her property, ordered us rudely from her society.

That night Helen and I secretly left Eagle Hall. Arriving in London, we were joined in bonds of holy wedlock.

It is twenty years since Helen Seymour and her still adoring husband have made their home in America. My wife often speaks of her broken vow; but she has never repented the moment of its retraction, since by so doing, two souls are made so, premisses blest.

Sitting in my office last night I received a sealed package post-marked London. I opened it and read the dying confession of old Jacob, who, surviving my aunt for a short season, had concealed her will, and made himself sole possessor of her estates. Helen smiled, when I told her of our good fortune, and declared that she would much rather remain the mistress of her husband's heart, than the lucky "Phantom of Eagle Hall."

MY WIFE AND I.

BY TENNYSON.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out—my wife and I—
We fell out! I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave—
Oh, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

THE RIVAL LOVERS;

THE MASKED HORSEMAN.

The battle of Naseby, which was so disastrous in its results to the fortunes of the House of Stuart, was, in a manner, but the culminating of the numerous evil omens which had for a long time been menacing the luckless King. And the Royalists, now skulking in holes and corners of the land, found themselves hunted from their hiding places with a vindictiveness and a ferocity all the more sharp and embittered, that meaner passions had been excited; and many a slumbering grudge, many a sleeping enmity, many a suspended debt of hate, were aroused and awakened up, so that the reprisals which now took place were the aspect of a war of extermination rather than being a part and consequence of the horrors of civil war, aggravated, as these were, by the many dark and ghastly episodes of the time.

Among the many stalwart youths of England, which the exigencies of the period forced into the decision and actions of men, were three of about equal ages, and who, however dissimilar in form and temperament, had held each other in the warmest friendship and estimation. The three young men were well descended, belonging to some of the best families of the West and North of England; and as fellow students, occupying the same class-rooms of a time honored Oxford College, and dwelling in close proximity to each other, they were looked upon as noble specimens of the lofty friendships which men may form; while their talents were, in several ways, of the most promising kind, so that the future of their fortunes shone auspiciously in the distance. Sylvester King, Arthur Dale, and Roger Hippeley—for these were their respective names—led a thoughtless, happy life, until the discussions of party began to disturb the peace of the people, and the discordant trumpet of civil war to sound throughout the land.

When the King began to act in defiance of his Parliament, and the Parliament, in self-defence, took up arms against the King—when Hampden led the van in resisting the oppression practised against him in the matter of ship-money, and finally sealed the bold step he had taken by yielding up his life on Chalgrove-field—there was no longer a time for hesitation. Matters were imperious—men must honor forth take their side, and be true to it; hence arose the necessity for our three young students to part, and also, from a divided opinion, to stand in opposite ranks, and look upon each other as deadly foes, and enemies to the only true cause.

The consequence of these events to our three friends was that the rough hand of war soon separated them—although for a period Sylvester King and Arthur Dale fought in a cavalier regiment together, while Roger Hippeley took a command under General Lord Fairfax. In course of time, this latter became one of those on whom the Protector kept his keen, sagacious eye, as likely to rise to distinction in the strange changes which were to follow. But Roger Hippeley, the Puritan soldier—who had fought side by side with his stern parent among invincible Ironsides, who rode down the Royalists in their last desperate charge at Naseby—had a beautiful young sister—a creature of that haughty bearing and dazzling loveliness which united with itself all that is high-born and graceful in the air of a Court that had grafted upon its severer etiquette the polish and splendors of that of the French monarchs.

At an earlier period, Henrietta Hippeley had shone in the court of Charles, a fair and brilliant creature—thoughtless, laughter-loving, and happy—all she had been withdrawn by her stern father, and the horrors of the civil war began, and formed an

inseparable barrier between the wayward girl and the splendors she had become attached to.

It had been the custom for the three young friends to spend their vacations by turns at each other's homes. Roger's was the only one where an attraction of a more than usual degree was to be found. Sylvester King could give them amusement with horse and hound. Arthur Dale, whose family lived in the wild border-land, could lead them into the track of the deer, or bear them across the lakes in his light and buoyant bark. Brothers there were at both houses, but too young for the companionship of the elder; but in the graver home of Roger Hippeley there was this magnificent young creature, who was so different from the stern, grave looking person she called father, and whose face grew brighter by contrast when one looked on the serious but handsome face of her brother. She had her mother's beauty, though that was faded in death, and Henrietta had lacked the deeper, tenderer teaching of a mother's devoted heart for many years past.

Thus the early training of Henrietta—surrounded by what was dazzling and frivolous, by those "pomp and vanities" which the asceticism of the Puritan spirit detested and abhorred—rendered the tranquillity of home distasteful to her. By her mother's side she was connected with a high born, and titled Royalist family. This branch the elder Hippeley, since he had been aroused into action, and had taken his share of duty, both in the Parliament and in the field, had repudiated with needless acerbity. Beautiful and vain, at the age of eighteen; flattered and caressed at court, and moving in the higher circles of elegance and fashion, then remarkable for their elegance and polish, the dull sameness of Hippeley Hall repelled Henrietta, and when the college holidays came on, the presence of her brother's friends amused and distracted her, while at that season of the year a continual influx of guests, coming and going, lightened the monotony of home, and so far rendered existence endurable.

The result, in fine, was that the two young men began to find themselves strangely moved in the presence of the bright creature who was so witty, so accomplished, and who had such inconceivable fascinations for them. Both hiding their secret the one from the other, had been deeply smitten by her; in fact, were desperately in love with her; and while the one began, as it were, to shun the other—to guard his secret, at least, with the most religious care—some sentiment of envy or jealousy revealed their feeling to each other, and the critical moment in the lives of both was now rapidly approaching.

Sylvester King had a splendid presence and a distinguished bearing. Something high and even haughty, akin to her own nature, might be remarked in his clear eyes and on his white, lofty brows. Of a good family, wealthy, and remarkable for his masculine beauty, Sylvester King was the man to catch a lady's eye, and to win a maiden's heart; and little by little Henrietta began to look upon him with favor, and to turn her ears from the wooing of Arthur Dale, who could not hide from himself the fact that his friend was the more successful rival.

Arthur had not the stature, the air, or presence of Sylvester; but it would have been admitted that, if not so showy in person, so specious, perhaps, in manner, there was yet that about him in his frank loyalty, his earnestness, his pleasant voice, and his generous nature, which drew men to him, and brought him well-loved. Henrietta, when conversing with her brother about his friends, (and Roger Hippeley loved both equally well, without having, then, any partiality for the one over the other), could not deny that she liked Arthur—respected him—but then Sylvester was so handsome—had such an elegance of manner—was so gallant—danced with grace—and, in fine, she showed that the superficial had more attractions for her—that a glittering exterior had a greater hold than any qualities which commanded more respect.

And then when the day came, and the two young men had spoken to her and declared their passion—when she made her selection, and determined on her choice—when Sylvester King was almost distracted with his happiness, and Arthur Dale was plunged into a fit of gloomy despondency—the latter, with quiet pride, and a heart hurt by some light and scornful words the young, proud beauty, could not help speaking—drew himself away—surrendered his suit forever, as, with a sigh, he confessed to her brother the reason for which he was about to hurry away. Having shaken Sylvester by the hand, and so congratulated him, he departed; and when the three met again, it was not at college, events having occurred which had forever parted them.

So Henrietta Hippeley was betrothed to Sylvester King, and Roger Hippeley regretted it; for several matters since had, from time to time, come to light, showing that Sylvester was not so worthy of the love and devotion which Henrietta bestowed upon him as he ought to have been. It was said that his family was in treaty to wed him with the eldest daughter of a house that stood high in the favor of Cromwell—a fact that was not far removed from a double treachery; and Roger Hippeley determined that, should he be enabled to reach the metropolis, he would make the fullest inquiry into the matter, feeling indignant that so open and palpable an abuse (if what he heard were true) should be passed upon his sister, with whose honor and unstained integrity he identified his own.

On the other hand, the anger and the indignation of his father knew no bounds when he learned that his daughter had betrothed herself to a Royalist; and as these feelings had become embittered by some three or four years of broils and constant battles—by desperate sieges, reciprocal deeds of vengeance, and the fearful issues of stricken fields—they were only the more confirmed and established.

It had once happened, that after a desperate skirmish between a party of Royalists and Parliamentarians, the latter, being routed, in hastening from the field where the dying and the dead showed how fierce the fight had been, made towards the ancient hall where the Hippeleys, as country gentlemen, had dwelt for generations.

During these troublous times, too, it had been strengthened and fortified sufficiently to resist an attack from the numerous parties of stragglers which scoured the country from time to time; and knowing the zeal of its owner, this party of some score or so of horse, had no doubt but that they there should receive help and shelter. A mile or two of advantage which they had gained, and some sharp riding, placed them within the walls, where the stout old Puritan's daughter received them, but not with any special good grace, for her sympathies were with the Cavaliers, of which party her lover Sylvester was, in a manner, a type; and whatever else she had heard of his disadvantages was inflated by the reputation he had achieved for reckless bravery—though the name

of Arthur Dale fairly rivalled it, without having the stain of any excess to detract from the honors with which it was associated.

Food and refreshments were liberally enough bestowed upon the faint and weary soldiers, who had ridden long after a hard and fiercely-contested fight; and their leader having made his acknowledgments for the succor received, they were about to mount their horses and take their departure, at once, when the sound of a trumpet, and the crackle of dropping shot from musketoon and petronel, added to the fierce cries of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, told them that they were surprised, and that the Cavaliers, with their numbers increased upon the way, were upon them.

All was now alarm and confusion. The courtyard became a scene of slaughter, for the Cavaliers fought with the rancor of defeated hopes—this being a mere temporary success—and the Puritans fought with a fury as dogged and decided; and while some few escaped, the greater part were slain or wounded, and they were about to fire the house, when a horseman, whose foaming bit, and steed's bleeding sides, told the hot haste he had made, dashed among the Cavaliers, and bade them hold their hands.

It was Arthur Dale, who had a command in the regiment, and who came up just at the instant when the few who were being actually massacred—and whose bravery might have won forbearance—were spared, out of the respect which the men still paid towards their commanding officer.

But, in the meantime, a singular scene was passing within the hall.

The Cavalier party was actually commanded by Sylvester King, who, at the very moment that his men were committing murderous excesses upon the surprised Puritans, was actually having an interview with Henrietta; and forgetful of all the ties which bound him to respect her, and for her sake those who dwell beneath the shadow of the old Puritan's roof, was proposing to her the base plan of flight with him.

She knew that he lay beneath her father's ban—that he held the young man, whom he had once received with cordial esteem and affection as the friend of his son, in contempt and detestation. Besides the feelings of party, instances had occurred in which the brilliant young Cavalier—with his elegant person, handsome face, long, curling hair, and twisted love locks; his fine and picturesque costume enhancing his personal graces—had shown an innate tendency to the viler excesses of his age—that he was intemperate, debauched, and cruel.

Old Hippeley proved to his daughter that he had become an apt pupil of the elegant but ferocious Cavalierhouse; and urged this, among the rest, as his reasons for her obliterating him from her memory. Finally, that he was paying his court to another, and had forgotten her.

But when the beautiful girl beheld him before her—her hero-lover, as to her partial and distempered fancy he really was—when she looked on the face—handsome, though worn—with his gay and reckless bearing, and heard the voice that was so dear to her, she forgot all in the bliss of the meeting—forgot that the men he commanded were slaying her father's partisans, and were doom to her own ancient home to the flames; and so greatly had she become infatuated with him; that the daring proposals he made scarcely gave her a shock—that the equivocal plea on which he sought, at that terrible hour, to overthrow the last bonds which bound her to her father, her brother, her home, her hearth—over which was yet an honored mistress—had almost ceased to startle her—she was almost yielding.

"Mercant!" exclaimed a deep, harsh voice, emanating from one corner of the chamber. "Despiser of that which you should hold most holy! Traitor to that trust which you should, in your very profession, hold most sacred! Do you show yourself to this deluded girl in your true colors? And you, fickle and foolish!" (turning to his daughter, who stood pale and trembling,) "do you listen to the blandishments of him who would woo you to your dishonor and ruin, and whose hand is even now lifted against the life of him to whom you owe your being?" Sylvester had recovered from his surprise by this time, and believing that the Puritan was alone and unfriended, for he also seemed to have ridden hard for his life, and to have entered his house by a secret way, the Cavalier, with a laugh of irony, and a bow of mock respect, said—

"Save you, good sir, I was returning good for evil, you will perceive, and repaying the father's hate by loving his daughter. We are the victors, to day, and you will do well to yield to the chances of war."

"Thou liest, man! and that will soon be seen! So release your hold, and quit the chamber your person pollutes; for even her presence shall not protect you from my vengeance!" And as he spoke he drew his sword, and advanced with a dark brow and a flashing eye to part them.

But as if this had roused up all that was bad in his nature, Sylvester, who had been irritated by the Puritan's words, seized a pistol in his belt, and, pointing it full at his opponent's breast, fired, and the bullet struck him in the shoulder, so that the sword fell out of his nerveless hand.

"Spare him! In heaven's name do not lift your hand against my father!" shrieked Henrietta, as she, in turn, sank fainting into a chair.

"What ho, there!" shouted Sylvester, stamping his foot, as two or three troopers entered. "Here, corporal, we have found a prize. Take your belts and strap up the old Roundhead in one of your saddles, and let two men guard him. He will do for ransom, if he can be of no other use." And while the men, with but little tenderness, bound and bore the wounded Puritan away, Sylvester turned towards Henrietta, having determined to take her away with him, when Arthur Dale, fearing some mischief might happen to her whom he loved better than life, entered the chamber.

He was horror-stricken at the sight, and burst into a torrent of reproaches against his quondam friend and superior officer; and, in the heat of the moment, their swords crossed, and the chamber became the scene of a deadly combat—Sylvester being severely wounded, and only rescued by the entrance of others of his men. In the revengful feeling which actuated him, Sylvester ordered them to seize upon Arthur; and putting him under arrest for lifting his hand against his superior officer, he deprived him of his sword, and sent him away guarded. A body of them, commanded by a corporal, had already quitted the hall, bearing the older Hippeley with them. Henrietta had, in the meantime, escaped with her nurse into some secret recess of the old hall.

But in turn—and the chances of those times changed with almost every hour of the day—a fresh danger now threatened the Cavaliers; for others of the fugitive Puritans, meeting with a body of Par-

liamentarians that the Roundhead officer had left a little behind him on the road, joined together, and, sooting coming in, affirmed that they were advancing in some strength to the hall, and that the word was, "Root and saddle, and away!"

They were so far successful. Hippeley was borne away a prisoner, weak and fainting from his wound, and, led by Sylvester King, was carried to the Royalist's camp some miles away. Another body, having Arthur Dale, still under arrest, hurried on towards head-quarters; but this was not so fortunate, for, meeting with a strong reinforcement about to join with the forces of Cromwell, it was surrounded by the enemy, and taken in turn—Arthur becoming thus a prisoner to Roger Hippeley, who commanded the force, and who instantly liberated him on his parole. It was not long, therefore, before the two friends had exchanged confidences, and Roger learned what a debt he owed to Sylvester for having sought to slay his father so foully, and to make his sister forget her duty.

The battle of Naseby—which occurred some weeks later—was over, and the forces of Charles were scattered like chaff before the wind, while the King himself was hurrying northward to place himself under the protection of the Scots, who were at Newark, and his devoted adherents were housing themselves in such places of safety as they could find; such as were enabled, once more following his broken fortunes, and illustrating a fidelity which it is difficult to find in any other such eventful chapter of history.

It was on a bright and breezy noon, some time after Naseby was fought, and while the King was seeking once more to negotiate with the Parliament, and the sword of doom was swinging, like that of Damocles, over his hapless head, that a solitary horseman might have been seen crossing, by a bridge road, a section of that part of Charnwood Forest, or what was left of it, which shortened the distance, by some few miles, between a town yet held for the Royalists, but which was being now riddled by the cannon of Cromwell's gunners, and fast yielding to fate.

The horseman was Sylvester King, and though his bravery bore all the characteristic stamp of the Cavalier, and his handsome face was haggard and worn, a certain smile on his lips, and a certain flash in his eye, gave him an air of fierce exultation, which was none the more agreeable because it took so sinister an aspect.

As he was urging his steed over a rising ground, and turning over in his mind the prospects which were working in his breast—he saw, on the opposite verge, rising to meet him, a masked horseman in the guise of a Cavalier, who pulled up his strongly-built animal in the front, as though he intended to dispute the pass.

The first horseman, on seeing the second, felt a moment's distrust. There were reasons for this.

The stern, steady aspect of the man, who evidently had a purpose in being there, cowed Sylvester; for he was conscious of a villany which he intended, and this same consciousness unnerved him. "Halt!" cried the masked horseman. "You carry some papers I require!"

In effect, Sylvester King had these important papers on his person. One paper was the death warrant of Arthur Dale, yielded to his party, by the way, as an exchange of prisoners—and which Sylvester had obtained on a venture in a fit of pitiless malignance, Henrietta having meanwhile been removed to safer keeping in the metropolis, and where her pseudo lover dared not seek her. This warrant the false lover—and the forsworn friend had sworn to put into force.

A third was even more wicked, for it comprehended false charges against his old companion, fellow student, and friend, young Roger Hippeley, calculated to do him fatal service with Cromwell, who was as jealous and suspicious as he was discerning, and, at times, magnanimous and grateful.

"Halt!" cried the masked horseman in a low, deep tone of voice, which yet thrilled upon the heart of the listener.

The voice was one of old—familiar, well known, even loved once by him, who had given the reins to his uncontrolled impulses, and he felt the blood growing a moment still at his heart.

"Whose voice was that?"

It was that of the young Puritan leader, Roger Hippeley, who, having disguised himself, had, with great boldness and address, passed through a body of cavaliers, and who now, with the dark and hideous mask, ominous as that which the headman wears, stood there to bar the path of the betrayer, and to stay the mischief his fatal brain had given birth to.

"Who dares to stop me?" cried Sylvester, drawing a petronel, and seeking to discharge it, uselessly, however, for, by accident or design, it flashed in the pan.

"Traitor! false friend—blot upon the very cause, which some noble hearts have almost rendered holy—yield the papers you carry about you, or you yield your life!"

"Hah, Master Hippeley! do you follow the old practices of these 'forests,' and set your life upon so loose a cast of the die?" exclaimed Sylvester in the scoffing voice which had once been so honest and cheery.

"You would have slain my father, and foully; you would assassinate your friend; you would have robbed me of my sister. You have in me the man, who avenges these wrongs, which in your black purpose have become crimes!" And Hippeley riding at him, their swords crossed, and their horses came into such fierce collision that the cavalier was forced to leap off to avoid falling.

The next moment beheld a short but deadly duel begun.

Three passes—one for each piece of villany—saw Sylvester King lying stark and dead on the ground, his set teeth and drawn lips yet grinning in mockery at the sky.

And then—risking his life upon the chances of war, risking all that was dear to him upon the daring that had made him journey miles to know the man's full intentions ere he would throw his life into the old companion's villany—Roger riddled his doublet of the papers, and then, by a circuitous route, arrived in safety at his own quarters.

As a measure of gratitude, means for the rescue of his father—then easily managed—out of the hands of the Royalists, were then taken; and the old man was restored to his son.

The freedom of Arthur Dale had been arranged beforehand. The sequestration of the estates of the Hippeleys, dignified by Charles, and by the hands of the Protector, was a thing of the past. And ere long followed the union of Henrietta with

her worthy lover, who, having learned the value of simple, outer show, began to learn that there was an inner worth which might bring her a blessing to cultivate.

And, through the still troublous times of the Restoration, she found that when her brother, for his old adherence to the Parliament, had won himself a dangerous celebrity, her own husband, now dearly loved, was able, by a nobly-born influence, in turn to pay off the debt.

And thus the "Masked Horseman" played in that Protean drama one of those Protean parts which it was given to the men of those turbulent times to perform.

THE WIDOW'S ONLY CHILD.

BY G. TALLEAU.

A rosebud opened in the month of May—
The night frost came—and took the bud away.
Oh, cruel frost, with silver looks so white,
What had my rosy cheek done that thou at night
Hast dared to rob me of my tender flow'r?
It was my only treasure and my dow'r!
Come, take me too, for life has nothing left,
Since thou hast taken of my only joy bereft!
Thou hast the mother, when sweet slumber came,
And whispered in her ear a cherub's name.

A widowed mother in her chamber weeps,
Watching the features of her only child.
Who, scarcely breathing, lies in bed asleep,
Smiling with happiness in radiant sleep.
The softened moon looks through the curtain down,
And robs approaching death of all its frown.

A sigh escapes the maiden's parted lips,
And slowly from her opening eyelids slips
A sparkling tear—then, smiling, she awakes,
And to her mother the deep silence breaks.
"Oh, Mother dear, what happiness supreme
Furnishes my being, and my temples crown
Bathed in cool ether, where the fever used
To burn, and flushes o'er my cheeks diffused!"

I dreamed an angel came, who, beckoning
With gentle smiles, invited me to sing.
I sang your favorite air, when through the dark
A flood of light appeared—'twas faintest spark
More glorious than the sun at noonday beams.
Yea, though more glorious, these were soothing beams.

Without exertion, and as light as air,
Locked in that angel's arms, a spirit pair,
We floated through the Paradise of bliss,
Where love, and sweet harmony, and beauty reigns.
My guardian then showed to my ravished sight
A spot of beauty, bathed in mellow light;
There was no sun, no moon, nor even star,
Yet gleamed those gorgeous hues more by far
Than ever I had seen, and more than I display.
And gloomy night no more hides that lovely day.

An edifice of noble, graceful style,
Not built of marble, nor of costly tile,
But made of everlasting smiling lips,
The grandest and the loveliest of bowers,
Stood on an eminence of gentle slopes,
Where lilies, roses, and the heliotrope,
With thousand other names of flowers grew,
Spreading rich fragrance through the glowing dew.

The fountains shed their liquid streams on high,
Until they seemed to mingle with the sky;
And statues of the noble, wise and good,
In grand profusion, on pedestals stood,
Half hidden by the trees, and standing there
As an incentive to all virtues rare;
And where the sloping hill led to the light,
Where lilies, and white carnations, and bright,
An island—spangled like the moon my view,
Reflecting all that gorgeous heaven's hue.

My guardian said, that on this charming spot
It would be mine and thine, dear mother's lot
To dwell, when, having left this earthly coil,
We would have ripened for a better soil.
But, on a sudden, like a mournful sound,
My frightened heart throbbed with the word profound:
Speak! shall we be alone—all, all alone!
And on this spot of beauty there be none
With whom we could enjoy it? And where is
My father, whom to meet, it would be bliss—
And all those friends, most cherished in my heart,
From whom I once, in sorrow, had to part?

My guardian smiled and gently touched my eyes,
When, oh, what happiness! my surprise!
I saw my father's features in that face,
Smiling so tenderly, with angel grace!
And then a joyful throng of friends,
Whose own identity so sweetly blends
With their own angel-forms, and no doubt
Remained to call each name and point them out.
Now came surrounding me, and oh, my joy,
Dear mother, is smiling, without alloy!

The mother presses her fair daughter's lips,
From which cold death the color slowly slips,
Then gently lays her down and bends in prayer,
Not yet resigned to part with ends so fair.
Her only joy, the centre of her love,
And pray, in agony, to God above,
To take her to—Hark! 'tis this music's sound?
I hear it swelling, and again rebound,
Like softest echo's voice, but clear and sweet,
And from that lowly room, where angels meet,
Pale Luna glides, and almost frightened, shrinks,
For angel-light now bursts from all its clinks.

'Tis past!—the spirit's flown,—the mother left,
For some wise purpose of the world bereft!
But in that mother's breast no reigneth peace,
A gift from heaven, and, her heart at ease,
She sends her praises to Eternal Love,
That called her offspring to the spheres above.

BUFFALO, APRIL, 1858.

A SAD STORY.

It was three o'clock in the day when Sir Walter Arden sat at his breakfast table, and, with an appetite impaired by the dissipation of the previous night, tasted the various dainties before him, but ate of none. At five that morning he might have been seen taking a jovial leave of three or four congenial companions, not one of whom could have been depended upon to count the lamps up half a street.

The experiment of breakfast seemed a failure, so Sir Walter took up his letters.

The first he flung down with a profane expression of vexation. It was a short, not over-polite demand, for payment of a gambling debt. It was succeeded by more than one of a similar nature; in fact, Sir Walter had been unfortunate. He would bet, and he would play, and it seemed as if every requisite qualification for doing so with success had forsaken him. I do not know that the possession of such would have affected materially the morality of the case, but it did its pecuniary aspect. Sir Walter was rather deeply involved. He cursed himself, and he cursed the adverse goddess, Fortune.

When his vexation had somewhat subsided, Sir Walter glanced at the over, and then threw aside a letter, in the address of which was discernable the elegant, and delicate writing of a lady, possibly a complaining one, for the characters, even outside the letter, seemed hurried and trembling.

"I will see what this indignant paper says first," he soliloquized, breaking the seal of one in a masculine hand, which bore the same postmark as the former.

"Fire away, old fellow," cried he, as he threw it down. "Fahay! I do not think to frighten old birds with chaff! I'm not going to marry his daughter; she should have taken better care of herself. 'Expose' me, indeed! I fancy he knows pretty well where the exposure would fall most heavily! Ha! ha!"

He took up the discarded letter. "Well let us see what the girl says now," He broke the seal, but soon threw aside the sheet, almost illegible from the tears and agitation of the writer.

"I give it up as a bad job. 'Tis only the old tale over again; this time written with greater regard to orthography and syntax than is usual with those I receive on similar subjects. I'm too old to care for all that bother."

Presently, however, Sir Walter became dissatisfied. Evidently some new conception was working in his

clever brain. He took two or three turns across the room, threw himself on the sofa, and, jerking his slipper to the end of his toe, seemed to be intently watching its oscillations for a few minutes. Then he went to his writing-desk, and, without spending much time in the choice or arrangement of materials, wrote, folded, and sealed a few lines.

"By Jove! that's a prime idea, if it proves a hit! and, under the circumstances, I should fancy the old fellow, and the girl too, will be glad to snap at it," he remarked, self-approvingly, as he threw down the letter. We will take the liberty of a clairvoyant to read the contents of the said epistle, without violating the sanctity of a seal.

"Sir—The terms, and the only terms, upon which I will consent to lend my name as a shield to the character of your daughter, are these—£5000 paid down unconditionally into the hands of my banker, upon the morning of the wedding-day, which may be as early as you please—the sooner the better, I suppose. Your threat of exposure falls. You know where its consequences would fall with the greatest weight—you, the father of so many unmarried daughters. Accept or reject my proposal, as you please.
Yours, &c., W. ARDEN."

To John Essex, Esq.
On the second morning from this, Sir Walter read the following reply, written upon the back of his own returned letter:—

"None but a man lost to honor and shame could have penned such a composition as this; none but a coward would have ventured thus to outrage one whom age and circumstances prevent his being an object of apprehension.
J. ESSEX."

Nothing abashed, Sir Walter wrote again:—

"Sir—Please yourself, by all means; but the be-forementioned are the only terms upon which your daughter will ever be my wife, or her child legally mine.
WALTER ARDEN."

Outraged, insulted, defied; his youngest and most beloved child—she whose birth had cost her mother's life, and whom her father had ever since looked upon as the apple of his eye—threatened with infamy, broken-hearted, and desperate—what could he do? Could he submit to this villain? He was not wealthy. If he did, he must for the sake of one sinner, leave his other unerring children almost penniless. And could she possibly deserve this sacrifice—she, the one so fondly loved, and the only one who had shadowed the purity of his name? But she was so young, his still indulgent heart pleaded, and he who had beguiled her so old in sin and artfulness. And then, even, as it affected his older girls, one sister could not fall without dragging down the rest. And what was fortune compared with dishonor? How could he decide?

He took his daughters into his counsel, and the result was, that deeds were prepared, and the wedding morning arrived by the day of the month upon which Sir Walter's brain had so well helped his necessities, at the expense of his honor, at that late breakfast table.

Sir Walter shook hands with Dame Fortune, and recalled his malediction.

"Arden, what's all this, man? Where are you off to so early this morning?"

The inquiry was from the lips of one of his boon companions, who surprised him getting into his cab one morning, about nine o'clock.

"Only off to tie a knot which they tell me is decidedly hard to untie, and not over-pleasant to wear, sometimes. We shall see how it fits me!"

"What do you mean, Arden? Are you going to—"

"Be married?" concluded the gentleman addressed. "Yes, indeed! But, don't fret, I'll meet you fellows as I promised, at seven. Good bye!"

"Good luck to you! I wish you joy, Arden!" was the half-sneering, half-laughing rejoinder, as Sir Walter's cab drove off.

At the church Sir Walter met his bride, her sister, and an elderly male relative. They had come up to town on purpose for the ceremony, as this was one of Arden's "conditions." The father of the bride dared not trust himself to meet the shameless man who was about to become his son-in-law, and therefore it was that a friend had taken his place.

Trembling, abashed, half-weeping, the bride seemed humbly to entreat a portion of the love whose seeming, a few months before, had lured her to destruction. Haughty and indignant were the sister's looks as she stood by her sister; grave and cold those of their aged friend. But, unmoved alike by entreaty, indignation, or grave rebuke, he met them with studied, almost with contemptuous coldness and carelessness. Until the conclusion of the ceremony he maintained the same bearing; and then, with scant civility, handed his wife to the church door, where, turning towards her, he said:—

"I will see you into your carriage, madam. You can drive to—street, where sitting accommodation is provided for you. For myself, I have other engagements, and must, for the present, wish you a very good morning!"

The bride and her sister, utterly confounded, and scarcely comprehending the purport of this speech, entered the carriage. A few sentences of remonstrance, somewhat warmly expressed, were uttered by their friend, in the midst of which Sir Walter seated himself in his cab, bowed with the utmost indifference, and drove off.

The carriage of the bride, following the directions given by Sir Walter to the coachman, was driven to the place indicated by him; and there the party found furnished lodgings, and an expectant landlady awaiting them. For some hours they looked for the arrival of Sir Walter, thinking his conduct merely a brutal caprice; but the day passed, and many others, and he neither came nor noticed the imploring letters daily written by his broken-hearted wife.

Home she could not return; her own proper feeling, as well as that of her family, forbade it. So she remained in her lodgings, accompanied only by her sister, awaiting that event which in one's life, is but the most blissful—the birth of her first child.

But even this sweet hope could not prevent her heart breaking under the bitterness of her lot. Day and night tears were never absent from her eyes, or despair from her heart. She looked forward to the birth of her child only with pleasure, when she thought it would, possibly, be the signal of her own deliverance from the burden of a life that had become insupportable. Her only prayer was, that the babe might die with her.

The hour came. The babe opened its eyes upon a sorrowful world, and the mother closed them upon its troublesome scenes forever. Her father and her four sisters were beside her dying bed, but the presence of the man who had destroyed her was not permitted. Until within a few days of her confinement, she had never seen him.

He had not discontinued her intracies to him, but in dying she never once named him.

The babe, a boy, was taken by his maternal relatives to their home; and neither his birth nor the death of the mother were communicated to Sir Walter, except through the public papers.

Events such as these could not be quite hidden from the public eye. In fact, they became well known; and Sir Walter's conduct was freely canvassed and commented upon, as it deserved to be. Sir Walter was quite aware of the light in which his conduct was viewed; but he determined to brave it out; and just a week after the funeral of his wife, he appeared at the meeting of the hounds in his own county, and without the slightest badge of widowhood about his person. As he rode into the field every respectable person in it unanimously turned his back upon him; and the master of the hounds, riding up, requested him to withdraw, as, if he persisted in following the hunt, no other gentleman upon the ground would do so. He blustered, and tried to swagger and bully a little; but it would not do. He rode home, shaking as from an ague-fit. Even his callous spirit was sensible of the disgrace of such a public affront.

Amongst his companions in London he fared no better. None but such as had dropped completely out of the pale of decency, would be seen in his company. He was an object of universal reprobation and contempt. For once in his life his cleverness had overshot the mark. He had expected to become a character, a deuce of a fellow, amongst his set of not over-particular acquaintances; but he had gone too far, and they regarded him as an unmanly ruffian.

He tried to defy public opinion, to bully it down. He got together a set who were below shame; and with these he swaggered abroad, kept in countenance by them, and by copious libations of brandy. Indeed, now, whether alone or in company, the brandy bottle was his constant companion; for, wanting that stimulus, his solitary hours rang with that voice of conscience from which he would have fled to the ends of the earth to escape. But still, amidst the din and dissipation into which he dashed headlong, that voice was heard, ever—ever; above the roar of laughter, elicited by the profane jest; above the dizzy images called forth by "the invisible spirit of wine;" above the bullying and bravado of his midnight revels, it was heard. But worst of all was it in the loneliness of his chamber, into which he was so often carried in a state of unconsciousness, when he awoke, stupefied, and wondered to find himself there, as his last recollections had been those of the uproarious merriment of some dozen boon companions. Then the first sound he heard was that voice; that blood-crying from the ground; the voice last heard in sobbing intreaty, now shrieking for vengeance; that face, last seen as turned towards him in the agony of a broken heart, now changed into one of fierce condemnation; until, unable longer to bear the horrid memory, he would spring, trembling, from his pillow, for more and more of the liquid fire that was to drown conscience in delirium.

A few weeks passed thus, and then Sir Walter lay—nay, he was held, and scarcely held, in his bed by two strong men. He raved, he cursed, he intreated, he wept, he shrieked. But nothing could free him from that accusing face, that vengeful voice, that menacing hand, ever hanging over him, screaming into his ears, upbraid to destroy.

"Lucy, Lucy!—take her away! Oh, she threatens, she tears me!—she hurls me into the gulf of fire! Save me!—drag her off! Oh, mercy—mercy!"

And then fearful, horrible curses rushed from his agonised lips.

For days and days this frightful attack of delirium tremens lasted, and then it ended in prostration, as great as his previous excitement. He spoke not, moved not; but he shivered with fright, as he lay cowering in his bed; and his terror increased to such a degree, if ever they attempted to leave him alone, that it excited the pity even of those who knew how little he deserved it.

He slept but little, and that little was disturbed by fearful dreams, from which he awoke with cries and horror, such as banished for a long time that slumber, which, however welcome to some, was to him neither rest nor forgetfulness.

In spite, however, of the conjoined horrors of conscience and disease, Sir Walter arose at length from his sick bed, and was pronounced well.

He returned to the country and commenced a new life. He shunned society of every kind, as much as the respectable portion of it shunned him. He busied himself in building, in pulling down, in farming, in gardening, in planting—in short, in anything and everything—surrounding himself with servants, and work-people, never remaining a moment unoccupied or alone. Even at night a man-servant slept in a small room opening within his own. But for all this his countenance was haggard, his eye bright, wandering, and restless, and his manner and air distracted and pre-occupied.

An avenging spirit haunted him. It sat opposite to him at the table; it was in vain that he made a servant stand in the place to serve. His face, stern and threatening still, towered above his head, and looked straight into the guilty man's eyes. Her figure sat beside him in his carriage; it rode behind him on his horse; it followed him in all his multifarious pursuits; it stood beside him at night as he undressed, and when he lay down he pressed hard his eyelids, that he might not see it gazing on him as he lay; but still he was conscious of its presence all the same. He awoke in the night with a horrible dread overwhelming him, and there, in the dim light of the lamp, was seen the same face, bending down, almost touching his. He removed his residence from one place to another, he revisited his old haunts, but fly where he would, ever, the same figure was beside him—the same face, the same eyes, looking into his soul, searing and blasting it. He could no more fly that spirit than he could the accusing conscience that created it.

In his agony he became superstitious, and consulted "wise" men and women, who prescribed charms to "lay" the spirit, but without success; for he still remained a stranger to that which alone could relieve the guilt-burdened conscience, and breathe peace upon the stormy ocean of remorse and sin.

Then he grew morose and fierce. He abused and ill-treated all who came in his way, whether of human or of brute creation, until he became a terror to all about him, and only bought their attendance at enormous prices.

All this time he had never tried to see his son; never inquired after him. He gnashed his teeth and cursed when he thought of him, or of his mother's family, to whom he had given, in the first days after his wife's death, a legal right to assume the guardianship of him until he became of age, upon condition of their also defraying the expenses of his education.

When, however, the boy had been six years away from him, one of Sir Walter's "familiars" prescribed his constant presence by his father's side as the only means of laying the spirit of his wife; so he demanded him of her executors. His demand was peremptorily denied, and her executors, upon its repetition, declared their readiness to stand a legal trial of their right to keep him. Proceedings were, in fact, instituted, but the decision, in consequence of the before-mentioned agreement, was against Sir Walter.

This failure drove the miserable wretch to the verge of insanity, and he determined, at all risks and by all means, to obtain the child, who was his promised angel of deliverance.

He went to the house of her executors, and first of all furiously insisted upon receiving the boy; then abjectly entreated for him; and when both means failed, he left the house with horrid imprecations and threats of vengeance, vowing that, in spite of them all, he would obtain him.

For some weeks he continued to lurk about the place, hoping to surprise and carry off the child; but he was kept strictly in the house, and even there never suffered to quit the sight of his aunts or his grandfather. This strict confinement, however, began to steal the bloom from the little fellow's cheeks; and the anxious relatives, by whom he was greatly beloved, watched, with alarm, this change. Besides, so long as his place of abode was known to his wretched father, they could never feel secure against his violence. So it was resolved to remove him as privately as possible to a distant place.

The task was undertaken by that aunt who had been the companion of his mother during her sorrowful married life, and who had received him from her dying hands. She intended to take him to a remote seaside village, and there reside with him; at least, until the present danger of losing him should be past.

That no news of the intended removal might reach the father, it was not named even in the house until half an hour before they left it; and, for privacy in setting off, the carriage that was to convey them for the first few miles of the journey left the house by a back-way but seldom used.

But the half-insane subtlety of the father was not to be balked thus easily. He had spies in every direction, and they had not proceeded further than two or three miles, when their postilion was furiously menaced and stopped by a rough and powerful voice; then, at the door of the vehicle, were heard the tones of one whom the terrified woman knew but too well. Another figure was seen also, and, grasping the boy in her arms, and with a mental cry for aid to one whose ears are never closed, the aunt opened the door of the carriage, with a last effort to escape, if it were possible, on foot, across-country to her home.

But Sir Walter was too quick for her. He rushed to the side whence she sought to escape, and caught the boy, whose screams of terror rang like the knell of hope upon the ears of his aunt. Despair gave her strength and courage to struggle with the frantic man, who shook her with the rage of madness, whilst her servants shrank away in affright.

"Off! wretch! madman! Is it not enough that you have murdered the mother? Would you murder the child, also? Leave him, I say, or she will rise out of her grave to punish you!"

As she shrieked these words in his ears he loosened his grasp, and stood a moment looking at her, as if frozen with horror; then uttering a yell of fear, that seemed to rend the skies, his white lips screamed, "Have you left your grave to get him? You—you! Shall I never, then, have rest?" And he fell upon the ground, every limb convulsed and quivering with agony. Some likeness to his wife, seen in her sister, had struck his already maddened imagination, and made him think that it was indeed her vengeful spirit that had undertaken the rescue of her child.

They took up the insensible, suffering wretch, and conveyed him in the carriage back again to the town; but consciousness returned only to show that he was at length lashed by the stings of conscience into a raving madman.

Madness itself, however, was not oblivion. Still, for four years the same spectre haunted him—the same agonized imaginations peopled his cell with horrid shapes of avenging fiends, and wrung from him howls, now of defiant rage, now of despairing supplication.

One night they were heard no more. A desolate coffin stood within the cell; and an unheeded grave, above which no tear or sigh was ever shed or breathed, received his dust.

HUMAN CRANIA.

Dr. S. G. Morton gives the following as among the results of the internal measurements of 623 human crania, made with a view to ascertain the relative size of the brain in various races and families of man:—The Teutonic or German race, embracing as it does the Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-American, Anglo-Irish, &c., possesses the largest brain of any people: The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians. The barbarous tribes of America possess much larger brain than the semi-civilized Peruvians or Mexicans. The ancient Egyptians, whose civilization antedates that of all other people, have the least-sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos—the small number of Semitic heads hardly permitting them to be admitted into the comparison. The negro brain is nine cubic inches less than the Teutonic, and three cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptians. The largest brain in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives 114 cubic inches; the smallest head is an old Peruvian of 68 cubic inches. The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian. This extended series of measurements fully confirms the facts stated in the "Crania Americana," that the various artificial modes of distorting the cranium occasions no diminution of its internal capacity, and consequently, do not affect the size of the brain. Sir William Hamilton, on the other hand, claims to have established the fact, apart from the proofs by averages, that the human encephalon does not increase after the age of seven, at highest.

The future is glorious with certainties for those who do their duty in the present, and, lark-like, seeking the sun, challenge its eagles to an earthward flight, where their nests may be built in our mountains, and their young raise their cry of triumph, uncheeked by dullness in the echoes.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Peasant's Revenge;

OR,

A TALE OF THE TIME OF RICHARD I.

BY O. H. TITUS.

The dew was still fresh upon the trees and flowers, and the rosy goddess blushing in the east, as a fisherboy left the fruits of his morning labor at the castle of the proud and powerful Earl, who was universally disliked by all under his iron rule, as well as by many as high-born as himself.

As the humble boy turned from the castle gate toward his home, he saw several huntsmen upon coal-black steeds.

As he came suddenly upon them, the foremost horseman was nearly thrown from his steed by its sudden stop, and was barely in his saddle again before with a quick bound his horse broke from the party, and dashed madly toward a rocky cliff near the castle. A moment more, and the young lord would have been buried into eternity, but quick as light the fisherboy had gained the cliff by a much shorter way, and now stood calmly in the path of the maddened steed, and as the animal halted at his sudden appearance, he sprang forward, out the saddle girths, and dragged the terrified nobleman from under it as he fell; the steed reared, plunged, and dashed blindly over the cliff into the yawning chasm!

As soon as the young lord found that he was more frightened than hurt, he turned angrily to the noble preserver of his life, and charged him with intentionally frightening his steed—and, with lofty mien, threatened to horse-whip his plebeian preserver.

With flashing eye and heaving breast, the young boy heard the cruel taunt, and his finely-cut lip curled with scorn as he listened to the insulting language of the young Lord Neville.

"Dog!" cried the exasperated lord, "had not your foul carcass terrified my steed again, and given me time to save myself, I would hurl you to join this mangled body in the gulf below—base, cowardly!"

"Hold, detestable man!" shouted the boy, as his slight form trembled with the anger there suppressed. "were I not taught to return 'good for evil,' I might hurl back your base insults, and crush you as I would a viper that hissed in my path; but, not the time will come when every base word that you have uttered here will bring to your proud heart a pang, from which even a lord cannot flee."

The form of the fisherboy stood proudly erect in all the manly beauty that "graced it; his dark locks fell in clustering masses upon his shoulders, and the noble countenance was faultless in its classic beauty, but now the proud lips were curled, the cheek flushed, and the lustrous eye flashing fire.

Lord Neville gazed a moment in admiration and astonishment, but it soon gave place to anger; and when he would have hurled more insults at his preserver's feet, the noble boy was gone.

The companions of the young lord soon came up, and warmly congratulated him when they found him safe—then all returned slowly to the castle.

The young lord crossed the courtyard, and entering the spacious hall, hurried to his private apartment in the eastern tower, and closing and bolting the door, he gave vent to his terrible passion in deep and fearful curses; and, with clenched hands and contracted brow, he hissed, "We will see!"—and there was a deep and fiendish meaning in his fiery eyes as he pronounced those words.

The morning sun rose in unclouded beauty, and his fiery rays fell upon a stirring scene; the glittering armor of the Royal Guards flashed in the sun, and the polished shields and bright lances of the assembled knights threw back the light with radiant splendor.

It was the day appointed by King Richard for the royal tournament—and Inez de Montfort was the Queen of Beauty—and she was to crown the victorious knight whose prowess should vanquish all competitors in the use of lance, battle-axe, and broad sword.

The lists were open, and the herald sounded the charge, and two noble knights bounded forward with coulant lances, like arrows from rival bows; they rushed to the issue, and the noble knight, Leon Mazzina, was hurled from his steed by the well-aimed lance of a knight clad in a plain suit of highly polished armor, which set off his symmetrical form to fine advantage; his shield bore no device save in the centre a small ring of gold relieved its polished, oval surface; his sable plume was slightly tipped with gold; he rode a powerful black steed, and was heralded as the "Knight of the Ring,"—rumor alone proclaimed him a knight returned from the Holy Land, of great prowess and valor.

Seven noble knights were vanquished by the gallant unknown, and now his gauntlet lay upon the trampled course; no knight dared accept the challenge, and he was there, alone the victor of that well-fought field, and amid the shouts of the multitude approached the Throne of Beauty, where stood the blushing Inez, surrounded by lovely maidens and brave knights. Lightly bounding from his steed, he unclasped and raised his visor; bowing gracefully, he lifted his heavy helmet, and was crowned with the victor's wreath, and received the favor of the sweet Inez. Then advancing to the front of the canopied platform, he saluted again the King, who returned it with a smile of recognition; and then, in a rich, manly voice, the noble knight spoke:—

"Three years since I was knighted upon the bloody field of Palestine, where the Infidels were defeated. Four years previous to that, I was an humble fisherboy. One morning, after leaving my fish at the castle of the earl, who now sits at the right hand of your majesty, I was fortunate enough to save his son from being dashed to pieces by his maddened steed, which rushed over the precipice at the eastern gate of the castle; for that favor I received cruel taunts and insults at the hands of yonder Lord Neville. Three times since has my ready blade turned aside the blow that would have slain him, and three times has he sought to slay me. He knew me not as his preserver until now. The fisherboy and the famed Knight of the Ring, are the same. I demand satisfaction."

There was a stir among the gay throng, and the young Lord Neville stood before the mailed knight; grasping his ungloved hand, and kneeling at his feet, while an expression of remorse and shame flushed to his brow, he acknowledged the black ingratitude and baser crimes, and threw himself upon the good knight's clemency.

"Arise, sir, lord, and know that the humble boy is now the favored knight of His Royal Highness, Richard I.; here do I forgive those bitter words, and

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clasp in knightly faith the hand that has sought my life."

The young lord's pride was quelled, and the tear of remorse welled to his eye at the noble reply of the knight, and from that time he was the firm, unwavering friend of Right and Justice.

It was a lesson dearly earned; but in after years, when the shadows of age came over him, he looked back to the time when he was thus subdued, and taught to forgive with feelings of gratefulness to the good knight who taught him the noble lesson that had strewn his path with flowers, and sweetened the cup of sorrow.

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Banner of Light.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

It has been asserted that events were slipping themselves in such a style, that almost every present indication seemed to favor the prospect of a revolution in affairs, on or before the year above mentioned. Certainly, when all things are carefully considered, it looks very much that way. No one, for example, foresaw, or could foresee the "great awakening" of religious sentiment among the masses of this country, which has absorbed pretty much the whole of public attention for the past three months. But the movement began and went on, irrespective of the machinery which certain organizations of authority-loving ecclesiastics sought to bring to bear upon it, warning up the popular heart, exciting and quickening the public conscience, and preparing the country (no doubt) for those new organizations, to be established on a broader and more extended scale, which are in a measure to prove the realization of the hopes of those who believe in the high capacities of the race.

The signs and portents favor some marked and remarkable change. To this end, it is very probable that the present movement among the hearts of the people may have taken place; it was manifestly necessary for the world to forget some of its worldliness, and become more sensitive to high and pure impressions. We see symptoms of this expected change, this grand revolution, not more in the churches than in our politics. Every movement seems to indicate a general breaking up of the old forms and methods. Individualism is taking deeper hold—is becoming more desirable—and will eventually supplant the brute force of allied prejudices and leagued concert. We behold the bow of promise all the more clearly, because of the cloud with which we have been just now overcast.

Some of the papers affect to throw ridicule upon a communication that purported, not long since, to come through a medium in Washington to a circle of believers and unbelievers who happened to be assembled. The message alluded to came very soon after the passage of the Crittenden Amendment to the Lecompton Bill, and was given as follows:—

"Tell Crittenden that the doctrines which he has announced in the Senate, and embodied in his amendment to the Kansas bill, will be hailed by the people of Kansas as the principle of popular liberty, and will become the rallying ground for the construction of a great national party, which will take possession of the government within three years."

We see no sense or reason in laughing at these things any longer. If certain persons, now in position, do not care to heed these hints now, they will be much more likely to receive them as facts, by-and-by. It is impossible to defeat truth with ridicule.

We do not predicate any of these remarks upon the above paragraph, much less attempt to prophesy on the strength of information thus furnished. Indeed, we deem it hardly less questionable than the same opinion obtained through a corporeal, flesh-and-blood, world-mouth instrumentality. The spirits are as likely to err as we are ourselves; perhaps, however, only in no great degree. Their vision must be clearer, because many of the scales have been removed that encumbered it here. And if they continue to take that interest in the affairs of earth which marked the course of their lives while with us, we see no good reason why they may not thus be allowed the benefit of a clearer opinion than we could give, and be offered a due share of credit for their sagacity.

Yet this is arguing to a point which is not strictly necessary to be considered in its entire character, in connection with this subject. It is apparent, and daily becoming more so, we think, that a pure and high spiritual influence will be permitted a place in our national affairs, on and after the year above mentioned, which has always hitherto been denied it. We have been growing material too long. Every reflecting and patriotic mind confesses that there is a necessity for a change, and a change, too, that would be as thorough and lasting as it can possibly be desirable.

"THE MOVEMENT"

Is the name of a new weekly paper, of eight pages, published by Allen & Underhill, at two dollars a year, in New York City. The publishers say "it will be a medium of communication of the most radical thought, which seeks the reconstruction of society upon a permanent basis. It will bow to no prejudice, however honored; it will compromise with no error, however antiquated; it will shrink from the utterance of no truth, however unpopular. Its writers will enter upon their duties religiously impressed with the sacred importance of their enterprise." It is ably conducted, and neatly executed.

ANOTHER TEST IN CHINESE THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

In our last issue we gave an account of a communication in Chinese characters, made through Mr. Mansfield of this city, who has become celebrated as a medium for answering sealed letters. We will recapitulate the facts in the case for the benefit of any one who may not have noticed the article.

Dr. —, an eminent physician of this city, has had his attention called to the phenomenon which is attracting the plaudits and anathemas of its friends and foes. We wish distinctly to be understood that the Dr. does not call himself a Spiritualist.

We do not even know that he has the slightest faith in the communion of Spirits with mortals. His attention is merely attracted to it as a gentleman of scientific attainments, who wishes to fathom the mystery.

He wished some letter answered under such circumstances, as would preclude the possibility of any agency of his own in the answer. Hence he requested one friend to ask some one of his friends to write a letter to some spirit, and having sealed it, to return it to Dr. —, to take to Mr. Mansfield for an answer. The party to whose lot the writing of the letter fell, was An Showe, a Chinese, doing business as Importer and Vendor of Teas, at No. 21 Union street, Boston, and widely known as an enterprising merchant. He wrote a letter to his father, who is in the spirit world, and wrote it in Chinese characters.

Dr. — carried the document to Mr. Mansfield, and laid it before him, when "Seth," a spirit who appears to watch over the medium, wrote, by the medium's hand, that it could only be replied to briefly, as it was in Chinese.

And the answer was given in Chinese characters, the Dr. being somewhat perplexed, as he supposed the letter answered was written in English. The answer was read by Ar Showe, who declared it to be appropriate, as from his father. It also communicated a piece of intelligence unknown to the writer, by announcing the death of his mother, and her presence at the time the spirit of the father used the medium to write his communication.

This statement, naturally enough induced a second trial of the medium's powers and the father's presence, and on Wednesday, April 21st, having written a second letter to his father, Ar Showe, carried it in person to Mr. Mansfield.

We will here insert a letter written to us by Ar Showe, giving in his peculiar style an account of the transaction. It is written in an ingenious manner, and we prefer our readers should peruse it as it is:—

MR. EDITOR:—You said in your last BANNER that one Chinaman got a letter from his father. I am that Chinaman.

I went to Mr. Mansfield, your great spirit postmaster, and I wrote my father, who died twenty years ago in China. I been in this country eleven years. I am told write letter to Mr. Mansfield, and send it to him—and my father he answer me, and do so all right. He says to me my mother dead. I know not—very strange!

On Wednesday I go again to see Mr. Mansfield. I write him (his father) another letter, and seal it up strong—keep my eyes on it all time—hold on it strong. I no think Mr. M. do any more letters for me. I have him fastened in two papers, envelopes—hold on him all time. Mr. Mansfield hand jump, and his hand go very fast, and I see him writing Chinese; and in one or two minutes my father tells me all about my letter—tells me about my mother and brother—and says other things to me, and that I don't write Chinese as well as I used to.

CHARLES AR SHOWE,
 Native Canton Chinese.

Answered in my hand.
 Thus it appears Ar Showe took every precaution to avoid being duped, and the letter was answered in his presence. There is a peculiarity in the answer which gives additional value to it. The father gives the name of Ar Showe's brother, no mention of whom was made in the letter addressed to him. No one here knows that Ar Showe had a brother, or what his name was; yet the father says, "I cannot tell whether Ar Choung, your brother, is dead or alive."

At the close, he corrects a mistake which Ar Showe, the son who addressed him, makes in writing Chinese; thus showing that he was capable of reading the letter and detecting mistakes. Then, there is no mistaking the fact that the intelligence controlling Mansfield can read and write Chinese; it, the intelligence, must also be conversant with the family of Ar Showe, for it writes the name of a brother not mentioned in the note addressed to the spirit. There are some questions asked in the note which the spirit does not answer, but he notices the call Ar Showe makes that his mother will write to him, in this way: "Son, Ar Showe, I see by your writing that you pray your mother may come."

It has been charged against Mr. Mansfield, by the learned Professors of Harvard, that he is an illiterate man; even so vulgar as to use the vulgarism "set" for sat, and others of like character. It is hardly to be supposed, therefore, that he could write Chinese, or read it, even taking the ground these Professors have, that clairvoyantly he reads his letters, and jumps at answers, which ready wit enables him to guess out.

The Chinese is an almost unknown tongue in America, the possession of which is not likely to make a person's fortune; therefore, it is not to be supposed that Mansfield has devoted much time to learning it, and we should think it would take a Chinese a young lifetime to make the characters for the specimens before us.

On the whole, the "gift of tongues" is very plainly made out as being one of Mr. Mansfield's peculiarities, and the case is a very strong proof of spirit power.

We may allude to this matter again, as our time this week is limited—the particulars of this case not having reached us until Monday noon, just as we were obliged to go to press.

H. B. STORER

Will speak during the month of May at the following places, viz.:—Sunday, 2d inst., at Providence, R. I.; 9th and 16th, at Hartford; 23d, at Williamstown, and 30th at Norwich, Conn.

For evening lectures during the week, friends will please make application by letter, sent so that they will reach the speaker at either of the above dates and places, as long before the lecture is desired as possible.

The sign that rises at the thought of a friend, may be almost as gentle as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than ourselves.

GOING A-FISHING.

We invariably love to look forward to a new pleasure. In truth, even before we get at the reality of the thing, we enjoy it almost as much as we do after we have got fairly into the heart of it.

This week, Providence permitting, we are going a-fishing. We are going to ramble through the old meadows where we have picked dandelions and buttercups, spring after spring. We are going to wander up and down the brook-sides, listening to the ripple and rattle of the little streams that cross the fields, and letting our baited hook swim in its own fashion down the little wavelets that go clapping their hands for joy in the morning sunshine.

It may rain while we are gone. We hope it will, and rain hard, too. The fish bite sharper. Rain water somehow seems to give a keener relish to their appetites. They love to be out in a spring drizzle, like the roguish little boys that play truant and live long enough afterwards to regret their folly. Then everything is so fresh and dewy, in a storm of rain. We have on our old clothes; our high-legged boots protect our calves; we care not a copper for all the bogs and sloughs that misfortune may think proper to tumble us into; the sky overhead is full of blessings to us, even to overrunning; we think of dry clothes, a sweet smile, and something good and hot on the table when we get home; and, on the whole, we assent and consent to the rain with all our heart.

Last spring, we thought we should go into the country for a little trout-tramping, if we could get away; but we did not go. This spring, we have determined to go, whether we can get away or not. So we have gone into Bradford's and replenished our fishing-tackle, bought a new rod, though we had about as lief have the ordinary ash poles we have always cut along by the brookside,—purchased all the little indescribable paraphernalia, and feel pretty thoroughly ready and prepared. It makes us feel as we used to when we were but eight years old, the night before we were going off as one of the crowded family party to Grandfather's in the country.

Down through the meadows, and along up the little green defiles formed by the crowding shoulders of the hills, and over across the open plains, and clambering on from one rock to another as we keep our eyes sharply on the chances in the streams,—we find a delight that the streets cannot offer us in the pleasant springtime, if they would. It is so cheap and so simple a mode of obtaining happiness, that the wonder is people do not rush pell-mell after it; or, if they feel themselves destitute of the natural desire which makes it happiness, that they do not fail to work and create it without a day's delay.

For ourselves, we wish our whole routine of friends as much delight as we feel sure of having,—Providence favoring,—for the week that has already opened its first page to us.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

The accompanying communication from the recently departed statesman, Thomas H. Benton, was received on the 22d day of April, through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant. The readers of THE BANNER will be glad to see what the spirit of such a man had to send back to his friends for a token of his remembrance, and to understand that his heart is still set, as it was while beating in this life, on the steady pursuit and investigation of truth. The entire communication is characteristic; in our judgment, of the man as he was known to us all:—

Procrastination is the thief of time; delays are dangerous—and were I to wait a thousand years, I might find no better chance of communicating than I find to-day. About two months prior to my departure, one said to me, "Friend Benton, when you pass away, and find the Spiritual Philosophy true, will you return and tell me so?" And to-day I return, although I am a novice in the laws that govern these things. But, thanks be to God, I am an earnest seeker for Truth, and wheresoever I find it, whether in earth or in the spirit land, I will hug it to my bosom, until it shall fill my soul, and animate my spirit, as it explores the hitherto hidden mysteries of the land of Happiness.

I feel that my earthly life has not been spent in vain. I feel that the work I commenced on earth was one that will tend to benefit the race. I have walked in error to some extent, but thanks be to God I have seen light, and profited thereby. I could not believe that they who had once walked in the mortal form, could again return to earth, and animate a stranger's organism.

Up to the last hour of my life I had no fear of death. I said, "come, and be welcome; I long to go home." Something within me was constantly telling me, "You can return and fulfill that part of your mission you failed to accomplish on earth." Lived in vain! No child of God lives in vain. No child is born in vain, whether it be the first or the second birth, and I can prove that my footsteps will not be washed by the waves of the sea of Time, from the sands of human life.

I met many kind friends—many who welcomed me with joy when I cast off the body, and entered the spirit life. Ah, yes! their welcome was without an alloy. Ah, happy indeed is the spirit who can receive a welcome when divested of mortality.

One said to me a few weeks before my dissolution, "Do you think you shall carry the interest of the American nation to the spirit land?" I said, "if I carry anything there, I shall." Thanks be to God, I have it here in my heart. The body has gone down to dust, but all of value, except that I had on earth, has gone to the spirit life. Blessed be God, I shall soon comprehend the Spiritual Philosophy, and enter the field of labor for her glory, her honor, her peace. The foolish man fears death, while he who grasps at knowledge, even if in dense darkness, will fear no death, because he reposes upon the great Fountain of Wisdom.

I have lived, and as one said who passed on a few years since, "I still live," and I still enjoy all the faculties I once had, and glory be to God, I can still use them.

Good day, good day; they tell me it will not do for me to stay any longer; and as I have done what I intended to do, I will go, yonder.

THE DANCE.

The last social dancing party, under the auspices of the Ladies' Harmonical Band, took place at Nassau Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, and was attended by a numerous and brilliant company. Most of the mediums of note in Boston and vicinity were present, together with many of the leading minds in the Spiritualistic ranks. The young, the middle-aged, the old, the grave and the gay, all participated alike in the enjoyment of the occasion; and while beauty lent a thousand starry lights to deck the scene, her fair-haired sister, Music, wrapped her mantle of sweet sounds around every heart, and whispered them gaily through the many dances. The utmost harmony and sociability prevailed during the entire evening, and every one seemed pleased with the manner in which the whole affair had been begun and carried through.

Notwithstanding a violent storm, about one hundred couples were present, including a number of our most prominent citizens. Hall's celebrated Quadrille Band furnished the music, which cannot be surpassed. We would advise all lovers of good

music, in want of either a Brass, Concert, or Quadrille Band, to give them a call.

We understand it to be the intention of the lady managers to have a series of these assemblies, to commence in the early part of next season, and to occur at intervals through the winter. We wish them the utmost success, and can almost insure it to them, if the same management is pursued that has characterized their previous efforts.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY COURIER

We clip the following stanzas. In them, as in many articles recently published in that paper, there is unintentionally manifested an approaching belief in the fundamental principles of modern Spiritualism.

THE DEAD.

I cannot tell you if the dead,
 Thus loved us fondly when on earth,
 Walk by our side, sit at our hearth,
 By ties of old affection led:—
 Or, looking earnestly within,
 Know all our joys, bear all our sighs,
 And watch us with their holy eyes
 Whenever we tread the paths of sin:—
 Or, if, with mystic lore and sign,
 They speak to us, or press our hand,
 And strive to make us understand
 The nearness of their forms divine:—
 But this I know,—in many dreams
 They come to me from realms afar,
 And leave the golden gates ajar
 Through which immortal glory streams.

BALDWIN PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Last Sunday P. M. the preacher in this church made the following allusion to Spiritualism. He said: "Every thing about it is low, mean and sordid; it is just like the mean creatures, the fallen angels that are engaged in it. Many people think that they are talking with the spirits of their departed friends, when it is only fallen angels and devils that they talk to; these devils tell lies, use all manner of deceit; they tell a great many good things in order to be heard, to gain the attention of their victims and accomplish their wicked ends, and they laugh and chuckle with fiendish triumph at their wicked deception upon foolish mortals."

In proof that angels were tangible, real beings, the preacher referred to the angels whose feet were washed by Abraham, and then said: "Do you think that you can wash these spirits' feet that rap and tip? You must deny and give up the Bible, or you must give up the foolish Spiritualists' belief that angels are the spirits of the departed. This is an error; the Bible clearly shows that all angels existed before the world was made."

This preacher needs the pity and love of Spiritualists, rather than their criticism and opposition, for they see what he sees not, and know what he knows not, and feel what in his present conviction he cannot feel. God have mercy upon us, all miserable sinners.

The more sermons of this character there are preached, the better Spiritualism will thrive; for if the Bible is authority upon any point, it is the point that Angels were believed to be the spirits of departed men. Instead of Spiritualists being the low and degraded creatures he asserts they are, the reverse is the case; thus establishing the ignorance of the preacher—for we will not charge him with wilful misrepresentation. If all those men who, in their hearts, believe in spirit intercourse, would but show their colors, we opine our Protestant Popes who utter their Bulls, and Anathemas, would be struck dumb. Nay, if ministers only knew the number of their own congregation and church members, who only cling to their respective churches in the hope, and even faith, that by their doings, so, in time the heaven will work and creeds be no more, but the church become one Spiritual body of men worshipping the God of Love, and living as Christ lived in all things, they would at once see the folly of uttering such charges against their own. If they knew the number of mediums in their churches, brethren and sisters of the flock, who are supposed to be out of the reach of "the Devil," who are inspired by spirits—who are kept in the church only because they are to be the instrumentality, by the Will of God, in consummating the grand destruction of Creeds, and inaugurating a system of individualized, practical piety, they would at once change their tactics, and meet the subject with argument,—not in childish "calling of names."

All such sermons as this but strengthen our cause and show to what straight the "blind guides" of our day are reduced. As a prominent man in one of our Ecclesiastical Societies, who has labored a lifetime to spread his peculiar faith, said of the preacher:—He had better have let the subject alone, than to have spoken of it in this style."

TRANCE-SPEAKING AT AMESBURY AND SALISBURY MILLS.

We learn from the Villager that the Universalist Church was crowded on Sunday afternoon and evening, (April 18th), to hear Mr. John H. Currier, of Lawrence, discourse on Spiritualism. Mr. C. spoke in the trance state upwards of an hour in the most fervid manner, and apparently was operated upon by a spirit of higher powers than his own. In the evening the spirit of Rev. Chas. Alsworth, formerly a Methodist clergyman in Barre, Mass., purported to speak through the medium. The ideas advanced were those held in common by the professing Spiritualists in the "material" body; that the unfolding of this belief in the soul would tend to develop the love principle, and man would deal with brother man more in harmony with the Divine commandment. The spirit of progress in the spirit-world was announced—and all idea of a state of endless punishment was rejected. That change had been continually going on in the religious world from the remotest period of time—that one belief, or sect, grew out of another, and that in each succeeding religion was seen a higher developing of spiritual power. Yet each, in turn, had been subject to persecution. Such was the case with the Spiritualists' belief. It was held to be a purer manifestation of the religious principle, and though men refuse to acknowledge its claims—consenting to be enslaved by a dark and unsatisfying theology—thousands and thousands of minds glow with these living truths, that need not the sanction of any Convention of ecclesiastics to establish their authenticity. On recovering from the trance state, Mr. C. stated that he was entirely unconscious of anything he had said, and in all his public lectures had been operated upon in the same manner.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

"Oh, Worship not the Beautiful"—Song.
 "Where the Bright Waves are Dashing"—Duet.
 "Rippling Wave Waltz," by J. W. Turner.
 "I Think of Thee"—Ballad, by J. P. Haggarty, have been received from Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington street. They are very pretty pieces of Music.

Meetings in Boston.

MR. H. B. STORER'S LECTURES.
 Mr. H. B. Storer, the celebrated trance-speaking medium, again lectured to large audiences, in the Melodeon, on Sunday afternoon and evening.

The subject of the afternoon lecture was, "The Ministration of Spirits." While such ministrations were upheld by the Scriptures, those who pretended to believe them, while they could not deny the ministering vocation of spirits, were unwilling to concede the fact; or, if concession was made, it was qualified by the assertion that they ministered only to the elect—the predestinated heirs of salvation. The majority, however, repudiated the ministry of angels, for the reason that they upheld the sufficiency of God's Spirit to do the work. In considering the proposition, that angels do visit us, it seemed strange that any exclusive theory should be advanced by theologians; for it being manifestly God's desire that all men should be saved, it certainly did not appear that the heirs of salvation needed more of spiritual support, as moral and social men, and as individuals, than other men required. There was nothing in the structure of their bodies and minds which differed from others so as to justify the idea of any such requirement. The only differences among men are their developments and endowments, and all were heirs of salvation that it was competent for God to save, and who possessed something that it would be a calamity to have to lose. If a man has anything in his nature that is good, in so far as that is concerned he is an heir of salvation; therefore, in the process now going on to divide the spiritual from the material, no one could be found who had not, it might be amongst much dross, one particle of pure gold—among chaff one kernel of sound wheat, that should be saved. In separating the nobler from the grosser elements, angels, or spirits, undoubtedly officiated, and brought them out of their more unfavorable conditions into higher combinations—into a higher sphere. Man's very nature gave him an affinity to the higher spirits, whose duty it was to reach man through this natural affinity, that his better elements should be eliminated and carried up to a higher sphere—the more perfect in power acting on the imperfect, to the end of its elevation, as has been the case from the beginning of the world. The operation of spirits on universal mankind, could not be doubted, or that all spirits are employed by the Almighty in some capacity of usefulness; but it ought to be understood that they operated only in exact conformity with the law of nature, and only when that nature desired what was generally good. In all departments of research, the result of which was universal good, they constituted efficient allies; in whatever was selfish or lustful, they were inoperative; consequently, success being reliant on the nature of man being prepared for the accomplishment, its proper conditions ought to form the study of every one whose desire it was to become the inhabitant of the higher spiritual spheres. In elaborating the ideas orally traced above, the speaker used many apt arguments and illustrations, which our confined space will not admit.

No questions having been put, after such had been invited, the medium retired after urging on the audience the duty of commencing the work of regeneration in the present sphere, that exaltation in those above should be the more certain.

Mr. Clark, from—Charlestown, a trance medium, who has demonstrated his gifts hitherto in private, arose among the audience and requested to be heard. He was allowed his wish, and took the platform and spoke a few minutes for the first time in public. Subsequently he informed us that the spirit who influenced him was Elder John Colby, one of the fathers of the Freewill Baptist denomination, who, in his time, was famed as a revival preacher, and as all but canonized by such as adhere to the Freewill Baptist tenets here in the Eastern States. It will be seen that the matter of the communication does not demonstrate a very high order of intellect; but from what we can remember of Colby's life, written by himself, his piety, as it is called, was greater in estimation than his reputation as a speaker, as was notoriously the case with other revivalists of his day, and is also now. Through Mr. Clark he spoke (and our report is verbatim) as follows:—

"It may look strange to you that this mortal form should come on to this stand to address an audience after that first of mediums (pointing to Mr. Storer) has spoken. There are those here who have heard me on the earth. I was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, on the 9th of December, 1787, and died in Norfolk, Virginia, 28th November, 1817. I am permitted to come here and speak a few words, and will detain you for a few moments only. When I was here I preached the doctrine of endless punishment and salvation through grace. I come now to preach the doctrine of universal salvation. Does it seem strange that a spirit can take possession of a mortal form? Do you say that this is all nonsense—all gammon—and that the man knows what he does? No! I say that the great doctrine of spiritual salvation has not come to you alone. It existed eighteen hundred years ago; for did not Christ teach it? Did he not say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?' Did he not say, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth?' Did he not say, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God?' It was all Spiritualism Christ taught. He also speaks of angels, and of the spirits of men made perfect. What were these but the spirits who speak to you? My friends:—

I've traveled far in the east and west,
 I've been with the worst, and been with the best,
 I've been with the rich, and been with the poor,
 I've had much to suffer—much to endure,
 I've been in spirit mansion; and do you not see
 By the smile on my visage, that this is me?

Do you not see by the expression on my face that I am with the spirits? Some of you may not believe this, but many of you do. There was a Thomas once, and there are some now who will not believe without they have proof. Thomas could not see Christ until he touched Him; but he came to see Him at last. My friends, because you cannot see, and cannot be impressed, don't disbelieve in the spirits. We are not so bad as they say we are. We do not come to set you at variance with each other, but that you should be induced to be in peace with one and with another. It is not religion that makes the longest prayer. I got my education in the town of Dillmeade in the State of Vermont, in a small school, and did not get it in any college. I tell you that Spiritualism is the religion that you ought to have. Take it and keep it, and believe that there are spirits that speak to you. I see around me some that cannot speak, and some that could speak

as I do. I see Webster and Wesley, and you have had Washington; and now you see spirits from the spirit land surely come to speak to you. I will say no more now, but at some other time, when it is more convenient, I will come back again and address you."

The audience gave Mr. Clark a very patient and orderly hearing, and then dispersed.

In the evening the subject of Mr. Storer's address, (no special one having been chosen by the audience), included the objections which had been raised against Spiritualism, on account of its external operations, and answers in defence of those features objected to. External data were held to be fallacious in constituting rules for judgment. Volcanoes are not appreciated by those who live in towns under them, because they could see no beauty in what might come down and swallow them up, although they might appear very beautiful and striking to such as lived at a distance from their effects. To be properly estimated, all systems ought to be judged as a whole; for anything to be judged correctly, must be looked at in all its conditions. Spiritualism, like all other things of importance which had ever transpired, would be judged as they had been, and supported or condemned as the conditions inciting judgment prompted. Men would take the imperfect manifestations of Spiritualism made in their day, and after a very brief investigation of their character, found their opinions on the eruptions which appeared externally on the skin, and forget the operation of the spiritual medicine internally, which was purifying the system by the very means they prescribed. Many medicaments had been tried on humanity, and had failed in rectifying the system. Men knew this well; and why was it that there should be such an opposing feeling prevalent in regard to a new system? Why should a man be blamed for changing his doctor, and calling in one who possessed all the skill of the old one, and much more that was new and valuable? The act was simply the giving up of all that is useless, and adopting all that was good. Spiritualism did no more, for it took up the new and applied it, along with what was also good in the old, to the cure of the general body. Growings, and pains, and ulcers, and eruptions of the cuticle might appear, and might be unpleasant to bear or to look upon; but it would not be fair to judge of the more operations of the medicine, and draw conclusive ideas therefrom; it would be more proper and natural to await the result, and then form decided opinions. The world has been long writhing under the effects of medicaments of one convective kind and another, which have failed to do good, and if Spiritualism also failed, after showing the worst symptoms of its operation in effecting a cure, it would have to be set aside, and a new system adopted instead, but not till then. It has not been customary to treat other means of cure in that way, and was equally right that the custom should be observed regarding Spiritualism. Objection had been raised that discord arose out of the new philosophy, and great fear had been expressed that it would break up old institutions—overthrow the sepulchres of our fathers, and leave no monument remaining to show that we had possessed a respect for truth and virtue. Some people had a strange attachment to these old monuments, and old institutions, with a very questionable regard for justice or consistency, and to such the new philosophy was recommended as a new and modified light which would not blind them to both, but enlighten them the more to their value. It asked them to accept brotherly love, national peace, better enfoldment, through which men may be brought out of that inharmonious condition in which they now were. It is a system that God has sanctioned from the beginning. It is one which reforms old elements into newer and purer combinations; and if there happened to be a few pains and spasms in the process of reformation, the accession of a higher sphere of spiritual being will be more than an equivalent to their endurance. An interference with old systems, and certain uncomfortable outside symptoms, must be admitted, and also a tendency which Spiritualism had to bring all evils to the surface, but the result would be that all that was evil in them would be carried away, and all that was good preserved.

Spiritualism, as a reformer, was discussed at length, particularly as it operated on theological matters, and the prejudices associated therewith. It recognized man as the sacred thing, and not churches, creeds, institutions and forms of merely human government; the spirit was the sacred thing, and not the instrumentalities by which it was guided on earth and of earthly origin. It shone in the face of superstition like the sun; and such as would realize its beauty, light and warmth, must come out of their dark caves, leaving what was dark within, and not stay inside and declare that there is no sun at all.

The matter of the discord which arose in the marriage relation was commented on, and defended on the ground of a higher cause for its existence than was generally recognized. The sentiments uttered by the medium, in regard to this particular, were such as might apply to a more perfect general condition of spiritual development than is now extant, and we did not understand them to be commended under existing circumstances. They were radical, undoubtedly—very much so; and while the reporter offers no opinion on their tenability under an improved spiritual condition, he is somewhat satisfied that the common (but in this instance honest) excuse of want of room, enables him to throw up his record at this point. The address closed with an injunction to distrust whatever philosophy was too smooth in appearance. No questions being put, after invitation, the medium was relieved—marking as he left the stage—"No questions; no answers. None ask a physician, consequently the physician's services will be dispensed with, and we will retire."

Mr. Storer's abilities have made a strong impression on the very large audiences who have attended his lectures the past two Sundays. He will be succeeded by Mrs. Henderson, who will speak next Sunday afternoon and evening. She will be in turn followed by Miss Hardinge, of New York, the rival of Mrs. Hatch, and in the opinions of many, her superior.

CONFERENCE AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

[Subject: INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.]

Mr. Place said: There has ever been a tendency in religious teachings to look for something outside, to look externally for authority, in the form of creeds and written laws; but is this right? This is an important and interesting question. Is the individual soul, in its intuitive perception, inferior to external authority? Nothing, it seems to me, can be

superior authority to the individual, to the individual perceptions of right. From the nature of the human soul, it is the only dispenser of truth existing in the universe. The soul is an emanation from God; it is the divine telescope through which, and by which, we can know the laws that govern us; but by the influence of established education and habit, external teachings and laws have governed us, and we have wandered. Spiritualism and its influence must inevitably result in breaking its way from the long-established government of external law. The race of life cannot be easily run, when our feet are pressed into the earth by the heavy weight of external human laws and creeds. Men have never reasoned themselves into intuitive perception of truth.

Mr. Cushing gave a clear statement, explaining what authority was, and the difference between absolute and delegated authority.

Mr. Newton said: Admitting God to be authority, where shall we look for Him? Is not God in us, as He is in all nature, and is not His voice in the inmost soul greater authority than any other? The God element in man is the voice that speaks to us from our most interior being. There is a voice within every soul that whispers what is right and wrong; in this voice is the truer revelations of God, and from this voice the soul may find its government, its true authority.

Mr. Burke thought that the question of external or internal authority for the government of our lives, lay at the bottom of all questions, that it was an important question, which should be discussed and considered. If God is the author of our acts, the world would be better for knowing it. If it be the power of God that gives life and action to all nature, it is the power of God that gives life and action to the head and to the heart of man.

From the lateness of the hour, Mr. Burke closed without finishing his remarks. A. B. C.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 24, 1853.

MESSENGERS.—The society which has met at Dodworth's for so long a period, I learn, has concluded to resolve itself into its original elements, and come out in new forms. Just what those forms will be, doth not yet appear; but it now seems not improbable that another division will occur, and another two meetings be born of the one. The committee in whose hands were placed the arrangements for the coming year, reported last Sabbath, that they had secured a room in Clinton Hall, Astor Place, in the near vicinity of Dodworth's, where they proposed to have lectures delivered and essays read, on Sunday morning, and miscellaneous speaking in the afternoon, and a conference on one evening of the week. But this programme is far from satisfactory to all the parties interested, and I understand an effort is still to be made to preserve the time-honored gatherings at Dodworth's Hall.

It cannot be denied that tests of spirit presence and intervention, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable doubter, if he will take the trouble to examine them, and brought down to the comprehension of the meanest capacity, are now of every-day occurrence; so that if any one chooses to remain in the dark, it must needs be his own fault. Some little things occurred at Dr. Redman's table, the other day, mostly in the presence of the writer, which carry this conviction of their truth, strongly on their face. A number of gentlemen were about closing a sitting, when the medium's hand suddenly wrote the word William—with a superfluous h, as I have here written it. One of the gentlemen immediately stated that he had written the word William in that manner, when the hand of the medium at once selected a ball, from the large number containing names, lying on the table, and gave it to him; which, of course, proved to be the right one. But, says the skeptic, this might have been done by clairvoyance. True, but what follows could not. At about the same time, in broad daylight, another gentleman had his foot pulled off by invisible hands, and his stocking was following, when he begged it might be allowed to remain. The limb was then handled, apparently by human hands, and pulled, until the gentleman was fain to cry enough!

On another occasion, the writer was sitting at the same table, while the medium sat on the opposite side; and a gentleman from the West, in company, occupied another seat, busily engaged, as he had been for nearly an hour, investigating, in somewhat of a cavilling spirit, the grand science. Suddenly the hand of the medium was stretched across the table to me, a distance of some three feet, and striking in on a paper where I writing, he indited an epistle of some ten or a dozen lines, in a rapid manner, the characters to him being bottom up, and signed at the close in full the name of "Lydia Ann Scott." The purport of it was that the stranger sitting at the table was her husband; and a request that I would make him aware of her undying affection for him, and her desire to assure him of her presence, and to communicate with him. I placed the letter before him, when he acknowledged that his name was Scott, and that the name of his wife, now in the spirit-land, was Lydia Ann.

If no great amount of scientific information is obtained from the spirits, who, perhaps, on the common principle adopted by parents and teachers, consider it best that we dig out our knowledge ourselves, still, hints are often given calculated to stimulate our energies, and push us forward in the path of discovery and progress. For instance, at a circle at Conklin's the other evening, when several of our old investigators were present, some replies were given to questions, which are at least suggestive, and worthy of some attention. One of them was, that, in sitting about a table for manifestations, it was important that the medium, and strong minds, should occupy places at the north side of the circle. This can easily be tested, and if found useful, adopted. Another was in answer to an inquiry, whether men in the body, would soon be able to pass in safety through the air. The reply was, in substance, that the time is near at hand, when a motive force will be discovered by which men will transport themselves with safety and ease through the atmosphere. All were advised, therefore, to sharpen their wits; and it was added that the great object of the present influx of spiritual light, was, to create a unity of belief among men, and to hasten the time when universal amity and brotherhood, shall exist among mankind. This reply was signed, "B. Franklin."

The Tuesday evening conferences at No. 18 Fourth Avenue, still maintain their interest, and are a frequent resort to strangers visiting the emporium. This session of this week was but thinly attended, on account of the storm; but the proceedings were not

without instruction. Dr. Gray related a couple of incidents in his own life, which cannot be rationally accounted for, except on the hypothesis of spirit intervention. The first was his marvelous escape from being buried in the ruins of a falling house. This occurred when he was sixteen years of age. He was then engaged at a mechanical employment, and was in a small building, turning the wheel of a dye kettle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock of the day. Suddenly something said to him, "You must go out of this house, instantly." Without being started at the voice, or stopping to think of its strangeness, he replied, mentally, "What for? I won't." "Go out of this house—go directly!" was repeated. Again he refused. "Go out! go out! go out!" was then repeated three times, when he started. At the door he had several steps to go up, and as he reached the last one, the building fell. The destruction was complete. Some two feet of wet snow was on the roof, the weight of which, probably, produced the catastrophe; and the demolition was so perfect, that not a rat could have escaped with his life. The ruins brushed his clothes as they went down, but he was unharmed.

The other incident occurred after he commenced practice in this city. He was driving down town to visit a patient, Capt. L., when an inner voice said to him, very distinctly, go back to A. R. R.; she is bleeding to death. This was a quaker lady who had just been confined, and from whom he had parted but an hour or two before. Instantly he ordered the driver to wheel about, and drive for his life to — Place. It was Sunday, and the people were just leaving the churches. The distance was considerable; and as he dashed up one street and down another, all the while urging the horses to greater speed, the spectators might well have wondered what motive of flight, or errand of mercy, was impelling him on. On the corner of — Place, he discovered the servant of Mr. R., who was searching for a physician; and on the steps of the house met Mr. R. himself, who was wringing his hands in terror, at the idea that his wife was just breathing her last. He staunchly the blood and saved her life, when one minute longer would have been too late.

The question of the evening up for discussion was, the advantages and disadvantages of following impressions, and the direction of spirits, in the common concerns of life; and the general opinion seemed to be, that while a heavenly warning should by no means be disregarded, that the arranging of our business affairs, and coming and going, by order of spirits, destroys individuality; and is no better than would be the placing of ourselves under the control and direction of our next door neighbors.

The patriarch of Spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis, accompanied by his intelligent and estimable lady, has returned to the city to remain, I believe, for the present. They are stopping with J. S. Brown, Esq. Whether the season will give us a new work from Dr. D., I cannot say. On that point even rumor is silent.

Early in May, our stirring friend Munson opens a Spiritualists' Library and Reading Room, adjoining his bookstore, and day and evening circles. The library will not stop with spiritual books merely. It will be general, embracing all the branches of reform, and standard and light reading for the million. Every one must wish him success, in his arduous efforts to popularize our particular branch of knowledge, and bring it before the people. He will have his reward.

Our lecture field is ably supplied, as usual. Mrs. Hatch and Miss Hardinge still continue their week day meetings, with fair audiences. Miss Hardinge speaks at Dodworth's to-morrow. Mrs. Hyzer, the beautiful improvisatrice, spoke there last Sabbath, and to-morrow speaks in Philadelphia. York.

LETTER FROM BUFFALO.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—I broke the thread of my narration at the time "FRANK" made her first appearance. Miss J. was then suffering from a paralytic stroke of the left side, and unable to walk a step, unassisted. "FRANK" would carry her from her bed to a chair in an adjoining room, where the manifestations usually began, with the request to "Sing;" the company complying, were then joined by one, two, three, and once by seven distinct spirit-voices. The medium was always borne in in the dark, and thus never saw the persons assembled, yet "FRANK" would address each one by name, oftentimes repeating the words they had that day spoken in their offices, or houses. Often bitterly sarcastic, too, were her replies. I remember once, a person, notorious for his amours, said, "Tell us all you know about ourselves." "Ah," answered FRANK, "you would all leave the room before the gas was lit, you first."

Answers were frequently given in Latin, Spanish, and French, by different spirits. FRANK would place her hand in that of a person's selected by the company. "Why," he would exclaim, "that's only the hand of a babe;" but slowly it would increase in size, till the frightened man cried out, "Do n't, that's big enough for a giant!"

One evening, after we had laughed till we ached, and feasted on witty and wise sayings till we were filled, a gentleman expressed a doubt as to the reality of the "hand manifestation," whereupon FRANK called out, "Come up hither, brother. I too am traveling East—prepare! I am about to lift another veil." She then seized his hand, and gave him a Masonic grip for each degree he had taken, asking, "Are you satisfied? Hagar is a Mason's daughter, how dare you wrong her, even by a doubt?" [If I mistake not, Thomas G. Foster was present at the time above mentioned.]

Floating about the room, I have seen the most vivid, beautiful, and many-colored lights, and once, while present with a limited number, a whole arm of lovely form was shown in a perfect flood of light. FRANK would write communications in the bed-room, (while the medium sat in the parlor) and herself present them to the persons for whom they were designed.

But enough of the marvelous. I could fill a volume, and yet not tell the twentieth part of that which I have seen. I trust the day is not far distant, when an altar pen than mine will be devoted to the pleasant and too long delayed task of doing justice.

Let me at least add, that with Mrs. Judson, I am personally unacquainted—the circles, it was my privilege to attend, were accidental; that is, persons hearing of the wonders, would crowd to her place of residence, and being perfectly helpless, she was forced, despite tears and entreaties, by FRANK, to be present. For instance, as soon as the "circle" was seated, and the light extinguished, open flew her chamber door—from her bed she was uplifted, and carefully placed in the chair designed for her, FRANK,

all the while, soothing and coaxing her with the assurance, "All this is for some great good—be patient, dear child, it will soon be over."

Of late Miss JUDAH has returned to her literary occupations. She is a more remarkable person, scarcely nineteen years of age; of wonderful beauty, and highly accomplished. She is of Spanish extraction. I hear her health is very delicate, but at all times she is so sensitive—some say proud—as to be unapproachable. Yours forever, "BUFFALO."

Political Items.

The Senate and House Committees have agreed upon a compromise in relation to the Lecompton Bill, which, it is thought, will command a majority in both branches of Congress. The only point of departure from the Montgomery-Crittenden proposition, which at present appears, is this: if the people of Kansas do not accept the Lecompton Constitution, they cannot become a State until they count enough to send a Representative to Congress. The further discussion of the subject was postponed until the 2d Monday of May.

Senator Mason, of Virginia, has introduced a resolution into the Senate, to authorize the President to take such measures as in his judgment are proper, to repel the insults offered the United States by the attack of Paraguay, in South America, upon an American vessel.

Mr. Morrill introduced a Bill into the House of Representatives, donating lands to the several States for the benefit of Agricultural and Mechanical arts. It was passed by a vote of 104 to 101.

The removal of Mr. Devlin, Street Commissioner of New York, by Mayor Tiemann, seems to have given very general satisfaction.

The House of Representatives are contemplating the establishment of a national printing office, which, it is thought, will save large sums of money to the government yearly. The amount of public printing done is immense.

The policy marked out by the Administration for Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner to China—one of extreme conciliation to the Chinese, and non-intervention in their difficulties with the French and English—it has since been found necessary to change very essentially. Nothing seems capable of producing a lasting impression on John Chinaman, but ball cartridge. It's a pity for him that it is so.

Later news has been received from Venezuela. Former advices as to the overthrow of Monagas are fully confirmed, and the people were clamoring loudly for his banishment or execution. The robberies of the public treasury, alleged to have been perpetrated by the Monagas brothers and their partisans, amount to the enormous sum of \$17,240,000. The Diplomatic Corps had taken the brothers under their joint protection after the overthrow, but the Provisional Government protested against the proceeding, and finally took them by force from the Ministers and put them in prison. All the foreign representatives had rendered themselves so obnoxious by their course in the matter, that it was thought probable their passports would be sent to them.

The French, German, and Italian sympathizers with Orsini, the executed Italian patriot, made a demonstration in his honor, in New York, on the 23d. There was a procession, which formed at Union square, and thence proceeded to the City Hall square, where some five or six addresses, of ten minutes' length each, were delivered in as many different languages.

Paris journals are just now discussing, with considerable warmth, the occupation by Great Britain of the Island of Perim—a desolate little rock in the Red Sea. The London Times replies very contemptuously and with assumed haughtiness, and declares that England will not submit to any European interference in her Eastern policy. Orsini's last letter to Louis Napoleon has been published. He freely admits his guilt as an assassin, and says that he was laboring at the time under a mental error, when he believed that assassination could, under any circumstances, be justifiable. It is likewise rumored that this last letter of Orsini's to the Emperor is a forgery, done by the hand of Napoleon himself.

Senator Houston has introduced into the United States Senate a resolution for appointing a Committee of seven, to inquire into the necessity and expediency of establishing a Protectorate, on the part of this country, over distracted Mexico. He made a speech, in which he fully rehearsed the benefits which he thought would accrue to both countries in consequence of such a measure.

The further consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill, in the Senate, has been deferred by a vote of that body until the 25th day of December next—Christmas. Since the vote, however, a reconsideration of the same has been agreed to, and will be likely soon to be acted upon.

Quite an exciting, if not a laughable, controversy arose in the House of Representatives, the other day, between Messrs. Shaw, of North Carolina, and Giddings, of Ohio—as to whether or not the latter congratulated Mr. Gilmer, the colleague of the former, on the occasion of his delivery of his anti-Lecompton speech.

In the United States Senate, memorials have been presented from citizens of New Orleans and Philadelphia, and from the Chamber of Commerce of the former city, asking aid for the Collins steamers.

The New York State Legislature finally adjourned on the 19th of April. Much excitement and sundry personal difficulties characterized the closing hours of the session.

Eighteen British gun-boats are stationed around the Island of Cuba watching for slavers, and are said to have overhauled some American vessels without any justifiable cause.

The success of the government forces in Mexico, under Osollo, over those of the coalition, has been most complete. It was supposed that Juarez had fled to Acapulco, where it was probable he would embark in the steamer for San Francisco. So far, the Zuloaga troops had been perfectly successful, but General Echegaray, on the road to Vera Cruz, is described as being in an extremely dangerous position between the forces of La Llave and those of Negrete. The *acquitura* of the Consuls of the United States, Spain and Hamburg, at Vera Cruz, have been withdrawn in consequence of their alleged sympathy with the Constitutionalists.

There have been, last week, two Democratic State Conventions held in Illinois; one, a representative of the Administration, with delegates from twenty-three counties—and the other, a Douglas Convention, with representatives from ninety-seven counties. The latter body made its State nominations,

and the former adjourned without transacting any business, until the 8th of June.

In Committee of the Whole, in the House of Representatives, the bill granting pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812 was considered. Notice was given of amendment after amendment, by which the provisions of the bill were to be extended to those who served in the Mexican, Florida, Creek wars, and the like. Mr. Letcher at length suggested that it would be well, before proceeding further, to sit down and count the cost.

ANOTHER COMMITTEE.

At the last meeting of the "Massachusetts Association of the New Church," a committee was appointed to investigate and report as to the character and tendency of modern Spiritualism, consisting of Rev. Mr. Worcester, of Boston; Rev. Mr. Goddard, of Brighton; Rev. Mr. Pettos, of Abington; Rev. Mr. Heywood, of Brookline, and Rev. Mr. Rodman.

Many prominent and influential members of the New Church have dropped off, and have come boldly into the ranks of Spiritualism. This has probably caused the ministers, in this Church, to take this step.

By those who know little or nothing of Spiritualism, and not much more of the New Church, both are recognized as believing the same. And many Spiritualists wonder why those who believe in the doctrine taught by Swedenborg, do not accept modern Spiritualism. The great difference between the New Church and Spiritualism, is this: The New Church is as exclusively *sectarian* as any church on earth; Spiritualism is free from sectarianism, and is liberal in the broadest sense. The New Church members believe that they are guarded and influenced by good spirits, and believers in modern Spiritualism are influenced by evil spirits. This belief is based, says the New Church, on the prophecies of Swedenborg. It is easy to see that the doctrine of the New Church, though of a more modern fabric, is kindred to the doctrines of the various church organizations that have long existed, for it recognizes its own members as favored children of God gathered into his fold, while others are wandering. A. B. C.

The Medical Journal says the warm bath is a grand remedy, and will cure the most virulent of diseases. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind—as, for instance, having visited a fever patient—should speedily plunge into a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue, and then rub dry, dress securely to guard against cold, and finish off with a cup of strong tea by the fire. If the system has imbibed any infectious matter, it will certainly be removed by this process if it be resorted to before the infection has time to spread over the system. And even if some time has elapsed, a hot bath will be pretty sure to remove it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. S. UNIONVILLE.—We received your letter, and show it to Dr. Storer, a trance medium, whose list of lectures for the next four weeks you will see in this paper. He is what you want, and as he is in your State, lecturing, perhaps it may be well for you to address him to one of the places advertised.

M. L. P. LOWELL.—We decline publishing your poem; it is faulty in many particulars.

O. F. BUFFALO.—For the information you so much desire, see this number of the Banner. The others are on file, and will be attended to soon. We are obliged for your favors. Hope to hear from you again.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the academy on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M., as usual. Mrs. HENDERSON, the well-known trance-speaking medium has been engaged.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield Street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

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

THE LAYERS' HARMONICAL BAND will hold their semi-weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 9 Phillips Place, on Thursday, May 6th. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

Mrs. ROSA T. ANDER, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in South Dedham on Tuesday, April 27th; in West Bridgewater on Thursday, 29th; in Quincy on Sunday, May 2nd.

J. H. CUMBER, trance-speaking medium, is engaged to lecture in Franklin, N. H., Sunday, May 2; West Amherst, Mass., Sunday, May 9.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by direct, and the afternoon devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

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

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

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Beval street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAPP, Supr. Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

NEWBURGH.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall—on-trance, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday, afternoon and evening; public circles for development in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

Special Notices.

LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM, IN NEW YORK CITY.

On or about the 1st of May, an additional room will be fitted up, adjoining the one now occupied by the subscriber, as a LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM. It will be arranged with a due regard to neatness and comfort, and well supplied with Spiritual and Reform Literature, as well as a choice selection of works on Religion, Science, and the Arts, together with the best class of light literature of the day.

The want of a place of this kind has been unmistakably indicated by the many inquiries instituted, and the general anxiety expressed on the subject, both as regards the Spiritualists of New York, and those coming from a distance.

The subscriber, in entering upon this new enterprise, feels the fullest confidence that he will be sufficiently well sustained to compensate him for every additional risk he may incur (in the shape of rent, &c.) in the inauguration of the "Spiritualists' Library and Reading-Room."

CIRCLES.

A portion of the time—day and evening—will be occupied at the Spiritual Rooms, No. 5 Great Jones street, in holding Circles, at which it is intended to have the services of the best Test Mediums in the country—so far as may be. The advantages of this arrangement are, that while it will not interfere with mediums at their homes, it will give investigators an opportunity of consulting them at certain hours at a general point. Established rates for communications will not be interfered with, but remain the same. The names of mediums engaged, and the hours for holding circles, will be announced at the proper time.

ORAL DISCUSSION.

The Oral Discussions at Hartford, between Professor Britton and Dr. Hanson, will be published on Saturday, the 24th inst. It will contain 148 pp., 8vo.—bound in muslin, 65 cents; paper, 38 cents; postage, 6 and 10 cents. Orders will be promptly attended to.

E. T. MUNBON, April 24. 8 Great Jones st., N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND REVIVALS.

CHARLESTOWN, 1858.

TRUE RELIGIO

"Who goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head?"

Inwardly you shudder at these fearful words. The mental question is asked, who gave you power, oh mortal, thus to speak? Experience? No! You have never visited that "unknown bourne," the grave. Ye be blind leaders of the blind. The hungry soul is not satisfied with this meagre fare, doled out scantily to the poor in heart. Poor in heart! Ah! if thou wast indeed poor in heart, then thou wert among the number of the blessed. It is man's wisdom that veils his spiritual vision. Let him leave his earthly shrine, and seek nature's higher temple for instruction. Let him go forth when the lamps of heaven are lighted, and breathe one silent, heart-felt prayer for that true wisdom which cometh

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Then she went into the kitchen to see who was
could find there. She saw a boy, ten or twelve
years old, coughing badly, standing over the stove
and leaving his mother to go out; but his mother
tells him it won't do for him to go out to-day; he
looks as if he was going to have the measles; she
thinks there is a woman standing at the sink, mixing
baking. She thinks this woman is that sick man's
mother; she is very unwell to-day. Well, said
in comes the milk-man, and leaves a quart of milk

LYNN, MASS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WORSHIP.

BORDENTOWN, 1858.

As an investigator, I am, sirs, yours truly,
THOMAS H. ARMSTRONG.

Communications.

[Emma A. Knight, Medium.]

[Mrs. Falos, Medium, of Chelsea.]

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

Booster the germs of the beautiful—let them spring up near the hearthstone of every dwelling, and that is good and lovely will be made happy and strengthened, till the wilderness of earth will bloom like a rose.

Then the weary wanderer, the pilgrim of life, will find the beautiful flowers of Truth and Friendship scattered along his way; and as he inhales their fragrance, his heart will be made lighter, and

THE FOLLOWING INFO ARE IN ITALY

R WHO ART

Aimighty God! to Thee is due
The glory of the earth and Heaven;
All praise, all faith, and hollest love,
To Thee, oh, Lord! alone is given.—*Psalm.*

The Messenger.

Nobody here says, Old woman, you have enough; old woman, you had n't ought to go on; but I do what is right. Now I'll go, and I am going back to them; and if they send the old woman back, I'll come again.

Rev. Dr. Benj. Langworthy.

Rev. Dr. Benj. Langworthy.

When on earth I was called 'Rev. Dr. Benj. Lan-
worthy... I preached twenty years ago at Christ
Chapel, in London. March 18.'

William King.

Decidedly an unhappy spirit. His ideas in regard to capital punishment are nevertheless sound. There is much to ponder over in this message, whether from the character of the spirit we can rely upon the sup-

Harvey Burdell.

Perhaps I do right, perhaps I do wrong, in coming here to-day. This is the fourth time I have been requested to come here and state what I had stated elsewhere. I at first declined to do so because I was once very strongly repulsed when I returned here; and as I am not apt to forget such things, I had retained it up to the present time. Still I do not think any of the worse of you or those who were with you for the ungentlemanly treatment I received at your hands. If I speak too harshly, please correct me. My name was Burdell. You seemed to doubt me—to fear me—to think I was going to do injury to your medium. To be sure I was filled with terror—all my last agonies seemed to come upon me, and I exhibited it through your medium.

I should not have come here to-day had I not been importuned. I told you then who murdered me. I tell you the same now; and I told you truly. She who has been the means of sending me to Hell should suffer more than she has. Her children—her own children know it, and in private they spurn her from their presence. I told the daughters—from my soul I pity them. I told you Helen was present; so she was, and begged of her mother to desist. Her mother a devil unworthy the name of mother. Yes, and even now those children are withering under the blight she has cast upon them. They never can be what they would have been. They know the world are looking upon them from all sides, and then when they should have a mother to look to, they have none. Even they have been to their mother at midnight and begged of her to own the murder and save her soul. Ah, the public could not get proof enough to punish her. Proof! her own face should be the proof of it. And she was my wife! Never!

Her own husband stands at my side now—to-day, and would if he could, speak, and say that she not only murdered me, but disclose the circumstances of his death also. The children should not expect mercy at her hands.

I was told I could come here to-day by those who guide your circle and give what I saw fit to give. They were satisfied I should come to give truth, and nothing but the truth; so you see I come with the sanction of those you rely upon. If she had not been a woman, she would have been convicted. She owes her salvation, naturally speaking, to her sex. Ha! she would to God I could speak and tell who murdered me! and I then stood by her side and prayed to God to give me power to say she murdered me. I never prayed on earth. I lived a coward on earth, and desecrated to die as I did. I do not come because I was murdered, but because she is murdering her children daily. The public must know it, and they wink at it!

I would like to say something of my situation, but I am in no mood for it. I have learned much and forgot nothing. I did not pass out of the world an insane man. I committed many sins on earth that I am sorry for. I have got to make my own happiness. I deem it my duty to return and expose that woman. Her children would, if they dared to, but she holds them as in a vice by her indomitable will. She says I loved them,—so I did, and I respected them too, but as regards herself I never had love for her.

Now I suppose I have taxed your patience quite long enough. If you have courage enough, publish my statements; if not, withhold them—they are at your option.

Now if my friends, to whom and through whom I have communicated, should read a part of what I have given you, they will not hesitate to take what you publish and convey it to that she-devil. I am determined to reach her, and I shall never cease to reach her until she quits the mortal body, or acknowledges her crime. The latter will be much better for her and for her children. Now she is going after large to curse the world and dupe some one else. That man is dumb and dare not be otherwise; he too is controlled by her will. I blame her and her alone. I shall come hereafter and give a full statement of facts, just as they occurred, with names of all persons concerned. I have given you enough to prove to my friends that I am Harvey Burdell and that is all I desire.

March 18.

This spirit visited us about a week after his death, before the Banner was published. A friend accompanied us. The medium was not in good health at the time, and the spirit personified what appeared to be a violent death scene. Our friend was much disturbed at life exhibition, and at the struggles of the medium, and suggested that the spirit might injure her, and asked him to leave her, to which he now alludes, although we had nearly forgotten it. Seeing our friend so nervous, we did not object to what he said, and the spirit left. He gave us the same idea of the murder as he has here hinted at in this, naming the parties there present.

The following was received April 22d, and as it relates somewhat to the above, we append it:—

Your notice of my last communication has fallen into the hands of some of my acquaintances, and they call upon me to come again. And I come not because I have desire to come, for God knows I am sick of earth and of all its follies and its pleasures. I suppose you are unable to recognize me; my name was Burdell. Some of them want to know if I am sure that Eckel was innocent. I tell you what I told you before. I have not changed, because what is a fact cannot be changed, and they question me in regard to the physician, who officiated. I was acquainted with him on earth. I think him deficient of moral character, very deficient of wisdom; not wishing to be good and not smart enough to be a rascal. The world is full of such cowards, wanting gold, and not caring how they get it. I do not care to hold up myself as a pattern, for I was a coward. I need not have been where I am, but my own folly sent me. When a spirit finds the doors of the spirit world open, he is not obliged to come to your small crucible to distill his thoughts. I may appear harsh to you, but what I have been listening to, to-day, brings up my old feelings. I wish they would not question me. I am obliged to convict myself whenever I come. I would to God the doors of the spirit world were closed. I speak for myself. I would to God my spirit was where my body is, and I sometimes feel thankful to my murderer for sending that from life. I may feel different some day, but to-day I feel excessively enraged, and I will stop no longer. Good day.

April 22.

Harriet Linscott.—A Death Scene.

After the medium was entranced, it was written:

"Your medium is in Sandusky, Cal., witnessing a death scene. Question her—she will give you a correct description."

This description is as follows:

I see a small wood-colored one-story house. In the first room you come to, the right hand side, there is a young girl, sick. She is going to die, I suppose. The people here say she was a medium. The room is filled with yellow light (spirit lights). Right over her I see her mother; by her side, a brother (spirits). Harriet Linscott is the name of the girl who is sick. There is an old lady here in earth life; she has something in her hand, but it is useless to give it to the girl, for she can't drink it. The lady is her grandmother.

I see sparks of fire, as it were,—more than a million of sparks seem to be coming out of the body. She seems to be on fire! This old man (spirit) says that is the passing off of the electrical forces that have long been in the body, to hold it, and the spirit together. There seems to be a most beautiful silver light about her head.

"Oh, there are two heads visible,—one, forming above the other. Now there are four arms! Oh, dear, there's a whole body standing right over her! She's dead, dead, dead! Oh, it looks like smoke now, all right, all round it. Now there is a covering coming all around it. There, the feet of the body have left the forehead of her body; they

are about three inches from the forehead, but there are streams of light going from this thin, airy body, down into the earth body I see on the bed. They look like rays of the sun. Now they look less—there are none at all now. One body is gone entirely, and the people here are mourning so. There the old lady has been carried out fainting, and some one is rubbing her.

Why, here is the same spirit who passed out of the body, standing here, close by me! and she wants me to ask the people not to leave her—not to go away. She wants me to stop the clock now; I don't think I can do it, but she says I can. It's a long clock—there, I have stopped it, and I have frightened the old lady almost to death—they say some one is going to die.

This spirit told them the first thing she did would be to stop the clock. A girl who is sick with consumption has just run in to see the clock, for somebody has told her it has stopped. The spirit is looking on, and does not like to have her hair twisted—she wants it braided. She wants me to help her make them alter it. There, they have changed their minds, and are braiding it. One is talking about what a good girl she was; another, what a strange girl; another says, it was her medium powers that killed her. One says it was disease of the heart; but it was not—it was a cancer in the stomach, about as large as an egg. It is white, and looks like a sponge. The spirit wants me to stay until her body is well cared for, but I don't know as I can. There is such a confusion here! It's very evident that the people here will not believe she is ever coming back, by the way they talk, except the young girl, who will soon go to her.

There's a small yard in front of the house, with a slab fence. People look as though they were poor, but everything looks neat. There, they have all gone out of the room now, and have locked the door, and I'll come home.

After this description, the medium returned to consciousness, and was influenced to write that "the spirit in question passed from the mortal form at precisely 34 minutes past 2 o'clock A. M., by the clock in the room, which was stopped at 3:17."

March 19.

William Gray.

How do you do? I don't know any of you. I do not know one of you. What do you suppose I am here for? Oh, my God! I did not know as I should ever get a chance to get back. Do you want to know who I am? I am William Gray; I was killed in Charleston by falling from the mast-head. I was about eighteen years old. That was a d— of a fall, I tell you. I remember it just as plain! I didn't die right away, either. They thought I was dead; I wasn't, though; I expect I got my back broke when I fell. I've got a father and mother, brothers and sisters. I want to know if there are any way I can get at them to talk to them? They are round here, I suppose, though I don't know where. I ain't been dead only a little over two years—I believe it was in 1866. I can't talk smart, so you must fix it up for me. I do not remember the name of the vessel. I do not know how I happened to come here to-day, do you? I had no taste for learning on earth, and I came here almost a fool. Everything looks beautiful here, but I don't understand it. Was you ever on board the receiving ship at the navy yard? I applied there once to be taken on board—they would not have me; I could not swim to get along, any way. I went in part to see an Irish boy by the name of Welsh. He was about fifteen years old. He was waiting upon the officers. I live in a comfortable place, better than I deserve. I want to find my parents, and I have not seen them for a long time. They did not live in Charleston—they lived in Boston—don't question me too close. You see I run away from home. I went away because the devil was in me, I suppose. I don't want to trust you with my secrets, until you trust me. You don't exactly know about me now, and I can talk better when with you. Find out about me, please.

Addison Phillips.

Out of death cometh life. How strange, and yet how true! These bodies which belong to dust and bear the marks of death constantly upon them, contain also the germ of eternal life; and when the great Master of all things sees fit to call that life to Himself, then nature becomes, as it were, disbanding, and the spirit takes its flight homeward, heavenward.

Mortals, it were a very interesting sight, could you behold the spirit passing from the material and mingling with the ethereal! And could you behold the spirit, as we sometimes do, as it is increased in mortal form, you would wonder why fear exists as to death; you would wonder why mankind fear that which bringeth life.

We do not wonder, because we know that false words have so stamped themselves upon your souls, that you cannot rid yourself of that fear while here on earth. When the spiritual body is an inhabitant of the earthly body, the animal and spiritual electricity is combined; but when the call is heard from beyond, calling to the inhabitant of flesh, then there is no harmony; the spiritual element strives to free itself from materialism. Yet the spirit is always triumphant. When he is called for by the forces above him, all the skill of earth could not make the two forces unite. Yet it is your duty to retain the spirit within the mortal form as long as you can, because you cannot know the hour and the minute when you can go as you should go.

Sometimes by reason of the disorder in the elements which surround the external body, the spirit becomes unable to manifest through the external organism, and you consider such an one dead, because you cannot see the spirit which acts in the material form. The reason why is, because of the inharmonious of the elements. Many a spirit has been doubly entombed by mortal oversight. Therefore, considering these mistakes likely to occur, you should be extremely cautious how you quickly entomb your dead; for at such times the spirit is only waiting for forces from beyond that it may again harmonize with the form. Sometimes these forces cannot be sent, and the spirit goes forth; but you have many, very many cases, where, if you would call upon the Superior Power, many of your dead would be raised to life—by no miraculous means, but by simply aiding Nature through her own laws. When disease fastens itself upon the human form, then also commences its harmony between the spiritual and animal. Often medical aid does much towards restoring this harmony, but all the medical aid you have on earth, would be but as a drop to the ocean to save; for as you are animal and spiritual, your relief must come from both sources. Go into the mineral kingdom to find instruments to retain the spirit in its form, and your search will be fruitless, unless power be sent from on high. Therefore, medicine does no good, except to quiet the spirit and urge it to harmonize again with the animal.

My dear friends, you all might learn a lesson worth learning, if you would frequently go to the bedside of the dying; take the light you receive there, and bring it to bear upon the scene, and in minutes out of ten, your spiritual vision will be opened. Cases not dared to entertain the angel of death, even in thought. Everything to us in this way looks wrong, and you should seek knowledge in regard to the second birth. Then you would welcome the angel of death, instead of fearing to entertain him. You at the longest have but a short time to dwell in these material temples; the spirit will not long be confined therein; and how much better will it be for you, if when that time comes, you shall have light to render cheerful your passage to the skies. No fear will linger to encloud your happiness; no darkness will envelop you, but the sunlight of peace shall fill your frames; and you shall understand yourself—naturally and spiritually. It is a well known fact that the well-developed medium suffers loss at the time of the second birth, than one who has no medium powers. Because the spirit, independent of the body, is disengaged from the material. Now, the spirit of this medium understands this thing, but on regaining her

mortal form, she remembers it not, for the organ of memory was not actuated. It would not be well for the clairvoyant to retain this thing in the memory, for the brain is not large enough to retain it, and your clairvoyant would become the inmate of a lunatic asylum. But we would have you, in your normal state, go frequently to the bedside of the dying one, and you will not fail to appreciate our advice; and if you cannot at once comprehend it, I am sure you will in time to come.

You are all born to die or to be born again, and if it is necessary for you to become acquainted with your material form, it is not also necessary for you to inform yourself in regard to your spiritual existence? The great Creator fills you shall understand yourself in spirit, for by so doing you understand your Creator. Therefore see to it that you no longer walk in darkness. Then you will find death pleasant, and the second birth one of joy. I speak truth to you, as one who has passed through this change, and has passed through it in darkness, and has since received the same light you are now receiving, and from the same source.

The spirit who has been described as having passed out of the mortal form, passed out of the form at precisely thirty-four minutes past two this morning, and the clock was stopped at seventeen minutes past three, the hour following, by that clock. We expect this will be verified in a material way; it may not be, but we expect it will.

March 19.

Closing of the Circle.—David Hooton.

Spirit of Wisdom and of Power, we thank Thee that not one of Thy children is denied the blessed privilege of communing with earth. We thank Thee, oh Father, that the benighted inhabitants of earth are no longer debarred the privilege of looking into the mysteries of Heaven, their home, if they will call upon Thee for aid in casting aside the veil of darkness and error which has hidden it from their sight. We thank Thee that thou hast so fashioned Thy children that they constantly reach out for something higher. We thank Thee, oh Father, that thou hast told them to gratify that principle by seeking out Thee and hast promised them they shall find Thee. We thank Thee, oh divine principle of Truth, that Thy love is broad shed over all the earth. We thank Thee that Thy powerful arms encircle all Thy children. We thank Thee, Father, for all Thy blessings, and that Thou hast enabled us to see the blessings of this hour. And while we bless Thee, we would not fail to ask Thee to continue Thy blessings. We would ask Thee to hold us by Thy hand that we fall not, faint not, but draw nigh to Thee in every step we take.

Spirit of Universal Peace, wilt Thou overshadow these Thy children with Thy love, that they may reach out their arms in love to all mankind? Do Thou so inspire their souls with faith that they shall not only praise Thee for Thy blessings of to-day, but look forward to the brighter future.

We come to Thee, knowing that Thou hast blessings to bestow. Farewell, friends—may the blessings of Him who is here and everywhere be constantly showered upon you.

Here David Hooton has desired to manifest, but could not.

March 19th.

John Gillespie.

One of my acquaintances requested me to come here to-day. I made an arrangement with your controlling spirit this morning, and he gave me permission to come this afternoon. I have been to you before, nearly a year ago, but perhaps you will not remember me. My name is John Gillespie; my disease was consumption, or hemorrhage of the lungs, and I died in Quincy, Mass.

The friend who requested me to come here to-day, wished me to state here what my ideas of death and a future life were before my death. He said if I would do so, he would believe it was me. I can do so, but those ideas will not harmonize with those I now enjoy.

My friend wanted to know if I thought I should recognize them. I told him I should, and I can recognize a spirit world. If there was a God, I was willing to trust myself in His hands. I had repented of all the sins committed in earth life, and that was all the propitiation I had to offer God. He was alarmed at my situation, because I had not made a public profession of religion. He was honest in his fears, and perhaps will go far higher than I am in spirit life.

Now, I must say I fancied that heaven was something like earth—that vegetation grew there, and everything we saw in Nature we found in spirit life. These ideas were crude, to be sure, but I have learned they were true since I have come here, and I shall now call them impressions. I was called "strange" and "curious" when on earth, because of my ideas of God and future life.

I left a family to whom I was warmly attached, and to whom I should love to manifest. I have done so, poorly, and I only want an opportunity to prove myself to them fully.

I would here thank my friend for the interest he has manifested towards me, and I here ask him to reach out his hands and taste of fruits which are far above those he partakes of. He finds true happiness for himself in the church—I could not find it there. It is not the opinion of the man which makes him happy here; words are poor saviours; acts will carry him to heaven. I can say but little of my earth life—it was a mixture of good and evil, pleasure and joy. I sometimes wonder why I could not settle upon some belief, and build me a foundation to last me over Jordan. I do not wish to give this friend's name; should my friend give me permission, I shall be very happy to do so.

March 20.

Charlotte, to Daniel Howard.

Can I find a welcome here? I have left the joys of my home to-day that I might minister to those I love on earth. I have now been an inhabitant of spirit life eleven and a half years, and were it not for loved ones here, I should not leave my home to return to earth. I feel like one who has long been away from his home, and who has formed new associates, and almost forgotten the old; yet not entirely, for the impressions I received in my earthly life, to some extent, last me through eternity.

I left my earthly home before time had run high in the heavens. Age did not call me away, friends were kind, hopes were bright, and everything around me looked pleasant and fair. Yet disease came—my form wasted, and my spirit winged its way to heaven. I feel somewhat delicate in approaching you to-day, as you are strangers to me, yet I would commune with my husband. He who bore that sacred relation to me, I have watched over; although far distant at times from him, I have sought to soothe his sorrows, and make pleasant the path of life. I have succeeded, and peace has thrown its mantle over him. Yet, like all earth's children, he has his sorrows—and, like all, needs to be comforted. I see in his home much to make him happy, yet occasionally a shadow of unhappiness. The enemy to health has been there, and still is there; but he must not mourn; he should not complain when his lot is so much above even that of those nigh unto him. He should daily thank God for the blessings he has, and bear with the sorrows. I would have you tell him he is never alone—if one does not "watch by his side, another is sure to, and whether awake or asleep, at home or abroad, happy or unhappy, some unseen one is ever striving to draw his thoughts from earth to heaven, and thus ensure him lasting happiness. Tell him to sit alone, often, and "let his will try to manifest to him. We will try to assure him that other than mortal power is ground around him, and will aid him. I have many other dear friends I would like to commune with, but I cannot at this time; in future I may, although I have no assurance I can approach your medium at another time, yet there is a possibility. I may come again, tell him to watch carefully over those he has in his charge, and however hard his task may be, he should be amply rewarded in the future.

March 20.

William Livingston.

I was just now thinking, before I came here, what an ungodly world you live in, and what a graceless set of men go to make up the world's people. One after another are throwing off their mortal bodies and coming hither, and when they get here, they find their life on earth has been thrown away, and they have got no policy insuring their happiness in the spirit-life—failed to get it, as I did.

I come here to-day to perform my duty. It is rather distasteful to me, but I shall perform it, and do it straight forward. I have been to you before. My name is William Livingston, and I come to you on account of my son, if you have no objection. I do not like what I see—I can't like it. He is going on the same path I trod, and if he continues to do so, he will come out at the small end of the horn, as I did. He does not make so much of a god of money as I did, but his charity may be squeezed into the eye of a cambric needle and not hurt it a bit. I brought him up so; but I suppose I can come back and tell him the falsity of it. The boy has a good heart, and plenty of principle, but I crushed it on earth, and I want to see if I cannot develop it. In a word, I want him to make others happy, and when he is settling down to see if he can't make himself happy, to go out and see if he cannot find some poor child of God who needs some of the store he has laid in. My wife is a good woman, but she shuts herself up from the world, and does not do as I wish her to. I want her to go among the poor and see if she can't benefit them some. I do not like this close-fistedness. I might have liked it on earth, but I am in a different place now, and don't like it.

My old friend Collins has done much for me, but he has not done all. I would like him to see that my son gets what I send to him. I can't help whether it suits my son or not—it suits me, and I want him to get it. I love the boy, and I shant come here to tell him how to make money. Oh, no; I wish to God I had less to do with it. I never sought to seek out anything about my soul—oh, no; I lived to make money, and died to have it a thorn to me. There are a great many who were in my employ I would like to talk to, and ask forgiveness of. I am perfectly willing to do it now, because I know it's right. There was a time when I first came here, and was told to do it, but said, never.

Now I am anxious that my son should have this new light—it matters not whether he gets it at home, or goes abroad to get it. My daughter, I do not care so much about, for she will get it in time, sure.

My son is on the wrong track, and I want to switch him off; he is running to destruction, and I want to put a brake in the way. I am not happy, but I know it is all right, for when I have suffered enough to atone for my sins, I know I shall be happy. I was loath to die. God saw I was living to no account on earth, and He took me out of it. I had the good things of earth, and now I am suffering for it. If I had the education of some one of you, I should be far more happy than with all my wealth. Well, I shall come to my folks, and if I see faults I shall tell them of it, and if you do not see fit to publish it, why, I will get somebody else to publish it, or get it to them.

March 20.

Elias Smith.

It is an undeniable fact that man is more willing to receive the mysterious, than he is to receive plain teaching that appeals to his own reason and will be approved by it. Now all the theologians of the present day have the Bible for their foundation. They all differ, but they all start from it. Now as they expound the Bible, it is the most mysterious book eyes ever beheld. Everything there set down is clothed in mystery, when you look at it from their standpoint. Christ told the multitude that he came to establish a new law. That he came to fulfill a mighty mission, you cannot doubt. He taught the people of his time to live and act and move by Love, and as I see it, he clearly taught them to throw aside the old Mosaic law as being unfit for their needs all about you, who are far from the mysterious. Now Spiritualism came bringing its own proof, and yet the multitude cry out mystery! Let one of the multitude go and listen to a discourse from some brother who may believe in the orthodox faith, and if he be of the same opinion, he will not cry out mystery, and yet there is more mystery in that faith than in all else on earth.

Now they tell you that God is your Father—that He loves you better than the earth father loves his child; yet they tell you He is always ready to cast you into a fire of eternal hell. Now if you can find a parent who will inflict such punishment on a child, you will find more than I believe you can. I lived on earth long enough to see much of the customs of earth, and I was never yet settled in my opinion. I believed first in this, then in that, and then in nothing. I went from one faith to another, and found nothing to satisfy my soul in any, and when I came here, I first found Truth.

Had Spiritualism been in my day, as you now see it in your day, I no doubt should have embraced it, because I was ever determined to investigate the new; and if I found something to lean upon, I would—if not, I would go after something else. A few days ago I was in a certain city, not more than 300 miles from here, and some of my friends were gathered together, discussing the subject of Spiritualism. One of them said, "I cannot believe it, it is so mysterious! Now if some spirit should come to me and tell me what I am now saying, I should believe they could really come to mortals." Well, I happened to hear it, and I came here to-day to tell that friend if he is inclined to believe, we are inclined to give him a chance to see. He is an old man, will soon pass off the stage of action, and as he was kind to me, I feel that I cannot do better than to give him some light.

They communed together some half hour, but the burden of the conversation was this:—One said, "I will believe if I get this," another that, but my friend wished what I have told you. He may search the world over, and come to the spirit world's office; if he hears his reasoning powers on somebody's else; for he may pull down his house, and then away goes yours. Ask no man to believe, unless he has had just as good proof as you have. Every man must come to heaven in his own way. I suppose there are many orthodox in heaven, but I must inform those now living on earth that they renounced their belief ere they found happiness, for everything here is against it. Now it is far better for my friends to renounce that faith before they are spirits. It will not hurt them to seek in the lowest depths of vice for light, for who knows whether God is not there?

Yes, go and raise some fallen one up to your standard, and then see if you cannot find God in that same child. Christ told his followers he was the door, and that whoever went in any other way had no right to be there. He meant they should understand him to know this. They should take pattern after his virtues, doing good to all mankind, and suffering hatred not to dwell a moment in the soul.

I shall doubtless return and report what success I have had in this undertaking. I am Elias Smith—call me a clergyman, if you like.

March 20.

Reuben Willey.

This is something new to me. If you will believe me I've been dead most ten years, and if you will believe me this is the first time I have come back. My name was Reuben Willey and I was almost fifty-four years old, I think. I was a fisherman and lived on an island in the Atlantic Ocean. Do you know where Whale's Back Light House is? Well, there's an established circle of fishermen there on that island. I believe, there are seven belonging to it, and they have been calling for me, but I can't get there, somehow. They tell me I had better come here and give them a message, and that when I leave here I can go there, a never learned much on earth, and have not learned much here, but I am happy. I haven't seen no God, nor no devil, and I don't know as there is one. I don't know how long I am going to stay where I am. I am satisfied, and contented, but I should like to know more about my future.

I had children, and I was loath to leave them. You say I may see them soon, but soon may be a long way off. I don't know how to take anybody here. Now I have heard a great deal about this Spiritualism, but I never tried to have a hand in it, but I got just so far, but couldn't go a step farther. They told me if I came here and obeyed certain laws I could talk. Well, I did, and I know I am talking—so far that's true. But, stranger, everything is so different here from what I expected, that I don't know what to think of anything. I believed in a God, a Heaven and a hell, and a devil, but I am disappointed in all: I was pretty well satisfied when I found out there was no hell—I got disappointed on the happy side.

Well, I shall push right straight out for Star Island, and try to tell them I have been here.

March 20.

Adams.

A musician, who lived in Pompeii at the time of its destruction, has been in the habit of communicating to a circle in New York, under the name of Adams. Has been requested to come to your circle, and give the same name given there, and state when last he was there at their circle. That time was January 3, 1863. If said circle will convene at convenient times, he promises them much by way of amusement and instruction. Would write through your medium, as requested to, but finds himself totally unable so to do. I am therefore an agent for him.

You are therefore requested to publish what you have received.

March 20.

Rebecca Rice.

I do not know as you let everybody come, do you? Well, I have not been dead three weeks yet. My name was Rebecca Rice. I was going on 90 years of age. I lived in Roxbury, and died there. I do not know but it was old age I died of. I think it was. I have a great many friends here, and they wanted me to come and talk to my son. I lived with him and died with him. Oh, if you could see this place! You don't know much about it, do you? Oh, it's heaven! everything is so beautiful! I heard of these things before I left, and I determined to come if ever I meant to do anything. I never did come wrong, and if I had only had a chance, I should have gone to a medium, and I know I should have believed. I lived my appointed time—everybody was ready for me. I am very glad I died the time of year I did. I always wanted to, and I think God answered my prayers. It was hard to leave the dear ones—it was hard, but I felt that my time had come, and it was right. I should have talked to you to-day if you had told me I could not. Oh, tell my friends I can give them advice and bless them a great deal. You are all strangers to me, but I feel it is all right for me to come. Well, good bye, I will try to come again.

March 22.

J. G. Wyatt.

I don't know where I am. I know that I am in Boston; but who are you all? What day is this? Monday, April 19th? Oh, God! oh, God! then I have not been dead three days yet.

I was mistaken; I thought I would be better off, but I got into hell right off. Can't you tell me any way I can die? I committed suicide—I hung myself, and the last thought I had was to come here. My name was Wyatt. I want to see B—. Is this you? I can't see, I tell you. Is it you? Give me your hand.

My God, I was not guilty of what they laid to me. I was not—I knew I was not—but I got so bad off. I thought I had rather die. It's true, whether they believe it or not. What did I want to do with what they said I did? I must have been insane. I might have been a drunkard, but not a thief. If I ever stole in my life, it was when my brain was not in my control.

I believed that spirits could come back and talk, and I believed they were all here, but I was a business go to ruin, and at last took what I could not give—was ushered into hell with my eyes wide open. Oh, I was mad, mad! Oh, my friend, what do my friends say? They say I was insane, do they? So I was insane; rum made me so. Can you tell my friends to let me talk to them? That's all I came here to-day for, and to tell them I was not guilty of that I was charged with. It's bad enough to commit suicide, but to be charged with that which was worse—it's too much! I said I would not bear that disgrace. I was a coward—I was a coward. I said I would go where nobody could kick me down; but I have the sorrow to know I have taken the greatest blessing God ever bestowed on me.

Well, B—, how long must I stay here? Henry Wright helped me here to-day. He talked to me once on earth, and told me I ought to quit drinking; but I told him I should take care of myself. I want them to know I stick to that I am innocent, dead or alive. I cannot be happy till you publish this. I must go now, they say, and I don't know how to. You can't help, don't try—go away—the nearer you are to me, the more I want to stay with you.

April 19.

MESSAGES RECEIVED.

Which will be published in the order in which they are placed below. Our readers will see by the number we publish each week, that we are some four weeks behind reception in publication. As fast as we print them, we shall erase the names from the head of this list, and add to the end those we receive each week, up to the time of going to press:—

James Finlayser, Henry Clay, Chauncey Booth, John E. Thayer, Henry Wright, William H. Mans, Robert to Mass Pratt, John Pemberton, William Parsons, Mrs. Macomber, Robert Graham, Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred Barker, Mary Peake, James Tubbetts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder Bisbee, John Hubbard, Samuel Parsons, F. A. Jones, James Billings, John Serrat, Rachel, Elizabeth French, Ann Carl, Capt. James Bell, Nancy Burke, Daniel Goss, John White, Deacon David White, Charles Dix, Danforth Newcomb, Charles H. Davis, Wm. DeClare, Laura Simonds, William Gorjian, John Sheldón, John Torr, Wm. Bent, Merton, Mary to Mary Wilson, John H. Barker, Wm. H. Haskins, Father Durand, John Williams, Peter Good, Levi Woodbury, James E. Thorne, Elias Smith, James Pogue, James Bates, Wm. Sands, Joshua Davis, Johnny Alcott, John L. Brower, of Liverpool, Geo. Mann, Albert Bothe, Augusta Sprague, Mary Beale,

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
Sparkle forever.

God help the poor—God pity them;
They have no better friend.
In times like these, their trust must be
In heaven placed, for charity
Hath little new to lend!

God help the poor—God pity them;
May those who roll in wealth
And move the hearts of men
To aid their fellows in distress—
To sympathize with wretchedness
That falls beneath their ken.

God help the poor—God pity them;
May those who roll in wealth
Forget not, in their pride, to think
Of those who suffer want, nor shrink
To do good, though by stealth.

God help the poor—God pity them;
Turn not one from your door
With harsh reproach—the poor must live.
Give something, then, though small, yet give
Kind words, if nothing more.

The same law of nature that drives the little eddy of dust
and straw along the highway, or covers the bosom of the
streamlet with dimples, guides the course of suns and planets
and astral systems, and we have every reason to believe, of
the whole material universe.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best—
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest;
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.—MORRIS.

Nothing can be above him that is above fortune; no in-
felicity can make a wise man quit his ground.

"Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach—from infinite to Thee,
From Thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might be ours,
Or in the full creation leave a void—
Where one link's broken the whole chain's destroyed."

What is the World? A dream within a dream—as we
grow older, each step has an inward awakening. The youth
awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man
discovers the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man
looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last
sleep?—No! It is the last final awakening.—SIR WALTER
SCOTT.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

See SIXTH and SEVENTH PAGES OF THE BAN-
NER FOR INTERESTING SPIRIT MESSAGES. Correspond-
ence, &c. On the First Page, a well-written tale,
entitled "Helen Stradford; or, The Phantom of Eagle
Hall." On the Second, "The Rival Lovers; or, The
Masked Horseman." On the Third, a fine poem—
"The Widow's Only Child;" "A Sad Story;" also,
an original sketch, "The Peasant's Revenge." The
other pages contain a great variety of entertaining
matter.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue
and Beach street, we recommend all our friends
visiting the city to patronize. Dr. Gardner, the pro-
prietor, is one of the strongest co-workers in our
holy cause, and should accordingly receive the pa-
tronage of Spiritualists generally when business
calls them to the city.

and was chosen captain. One day at parade,
instead of giving orders, "Front face—three paces
forward," he exclaimed, "Cash—two dollars a year
in advance!"

"THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER."—This little work—
from the press of U. Clark, Esq., editor of the Spir-
itual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y.—should be in the hands
of every spiritualist; unbelievers will purchase it,
anyhow, to read the "Sixty Questions for Skeptics."
It is for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Brimfield street.

"I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any
longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our fillibuster
the other day in a terrible pucker. "Well, what
shall we call you, hey?" "Why, call me a typog-
raphical spirit of evil, if you please, that's all."
Exchange.

A Spiritualists' Hall has been dedicated in New-
ark, N. J., with appropriate ceremonies. The ded-
icatory address was delivered by a lady in a trance.

Bayard Taylor thinks that "Sweden and the United
States will in the end establish the fact that lager
beer is more efficacious in preventing intemperance
than any amount of prohibitory law." What has
our friend "Truth" to say to this?

"THE SWEDENBORGIAN."—The May No. of this new
magazine—devoted to the principles, philosophy, and
doctrines of the New Church—is upon our table.
Its contents display ability, its mechanical appear-
ance is respectable, and we have no doubt but that
it will exert a beneficial influence in community.
We wish it ample success.

What kind of sweetmeats were most prevalent in
Noah's ark? Preserved pears.

Mr. Wales placed the muzzle of a pistol under his
left ear, and shot himself dead at Weymouth on
Thursday, in his house over the depot of the Old
Colony Railroad, of which he has been station
master for several years. He had been suffering
several days from sickness.

W. W. Burroughs was arrested by the police of
the first district on Saturday night, for attempting
to pass a forged check for \$100 on the Blackstone
Bank.

The proceeds of the Washington oration in Charle-
ston were \$1001; of the Charity oration \$787. The
latter sum was divided equally between the various
benevolent societies of the city.

When the seven wise men of Greece met the sage
of Hindostan, what did they do? They ate sa-
sages, (they eight saw sages.)

tlemen. The lecture was a clear and manly ar-
gument for the elevation of woman from her posi-
tion of dependence and inferiority to an equality
with man. It abounded in beautiful passages, and
was as creditable to the author's brain as his heart,
says the Transcript.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Miss Robinson closed a success-
ful engagement on Friday evening, and Messrs.
E. L. Davenport and Joseph Proctor commenced an
engagement on Monday evening of this week, upon
which occasion—Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius
Cæsar" was produced.—The HOWARD, under the
judicious and talented management of Mrs. Barrow,
has proved a complete success. At a recent meeting
of the Board of Aldermen, leave was granted this
establishment to give exhibitions on Saturday even-
ings, provided the place would be closed by quarter
to eleven o'clock. Consequently our citizens can
now enjoy an hour's rational amusement, when they
need it most, (we mean those who labor) after their
weekly toil is over—which privilege has been debar-
red heretofore by Tyrant Bigotry. It is need-
less to say that larger beer saloons will suffer pecu-
narily in consequence of the successful issue of this
new movement.

The Lawrence Courier says the new steam fire-
engine which has just been manufactured in that
city is a complete success.

It is currently reported, says the New York Ev-
ening Post, that the money Kings of Europe, the
Rothschilds, have been for the last two or three
months realizing cautiously, but continually, many
of the securities they held, both in London and Paris.

Boats are now arriving at the Missouri river posts
from St. Louis, laden with goods and emigrants from
Nebraska. Indications are favorable for a large
emigration hither this season—larger indeed than
any previous one.

The President has recognized Frantz August
Hirsch as Persian consul at Boston.

Late Foreign News.

GREAT BRITAIN.—More English fillibustering is re-
ported among the Spice Islands. Accounts from
Batavia of the 14th of February, state that some
English fillibusters, after being driven out from Su-
matra, established themselves on the Island of Ban-
kalis, fortified a village, hoisted an English flag, and
levied contributions on the native fishermen for the
support of their Malay and Chinese soldiers. A
Dutch war steamer was sent against them, when the
governor of the fort, an Englishman, declared him-
self under the protection of the British flag. The
adventurers refusing to quit the place, hostile prepa-
rations were made. When the troops landed, how-
ever, they found the place abandoned.

The grand jury in London found true bills against
Bernard, Alsop, Orsini, and the others, for feloniously
attempting to kill the Emperor of the French. Twenty
Frenchmen subpoenaed in Paris had reached
London to give evidence against Bernard, whose trial
was about to commence.

The English government was about to enter into a
contract with Austria for the latter to construct a
telegraph from Malta to Alexandria.

The weekly meeting of the Directors of the Bank
of England broke up without reducing the rate of
discount. The course of exchange at New York, and
the increased demand for money, operated to post-
pone reduction.

The quarterly meeting of the iron trade had been
held at Birmingham. Although business continued
dull, confidence appeared to be assuming a healthier
condition.

The ship Exchange of New York, Jones, from Liv-
erpool, on the 5th inst., and was expected to be-
come a total wreck. The crew were saved, except the
second mate and cook.

The American bark Victor, Holmesend, from Cal-
lao to Dunkirk, was abandoned in a sinking condi-
tion, in lat. 7, lon. 33 west. The crew were saved.

The annual meeting of the Great Western Railroad
of Canada, was held at London. The Directors' re-
port was accepted, and a dividend of five and a half
per cent. declared.

FRANCE.—A commission has been appointed to
examine and report on the best system for placing
the French commercial ports in a state of defence, a
question in which the government takes a great in-
terest.

A levy of French seamen, from 21 to 40 years of
age, is going on in a most complete and strict man-
ner. Instructions issued for carrying out this mea-
sure, state that it is adopted with the object of ex-
panding the fleet seams in full force of age and activity.

The leading article in the London Times of Perin
and the Suez canal question, caused considerable
excitement in Paris.

A bill granting pensions to those wounded at the
attempt on the life of the Emperor, is to be presented
by his order to the legislative bodies.

A general revival of trade in France is now hoped
for, although accounts still report continued dull-
ness.

SPAIN.—The alleged project of a Carlist fusion has
been denied officially.

The French government has abandoned its claim
on Sardinia for the extradition of Mr. Hodge, the
Englishman arrested for complicity in the attack up-
on the Emperor's life, and Hodge was set at liberty.

The trial of Parke, the remaining English engi-
neer, in the Cagliari affair, resulted in his acquittal,
and the King of Naples had issued a decree, allowing
him to return to England.

ITALY.—The Vienna Gazette adduces a series of
proofs to show that the Orsini worship is celebrated
in Piedmont with what it terms demoniacal passion
and impious blasphemy.

TURKEY.—Two Turkish men-of-war, with 3000
troops on board, had passed Corfu, en route for Al-
bania, to put a stop to the depredations committed
on the Turkish frontier in the Adriatic, and to pro-
tect it from the Montenegrins.

A severe conflict had taken place near Ghadam-
os, between the Ottomans and Arabs, under Shiek Gorn-
mah, who was betrayed and slain by one of his fol-
lowers. His head has been brought into Tripoli,
where great rejoicing had taken place.

was moving on Jhansi. The rebellious districts of
Shahgarh had been annexed to British territory by
Sir Robert Hamilton. The first brigade is besieging
Tauderoe. The fugitives from Lucknow were mak-
ing for Rohilkund.

There was a panic at Calcutta on the 3d of March.
The president, in council, called out the volunteers,
and placed cannon on the bridges. Information had
been received that the Barmuckpoes, who were to
relieve the fort garrison that night, were to have
arms and attack the city. All, however, passed off
quietly.

The Arabs in the vicinity of Aden had stopped
the roads; and intercepted supplies on the way to
the fort. The commander of the garrison attacked
them on the 18th of March, and 20 or 30 of the
enemy are said to have been killed, without casualty
to the British. The roads, however, were again in-
terrupted, and the Arabs assembled in larger num-
bers than before, but it was reported another suc-
cessful sortie had been made; that the Arabs had
submitted, and that they were on a friendly footing.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates of Feb 27. "Braves"
were mustering in large numbers around Canton,
determined on an attempt to retake the city. The
representatives of the allied powers were preparing
for their departure northwards, but it is said the
thought of visiting Peking this year was given up.
The inflexible, with Yeh as prisoner, arrived at
Singapore on the 1st of March.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

ENIGMA—NO. 10.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 22, 2, 16 is a mat.
My 16, 2, 18, 6 is a body of water.
My 25, 13, 22, 21 is a market.
My 14, 23, 13, 22 is close by.
My 6, 17, 14 is what I like.
My 7, 17, 8, 23 is an animal.
My 16, 2, 14 is dangerous.
My 11, 6, 24, 18 is for a stove.
My 25, 2, 16 is made of earthenware.
My 16, 24, 22, 14 is to sew.
My 22, 8, 10, 1, 16 is to rule.
My whole is a body of water in the Western Con-
tinent. J. S. C.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

ENIGMA—NO. 17.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 9, 5, 6 is a part of a ship.
My 9, 8, 7 is a color.
My 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 expresses strength.
My 9, 5, 7 is used to whip naughty boys.
My 1, 3, 2 is a kind of antelope.
My 1, 5 is a verb.
My 1, 2, 3 is a weapon.
My 7, 5, 1 is an animal.
My 8, 5, 6 signifies present time.
My whole is much used in war. J. M. C.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

ENIGMA—NO. 18.

I am composed of 77 letters.
My 19, 5, 26, 6, 3, 56 is indispensable to happiness.
My 51, 63, 12, 28, 64, 18, 16 commands respect.
My 21, 16, 39, 39, 32 is work by females.
My 1, 60, 64, 9, 72 is a troubled portion of the globe.
My 31, 62, 55 is a Catholic observance.
My 9, 2, 27, 6, 48, 29, 67, 30, 41, 62, 10, 50 is one
of the greatest evils of the age.
My whole is a quotation from one of the most cel-
ebrated men of the seventeenth century.
Boston. M—D—Y.

ENIGMA—NO. 19.

I am a word of 14 letters.
My 6, 11, 3, 9, 5, 14, 4 signifies a change.
My 10, 7, 6, 11 is an ancient coin.
My 8, 13, 4, 10 is part of every plant.
My 13, 7, 10, 9 ends when eternity begins.
My 2, 1, 6 is an ancient weapon.
My 3, 7, 14, 7, 13 is what ladies often do in pleas-
ant weather.
My 10, 4, 5, 10, 1, 7, 2 is a fabulous inhabitant of
the sea.
My 8, 7, 5, 9 is another name for father.
My 10, 4, 12 are hips of superior intelligence.
My 2, 11, 9, 5 is a fleet-footed quadruped.
My 6, 1, 7, 14, 7, 12 is a dried fruit.
My whole may be found only on the eighth page
of the "Banner." SARAH G—
MENDOTA, ILL.

ACROSTICAL ANSWER TO CHABADE.

[Published in Vol. III, No. 3.]
Brightly from their spirit home
Angels watchers blithely come
Not to menace us with hell
Nor of an angry God to tell
Early creeds alone, have given
Revised photographs of Heaven
Oh! our pictures, bright and clear,
Free us from blasphemous fear.
Lo! Fair Ada, your Charade
Is the cause of what I've said.
Group the alphabetical sign,
Heading each and every line,
To explain your neat design.
CONTRAST.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

No. 8: "Truth against the world." Solved by E.
G. Kent; John A. Goodwin; of Ashland; Goram; of
New York; A. A. Simons; of Philadelphia; F. V. A.
Bowker; of Lawrence; "A Reader," of Carbondale.
No. 9: "Daniel Webster." Solved by V. G. Bar-
nard; of Worcester; J. F. Ross; of Somerville; F. V.
A. Bowker; John S. Carnes; of Philadelphia; A. F.
Pike; Boston; John A. Goodwin; E. G. Kent; "A
Reader."
No. 10: "Disappointment." Solved by John A.
Goodwin; Goram; F. V. A. Bowker; John S. Carnes.
No. 11: "Callapooch Indians." Solved by J. F.
Ross; F. V. A. Bowker; John A. Goodwin; E. G.
Kent.
No. 12: "Pearls." Solved by John A. Goodwin;
F. V. A. Bowker; V. G. Barnard; Goram; E. G.
Kent; "A Reader."
No. 13: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Solved by Winslow M. Lindsay, of Laconia, N. H.;
"Goram;" J. A. Pulifer, of Lowell.
No. 14: "Nine million seven thousand eight hun-
dred and sixty one." Solved by J. A. Pulifer.
No. 15: "The Constitution of the United States."
Solved by J. A. Pulifer and Goram.
Charade: "Banner of Light." Solved by F. V. A.
Bowker, and Goram.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those per-
sons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths
of Spiritualism in the various departments.

Miss KNOX, Writing Medium, 18 Montgomery Place, up-
per flight of stairs, No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 5 to 8.
Terms 50 cents a session. April 17.
Miss M. E. EMBERT, healing and developing medium, may
be found at No. 20 Pleasant Street, Charlestown. Terms for
each sitting, 50 cents. April 17.

Mr. SAMUEL UPHAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer
calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired.
Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.

Miss L. R. NICHOLSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will an-
swer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time
the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Ad-
dress Box 316, Worcester, Mass. April 27.

Miss ROSA T. AVERY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speak-
ing Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath
and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her
at No. 33 Allen street, Boston. April 27. She will also attend
funerals.

Miss BEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium,
Rooms No. 51 Kneeland street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.,
and from 7 to 9 P. M.

Miss SARAH A. MAZOUZ, Trance-speaking Medium, will
answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other
time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main
St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. April 27.

J. V. MANFRIEL, Boston, answers sealed letters. See ad-
vertisement.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance-speaker, will answer calls to
lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C.
is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Ad-
dress J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium.
See advertisement.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Me-
dium, Bridgewater, Vt.

Mrs. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoy-
ant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,
No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.

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

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

C. H. FOSTER, Rapping, Writing and Healing Test Medium,
No. 4 Turner street, Salem, Mass.

GEORGE M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,
Williamsville, Killbuck, Ohio.

Mrs. H. F. HUNTLEY, trance-speaker, will attend to calls
for lecturing. May be addressed at Paper Mill Village, N. H.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-
ton, Vt.

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

Mrs. B. NIGHTINGALE, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will re-
ceive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thurs-
days and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50
cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Sm^d Jan 18.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Me-
dium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England
States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Man-
ager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Farquhar,
Bacony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2
performances commence at 7 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Sole Lessee and Man-
ager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; Commences at 7 1/2. Dress Boxes,
75 cents; Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, 75 cents; Upper Boxes, 35 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-
formances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orches-
tra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-
day Afternoon performances at 3 1/2 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly op-
posite Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY.
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price.

Advertisements.

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

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,
No. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
May 1.

J. T. GILMAN, M. D., ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN.
He respectfully offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found
for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.
April 25. Sept 18.

WOOD'S CLASS BOOK OF BOTANY, 1 vol. 12 mo., 1.50.
at his residence, No. 18 Osborn Place, leading from
Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street.
Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with the
counts of their PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE, as may be given
him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he
feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party,
enclosing ONE DOLLAR, Professor Hulse will answer questions
of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full na-
tivity of the person writing will be returned. He only re-
quires the name and place of residence.
Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50
cents each lecture. April 27.

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOY-
ANT, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the dis-
eased person before him, or NO FEE WILL BE CLAIMED. Terms to be
strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and pre-
dictions of character, &c. To insure attention, the test
and postage stamp must in all cases be advanced.
Dec. 2.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully
tested her powers, will sit for the cure of the diseases of a
chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains in-
stantly relieved by spirit power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neu-
ralgia, Chronic Catarrhs, &c. To the side, Diseases of the
Liver, Nervous System, Headache, &c.
Terms for each sitting, \$1.00.
Hours, from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.; will visit families, if re-
quired, No. 23 West Dedham street, two doors from Wash-
ington street, Boston. April 27.

J. V. MANFRIEL, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING
OF BRAILED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 2
Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good
Store).

TRANCE.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business,
and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay
return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does
not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who want
a guarantee, will receive an answer to their letter, or their
money will be returned in thirty days from its receipt.
Fees to be sent in this case, \$3.00.
No letters will receive attention unless accompanied by
the proper fee.
Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to
call on other days. April 27.

SCOTT'S COLLEGE OF HEALTH.
DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6
moderation of ALL PATIENTS' desires to be treated by SPIRIT-
UAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to try
the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursing,
and the comforts of a home.
He offers his professional services in all cases of disease,
whether chronic or acute. April 27.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found
very effective in his practice during the last two years, has
taken this method of informing those interested, that he con-
tinues to administer it from the most approved modern ap-
paratus in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which
class of diseases he gives his special attention.
J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 25 Winter street, Boston.
July 8.

SPIRITUALISTS' HOTEL IN BOSTON.
THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and
1 Beach street. Terms—\$1.25 per day; or, by the week,
at prices to accord with the times. DR. E. W. GARDNER,
Proprietor. Dec. 18.

MRS. L. R. COVERT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PER-
SUAL MEDIUM, No. 55 South street, will sit
for Communications between 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and
from 8 and 10 P. M., if desired, will visit families. Terms
for one sitting, 50 cents. April 27.

N. O. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, Examina-
tions and Prescriptions by an Indian Spirit of the
olden time. No. 15 Montgomery Place. April 27.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL ME-
DUM, 5 Hayward Place Boston. May 14.