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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD,
AUTHOR OF "DOVEBOOTS," "GABRIEL YANE," &c.

XXIX.

MR. LILY'S STORY.

While these things were going forward unknown to Patty, she was making herself as contented as she was useful, at her friend Mr. Lily's. The little household of the bird-fancier was as perfectly ordered as it is possible to imagine. Patty herself was the head and heart of it.

Through her kindness she had secured a place for the runaway Sam. Propp, and in the intervals of his leisure he liked nothing better than to come in and see her bring dead birds to life again. His running commentaries furnished all the amusement she needed.

Long before this Mr. Lily had talked with Patty respecting her early life, and she had frankly revealed her history. It may be inferred that the dark experience of her tender years not only challenged, but called forth his deepest sympathies. He looked at her with mixed feelings of astonishment and pity. It occurred to him that it must have been a special favor of Providence that threw her in his way; "for," said he very often, "I know what sorrow is myself. I have had my burden to bear, as well as the rest."

They were in the habit of touching upon these topics from time to time, as they sat in the little parlor at evening; but thus far no secret in the life of Patty's benefactor had come up to the surface. She had never dared to interrogate him directly concerning that which he had a right to keep to himself, if he chose.

But about this time his reserve—if it might be called that—began to wear off. He now craved human sympathy, as if he knew how sweet it was. Every barrier that he had erected behind which to hide his individuality, fell down at the touch of this pure and gentle girl. In her hands he was not the man of secrets he had been so long.

As this feeling gained in influence, he became more and more communicative. Now he found it difficult to refrain from sharing his very thoughts with her.

At length he fell into exactly the right mood, and one day proposed to her to say something purely about himself.

"I don't know but you think I've always lived in Boston, Patty; but it is not so. I am only a stranger here, like yourself; and outside of my business, I have as little acquaintance almost as you have."

The girl could not help being surprised; she had supposed Mr. Lily to be a regular and time-honored resident; whereas, by his own confession, he was as much a waif of the world as she, and had settled down where he was only as a means of providing for his present necessities. He had no more fixed idea of remaining in that place all his life, than she had herself.

"You may not care to hear all the particulars of my history," he began, one evening—"but I'm going to let you know some of them."

I was born in one of the interior villages of England; so you see I am not a native of this country, as you may have supposed. I can remember back into my childhood as far as my fifth year; for at that early age I lost my father.

At his death, my mother was left a widow with two children; myself and my brother Robert. He was two years older than I was, and I used to look on him almost with envy—he was so handsome. Our youth was spent together. We loved one another; and we loved our mother. The jars and quarrels that are apt to disturb the happiness of children, never disturbed us. I know how much my brother thought of me, and how much I loved him; but it was not love only that I felt for him—I was proud of him. He was so handsome, and so manly, and so noble.

If I ever had a secret, it was not kept from him. I gave him up everything, even to my thoughts. There was no sacrifice I did not feel willing to make, for the sake of adding to his happiness. In all our play, I gave him precedence. Being older than I, I thought he was my superior. If he ever wished me to go and do anything for him, I was not the one to hesitate. If I found that he wanted anything that I had, it was not long before I placed it voluntarily in his hands. He was my magnet, that attracted me to him, wherever he went.

If either of us was the favorite of his mother, I think it must have been he; though I ought to add that she was as impartial in her feelings as a good mother ever can be. Oh! how we both loved that mother! Being the only parent left us, it seemed as if she concentrated our affections altogether upon her. These days of childhood, so far back to look upon now—ah, what pleasure there was in them! How like the dream of a morning they went by! They

were drunk up like the dew by the sun. Before we began to prize their beauty, and to love them for their innocence, they were gone forever. How little knew we then of what we enjoyed! We were like children everywhere; impatient for manhood to come, so as to be out of the restraints of childhood. The responsibilities—the trials—the griefs, and the disappointments of mature age, we thought nothing of these, because we could know nothing of them.

Our youth passed away without any interruption to the calmness of our enjoyment. Finally the time came when it was necessary that we should be separated. School days were over, and we were getting to be men grown. Our mother's means were growing too small to support us without labor, and besides, we deemed it our duty now to turn and take care of her.

Robert went away from home, and engaged in business for himself. I remained with my mother. I learned an honest trade, at which I was earning an abundant living. What with my labor at that and in our little cottage garden, we made out all I ever expected. Robert sent home regularly his savings, and so helped us make out everything we desired or hoped for.

By and by I found myself engaged in another affair, and a very different one from any that had yet interested my feelings. I fell in love, Patty! Almost everybody falls in love at some time of his life; and I did, too. I confess I cannot tell you what a wonderful change was at once wrought in my nature. It was a change that I had no conception of in my life before. It colored my whole character. It gave new shape and direction to my purposes. I felt as if I was living a new life. I had the strength and resolution of a thousand men, to dare and do all things for the sake of her I loved.

She loved me in return. That was better than all the rest. If she had refused my affection, and been indifferent to my proposals, I believe I should have wasted away with grief. But her heart responded to my own immediately. If ever human being was entirely happy in this world, I was then. I could not keep my secret to myself, but must needs find some one to share it with me; and who so ready with her sympathies as my mother? So I gave up the whole story to her. She congratulated me on my happiness; with tears of joy swimming in her eyes. She told me how great a gift was mine, in the love of that sweet girl. She desired me to appreciate it rightly, and not to throw any of its rich wealth away. From her I learned to regard my passion as something holy, and above the reach of selfish considerations. She taught me the value of this endowment, as I did not understand it before.

How shall I describe the fair being whose image came and dwelt in my heart! Ah, my days were nothing but bliss then! I knew not what sorrow was, nor what anxiety meant!

She came a stranger to the village at first, and seemed to look about her for friends. I am not able to tell which was excited first within me, my admiration or sympathy. Her beauty I could not fail to admire, for that was what everybody particularly dwelt on. Still, there was something besides that about her, which I could not resist. It was her grace, or her smile, or her pleasant speech, or her quick and warm sympathy, or—I cannot tell what. At any rate, I fell in love with her very soon. She knew it, and accepted my suit. And I asked for no more. I was possessed of all any person wanted to make me happy. And when I came to find how heartily my mother approved of my choice, too, and how keenly she sympathized with me, I believed then I had nothing more to ask for in the world.

Time passed away smoothly, as it always does with young people situated as we were. The days went too fast for me. I envied them what they took from me. I could have stood and called them back. Those pleasant evenings when we wandered alone by the bank of that winding little river—those confidential talks we had in the shadow of the hedge, white with the snows of the hawthorn—those many sweet pledges given and taken in secret places—alas! I must drive them all out of my heart now! I must not think of them again! I must forget—forget—forget!

He paused a moment to obtain relief from his emotion, and immediately went on.

"I cannot help these feelings of mine, Patty, let me try as hard as I may. They will rise up in my heart at times, and then they conquer me. They make me wretchedly unhappy, and still I would not expel them entirely if I could."

"Well, being successful at my business, I resolved to marry this girl of my heart, and bring home a daughter to comfort my mother as age came upon her. I told her my intention, and she blessed me for

my thoughtfulness. She said my life would always bring me joy, for I never forgot the one who bore me.

"I was unwilling to marry, however, before consulting my brother. He had been my counsellor all through boyhood, and I could not now rid myself of his old influence over me. Besides, I was eager to have him see the one whom my heart had chosen for its bride, and to hear from his own lips what impression she made on him. I had always been so accustomed to lean upon him, that I thought I certainly must do so now. So I despatched him a letter, begging him to come home at once and make us a visit, and mentioning that we had some matters to consider, about which I should like his opinion."

"He had not visited us in a long while, and I knew, too, that he had for some time been planning to come and make a little stay. This appeared, therefore, to be a most convenient season; as he could thus leave his business on a plea of urgent necessity. With me, his coming was a necessity, and an urgent one, too."

"After the greetings were over, and all the questions asked and answered that related to family affairs, I took him aside to acquaint him with my own important secret. I felt as if I was giving up to him the whole of my life, to be bestowed as his superior judgment thought fit. I remember how I stammered, and blushed, and hesitated, and finally broke down. I could not even begin."

"Why, what's the matter, Arthur?" he asked, turning on me with much surprise. If you've got anything to say, say it without this fuss!

"If he had been oppressed with the weight that oppressed me, though it was nothing but pure happiness, too, I think he would have acted just as I did. I was borne down with a burden of joy. I trembled when I thought that the one great and turning event of my life was near."

"Well, what is it you want to tell me so much?" he asked, a little impatiently.

"I could go at it by no gradual approaches, and so I told him the whole in a breath."

"I am going to get married!" said I.

"Pho!" said he; "is that all! I thought it was something very important! And is that all you wanted me to come home for?"

"This answer chilled me; but I could not in a moment overcome his old influence over me."

"I want your opinion of my—my—" I could get no farther, for his expressive eyes seemed to be looking me through.

"Oh, well," he replied; "if that is all, you shall certainly have it. Carry me to your lady-love this minute!"

We started off for her house. She lived a little out of the village, in as pretty a cottage as ever nestled in the shadow of a hillside. I never shall forget how proud I was of my brother, when I introduced him to my chosen one. I believe I should have been half-offended myself, if she had refused to admire him as I did!

But my pride in him was gratified at once. And so was my admiration for him. I could see the surprise with which he immediately regarded her, and the feelings that her fresh beauty excited within him. On our way home he did nothing but talk of her, and all the time in her praise. I could hardly get in a word myself, he was so full of it. He extolled her beyond what I had ever dared to expect. He asked me if it was a fact that we were really engaged; for if we were not, he would not hesitate about taking such a prize himself. This from him was sufficient for me. I was more than satisfied.

His visit was somewhat protracted much beyond what we at first had expected. But we were only too glad to have him remain, though he came to pass less and less of his time at home every day. He was out, somewhere about the village, but we did not know where.

At last he took his leave of us, and returned home. He made me promise to come and see him as soon as I could, and was more than commonly affectionate in his farewells.

Mr. Lily hesitated again. Finally he went on with an effort. He was distressed as his narrative progressed.

"Not three months after he left us," said he, "Mary went, too. Where she went, or when she went, nobody knew. Up to the very day of her disappearance, she was all she ever had been to me. I saw on change, and could have no reason to suspect her. She greeted me every day with the same sweet smile, and still told me that her love continued. How could I doubt it, if she herself so assured me?"

I was in an agony of suspense at my unexpected loss, and my mother's sympathies were keenly drawn out for my situation. She did what she could to comfort me, but God above knows how very little that was at the most.

The next blow we received was the intelligence of my brother's hasty departure, too! He went off to parts unknown. And now for the first time the whole of my suspicions were aroused. Oh, I lamented the day I was ever born, that I should live to experience the bitterness of such ingratitude!

She had eloped with him! Oh, Patty, let me say no more of it! You know what I mean, but you can never understand what I suffer! Had it not been for my mother, I believe I should have taken my own life!

But I brooded over my misery, and lived to comfort her. She appeared to take the matter to heart as deeply as I did. Of course she could not have my feelings, but still her own feelings were peculiar. Mortification added to their irritating influence, and rapidly bore her down. She did not long after with a broken heart, and left me her blessing. I erected

the plain slab that marks the place where she was buried.

I remained in England long enough to hear of my brother's sudden death on the continent, whether he had fled with her who had once promised to be my bride. He had never been happy with his wife and her dowry of beauty, and had therefore cheated himself when he only thought to rob me! There is a retribution in these things; I believe there is always a retribution!

I left my native land, and became an exile. On coming to America, I first set foot here in Boston. I took up this little business as much to amuse me as anything, and from its small beginning it has grown to be what it is now. While I forgot my native land, where my heart had bled as it can never bleed again, I resolved to forget my name too. I changed that when I came here, and the world will never know me by any other than the one I bear.

You have had your sorrows, Patty, and so have I. I can sympathize with you, for you see I have suffered myself!"

And his sad story was followed by the unbroken silence of an hour.

XXX.

A CRISIS.

Mrs. Willows was as good as her word. She had threatened Robert that she would write to his mother; and she did.

The letter was pitched on a high and unnatural key, to begin with. The old relations that had united the two friends from girlhood, seemed to be crowded out of sight.

It set out with a confused narrative of the facts of the unhappy case, so jumbled up in their telling with her inflamed passions and excited prejudices, as to make the truth seem even worse than it really was. Mrs. Willows would not be likely, as she felt towards the object of her dislike, to let her story suffer for lack of coloring.

She related the beginning of Robert's misconduct; the first cause of her suspicion; the rapidity with which he went on to his ruin; the falling off in his attentions to his young wife; the openness of his vicious course, and the disgrace it had brought on her family; the protests she had herself made to Robert repeatedly; the conversations she had held with Anna on the subject; his still increasing folly, and the stubborn rebelliousness of his disposition; and, finally the angry words he had returned her the last time they talked together. When she came to dwell on this final scene, the memory of it so burned itself upon her passions that she could scarcely write rapidly enough, or find words with which to express the intensity of her feelings. Had she been telling it in person, instead of committing it to paper, she would have risen in her figure to a commanding height, her nostrils would have dilated, her eyes would have flashed, and her lip curled with a haughty scorn. Everything would have indicated the power of her passions over her features and her stature.

It would hardly be worth the pains to transcribe this unwelcome letter entire, as its final paragraphs will as well convey an idea of its spirit and temper. "These are the facts," she wound up, "exactly as I have related them to you. If anything, they are not told as they deserve to be. You can have no conception of what a trial he has been, nor of the disgrace he brings on us. I cannot express my feelings, they have been so outraged. My sympathies have been so deeply excited for Anna, too, that but for her I should have turned him out of doors long ago! It is just the treatment he deserves."

Come yourself and see what he is, and know in what manner he deports himself. You cannot understand, from what I tell you, anything about his conduct. He has forgotten himself, his promises, his wife, and all his friends; and he merits now only the scorn of every one. He gets all of mine, and he knows it. I have nothing else left for him. Either write him yourself a plain letter on this subject, or send Mr. McBride on to see him. As for his going on any longer with me as he does, I cannot put up with it. You must provide other accommodations for him, or I must take the business into my own hands."

I shall expect that this request will be attended to without the loss of a day. My own course will now be subject to nothing but that which you may choose to pursue."

Mrs. McBride read the letter the first time with overwhelming surprise. Then it roused her indignation. "Not against her erring and misguided son, by any means; but against its author. The appalling facts did not appear to make half so deep an impression on her as the manner in which they were represented. So prone is human nature to allow trivial and secondary things to come in between themselves and the unobscured truth."

The mother of the young lawyer thought first that she would lay the whole subject before her husband, and know from him what it was best should be done. Then, on second consideration, she resolved to keep her own counsel for a time, deeming herself quite competent to reply to a letter that contained so much of pure malice and prejudiced feeling.

She slept on the matter, and got up the next morning with a determination to write her reply without delay, and without advice.

Accordingly she sat down by herself that same day, and penned the following epistle:—

"Mrs. Willows:—Madam,—One would have thought that our old friendship might have claimed a different communication from you from the one I

have just received in relation to Robert. You are pleased to say a great many hard things of him, and some that are absolutely base; for they would drive him beyond the pale of decent society, if it could be proved that they were true. I need not tell you that I do not believe one of them! He may possibly have been guilty of some little indiscretions, as indeed almost all young men are; but they will soon pass away. As for your attempting to fasten these things on his character permanently, it is as wicked as it is foolish. I should believe you insane, if I thought you were really serious in what you have written me.

I can see plainly enough that you are prejudiced, and that your anger is excited. It needs but one glance at your letter to show as much as that. If you suppose, then, that I am to be moved against my own son because of your excited feelings, you have mistaken not only my own character, but the nature of every mother who claims to be human.

I am sorry that you feel as you do; but how am I to help it? Am I to step in between husband and wife, and try to adjust their difficulties,—or rather, your difficulties with them? I supposed you had sounder ideas of human nature than those you have shown to me in your letter. If Robert does wrong—and I am very slow to believe he ever does—the proper way would be to talk with his wife about it. Let her be the one to counsel, or chide him. She knows best about the little failings that belong to his character. She can influence him where you could not. There is no use in your going at him in this furious style, for it does more hurt than good. You cannot hope to reclaim people by fierce accusations, or by denouncing them.

But do not for a moment think that I believe Robert has done anything one half as base as you have represented. You are prejudiced against him and cannot see the truth as it is. As I said before, he may have done some things that he might as well not have done, but nothing to deserve all the anger towards him that so excites you. I know enough to know that where there is a quarrel, there are always two sides. If you cease your half of it, I believe he will live.

Though I regret nothing more than the necessity that drives me to writing you a letter of this character, I feel it to be due to my own self-respect, and the regard I owe my family, to answer you as I have done. Let me conclude by advising you to let Robert pursue his own way undisturbed; and if there really is any need of attempting his correction, do you say the subject before his wife, rather than before him.

I have kept the contents of your letter from my husband, as I do not think he ought to know them. Be assured that I shall not send for Robert, nor will he go on to talk with him, or take him away, as you propose. Your obedient servant,

CAROLINE McBRIDE."

When Anna's mother received this letter of Mrs. McBride's, and had carefully read it over, she was inflamed beyond all rational limits. The temper of it was so different from what she had hoped, it was difficult for her at first to realize that it came from her old friend. It was conceived with such apparent deliberation, too, and executed with such a cool resolution, that at one moment she was moved to throw it into the fire, and the next to tear it in tatters and trample it under foot.

She brooded over it till she became morbid. Now she thought she would read it to Anna, and now she resolved anew to keep it to herself. Any one could see that she was agitated by emotions the most conflicting and dangerous.

"If this is her spirit," said she to herself, "I'll let her see what mine is! She can't think to insult me in this way in my own house! I'll send her worthless son where he came from! No longer shall he have it to boast of, that he hails from this place!"

Women feel an affront far more keenly than men do, and are supposed generally not to be quite so capable of forgiveness, either. Still, the general supposition may be very wide of the truth.

In this interval, Anna's heart was torn asunder with anxiety and grief. Her mother talked quite frequently with her in relation to her duty. She did not scruple to chide her, for seeming indifferent to her.

"Oh, mother, I love you! You know I love you!" she answered invariably.

"Yes, but what is that affection worth, if you think more of a stranger?—a person like this wretched husband of yours?"

"I cannot help loving him, mother! I must love him, or die! May I not love him and you too?"

"I should hope not in the same way," her mother would reply, chillingly.

And so the poor stricken wife, who began to see only sorrow where it should have been joy; would fetch a deep groan that seemed the audible anguish of her heart.

The opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Willows to finally carry out her cherished purpose. Robert came to the house at a moderately early hour in the afternoon, with bleared eyes and an inflamed countenance, expecting the same kind treatment from his patient wife that she had uniformly bestowed on him. She happened to be up stairs at the moment, but she caught a glimpse of him as he came through the gate, and knew that something must be wrong. She started to run down stairs, and take care of him.

But her mother was before her. She had reached the door already.

"Go back!" said she, in a most determined voice to Anna on the stairs. "Go back! I will have her

more of this! Go, Anna! Do you hear me? I will not suffer such a wretch to darken my door!"

"Then turn me out, too, if you turn her away! I will go with him! Let me out! Let me out!"

The wife seemed almost frantic.

Mrs. Willows hastily turned the key in the lock, and went swiftly up two or three stairs to her daughter's room.

"My daughter!" said she, in a peremptory way, "do you hear me? Listen to what I say to you! I bid you go instantly back to your chamber, and stay there till I send for you! Do you disobey me? Go, Anna, at once! I can best take care of your name and my own. At any rate, this fellow shall trouble us no longer!"

She even took hold of her child's arm, and forcibly turned her face in the opposite direction. Powerful as that child's love was for her now unworthy husband, there was something in her mother's command that she had not the energy to resist. She went back mechanically to her chamber again, but she thought she must stop breathing before she got there, so violently did her heart beat. Its pulsations were almost as fierce as blows. She threw herself on her face upon the bed, and sobbed, and wept, and moaned, like a person in the last extremities of deep suffering.

Oh, the wretched woman and wife! Had her hopes all been blasted so soon?

Mrs. Willows then stepped across the hall to the door, and opened it. She confronted Robert right on the steps, in the act of coming in. He presented a truly lamentable sight. Even she could hardly believe that this suicidal dissipation had wrought such a sudden change in his appearance. Almost any one would have turned in the street to notice the incongruity between his dress and his condition, and there could have been few of his more intimate friends who would at first have known him. Mrs. Willows was undeniably shocked at what she saw; but she rallied her resolution, suffered herself to remember his mother's biting letter, and addressed him in a sharp and commanding tone.

"Go away from here, sir!" said she, looking fiercely in his face. "I'll not have you in this house again! Take yourself off, or I shall have you taken care of! You can't come in here—this is no place for you! Nobody wishes to see you, not even your wife! Off with you, sir! Do you hear?"

He reeled about on the step, and fixed his dull gaze upon her, and tried to frame some sort of reply; but it was impossible for him to make himself heard in the tempest of her angry words.

"I tell you again," said Mrs. Willows, "that you cannot come in here. We don't own you. We don't know you. You can't come into this house!"

"But I'll see my wife!" he replied, in a slow and thick way, while his eye seemed to roll round in his head very much as his figure swayed on the step.

"I guess I shall see Anna again!"

He hardly knew what he did say. His strength was nearly prostrated. Poor boy! what would his mother have thought of him then?

You cannot see Anna," said she; "so you may take yourself off at once. I shall send your clothes to your office, and that is all I shall ever do for you again!"

With these last words, she banged the door in his face, and turned the key in the lock. Immediately she went to look out the front window, to see what course he was likely to pursue.

He stood a minute or two irresolute. His eyes ranged slowly about the house, vainly seeking the chamber windows, and then they dropped to the ground. He murmured something that she could not understand, and turned and tottered down the steps.

Most women would at least have had some pity for him, in so pitiful an extremity as that; but she looked to herself, as she stood with folded arms and talked through the blind, "I'm glad he is going! I hope it is the last I shall ever see of him!"

Presently she went up stairs to look after Anna. There lay the child on her bed still, her burning face buried in the pillows. Her beautiful hair was tossed all about her neck and bosom, and her dress had been torn open, as if she was distressed for breath.

Her mother spoke to her, but she made no answer except by a groan. It was a groan sepulchrally hollow.

"Come, Anna," said Mrs. Willows, firmly, and in a voice rather of command than entreaty, you must not give way to such feelings as these. You must be above them. I do all this for your sake, as well as my own. The last of those mortifications and troubles is over. We shall know no more of them. Now can you not be to me the same daughter you used to be? Come, Anna!"

She laid her cheek against the hot cheek of her child, and the latter wound her arms about her mother's neck. Oh, such groaning and moaning! It would have haunted one's heart forever to have heard them.

Mrs. Willows talked calmly, and, as she thought, soothingly. But she knew nothing of the passionate grief whose yeasty billows held her daughter's life at their own mercy.

XXXI.

APPEAL TO THE COURTS.

From that day, Mrs. Willows's influence over her unhappy child became more apparent than it had been at any time since her marriage. There was not an hour in the twenty-four when she suffered herself to be out of her company. She slept in the same room with her, went out with her whenever it was necessary for either to go, staid at home and read for her amusement, and sought in every way to divert her thoughts from their sorrow, and draw all her affections back upon herself.

Anna had always been dutiful as a child. To the superior power of her mother's will, it had been her habit to bow without hesitation or a thought of resistance. But, dutiful as she was, there was a certain secret in her nature, to whose mystery her mother had never penetrated. She could claim and receive her child's gratitude, her obedience, and her affection; but still a portion of all three was held back, as it were, in reserve. Outwardly, Anna was all that any parent could have asked for; neither was she hypocritical, in offering what she really did not mean to give—but there was lacking that spontaneity, that freedom, that wholeness, in some manifestations of her affection, which comes of no authority, and is obedient to the force of no superior will.

This, however, Mrs. Willows was not the woman to understand. If she succeeded in securing appearances for herself, she was cheated into the belief that she possessed all that was worth the having.

She gradually opened the subject uppermost in her thoughts to Anna, as the latter began to grow more

calm. In the solitude of their chamber, where no human ear could catch a syllable of their conference, the determined parent slowly moulded the plans which she brought her at last to contemplate what she had it in her mind to propose, with something like tranquillity; but she knew not how deep and lasting that tranquillity might be.

Robert did not offer to return again. He staid about here and there, in Boston. It was impossible for him to get a living by his professional labors, and he therefore took to scribbling for those weekly sheets that are embellished with cuts of impossible women, spanking ships under a crowd of sail, and banditti-looking gentlemen seated on steeds forever rampant. He ran the gauntlet of these publications, earning just enough to keep body and soul from a dissolution of partnership. The other devotees of "the quill," with whom his new occupation brought him in contact, formed as odd a melange as the ingredients of the witch-broth in Macbeth. All of them, however, were undeniably "smart fellows." They understood the town. They had literature at their fingers' ends. They could cook you up a criticism or slaughter an author, on demand; spin senarys at the rate of eighty foolscap knots a day, or attend to the affairs of the nation itself in no time. They never worked; they played. They turned off matters so easy! They were a band of vagrants—of literary lepers—of men without manliness—of creatures that had learned well how to crawl, and of course were covered with slime. Among such acquaintances, Robert was not improving just the powers that might have done him the most credit, or taking a single step to redeem his name from the disgrace he had helped bring upon it in the eyes of estimable people. But he lived, and that was all he cared for.

His office was never tidy now, but reeked with the stale odors of tobacco, whiskey punches, and law books. Torn papers were strewn all about the floor. The table was cluttered up with pipes, tumblers, scribbled foolscap, and three or four "weasels," such as young men usually carry, and call pocket-pistols. Sometimes he had all the company he wanted; at other times he sat alone in his dreary room, deploring his savage headache, that he might just as well have left in the bottom of last night's tumbler, and dispiritedly wondering what there was in the world worth living for. He thus passed some of the wretchedest days of his life.

Two or three times he had written passionate letters to Anna, but he never got any replies. Mrs. Willows intercepted everything. And learning from these letters how fond he still was of his wife, she saw the need of bringing the troublesome subject to a final adjustment as soon as possible.

"My daughter," she began with her, when she presumed that Anna could bear the conversation she was about to introduce, "there is really but one way for us to put an end to this great torment. I have considered it carefully for a long time, and by myself. Now I think you ought to know what conclusion I have come to, and such reasons for it as you may choose to demand. Mind, now, I am doing what is for your good, as much as for my own. In nothing am I willing to forget you, Anna."

The young wife sat in silence, for her tears outran all the words of her mother.

"What I allude to," said the latter, pursuing the subject, "is a legal separation; a divorce."

Anna could not help starting to hear that terrible word spoken. It was the knell to all her young hopes. It rung on her ears like the sound of doom. She grew dizzy; she saw nothing; the room was first a blur, and then dark as night; and at last she sat and listened with a soul that seemed paralyzed.

"We shall never enjoy the least peace," Mrs. Willows continued, "until we cut off from our old connection entirely. It was unfortunate that it was ever entered upon; very unfortunate; but it is no way to help one's self out of an error by sitting down and lamenting over it. We must up and act for ourselves. We must resolve to put away the evil before it has a chance to root itself too deeply. Now, my daughter, I know how hard a thing it is for you to hear me talk so plainly; I know what you suffer; and from my heart I feel the deepest pity for you; but what is to be done? It won't do to let matters stand as they do now; we can't afford to be made sharers of that young man's voluntary disgrace; I can't, at least; and now how shall we put an end to it?"

"Oh, mother," very faintly answered Anna, "it will put an end to itself before long. It must. It must."

"How do you mean, pray? If I were sure of such a thing, I would say no more."

"I cannot live myself and endure it long," she replied; and burst out in a fit of crying and sobbing. Her mother drew her child's head to her bosom, and as she rocked it to and fro with the gentle motions of her body, exclaimed under her breath almost,—"Poor thing! poor darling! I know how hard it is for you! But how can it be helped?"

When Anna grew calm again, her mother persisted as before in pressing this subject home upon her thoughts. She was determined not to lose sight of it, or to let it rest. An issue must be sought without further procrastination.

"Anna," she continued, "do you still love your mother? Do you love her as you used to?"

The child-wife answered by winding her arms about her parent's neck, and pressing her close to her heart.

"Then if you love me yet, you will do as I think is for your happiness. You will trust me as you always trusted me. Do you think I would advise you to do anything that was in itself wrong, or that would bring you only wretchedness? Can you think as hard as that of me, Anna?—of her who has taken care of you from your infancy?"

"No—no—no! Oh, no—no!" the despairing child replied. "I love you, mother. I always loved you. When did I not love you, mother?"

"You have never ceased to, I hope, and I think you have not now. Then I want you to love me enough to trust me altogether in this business. It may cost both of us a pang; but better so, a thousand times, than to suffer pangs and mortifications daily. I will manage it all, my dear daughter. Leave it to me, and you will see whether I am your best friend or not."

Anna tried hard to be reconciled, but it was out of her feeble power. Could she so soon cast off her husband? Could she forget in a moment the tender confidences that his heart—always loving towards her—had given up to her own? Was it for her to set herself off by a single word from all those delights of the wedded heart, that her mother could not now sympathize in or understand? Was she to make a wreck of everything precious, everything

holy, everything that gave to life its aim or its value?

It was a fearful struggle that she was called to go through. Could she but have seen her unhappy husband, and wept over it once more in his arms, she would never have consented as she did. But there stood her mother in the way! She would not be opposed; she would not be deceived; she would not be put off any longer. It was a question that must have its Yes or No, and that instantly.

Judge McBride received intelligence of this state of things very soon. Some might think he would have left home at once, and come on to try and bring about a peaceable adjustment. But nothing like this. The tidings overwhelmed him with astonishment. He sat and thought upon it. He did not act, for he did not know how to act. He was confused, stunned,—paralyzed. In the loneliness of his office he passed the days, thinking sadly of the blasted hopes he had centred in his son. Not a word was exchanged between him and his family on the subject. The silence they kept was too deep not to hold the whole weight of their hearts in its bosom.

His sisters felt the disaster keenly. They were overwhelmed with sorrow and mortification. The event was never discussed between them, and that served to make it still more heavy to bear. If they could have brought their minds to a free exchange of thought and sympathy on the subject, it would have wrought a sensible relief. But to be compelled to press back this weight of grief upon their hearts,—to tell all their secrets in nothing but a glance, when they dared not attempt it in words,—to go about the house so silently, and with faces so sad,—was adding fourfold to what they would otherwise have been obliged to suffer.

As for their mother, it was the heaviest blow she had ever been called to endure. At the first, it was impossible for her to understand its reality. She did not believe that Mrs. Willows was capable of pushing matters to such extremes. She could not receive such reports of her son's conduct and habits as correct ones. At one time she secretly appealed to the old friendship that had existed between her and Mrs. Willows, to know if the latter had the heart thus to sacrifice the only son of her early friend. At another she was burning with indignation against the woman for her reckless haste, and in an instant found mitigating circumstances enough to excuse Robert for all he had done.

If ever there was a house on which gloom settled down, without a single golden ray of hope to thread its way through and encourage those within, it was the house of Judge McBride. This one event appeared to shut them out from the companionship of all around them, since it was something upon which no words, either of inquiry or of sympathy, could properly be exchanged.

Byron Banister had occasionally met Robert in the streets in Boston, after he was apprised of this new transaction between him and his mother-in-law, but the first time he only half bowed, not stopping to bestow a word along with it, and the next time he did not recognize him at all. Thus by two sudden stages, he dropped his acquaintance altogether. Robert felt indignant, as any young man of spirit would feel. He was not ready yet, by any means, to consider himself so far gone as some others thought him to be. He had a vast endowment of pride. If that feeling should ever chance to receive a right and healthy direction again, he would not be the one to feel grateful for the alterations of any person living. These fits of awakened feeling roused him up to a sense of his true condition, but they were not lasting enough to work the thorough change so much needed.

Occasionally Mr. Banister made a little run out on the cars to the residence of Mrs. Willows.

"It's so unfortunate!" he would say to her, with a strikingly affected sigh. "So unfortunate, madam!"

"I've got rid of the fellow finally," was Mrs. Willows's reply.

"And the very best thing you could have done, Mrs. Willows, too," he went on. The truth was, he solicited her confidence. "There was a time, when I thought McBride was going to do something for himself; but that day has gone by, long ago. He is ruined, Mrs. Willows; and you did well to root him out of your family as you did. I congratulate you on having got rid of him. Why, if you will believe me, I met him in the street only the other day; and such a countenance as he had,—I hardly knew him! I was shocked, Mrs. Willows; absolutely shocked!"

"I hope he did not have the audacity to speak to you?"

"Ah, but he did," and it was just what I expected of him. But he soon found, I think, that our relations had changed. I was not going to permit the acquaintance of such a fellow as that! And in the street, too! If he should chance to fall upon me in a by-place somewhere, and ask me for a bit of silver, or a few pence,—why, then I might be glad to get rid of him by giving him something. But to have respectable people overtake you in the public streets, and find you in friendly conversation with such a character as he has got to be, —"

"It never would do, Mr. Banister," she continued for him.

"No, madam; that's what it would n't! It never would do, indeed!"

Mrs. Willows grew more and more confidential with him, and improved each of his visits to discuss the subject in its various bearings. He always had something novel to suggest, and improved his leisure in town for the preparation of nothing but such suggestions.

Anna, however, was never seen. She kept alone. Her mother thought she was bending, when she could not see that she was breaking. In the long day's solitude she suffered grief to riot unchecked in her heart, and felt her soul's vital energies dying out rapidly.

"If there is any way in the world, Mrs. Willows, in which I can serve you at this trying crisis," Mr. Banister would remark at another time, "you know how ready I am."

"Oh, you are exceeding kind, sir. I thank you for your thoughtfulness," she would reply.

"It is a delicate matter, I know; and one could hardly speak of it at all, except with the greatest care. Indeed, I do not know but I may have gone too far already; my sympathies are so quick to betray me."

And in this manner he perseveringly sought to command himself to her favor. At such a time in particular, it would be very easy to fix himself firmly in her regard.

At length the last step was taken! Alas! that one lamentable step that closes the tragedy! on which angels look down and weep, that poor mortals should play so recklessly with their happiness!

Mrs. Willows went to Anna, and asked her to sign

a petition which she had caused to be drawn, for her final divorce from her husband. It was based on the grounds of desertion and drunkenness.

Anna took the pen mechanically into her hand. There were no tears in her eyes, for she was past weeping. Her face was frightfully white, and you could almost have heard her heart beat beneath her dress.

She turned her eyes imploringly up to her mother's face, and with an expression half of agony and half of resignation, asked,—

"Must I sign it, mother?"

"Yes, my daughter," the latter answered. "Only put your name to it, my child. That is all. I will manage the rest."

And she passed her hand across Anna's hair, as if to soothe her by her caresses.

The wretched wife did as she was told; and, as she laid down the pen again, fetched a breath so deep, so slow, so surcharged with the burden of her great sorrow, that one who listened might have feared it bore her life away upon its exhalation.

On the appointed day, the cause came up for adjudication. It was brought directly before one of the Supreme Court Judges, who was to hear and pass upon it without the help of a Jury.

The carriage that contained Anna and her mother drove as close as it could get to the Court House steps, where the young wife's counsel was ready to take them out and conduct them up stairs into Court. Mrs. Willows herself was firm and decided in her step, but appeared to entertain some fears for her daughter. Anna was dressed with studied plainness, and wore over her face a deep veil that completely screened her. She walked quite unsteadily up the steps, leaning with all her weight on the arm of her counsel. Sorrow was of a truth making fearful work with her. That shadow of a form,—that frail figure,—that tottering hesitation of the step,—the way she bowed her head beneath the weight of her troubles,—were they not enough to set a vivid transcript of her sad history before every one's eyes?

The case was called, and the counsel for the petitioner proceeded to recite the points he expected to prove, and on which his client relied for a judgment in her favor. While this was going on, Anna sat beside her mother within the bar, convenient to her counsel.

There were not many present, since the proceeding had been noised abroad as little as possible. This was Mrs. Willows's own wish. In fact, it seemed very much like the private hearing of a case in the Judge's Chambers.

On the part of the respondent,—Robert,—no appearance was made at all. A copy of the petition had been served on him, but he had publicly given it no heed. The truth was, his heart was sick at the thought of the scene that was about to be enacted. He wanted to forget it. He labored to expel its possibility from his reeling brain. He vainly sought to drown it in drink, in which all his faculties were perpetually steeped. But he could not drive the haunting fact away. It followed him day and night. It was sleepless and terrible.

All that the counsel for the petitioner had to do, therefore, was to bring forward the testimony that would support his position. He had all things prepared for this, and went on without interruption. One witness after another was called up, to testify to the fatal habits into which Robert had fallen. One swore to having seen him intoxicated in the street; not once only, but several times. Another testified to his coming into his saloon, or shop, daily, and partaking of more than any man could carry away if he had an idea of continuing sober. A third had seen him night after night at billiard rooms, always drinking deeply, and of course neglecting his family. A fourth had proof that substantiated previous testimony. And so on through the list.

Among the witnesses was the black fellow, Gosh. Mr. Banister had kindly picked him up somewhere, and he was impressed into the service of the mother of the petitioner. He swore to having found Robert in low haunts where really respectable men are not seen, and to drinking with him in such places many and many a time himself. He had frequently assisted him home to his room, where he must have been helpless otherwise.

The counsel exhausted his testimony, and summed up the case in few words. The Judge was ready, he said, to declare his opinion at once, and to publish a decree of divorce—total and entire! He said he needed no further time for the consideration of a case that seemed in all its parts to be so plain.

Mr. Lily happened to be one of the few who were attracted to the Court-room on that day, and even this was the merest accident with him, too. He remained to hear the decision, and immediately hastened home to acquaint Patty with his discovery.

She could hardly believe him. It so wrought on her feelings, that she was unable to do anything more for the remainder of the day. Oh, to think that with this unhappy boy she had herself spent the sweetness of her childhood! How time separated people, and how widely it sundered their fortunes!

On hearing the decision of the Judge, Mrs. Willows took her daughter in charge again, and both proceeded below to enter their carriage, escorted as before by their counsel. They rattled over the pavements and through the crowds of vehicles for a while, and then emerged on the wider expanse of the suburbs.

Heaven alone knew what was going on within the divorced wife's heart, during that weariest of all rides home. She certainly felt that she had severed herself from her own true life, and put out the light of her happiness forever. Robert was somewhere in the city; oh, why could she not have looked on his dear face once more—if it was altered so sadly, if he had apparently forgotten her, and even if he were there only to resist and oppose her petition! Should she now see him no more? Would he never smile on her again? Could he never again take her to his heart, and ask in burning and passionate words to be forgiven?

Oh, was it forever to be such a black darkness as this? No more of him? never? never? Her heart thus bleeding, did it ebb its red life away? Her thoughts thus crazed and scattered? Her affections thus torn, and rent, and trampled upon? And she knowing all the while, and believing all the while, that he loved her still, and would never cease to love her as long as he lived?

When they reached home, she had to be almost lifted out of the carriage. A fatal stupor seemed to have overtaken her. There was no expression, save a deadly gaze, on her countenance. She said nothing, not even in reply to the questions of her mother.

Yielding herself, as before, to that mother's superior guidance, she was borne, rather than walked, across the pavement into the house.

She asked but one favor, and that was that she might be carried to her chamber. There she sat down immediately in a chair, and tried to force this dreaded reality upon her brain. She was ghostly pale, and she trembled in every limb. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap, as if she were at length resigned to death itself, if it were to come. Her mother left her a moment, and hurried to bring her wine.

She returned and handed her a glass of port sangaee.

"Drink it, daughter!" said she. "Drink all of it! It will revive you. You are tired, and need something to strengthen you!"

Alas, alas! but wine possessed no virtue for those like hers! The wine of her own life was wasted, and it could not be replaced by any human nostrum like this!

Mrs. Willows untied her daughter's bonnet, removed it carefully, and stooped down and kissed her forehead. "For my sake, dear Anna," she said, "you will drink this, won't you? Come; it will make you well again! Don't you love your mother still, Anna? Don't you know there is nothing in the wide world that she would not be glad to do for you?"

Anna merely tasted the mixture, and set it down again.

"Can't drink it, can you?" soothingly spoke her mother, passing her hand over the poor girl's forehead.

No; she needed nothing now. She was not hungry. She felt no thirst. Pale and rigid as a statue, she sat with her eyes cast down upon the floor. She spoke not—she moved not. There seemed to be no life in her at all.

Ah, how fearful a sight was this! To weep—to sob—to give way to bursts of irrepressible agony—to tear her hair and rave even—that were a relief. But this lifeless, speechless, colorless, marble-like mien—it was a token of something dreadful which her mother had never thought to fathom! It was a stern but melancholy foreboding of the end!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE UNION OF THE SUN AND MORN.

Gently, the ebbing tide of eve
Had borne the light along,
To where the shoals of night upheave,
To break their chain of song.

The wheels of time still rumbling roll'd
While clustering eyes on high
Watched ceaseless for the tinge of gold
That spoke Aurora's night.

The changing Morn her veil has drawn
Across the eastern world,
Revealed her castle in the dawn,
With dapple flags unfurled.

While mounting up, the fresh young Sun
Nears where she smiling waits;
Allured, he stays, O Love! 'tis done,
With him she quits the gates.

But while he stayed, the mighty Earth
A strange confusion knew,
For trees, and rocks, and streams broke forth,
And flowers wept on their dew.

They feared an everlasting night,
If Morn should lure him there,
Nor thought they that to him her light
Could ever prove sincere.

But hush! they came, and sweetly sang
Together on the way,
Till met their lips, when lo! forth sprang
The lovely child of Day.

Commotion ceased to rule below—
At least it harmless proved,
For naught was there but joy to know
That Sun and Morn had loved.

WOMAN.

I love to gaze on woman, for I have loved her from my infancy; and now, ripening into manhood, I love her still; and dying, expect to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment; for amid all the varied scenes through which I've passed, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward.

She is by appointment supreme in the social and domestic circle. Her daily life is an illustration of all that is gentle and lovable in our imperfect nature. She possesses a kindly impulse and tenderness of heart, which is sufficiently evinced by her considerate thoughtfulness to all persons, whatever their condition may be. Her deep, trusting tenderness—her quick perception of change and indifference—her unbounded capability of loving—the necessity for her happiness of being loved—and her immeasurable gratitude, when this essential love and tenderness are accorded her, should be deeply studied by those who are destined to become her life-guardians.

It is often the case when men are gathered in social companionship, to speak lightly of women who happen to be so unfortunate as to be acquainted with them; and also to attack the character of ladies to whom they are utter strangers. This is shamefully wrong; and the man who would thus rob an innocent woman of all that renders life valuable, no weapon would be too good for her defence in repelling the outrage!

All a woman asks is love. Love is her element. For love she will resign self, will, opinion, long-formed habits, everything; and you may heap upon her wealth in every form, and you fail to satisfy her. But give woman the place of companionship which God gave her, and the scales of our civilization will never drop on the side of humanity.

As a wife, her price is indeed above "rubies," for she brings peace, kindness and tender lovingness of nature to crown the marriage altar; the orange blossoms of the bride ripen into golden fruitage, and many are the glad hearts that partake of its abundance!

THE QUEEN AND THE LETTER A.—Here is a discovery! Byron had "a passion for the name of Mary;" and our gracious Queen has a passion for the letter A. Here is the proof: Alexandrina Victoria, Queen; Albert, Prince Consort; Adelaide, Princess Royal; Albert, Prince of Wales; Alice, second daughter; Alfred, second son; Augusta, third daughter; Albert, fourth son; Beatrice, fifth daughter. Every son and daughter of the Queen, born before the present year, has one name; at least, beginning with the letter A, and some of them more. Her Majesty evidently thinks her family to be A. 1, and a trifle beyond—a right good thoroughly feeling, in palace or in cot. In April, 1841, the late was born, a being exhausted, her Majesty having had to London Paper.

Poetry.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage.
So do I;
She has dapple greys to draw it.
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I;
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.
Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—
Mine, a cot;
Her's comes beneath the starlight—
N'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.
Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears her's upon her bosom—
I hide I;
She will leave her's at Death's portal.
By and by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die.
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.
She has those who love her—station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a Kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in his balance,
By and by,
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

MARGARET OF ANJOU. OR THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

"Sorrow has so tamed this once indomitable heart, that I have no longer tears to shed at news of fresh disaster; with you, sweet Anne, the time of mourning flows in natural drops; my griefs are in my heart, where every new calamity preys on the fountain of my life. You have but lost a father; I, in that misfortune, lose my crown, my husband, state, dignity, and all, that for my dear Edward made the hope of living. Oh, bloody Barnet! Oh, fearful day to me and mine!" So spoke Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, to her daughter-in-law, Anne of Warwick, and by marriage with Henry's son, Prince Edward, Princess of Wales, as, accompanied by some five or six ladies, with the Countess of Devonshire and Lady Gertrude de Vaux, the royal party journeyed, by forced and toilsome marches, northward.

It was about seven o'clock on the evening of the 3d of May, in the year of redemption 1471, that the carriage containing the royal party was seen wending its toilsome way along the western marches; crossing barren heaths, where beyond the short, thick grass, and here and there patches of rushes, that indicated stagnant pools, or sluggish watercourses, not a tree, habitation, or vestige of life, beyond a startled hare, or the sudden scream and upward start of some frightened heron, met the weary eye for miles—nothing but the cold red sky of a chilly spring, and the rank green of the untrod grass, with occasional patches of scrap earth, broke the dull monotony around; while, for the last two hours, to add to the discomfort of the way, a dense, chilling fog enveloped the entire landscape, affording the party barely light enough for their drivers to avoid the deep ruts, or huge boulders of earth, that at frequent distances covered the ground, and often placed both horses and vehicle in imminent peril.

The carriage that contained the royal party was ill-calculated to resist the inequalities of the road, or make the journey to the occupants other than one of extreme pain and fatigue. The vehicle, in fact, was little more than a rude wagon, with open rail-work for sides, in which some six chairs, strapped to the uprights to keep them steady, and ranged in opposite lines, formed the seats for the company, while a sort of till in front, that contained some necessary provision for the party on so long a journey, served as a seat for the less distinguished members of the party.

A long gilt pole, fastened lengthwise across some bent laths of ash, formed a tilt overhead, on which was thrown a drapery of rich cotton of gold, on which were worked the arms of England and the red rose, the cognizance of the house of Lancaster, and which, descending almost to the axles of the carriage, effectually served to shelter the travelers from any sudden fall of rain; while, for extra warmth, a curtain in front and rear could be lowered when occasion required, converting the vehicle into something strongly resembling our now nearly obsolete wagon. Four broad wheels, thickly studded with nails, served to carry the heavy framework, while six powerful horses, ridden by three postillions, harnessed as if in a farmer's team, propelled, at an ill-sustained trot, the unwieldy fabric, that, rolling and lurching at every obstruction, contrived with difficulty to get over the distance of four miles an hour.

"Bear with me, gracious madam," replied the Lady Anne, drawing closer the wimple of fur and elder-down round her neck and bosom; "I cannot view my father's death, the ruin of our house, tell Edward's triumph, and my hapless mother's fate—an outcast in uncertain sanctuary—and not give license to the measure of my woes."

"Weep on in peace; I will not bid you stint one tear, if love provokes its flow. But mark!" exclaimed Margaret suddenly, and listening with intense eagerness. "What dull, earth-beating sound is that? You gossip there," she cried to two or three maidens, who, closely wrapped in wimple and hood from the night air, sat on the front of the carriage immediately within the curtain of the vehicle, "look forth and see what stirs. It is the tramp of men. I know the sound right well! What makest of them, girl?" she demanded imperatively.

"The fog lies so dense, I can see nought, your highness—scarcely define the white company's head, and the led steeds of your grace's company, that I well wot march with us on either hand."

"Mine ears are sharper than thine eyes, girl. Give place; by Heaven's benison, here comes the marshal of our host. I'd know that charger's neigh from twenty thousand!"

But, as the maiden stated, so intense was the canopy of mist that obtained the whole landscape, and though the air around, and as far as imagination could picture, the distance seemed alive with smothered sound, so impenetrable was the gloom, that save the red twinkles of the guides' lanterns as they stood

by the horses of the team, the eye could with difficulty distinguish the palfreys and war horse that, with their grooms, kept in close proximity to the carriage.

Margaret had hardly satisfied herself on the hopelessness of discovering in the vicinity of what army she really was, when a group of some thirty or forty mounted knights suddenly burst out of the obscurity, and, with difficulty restraining their steeds, drew rein on every side of the vehicle.

"God's mercy, my Lord of Somerset! you had nigh ridden us to death," exclaimed Margaret, as a figure, in a complete case of blue steel, drew up within a few inches of the imperial lady.

"The foulness of the day must plead my pardon for what were else a disrespect," replied the Duke of Somerset, as he bent his mailed head to the saddle-bow, and extended his truncheon as a mark of respect to his imperious queen.

"The time and season can well excuse such a trivial breach of courtesy, my lord. But where is Edward?" she demanded, hastily running her eye over the troop of knights who loomed dimly out of the profound obscurity.

"Where chivalry should ever be: at the shrine of love and beauty, sovereign mother," Margaret turned rapidly round at the sound of that well-known voice, and, by the aid of a cresset that had been lighted, and hung from the centre hoop of the tilt, beheld the accoutred body of her son, the Prince of Wales, with his charger's head under the drapery of the carriage, and his mailed arm round his beautiful wife, Anne of Warwick. "See, I am at my vesper, dearest mother; rendering my vows to Heaven and love," replied the gallant boy, as, with raised visor, he imprinted a farewell kiss on the upturned lips of his blushing bride.

"Gramercy! do you take our carriage for a lady's bower?" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproving tenderness.

"By my halidame! Sir Thomas Tresham, but that thy master gives thee a countenance for this unseemly dalliance, I had been grievously angry. To your places, gentlemen. Fie, Gertrude de Vaux!"

The beautiful girl, who, in the warmth of her heart at meeting again her lover, whom she had already begun to mourn as dead, forgetful of the presence of the haughty Margaret, and oblivious to all but the joy of again meeting her affianced husband, had risen and thrown her arms, in the abandonment of happiness, round the neck of her youthful lover, as, following the example of his prince and master, he lifted the royal curtain, and stood, like an apparition, at the side of his plighted bride.

"How comes it, my lord, you are not with your troops?" demanded Margaret; "or are you here to welcome Lord Pembroke, whose force this cloaking mist hides from one's eyes?"

"Not so, my gracious lady; Lord Pembroke's power is three days' march behind us, it is the weary tread of my battalion that greets your royal ear. The march, I trow, has been right sore and weary; since cock-crow this morn my squadrons have been afoot, and measured more than six and thirty miles over the worst roads in all the western marches," replied Somerset, glancing at his stained and dusty surcoat.

"Now, by my halidame, Lord Somerset, thy troops are arrant sluggards," exclaimed the queen in petulant anger. "No farther than this! Now, by my soul, I looked to find you posted well at Ludlow, backed by stout Tudor and his mountain levies! Where's Jasper, with his Welsh, my lord? where the Cheshire bills and bows, whose rising was proclaimed three weeks ago?"

"From Gloucester, so please your grace," replied Somerset, biting his lip with vexation at being so censured before his knights and officers, "where the rebellious citizens closed their gates and refused us passage of the bridge, every ford upon the river has been manned by Yorkists, and without a general action, which your highness's orders strictly forbade, we could not cross the river. The Welsh are still within their mountain fastnesses, and will not stir till Pembroke is at hand, to give them countenance. As for the Cheshire levy, six thousand archers, with knights and men-at-arms, are on the march, and by to-morrow or the following day will meet me here at Tewkesbury."

"Push on, then, my lord, the town lies scarce a league ahead; there we can make a halt till joined by Pembroke and our trusty archers; when, with replenished numbers, we may turn our faces south, and intercept the nimble Edward."

"That task is eaved us, madam; yonder lies the perfidious king; those lights point out his camp. My scouts bring word he reached the town of Tewkesbury to-day at noon."

"Edward embattled here? Oh, now I see calamity indeed! and, covering her face with her hands, the proud woman bent her head to her knees, and for a moment gave way to the bitterest sorrow.

"Nay, mother, yield not to weak alarms," cried Prince Edward, pressing up to the carriage; "what should we fear? our power almost equals his, our cause of right and justice is twenty thousand times more strong. These tidings, that are gloom to you, give joy to me. To-morrow will I flesh my maiden sword, and prove to this triumphant and insolent man that the Prince of Wales can fitly vindicate his father's honor and his own. Hear me, holy mother; hear me while I swear it!" and in the enthusiasm of his martial ardor the gallant youth drew forth his sword, that in the darkness gleamed like lightning and standing in his stirrups, raised with both hands, the weapon above his head, and pressing the crossed hilt devoutly to his lips, registered his vow upon the holy symbol.

At that moment, as if in obedience to some magician's wand, the dense fog rose slowly, like a dark curtain from the earth, and the setting sun, stormy and red, shot his horizontal beams athwart the scene, changing in a moment the palpable obscurity of night into a fiery haze, that glistened and flashed on corselet and spear, morion and shield, and flung back from twenty thousand moving forms a dazzling blaze of light.

The scene was grand and imposing. Far as the eye could reach over barren wold, and wooded dell, through distant burst, and nearer shaw, the whole expanse seemed living with its streams of onward life, horse and foot, squadron on squadron; baggage wain and rude artillery, in straggling and unmarshalled order, extended over plain and hill, flitting from point to point, like dancing fire-beams, till, lost on the red horizon, the living mass appeared a sheet of moving flame.

"Who talks of fear, who dreams of doubt?" continued the heroic youth as he shook his weapon in the sudden light.

"Lord marshal, I pray you give the assault at once, and with our battle cry of God and King Henry, upon them with all our puissance and chivalry!"

What further the impatient prince might have said was drowned in the loud notes of the trumpet, as it proclaimed the halt. A few minutes later the royal standard was raised in front of a small grange, opposite the spot where the cavalcade had halted, and which had been taken possession of for the royal lodgings.

No sooner had the breeze caught the massive drapery of the royal standard, and flung out its emblazoned folds on the evening air, than far and near the moving host that in open order covered the landscape fell round their several banners, closed up their ranks, and slowly converged round the standard, each leader taking up his position on the right and left of the grange, in the order in which they reached the spot designed for the night's halt.

"An attack is impossible, prince," replied Somerset, turning round from issuing his commands, and rather addressing Margaret than Edward; the men are foot-weary, worn down by a heavy march, our horses dead beaten, and the whole strength of the host prostrate from fatigue. To assail Edward, refreshed by eight hours rest, were little short of madness. We are in no condition to cross the Severn, swollen by the late rains, and in face of an army strong enough to take our forces both in flank and rear. No, we must camp here on the wolds, make our wings strong by careful disposition of the ground, rest our rear against your hilly ridge, and leaving this open park for the encounter of such horse as over toil may leave for duty, here in our trenches wait the coming of the foe. All else must be left to the chance of war, and the success that heaven may send us."

"I tell thee, marshal, thy scheme of battle is rash and impolitic; all unsoldierly and bad," exclaimed Margaret, springing from the vehicle, and flinging back the quilt that covered her head, exposed the rich tiara cap that, thickly encased with jewels, rose from her closely braided hair in dazzling grandeur, while her tall, majestic, but perfectly feminine figure, habited in a crimson bodice and purple robe, gave an imposing dignity to her faultless and graceful features, at once regal and commanding.

"On seven stricken fields, from the first St. Albans to Towton and Hexham, have I commanded, and less than all I like this disposition of thy troops. I tell thee Marshal Somerset, 'tis open hazard, flat despair to rush thus blindly to the arbitrament of steel. Bring forth my steed," she exclaimed suddenly to her attendants. "Now, by my injured lord, the sainted Henry, I vow I'll take the martial truncheon in my hand, lead back the host, and plunging into the Severn, bid all but cowards follow, for Margaret and St. George!"

As she spoke, the dauntless woman twined her gloved hand in the silky mane of her white charger, and stepping on the ready knee of her squire, vaulted, with a sudden bound into the saddle, and, firm as a rock, drew tight the crimson reins, making the impatient steed recoil to his haunches, and, rising erect, paw the air with his defying limbs.

Margaret instantly wheeled her steed, and, giving orders for the carriage and her ladies to follow, drew from the embroidered gypsey, that hung by a rich band of velvet on her right side, a handful of small gold coins, demi-angels, marks, and brabante, and flinging them among the lackeys and grooms who had driven the vehicle, exclaiming, as the bright pieces fell like a golden shower at the feet of her guides and servants—"Largess for the grooms!" gave her steed his head, and dashed through the blending rays of the setting sun across the uneven ground to the grange, over which the royal standard, now floating, indicated as the quarters set aside for the queen and her diminished household.

Edward but waited to exchange a confidential whisper with his friend Tresham, and approached the carriage, round which the drivers were still scrambling for their share of Margaret's bounty, and flinging back the heavy folds of the tilt, caught his beautiful wife in his arms, and almost before the blushing Anne divined his purpose, placed her on the front of his destrier or war steed, and with long bounds was flying over the plain in the direction taken by his mother, while Tresham, availing himself of this opportunity, followed the vehicle now in motion by the side of his affianced bride—the young and lovely Gertrude de Vaux—as it wound its heavy way to the royal lodgings.

In one of the rooms in the rear of the old farmhouse, or grange, where the royal family was lodged for the night, and by the dim light of a few rude candles, was collected a party of six persons, who, by the secrecy observed in all their motions, and the low tone in which the first brief colloquy was carried on, were evidently in apprehension of some interruption to their purpose.

Two of the personages were panoplied in complete steel, the blue east of their fluted Milan mail gleaming with a spectral brilliancy in the dull glare of the flickering lights. The rest of the group consisted of an old man, the proprietor of the farm, or franklin, as it was still the fashion to call men of his class, a priest, an attendant, a villain of the farm, who more as sentry at the door than one of the party, completed the number.

"I will not hide from you, holy father, that the Lady Gertrude is in the keeping of the crown," observed one of the armed knights, whose earl's belt that crossed his surcoat, and from which hung in front his battle sword and the device of the three feathers on the flowing robe, indicated the wearer to be the Prince of Wales, "nay, in strict chancery of my royal mother, and that there's peril in this unlicensed act; yet, by my knightly spurs, I swear to hold you seatless. Sir Thomas Tresham is my staunchest friend, and to do him pleasure I will risk my mother's anger. Fear not, then, but do thine office fealty. See where she comes!" exclaimed the prince, as Gertrude, dressed in white, and leaning on the arm of the aged mistress of the house, entered the room; and Tresham, bounding to her side, encircled her yielding form with his mailed arm.

"Then stepping forward, Edward led the pair before the old man, and said—
"To you, most venerable sir, I depute my office here of sponsor, which nothing but my presence at the council, now in convale, could hinder my fulfilling. Farewell, sweet friends. Tresham, I shall be on horse within the hour."

And once more taking the trembling hand of the beautiful bride, he pressed it reverently to his lips, and muttering a hasty benison on his friend, turned and quitted the chamber.

Directly the prince had left the room, Sir Thomas led his bride in front of the venerable priest, and, bending down, the two lovers implored the holy father's blessing before proceeding to the ceremony that was to unite them in the bonds of wedlock.

With fervent ploy, the priest poured on their

heads his solemn blessing, and then, opening the ponderous missal, proceeded to complete the ceremony, the old man of the farm acting as the prince's proxy, and giving away the timid bride. The last benediction had scarcely been pronounced, when the shrill alarm of the trumpet rose through the dead stillness of the night with a sudden clangor, that roused, on the instant, twenty thousand sleepers from their earthy beds, while farther off, and now mingled with the clash of arms, was heard the Yorkists' cry of "A Crofts! a Crofts!" as the surprising party mingled in the contest with those who sprung from the earth to confront their midnight invaders.

"'Tis but an alert of the foe, my love; I must forth and beat them back, but shall return within the hour," exclaimed Tresham, as he folded the shrinking and terrified Gertrude to his breast, and, with the tenderest assiduity of love, strove to reassure her alarmed and foreboding heart. "Hark!" cried Tresham, tenderly untwining her fingers from the muscles of his gorget, and giving her fainting form into the arms of the aged matron; "the trumpet calls again; fear nothing, sweetest! Holy mother, bless thee!" and, imprinting a kiss on her bloodless lips, Sir Thomas seized his ardent, or helmet, and, drawing his sword, rushed out of the apartment, shouting, as he mingled with the bustling throng, "Tresham to the rescue!"

With a desperate effort, Gertrude broke from the matron's arms, and, flying across the floor, attempted to follow her husband; but, overtaken by the conflict of emotions, her strength gave way, and, staggering on the threshold, with a piercing shriek, fell insensible to the earth.

Early as was the hour, the vast armament of King Edward was already in motion, sending through the gloom of the undefined day the hum and noise of eager preparation. When Tresham returned from the pursuit of the party who had invaded his guard, he found the Duke of Somerset, with the prince and all the nobles of the army, marshalling his host, and though the sun was barely above the horizon, and a cold mist covered the field and hung to the flesh like winter frost, Margaret was mounted, and on her richly caparisoned steed, insensible to danger or fatigue, was among her troops haranguing the soldiers, on the necessity of this day closing by a crowning victory the bloody record of this interesting war. By six o'clock every disposition had been made for the coming strife. Somerset drew up his army in three lines, commanding the van in person. The Prince of Wales, assisted by Lork Wenlock and the Prior of St. John's, had the conduct of the second line, while the Dukes of Devonshire and Oxford commanded the rear. Edward merely waited till the sun was sufficiently high to clear the mist that lay along the ground, to advance with his whole power on the Lancastrian intrenchments. When within a hundred yards of each other, the two armies, with a simultaneous shout of victory and defiance, rushed together, and, like two tumultuous rivers, blended and heaved their human billows in maddened conflict. For full an hour this deadly contest lasted, till the Yorkists, feigning a retreat, drew their enemies from their position into the plain, when, wheeling round, and the Duke of Gloucester coming up with his reserves, the whole fell on the Lancastrians, and, taking them in front and flank, completely routed their main body, making a fearful slaughter, and driving the few survivors back in irretrievable disorder.

Somerset, maddened at his own folly in quitting his intrenchments, and furious at his defeat, galloped wildly back to the second line, which Margaret was already putting into motion, and singling out Lord Wenlock, as he sat in front of his column, between the queen and prince, and accusing him of treason in not advancing to his support, raised his battle-axe, and, with one tremendous blow, cleft him to the chin. Before the troops could recover from their amazement at so unprovoked an act, King Edward, Gloucester, and Lord Hastings, with the whole advance of Edward's army, rushed upon them, and, taking the Lancastrian army on all sides, began an encounter that, for the time it lasted, was one of the most sanguinary of all these bloody battles. Margaret was three times taken, and as often rescued by her devoted followers. The prince, though his first encounter in arms, fought with the desperation and courage of a lion. He had, in single combat, slain two antagonists, unbraced Sir Richard Crofts, and disarmed Lord Hastings, when an arrow entering his charger's breast, the animal reared and fell, hurling young Edward among the thickest of his foes. At this moment, and while an upraised battle-axe was flashing over his head, Tresham sprang from his horse, and intercepted his shield and body over the prostrate prince, received the downward stroke, which was delivered with such force that it sent his gallant defender bleeding to the earth. With a sudden bound Edward regained his feet, and clearing a passage through the deadly press, turned to join his friends, when Sir John Crofts again encountered him on foot. Though stunned by his fall, and weary with the unequal contest, the heroic youth, nothing daunted, rushed on his antagonist; but at the first stroke his weapon shivered to the hilt, and before he could intercept it, a blow from Crofts' blade, delivered on his casque, sent him staggering to his knee, where, instantly hemmed in by a line of spears and upraised axes, he was made an easy captive. Along the fields and park the battle still raged with deadly animosity; the shout of "No quarter!" echoed from every part of the battle-ground; and though upheld by Margaret's indomitable courage for a while, the Lancastrians at length gave way, and the battle became a rout. More than half of her army lay dead on the field, and the rest were pursued, with terrible slaughter, for several miles, and night only put an end to the carnage.

"Conduct the Lady Anne with all respect to Tewkesbury, and give her to the keeping of my mother, the Duchess of York," said Gloucester, as he reined in his war horse in front of the grange, so lately the headquarters of the queen and her party, and where the cognizance of the "White rose" had already usurped the standard of the "Red." "For the rest," casting his eye disdainfully over a group of captive knights and ladies, among whom Margaret's undaunted person towered conspicuous over the throng, "lead them to the king!" then springing from his steed, as his gaze rested for a moment on the gallant and wounded Tresham, with Gertrude hanging despairingly on his neck, and with all her woman's tenderness, striving in vain to stanch the blood that welled from his wound, he added morosely, as he entered a large barn or out-house appertaining to the building, "send for the headsman, and see the block prepared."

A double file of soldiers was ranged along the walls of the rude apartment, which Richard Duke of Clarence entered—that perjured and vacillating prince,

alike false to friend and foe. Lord Hastings and Stanley, and about twenty gentlemen, the knights and squires of the king's body, were collected in groups over the earthen floor. Beside a rude bench or table on which lay his helm and truncheon, stood the tall, manly figure of King Edward; his regular and beautiful features set off to admiration by the flowing curls that hung over the steel gorget and gold collar that adorned his inland suit of mail. On a cello near the table lay one of the monarch's iron gloves, or gauntlets, and he was in the act of removing the other, when the group of captives entered the chamber, and Sir Richard Crofts starting forward, followed by his guarded prisoner, fell on his knees before the king, and, in the quaint phrase of the day, offered his captive to the royal clemency and acceptance.

"Knowest thou the punishment of traitors, sirrah?" demanded the king, as he turned, frowningly, towards the young prince, as with chained hands, he stood, with folded arms, calmly surveying, for the first and only time, the man whose ambition had deprived his father of liberty, and himself of his inheritance.

Before, however, the youth could reply to the taunt of the king, Margaret stepped forward, and boldly confronting her triumphant enemy, said, with flashing eyes, "That answer was given on the plains of Wakefield, on thy father's headless trunk."

"Aye, she-wolf of France! and in the savage murder of my brother Rutland. But peace, and let thy cub answer his master," retorted the King.

"My master, dastard slave!" cried the Prince, striding to within a foot of Edward's person, and confronting him with a determined gaze, "down on thy knees, and, felon-like, crave mercy of thy sovereign's son—thy lawful master; down!"

"Back, forward whelp," replied Edward, "nor dare to bandy words with me; how dar'st thou, beardless boy, invade my land and turn her smiling peace to bloody war? Answer, presumptuous slave!"

"To wrench from thy usurping hand my father's crown and my inheritance. Dost hear? I came to give thy carrion carcass to the kites, and crown each city gate within my realm with heads of traitors!"

During the brief colloquy of the King and Prince, Gloucester, Clarence, and a few knights near, who stood behind and on either side of the dauntless prisoner, played nervously with their dagger hilts, and, as young Edward concluded, the King, who had been pulling off his glove, incensed at the audacity of his captive, dashed his iron gauntlet in his face, exclaiming, "Out, presumptuous cat! and learn obedience!"

With such force was the stroke delivered, that the Prince recoiled a few steps from the weight of the blow that covered his countenance with blood; but with the impetuosity of youth and rage, he gathered up his fetters, and swinging the heavy links over his head, strode back to the king, and crying, "Dishonorable and unknighly coward!" was in the act of bringing the chains down on Edward's head, when Gloucester's double-bladed misericord, or dagger, glanced for an instant, as it flashed from its scabbard into the Prince's heart; at the same moment, Clarence, Vaughan, Cateby, and others, buried their weapons in his breast.

The whole act was so rapid, that Margaret had only time to burst from her guards and reach the spot, as her brave boy fell, without a word or a groan, dead at her feet. Gloucester, whose savage nature was roused, raised his dagger, and would have plunged it into her breast, but the King dashed the weapon from his hand, as the distracted mother, in the midst of agony of grief, fell down by the body, and, wiping the bloody face with her mantle, kissed the still warm lips of her gallant boy, pouring out her sorrow in the wildest notes of despair.

"We hear that Somerset and the Prior, with other men of note, have fled to sanctuary," observed the King, indifferently looking over a paper he unwound from his truncheon; "go, Gloucester, drag them forth; should the monks rebel, fire their church and hang the scurvy traitors; for a warning; as for the rebels, off with their heads. Away! Lead Carey, Tresham, and the others to the block."

Upon hearing this fearful order, Gertrude darted from the side of her husband, and, falling at Edward's feet, folded her hands, and, in the abandonment of grief, besought him, by all his hopes of mercy, to spare her husband—conjuring him, by his mother's love, the affection of his Queen, by good men's prayers, by Heaven's eternal blessing, to have pity on her hapless state, and give her back her lord, her life, her husband, till, exhausted with the emotions of her pleading, she sank speechless at his feet. Edward, who had kept his eye on the group of prisoners as they passed out to execution, and who sat not with his fingers on the table, as his ear caught the succession of dull, heavy strokes without—suddenly rose, and said, with a mocking smile, that made Gertrude spring with beaming happiness to her feet—

"'T is meet so fair a plender should have a spouse. Bid the doomsman bring back the traitor!"

The fervent blessing with which, in the devotion of her heart she thanked the King for his clemency, had hardly passed her lips, when, turning to meet the advancing person of her husband, she encountered the blood-stained figure of the executioner, holding aloft, and directly in her face, the severed head of her lover. The eyes were still open, and the lips yet quivering, as the ghastly trophy of vengeance was exposed to her view. For a moment, Gertrude hardly understood the horrid sight; but meeting the grim smile of the King, she comprehended the whole reality. Pressing her hands convulsively on her heart, she gave one piercing shriek, and sinking slowly down to the earth, by the side of the walling Margaret, buried her face in her bridal robes, and gave way to an agony of grief, while the doomsman, pitching the head to the extremity of the room, went forth to complete the bloody history of the battle of Tewkesbury.

KINDNESS.

How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! Upon the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself, as it were, shut out of the world, wrapped up in gloomy imaginings, how sweetly falls the voice of sympathy and consolation! Why is it, then, since everything proves, and none are ignorant of the fact—that all must lie down in mother earth together, since all are travelers in this highway to death—why is it, that each should be so sparing of that which costs him nothing, but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbor, and cheer him on his journey—a few kind words and kindly looks?

We cannot be too selfish in acquiring knowledge.

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DEMONOLOGY.

As far back as we have any record, the belief has been common in the power of invisible spirits to return to earth, and to take possession of the forms of mortals in spite of any power they might themselves exert to offer them. It is by no means true that these spirits were necessarily of evil character, as many are in the habit of supposing; on the contrary, they were very frequently good spirits, messengers counselling men to noble deeds, and filling their souls with pure and lofty aspirations and thoughts. The ancients took an especial delight in peopling the outward world with spirits, some of them heroes, some good angels and kind friends, and all of the diverse dispositions and tempers that characterized their own mortal condition. So that, as a matter of course, they were as ready to offer a portion of such invisible visitants their undivided gratitude and reverence, as they were to meet the coming of others with fear and trepidation.

It should be borne in mind that the word *demon* has not the same meaning with the other word *diabolos*; the first signifying originally nothing more than one of those spiritual beings who had it in their power to "possess," or enter into men, and upon whom the general opinion has settled down as being only a class of evil spirits; partly, perhaps, because the scriptural record in particular makes more full and frequent mention of spirits of that character than of a good character—the other, or *diabolos*, signifying the *devil*, as it is called, or the principle of evil as opposed to everything that is good. When persons, therefore, are spoken of as being "possessed," it is noticeable that they are always described as being possessed of *demons*, or demoniacally, and not of the *diabolos*, or spirit of evil. The mention that Jesus makes of these demons, he makes with a perfectly clear understanding on the part of his hearers of what he intended to convey. The belief of this possession of the bodies of some persons by invisible spirits, was too common, and too well established, to require any explanation or apology at his hands.

In time, it came to be considered that these demons were none but evil spirits; though for what reason, or on what ground, it is not easy to assert. Josephus, who wrote in the time of Christ, and corroborated much of what is recorded by the Scriptural writers in relation to him, speaks in various places in his History of the Jews of the power of casting out demons being exercised by certain parties, and describes several of the arts of exorcism which were practised at that time. Origen, Justin Martyr, and other writers of Christian belief, asserted some time after the death of Jesus that the Jews still cast out demons in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and that the Gentiles, as well as the Jews, sometimes possessed the power of exorcising these spirits, though they were not able to perform such wonderful things as the Christians who commanded the demons to come out, by virtue of Christ's name.

The New Testament records would apparently go to confirm the impression, that at no previous time in the world's history had these demons succeeded in so familiarly approaching and mingling with mortals, and exercising a supreme temporary control over their volition; and for hundreds of years afterwards as clear a record is presented of the continuance of the presence of the same spirits, and almost always represented to entertain only an evil disposition towards those over whom they obtain control.

It has been endeavored to be proved by some writers of modern times, that these demons were nothing more than personations of diseases, such as epilepsy, or nervous disorders; but the least reflection, and especially the recurrence to the actual facts recorded, will conclusively show that no such thing was ever intended either by the writers of the New Testament, by their cotemporary, Josephus, or by their immediate successors, the Christian Fathers. The possession of mortals by demons, meaning *spirits*, was repeatedly acknowledged by Christ himself, and they were spoken of by him and by the witnesses to their conduct, very often as the spirits of persons who were once well known to the people, and recognized on their second appearance. Titus, also, when addressing his proud army before the walls of Jerusalem, seeks to infuse courage into their breasts by asking them: "What man of virtue is there, who does not know that the souls which are severed from their fleshly bodies in battles, by the sword, are received by the Father, that purest of elements, and joined to that company which are placed among the stars; that they become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves (manifest) as such to their posterity afterwards?" Josephus, however, says that "demons are no other than the spirits of the wicked that enter into men who are alive," &c., &c.

That these demons possessed the power to inflict various diseases upon mortals, was generally believed. Tertullian speaks of it; so does St. Cyprian. And there were those who believed that these demons could possess statues as well as men, and the images of the heathen deities. Exorcists, in the form and with the title of necromancers, employed their mysterious arts to work upon the excited imaginations of men, and make them believe that the occult power and skill was in their hands to dispossess the diseased and insane of their presence.

The seventy disciples had power given them to

cast out demons, wherever they might go. Paul both possessed and exercised the same power. (Acts, XIX: 11-19.) It was esteemed a spiritual gift, which the followers of Christ were able to use to much greater advantage than those who pretended to exorcise spirits by the adjuration of their own heathen deities.

It has been asserted—and it is nothing more than a bald assertion—that since the sitting of the Council of Laodicea, in the year of our Lord 367, there have been no instances of men being possessed by spirits, or of such spirits being cast out, as there were in the days of Christ, and subsequently. Ignorance of the facts that abound on the pages of history, is the only apology for such an assertion. Because it had not been the custom of subsequent writers to attach as much importance to such facts, no matter whether rare or abundant, as was shown them by the writers of the immediate age of Christ, it proves nothing against the value or the significance of the facts as we find them. The history of the Christian Church contains an abundance of records of the same character with those other records already alluded to, which are quite as convincing to minds inclined to see things as they are, and not altogether as they are told to look at them.

If the spirits of the departed have ceased to visit the earth, and to take possession of mortal bodies, when did that event occur? We put those who deny so well authenticated a fact upon their proof. If they know that the power of departed spirits to return, and to make themselves known to those who knew them upon earth, has absolutely been lost to them, they, of course, know just when this natural law was suspended. When was it, then? It must be admitted on all sides, that these spirits made their appearance in Christ's day, and that he and his disciples cast them out. They are also recorded to have worked upon the minds and bodies of mortals in the same way after his death. And it is undeniable that these spirits were good, as well as evil spirits. They recollected what had transpired when they lived upon earth. They remembered the persons and the things around them. In no instance could it be said that these possessing spirits were the *devil*, for they are mentioned in a very different way, and under a very different name.

The spirits, or demons—both good and evil—still possess the power to revisit the earthly scenes with which they were familiar, and undeniably do thus revisit them. This is one of the sweetest and most satisfactory of the many phases of the true Christian's belief. It is preached to him for a delightful consolation, that while he lives his departed friends are all around him, conveying to him messages of peace and hope; and that when he dies, he will himself enjoy the blessed privilege of returning to those dear localities with which his heart's tenderest feelings are intertwined. It would be worse than folly to attempt to dash so beatifying a consciousness and so self-satisfying a hope to the ground. Spiritualists are happily not alone in this belief. Others gladly join with them in one so pleasant and so profitable. It is a belief that has the sanction of the best historical authority on the one hand, and the ever-accumulating proofs of daily observation and experience on the other. For a holy purpose are these spirit-messengers permitted to appear to us, and to take possession of us. We should be cautious how we treat them, if they bring us good messages from the spheres to which we ourselves are tending.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MENDOTA, ILL., January 19th, 1863.

I had prepared some manuscripts in Ohio, for publication, but in the confusion attendant upon a hotel life, I neglected to send them. I must therefore give you in a condensed form the intelligence of those sheets, in connection with my pencillings thus far in this great State.

I lectured en route some twelve or fourteen times, in Buffalo, and in Niagara County, N. Y., and I trust was the means of presenting the cause acceptably to quite a number, both in my public and private meetings. I had the gratification at these points, of renewing the friendships of other days—days of enduring pleasure, participated in prior to domiciling on New England's peaceful shore—days and kindnesses that have left an impress upon the tablet of recollection, ineffaceable even by time itself.

While accepting the hospitality of kind friends at and near Lewiston, I had the pleasure of again meeting Miss Sarah Brooks, of whom I frequently spoke while in Boston, as a most estimable young lady, and as a wonderfully developed musical medium. And I again had the gratification of listening to the spiritual performances on the piano in her presence. It would require too much space to give a detailed account of the manifestations that are given by our friends of Interior Life through her mediumistic agency; I will therefore attempt to give only a general idea of one of the most startling demonstrations presented, trusting that our friends in the East may have the gratification during the coming spring, of attending some of her interesting circles—as it is her present intention to pay us a visit.

Upon the occasion I allude to, there were about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen present, all of whom felt as fully competent to determine for themselves from the evidences of their own senses, with regard to what might occur, as by possibility could the Harvard Professors, or any other body of mind, for them. A piano, weighing about nine hundred pounds, was placed with the keys against the wall, the medium taking her stand at the back of the instrument, with her hand upon the lid. The circle was formed, directed to join hands, and to remain in this position. The light was then extinguished. After a brief prelude, the spirit commenced giving us on the keys and wires of the piano, an imitation of the *voice of a steamship at sea*. And I assure you it is impossible for a mind not present to conceive that from the agitation of the keys of a musical instrument, one could be made so sensibly to realize the awful grandeur of Nature in her most destructive mood! But truly such was the case, and no language can convey a moiety of the reality to which we listened. The working of the machinery in the quiet calmness that seems to precede at all times the warring of the elements—the distant moaning of the rising storm—and then a rushing sound, as if a tornado rode upon the waves, approaching nearer and still nearer—the dreadful muttering of the thunder—the roar of the mad ocean—the shrill shriek of the wind, as the vessel seemed rushing toward the shore—the dashing of the water against the rocks—the striking of the doomed craft, and then her apparently being raised by some mountain wave, and then dashed for the last time by the waters that play around her leaking hull—the galling of the waters upon the pumps—their still further encroachment upon the fire—the wild rushing forth

er and thither of the affrighted crew—the gradual decrease of the power of the engine, together with the faint strokes of departing energy—must indeed be heard to be appreciated. I have before attempted, and still despair of ever conveying the slightest idea of the full and impressive reality of this inimitable representation of the gorgeous eloquence of Nature! A number of scientific pieces were then executed in a masterly manner, together with a few simple airs; and the circle adjourned, all highly pleased with the manifestations that had been presented.

Miss Brooks was the early and constant associate of Miss Cora L. V. Scott (now Mrs. Hatch), who has recently, by the gracefulness of her rhetoric and the profundity of her philosophy so deeply enlisted the interest of the thinking public, in behalf of the glorious truths of the sky. What a beautiful feature in the character of humanity, is presented in the conduct of these two young ladies, calculated by their external accomplishments to adorn the walks of private life, in an eminent degree, foregoing all the usual attractions of their sex and age, and with a cheerful philanthropy devoting their energies, time and talents to the benefit of the race! Cold and heartless indeed must be the creature who can ruthlessly attribute to such as these the spirit of fraud and deception! Long may they be preserved, as the channels of love and wisdom to the children of earth.

Among by no means the least interesting personages that I met, and with whom I renewed the kindly courtesies of a long-tried friendship, was the venerable editor of the "Age of Progress," of Buffalo, Stephen Albro, Esq. He was among the earliest pioneers of the cause of truth in Western New York, and has ever been one of its most efficient laborers. Possessed of a high order of talent, of stern and undiminished integrity, he is quick to perceive the right, and has ever had the courage to maintain it. While sustaining a manliness of character second to none, he is surpassed by few, if any, in the sympathies of his nature and in the kindness of his heart. As an editor, he has no superior in the great field in which he labors. Like "Orient pearls at random strung," bright and beautiful thoughts are the characteristics of his style, adorning the intense force and vigor of his productions. He is now, in the course of nature, approximating the close of his labors, as he numbers over seventy winters. May the evening of his life be as calm and peaceful as its meridian has been strong and useful. His mind is still vigorous, however—and I would therefore cheerfully recommend the "Age of Progress" to the strong minds of New England, as an able, healthful and truthful exponent of the great cause in which we labor. They will find in its columns "sentiments as pure as holiness, and philosophy as true as mathematics."

But, I must hasten on in my route. I spent but a few hours in Cleveland, on my way from Buffalo to Cincinnati—intending to remain longer, as invited, when I return from the South. Short, however, as was my visit, it was by no means devoid of interest. I was the gratified guest (not the first time by a dozen) of D. A. Eddy, Esq., and his most estimable lady—whose house is proverbially the genial resting-place of the laborers in the modern vineyard of Truth; where many a worn and weary medium, escaping from heartless misapprehension, has found the boon of sympathy, and a home of comfort.

I also had the pleasure of meeting L. S. Everett Esq., editor of "The Spiritualist" of Cleveland. Mr. Everett is a son of New England, and of an exceedingly high order of talent. With the indefatigability of Hannibal, when crossing the Alps, he has struggled against adverse circumstances, in the advocacy of what he believed right; and now presents to the great West, one of the most ably edited sheets engaged in the grand cause of human redemption. All who are familiar with his style, will agree with us in the declaration, that it is characterized by a depth of philosophy, force of logic, and brilliancy of rhetoric, equalled by few, if any, of the strong minds engaged in the great work of speaking the truth, with a willingness to take the consequences.

I met likewise at Cleveland, Dr. John Scott, of St. Louis—who, when I left the West, was esteemed one of the most successful Healing Mediums of the age; besides which, he is a noble-hearted and generous man—and, to my knowledge, has contributed much of gratuitous labor, in alleviating the condition of suffering humanity. He designs visiting Boston with a view of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a Spiritual Infirmary. He is associated with a gentleman by the name of Ray, who, I am told, is exceedingly efficient in the field of their contemplated labor. One or both of these gentlemen will doubtless have reached your city by the time you receive this.

The next point visited on leaving Cleveland, was the "Queen City of the West," Cincinnati. Here I remained something over two weeks, delivering a course of lectures—ten, I think, in number. A very deep interest seemed to be aroused, and the audiences were quite large—increasing in numbers with each lecture. Quite a large and intelligent body of believers in the Philosophy of the Sky, exist in this city—including some of the best minds in the West. I had the gratification here of renewing some of the pleasurable associations of former years—having been a resident of Cincinnati for a number of years, prior to my becoming an investigator of the great Truth of Nature. I found some of my former associates, in common with the popular idea, disposed to ridicule the faith of their old friend; but quite a fair proportion of the loved and respected of "the olden time," ready to unite with me heart and hand in carving out for ourselves a brighter pathway to the "better land."

From Cincinnati, I proceeded to this point, via Chicago—leaving the latter place for a longer stay, on my return trip. And here I have been domiciliated ten days, in the great State of Illinois—great in her vast natural resources—and greater still in the indefatigable energy and enterprise of her citizens. With a territory capable of constituting about forty States, equal in extent to our little neighbor Rhode Island—throughout its great length and breadth it is teeming with an industrious population, and mapped all over with evidences of the spirit of internal improvement—and is evidently destined to become equal perhaps in importance to any in our great Confederacy. The town from whence I now write—Mendota—was settled only four years since. Now it is rife with the energies of over three thousand human souls, engaged in the great battle of human life—and is rapidly increasing in population and importance. The great Illinois Central and the Chicago and Burlington Railroads cross each other at this point; and it is estimated that over one thousand of the great migratory population of the United States pass here daily. The

town is settled principally by Western and Central New Yorkers, New Englanders, and Ohioans; and its inhabitants are characterized in their intercourse with strangers, and with each other, by that personal integrity and kind hospitality for which their former homesteads, are so eminently proverbial—qualities that have so largely contributed in building up most of our Western towns.

Comparatively speaking, there is quite a large number of Spiritualists here—equalling, if not superior, to the congregation of any other faith except the Catholic. But their virtues and their strength consist not in numbers, but rather in their firm reliance upon what they deem to be right, and in the practical demonstration of that brotherly love, so urgently inculcated by the angel world. Their kindness is unobtrusive, virtually practical, and unaffected; and they are evidently living, as well as preaching, the faith they profess. I have delivered four public lectures, besides holding a number of private circles. The lessons of our angel friends have been tolerably well received, although I have met with some theological opposition. One minister of the New School Presbyterian persuasion, on last Sabbath, delivered a discourse against the subject of Spiritualism, generally; and in the course of his remarks, charged me personally, as I am told, with "feigning sleep, at the expense of my soul!" Well, let them hurl their missiles! The advocates of Truth will move on undaunted, conscious of the rectitude of their motives, and the purity of their cause; and mankind, I trust, will yet become united in the freedom of a living faith.

I leave the hospitable and kind friends of this little city during the present week, as my duties urge me onward; and I shall ever retain in grateful remembrance the urbanity and sympathy that has been extended so lavishly to the stranger, whilst temporarily sojourning in their midst. I commence a course of lectures in St. Louis on the 24th; and shall leave for the sunny South the first week in February. I shall write you, as the incidents of the route shall warrant.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

SPIRITUAL INDECENCIES.

Much has been said of late on the subject of violations of the laws of chastity, and of decency even, at spiritualistic circles in our city. We have already expressed opinion that such charges were not founded in fact, and asked for more light upon the subject, but proof does not seem to come in.

There are spiritual indecencies, however, practised at circles in this city occasionally, which call for rebuke from the press and the pulpit, and we trust each of these branches of our moral educational and governmental system, will be as willing, nay, as officious in rebuking such indecencies, as the former has been in noticing those somewhat Munchausen charges of the Tribune and Boston Herald. Such as we complain of are real existences,—can be proven by responsible and respectable parties; yet we hardly think the Tribune or the Herald will cry as loudly against an Orthodox deacon of seventy winters, and his brethren who are frequently caught in the same indecencies, as they have against the Spiritualists. Their paragraph against the latter, which any editor of judgment, who had a proper regard for the responsibility of his situation before the public, would not have published without plenty of proof, has travelled from one end of the Union to the other, and performed its good mission, as all such opposition is intended to. But we doubt if a statement of such indecencies as we mention will have the same extensive march. We will instance a prominent case, which we will prove to the satisfaction of any editor or clergyman who desires it for the purpose of admonishing the brethren of the church against spiritual indecencies.

A wealthy and highly respectable merchant of this city occasionally finds pleasure in enlightening his friends, and such as may express a desire for knowledge of the spirit manifestations of this age, by the exhibition of these wonders at his residence near the State House.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the manifestations through the medium whose patron he is, are made only in the dark, for were it otherwise an Orthodox deacon would not have overstepped the bounds of decency, and furnished us matter for these remarks. But, on the other hand, the clergy and press would not have had light upon such indecencies in "high" places, and many more of their lambs might have gone into spiritual indecencies, ere they had warned them to beware of the danger.

Among the visitors to this family not many weeks since, was an influential deacon of an Orthodox church in the western part of this State; a man whose head is white from between sixty and seventy years of service in this world, and who has a family, and is somewhat high in authority in the State as well as the church.

After the light was extinguished, the deacon, forgetting that he was the guest of a respectable family, and unmindful of that duty he owed to the landlady of the house, by whose side he was seated at the table, commenced manipulations upon the hands and arms of his hostess. At first she excused it, upon the ground that he was a very old man, a deacon, and perhaps somewhat of a medium; although from such short acquaintance as she had with him, she had not been accustomed to this display of medium powers from any medium. However, the deacon continued, and got more bold, until the lady could have no doubt of his intentions, though it was some minutes before she could believe that so respectable a deacon, and so old a man, could intend an insult. At last there was no mistaking it, however, and the landlady ordered the gas to be lighted, declaring that however meagre the manifestations to the company might have appeared, she had been favored with some very remarkable manifestations. Out of consideration for the worthy gentleman and lady at whose suggestion the deacon was invited to her house, and also from a high esteem she entertained for a relative of the deacon, he was allowed to take his leave in a most sudden and sneaking manner, without an *expose* being made of his lecherous conduct.

There are frequent manifestations of this kind at circles, and we trust the press and the pulpit will take the matter in hand, and insist that when their deacons and other lambs (?) of the flock stray away into the spiritual circles, they will not take it for granted that spiritualists are all free-lovers, because they have told them so, and attempt to practice "Spiritual Indecencies."

In New York on Saturday, a young man named Wm. B. Robinson, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., committed suicide at the Smithsonian House. A wife and two children survive him in Boston.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Henderson took for her text the quotation from Scripture, "What God has cleansed, that call thou not common."

The vision was shown unto Peter, as he was asleep on the house-top, of a sheet let down from heaven in which was all manner of beasts and fowls; and a voice said unto him—"Peter, arise, slay and eat." Peter understood not the nature of those animals, and he declined eating, calling them unclean. But a voice answered him again, "What God has cleansed, that call thou not common."

Since the formation of the world, there has always existed a foundation of religion. Though man may not see it, he yet builds upon it. Shall we judge of the Christian religion by what we see on the surface? We cannot, else we would be led into darkness, and should be induced to consider God a being whose great attribute was vengeance.

Though many point the finger of scorn at man, and say he is common and unclean, yet the germ of one man's soul is as good as another's.

If a man goes forth to erect a building, he first lays the foundation of stone. If he cannot afford to make it entirely of stone, he finishes it of wood, and becomes it with paint, to resemble stone, so that many will be deceived in its appearance.

So it is with religion. Its foundation is solid—it exists with God, and the gates of darkness and of hell cannot prevail against it. Man upon that foundation rears a building. When it waxes old, or is found faulty in its construction, it is torn down to give way for a newer and better one. As man grows old, his body decays, and makes room for another. So with institutions.

Persecution has always assailed those who dared erect a building in advance of the rest. But all who try to put down a new religion, lose sight of God, and of his unchanging laws. They suppose God uses them as a special agent, and they go blindly led by this delusion.

Change is written on all things. They who assail the developments of to-day, as champions of the institutions of the past, battle the very laws of nature. Christ did not rear any denomination—sects are the work of mankind. Sects have struggled and retarded each other—each striving to get the first place in heaven, by keeping the others out. Thus they battle the new dispensation of Spiritualism, but it will be in vain. "What God has cleansed, that call thou not common."

All along the history of the world, we see brave men struggling for the new, but they have been always persecuted.

When we go back to the teachings of Christ, where he tells us to love God and our fellow, and says that that is the foundation of all religion, shall we say such doctrines belong to the old age, and are not the law of Christians to-day? We cannot. The foundation is ever the same.

We cannot judge of the Christian religion merely by its surface; neither can men judge of the new dispensation merely by its external. If the Spiritualist of to-day has a single fault, men are always pointing at him the finger of scorn, and call him common and unclean. Can they not be made to look down and see the foundation?

God works by laws; and it is one of them that when the old and exhausted disappear, a new and better takes its place. The flower that blossoms this season will pass away and make place for a more beautiful one next year. A hundred years hence the world will look back to the nineteenth century simply to name its barbarities.

Let man build his house not on the sand, but on the rock, so that when the storms come, the winds blow, and the waters rise around it, it will be his safe refuge.

The medium then answered the questions propounded below:—

Q.—Had the sparring exhibition which took place in this hall last evening an influence upon the medium this afternoon?

A.—Wherever man goes he leaves his spiritual influence. Those here last night attracted spirits like unto themselves. You attract a different class of spirits from what they did. If the spirits here to-day are better, we can triumph over them. Last night men came here to degrade themselves. You come here to-day aspiring for elevation.

Q.—Are the conditions of the place to-day favorable to the spirits?

A.—They are not. We must labor to overcome the influence left here by others, before we can approach. You know not the difference in different places. Though the conditions here are not so bad as might be, yet if good spirits always had control, you would be much more harmonious. However degraded those were who were influenced to come here last night, yet the germ of their soul is pure, and they may, under good influence, again recover their wonted purity. (Dr. Gardner here referred to the marks on the platform left by the pugilists, and stated that if he had been able to hire any other hall than the Melodeon, he would have done it long ago. Though early application was made for the Mercantile Hall on Summer street, he was denied its use. With the Lowell Institute lecture room the result was the same. He applied for the Meisnon, but was informed that it could not be let on Sunday except to a religious organization; yet Mrs. Barrow had used it many times since on Sabbath evenings, to give readings of sacred poetry. He appealed to the Spiritualists to erect a building which they could occupy for their own use, untainted by pugilistic exercises, or sectarian selfishness.)

Q.—How may we obtain true light, and enjoy inspiration?

A.—By the laws within. The Father pours out his own rays into the hearts of his children. If you do no wrong to yourself or to your fellow man, you will commit no sin.

Q.—If Christ was not especially divine, how came he to possess of such infinite acquirements?

A.—We see not that his acquirements were greater than those of all harmonious persons. All men are spiritually divine. It is this quality that distinguishes them from the brute.

Q.—Was Christ an example of what the race is destined to be?

A.—He was an example to men in his day, and perhaps to-day. We know nothing of his private life, from which to judge; but taking him all in all, he was not a pattern for man in all ages of the world to follow.

Q.—What are we to understand by that text of Scripture which reads as follows, "God came from Teman; and the Holy One, from Mount Paran?"

A.—It was, in our opinion, the individual who wrote of that chapter. It was in a degraded age of the world, when compared with the present day.

Man then, as to-day, believed in a God, and shaped that God according to their own mind.

Q.—Can one individual develop a medium of another?

A.—One individual may assist in and help forward such a development in another. Where there is unity there is strength. There are some individuals who possess a faculty for it, though others do not.

Q.—Is there any person living without prejudice? and is it wicked, where it is honest?

A.—It is said that education forms the mind. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Prejudice is imbibed from education, and a necessary result of it. There can be no wickedness in an honest prejudice in favor of what one faithfully believes.

Q.—What is meant by Jesus's blood cleansing us from sin?

A.—Can you find a man who was ever washed in the blood of Christ? A literal belief in such, is simply absurd. People should understand that as simply allegorical language, rather than as a literal fact.

Q.—Is it not through Christ's suffering and death that we are to be saved?

A.—No further than as he serves you as an example. Whether he died or not, this rule is the same, that if you commit sin you must suffer therefor, and from such suffering you learn experience.

Q.—Then Christ died in vain?

A.—By no means. He neither lived nor died in vain.

Owing to a press of matter for our columns we are unavoidably compelled to defer till next week the report of Mrs. Henderson's evening discourse, merely publishing one interesting point which bears directly upon a question answered in the afternoon.

At the close of her evening discourse, the spirits, by request, related an incident which happened to the medium, on her return home from the afternoon lecture, in substance as follows.

A spirit was attracted to this place last evening by those who consider feats of physical strength the noblest attribute of man. He took possession of the medium we now use and accompanied her home. After arriving there he wished to fight those present, and placed himself in the attitude of a boxer. He was allowed to give the manifestation, and then kind spirits on earth gave him words of cheer. When they told him that all spirits were not, like him, in a prison house, and that higher up all was love and happiness, he said it was all a lie. He would not believe it. He could not escape from his prison house. There was before him all the time the face of a murdered man. It did not follow him threatening revenge, but bore the smile of love. He could not bear that smile. Spirits on earth showed him how evil might be overcome by good, and he retired, cheered and elevated by their kind ministrations.

Dr. Gardner then spoke in corroboration of the main facts of the case; of the pugilistic attitude and challenge of the medium, and the effects their words had upon the spirit. He said there was a great philosophy of spirit-communion, and asked all to study into its mysteries.

LEVEE AT CHAPMAN HALL TO A. E. NEWTON.

The friends of A. E. Newton, Editor of the Spiritual Age, propose uniting in an expression of sympathy and esteem by tendering him a complimentary donation levee, at Chapman Hall, School street, on Wednesday evening, February 24, 1853.

It is felt that Mr. Newton's many years of exhausting labor, and sacrifices of health, strength and pecuniary means, call for appreciation and encouragement. An earnest and hearty response is therefore anticipated, not only from the personal friends of this indefatigable laborer, but from every one who has the cause of progress at heart.

The price of Admission to the Levee is fixed at 25 cents. Tickets may be had at Marsh's Book Store, at the Fountain House, and at the door of the Hall. Donations may be left in charge of L. B. Munroe, at the office of the Spiritual Age, No. 14, Bromfield street, previous to Wednesday evening, or at the Lower Chapman Hall on the evening of the Levee.

The undersigned feeling a deep interest in this movement, earnestly invite the co-operation of their friends.

CHAS. E. JENKINS,
D. PARKER,
H. F. GARDNER,
D. K. MINOR.

We understand that a band of music have volunteered their services, and that there will be dancing after 10 o'clock. The enterprise will commend itself to all, and as amusement and well-doing are connected, there will no doubt be a substantial result.

DEATH OF BE. WRIGHT.

Henry Wright, a well known Spiritualist of Boston, left his mortal form on Sunday morning last, and entered with joy the spirit world, of which he had a sure and abiding knowledge, such as none but a Spiritualist can have. He was a great sufferer during the time he has been confined to his bed, but was patient, resigned, and perfectly happy in mind during the whole of his sickness, and he died in the faith which he embraced two years ago.

We shall give a notice of his funeral, which took place from his residence, 58 Bedford street, on Tuesday, the 3d inst., at 3 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Henderson was present on the occasion. Mr. W. was a printer, and a member of the Printers' Union and Franklin Typographical Societies, who, with their usual commendable feeling of fraternity, are exerting themselves in behalf of Mr. Wright's family.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE.

The diabolical attempt made to destroy the life of the Emperor Napoleon, has already sent a thrill of indignation to every honest heart. For, granting that he was the deceitful tyrant he has himself been represented, it is nothing at all to the purpose that this crime is one of those that disgrace the records of humanity. If the French people are dissatisfied with their present form of government—which they assuredly would be, if they cared a straw for liberty—let them rebel, as they have a sovereign right to do; let them break forth in revolution; but this devilish work of assassination—they are not fit for liberty if they show themselves willing to do that.

Ah—but they will say it was *Italians* that did this work. Then let them lose no time in rooting out such a blood-thirsty brood from their midst; least of all, let them in no way stand responsible for the deeds of such an ignominious race of villains. We are not offering the first available of apology for the course of Napoleon; on the contrary, we think him quite as great, or little, a tyrant as those who have him most careful to represent him; but the calling of assassins we despise a thousand times more than we

do the mere usurpation of power. When the people are convinced that they need a change in the form of government, a change they will be likely to have; but no new structure will ever endure, that is erected on a basis of crime and infamy.

IMPRESSION.

Many people attempt to laugh off the idea of impressibility, and seek to make it out that it never meant anything, and never amounted to anything; but ridicule always fails to unsettle what facts go to establish, just as a few plain facts grind to powder the most beautiful theories that ever were constructed or spun. We believe that men are impressed daily; impressed by unseen spirits and advisers to pursue this or that course; impressed with a certain belief, sometimes taking the form of a prognostication; in which they are made to foresee certain things that actually do come about afterwards, and a belief in which, until their final and practical fulfillment, is as fixed in their minds as anything else that ever entered and took possession.

The daughter of the late Gov. Marcy was impressed with the fact of her father's death, on the very day and at the very hour when he did pass away. So in a multitude of other cases. Some very recent ones, that might easily be cited. As interesting a case, however, as has come under our attention of late, is that of the wife of the late Sir Henry Havlock, the news of whose death has been brought over by the last steamer but one. The London Advertiser says that Lady Havlock and her daughters are now residing at Bonn, on the Rhine. They repaired thither some weeks ago, and meant to remain some time in Germany. It is a curious circumstance, that about six or seven weeks ago Lady Havlock, who, up to that time, cherished the firm conviction that her husband would not only come triumphantly through the campaign, but that she and her daughters should soon meet him in England, then became the victims of a powerful presentiment, of which she was unable to rid herself, that she should hear of his death before many weeks had elapsed.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for this week the reader will find unusually interesting and instructive. Our aim from the commencement has been to make this paper a first class journal; and the spontaneous "first rate notices" we continue to receive from our brethren of the public press in all sections of the country, are gratifying evidences that our labors have been duly appreciated. Mrs. Conant has resumed her duties and our Messenger Department will again attract attention.

The article prepared for this number by a "Newburyport boy," entitled "Jonathan Plummer, Jr.," is unavoidably laid over this week.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A letter from George Seward, Esq., Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, dated at London, Jan. 15, says:—Our arrangements here for the completion of the work we have in hand are progressing satisfactorily, and I trust and believe that our next attempt will be crowned with success. The machinery is being overhauled under the direction of British and American engineers, and experiments will be carefully tried before sailing next time, with a view to meet every known or anticipated difficulty. The English government has again granted us the use of ships, and the manufacture of our new cable, to supply the place of that which was lost, is going on satisfactorily. It is intended at present to take out 2800 miles of cable, being 300 miles more than was thought sufficient last time.

Some hungry thief stole all Joe's hens the other night—twenty-seven in number—(Joe lives in Brooklyn)—and while he was relating the circumstance to us, "Digby" remarked, that "it was a very foul transaction."

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, upon being told that she had gone there with a "rake."

Philip Hawkins, a colored man, was hung at Frederick, 29th ult., for the murder of another colored man, in the presence of an immense multitude. He confessed the crime while under the influence of drink.

ELECTION OF A U. S. SENATOR.—Ex-Governor Grimes was elected U. S. Senator from Iowa, on the 25th inst., by 21 majority.

Speaking of a beautiful brunette belle of an Illinois city, a friend of ours accounts for the brownness of her complexion by the fact that she has been so often *toasted*.

THE CASE OF TUCKERMAN.—We learn from New Haven, that Tuckerman, the mail robber, has waived further examination, and was held in bonds of \$20,000, for trial on the fourth Tuesday in February.

"My wife," said Digby, "came near calling me honey last night." "Indeed! how was that?" "Why, she called me 'Old Beeswax!'"

TOOLS REMOVED FROM THE CAMBRIDGE BRIDGES.—The Hancock Bridge Corporation held a meeting on the 30th ult., and accepted the offer of \$100,000 from the city of Cambridge, carrying with it the condition that the bridges shall be free on and after the acceptance of the same proposal. The Cambridge folks turned out on Monday, and made a grand "spread," in consequence.

Louis XVI asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the Count, "it is spoken in Irish."

LATE NEWS FROM THE UTAH THROGS.—The St. Louis Republican of January 30 gives some additional particulars from the Utah army. Captain Marcy was expected back about the middle of April, or as soon thereafter as transportation can be effected. Col. Johnson would make an effort to enter Salt Lake City. His impression, from the demonstrations made in the valley, was that the troops would have to fight. Judge Ekel's Court was in session, and a good many presentments had been made by the Grand Jury, in involving business enough for two or three weeks. Jos. C. Irwin, who brought the news to Independence, met large numbers of Arapahoe, Sioux and Pawnee Indians at different points on the plains. He is bearer of despatches to the government.

KANSAS.—The bearer of the Leocompton Constitution reached Washington on Saturday. It is now thought that a Free State Legislature has been elected.

The Havana correspondent of the Charleston Courier states that he believes Santa Anna is concealed in one of the Spanish ships of war.

MELDEON NEXT SABBATH.—Miss Charlotte M. Beebe, who delighted our people with her beautiful philosophical discourses at the Meldeon, prior to Mrs. Henderson's visit, was married in Providence, Jan. 18th, to Charles Edwin Willbourn.

Mrs. Willbourn is announced as the lecturer at the Meldeon next Sabbath, and will no doubt be greeted with a large audience, which she truly deserves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. P. R. Worcester.—You are correct, and the error is corrected.

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The pantomime of "Bianco" will be repeated every night for the remainder of this week, when it will be withdrawn to make room for a new performance. Last week we advised all to go; but now we will suggest that they stay at home till the rush is over. Every night of the performance during the past week, hundreds of applicants for admittance have been unable to procure tickets. Each performance is verigated by a comedy, in which the happy talent of the regular company appear every night.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Mrs. Gladstein is still at the Museum, and appeared on Monday night as Lucrecia Borgia. Next week the manager announces a new local drama, written, rumor saith, by John T. Crowbridge, the clever author of "Martin Morrilvale," "Neighbor Jackwood," and other works, all, like their author's heart, flowing over with the milk of human kindness. Its title is to be, "The Poor of Boston," and its author's name alone is a sufficient guaranty of its success.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. Wm. M. Fleming commences an engagement here this week. While he is here, a new play written expressly for him by S. W. Cone, Esq., entitled "Palomba," will be produced. "The Mill Girls of Lowell," written by Manager English, will be brought out soon. McKen Buchanan took a farewell benefit on Thursday evening, and has left Boston, with his feathers drooping.

ORDWAY'S HALL.—Mr. Ordway's company still draw crowded houses. Their performances are inimitable. They have introduced new burlesques, which bring down the house.

HOWARD TEMPLE.—This place of amusement has become a fixed fact, and is nightly visited by crowds of people.

Late Foreign Miscellany.

SPIRIT RAPPING IN PARIS.—All Paris society is running wild after a certain Baron de Guldenstube and his sister, who are said to equal, if they do not surpass, Mr. Hume in the influence they possess over the spirits of the air, and in the facility, frequency, and marvellousness of their communications with them. It seems that "Red Gauntlet" reveals to them, by means of direct writings, a host of startling events, prophecies, &c.; and in short, the mind is more than overturned in that direction in Paris. Among other miracle-workers is a Moldavian prince, whose magnetic powers are such that he has only to present a flower to any one to subject them instantly to his influence.

THE WAR IN INDIA.—By telegraph, Bombay news had been received in England to Jan. 16th. The despatch to the East India House states that "the garrison of Futtehpore, pressed by insurgents, had abandoned part of their entrenchments, and had taken up another and more secure position. A column from Delhi, under Col. Seaton, attacked a body of insurgents at Genigre Genouette, at Necessudde river, and defeated them, killing 150, and taking 3 guns out of 4. Three officers were killed and one wounded on our side. Brigadier Whitlock's column had arrived at Secunderabad on December 14th, en route for Saugor. The insurgents in the neighborhood of Jubbulpore were attacked on the 25th of November, by a detachment of the 47th Madras Native Infantry, without any decisive result. Reinforcements were advancing to Jubbulpore. The Rajah of Amheera and his minister have been tried and sentenced to death. The minister has been hanged—the sentence on the Rajah awaits the confirmation of the Government of India. Other executions have also taken place. Punjab, Sindh, and Bombay, all quiet. No further Bhel depredations are reported."

The London Daily News of the 18th says:—"A report has reached us—we regret to add, from a reliable source—that as soon as Maun Singh's adhesion to the insurgent cause in Oude became known, all the small Talookdars, who had hitherto stood aloft, hastened to make the best terms they could for themselves with the rebels. It is stated that, with a view to make their accession the more acceptable, each of them as had previously concealed and protected European fugitives, delivered them up to the enemy, and that all our unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen thus surrendered have been butchered."

The European Times of Jan. 16th says:—"The detailed accounts from India are full of interest. They throw light on many transactions which were previously obscure. The blundering of General Windham, which was subsequently retrieved by the skill and tact of Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, and the graphic sketch by Brigadier Inglis, respecting the defence of Lucknow, throw a painful interest around events, the naked facts of which were previously known through the medium of the electric telegraph. The revolt, it is clear, is far from being suppressed. One Indian newspaper declares that the rebellious spirit of the country is up, and it will need expenditure of troops and time to put it down." Another journal from the scene of the rebellion is equally desponding:—"The mutiny seems interminable; no sooner is it put down in one district than it breaks out in another." More troops, more patience, more money, are wanted to crush out this terrible revolt.

ESCAPE OF THE AMERICAN SHIP ADRIATIC FROM DETENTION AT MARSEILLE.—Letters from Marseilles state that the American ship Adriatic, which it will be remembered, ran down and sunk the French steamer Lyonais, was placed under embargo until the damages could be judicially settled; but, Jan. 9th, she surprised the authorities by stealing off. The particulars in brief are these:—During the proceedings in the Court of Appeal, the Adriatic was unrigged. Captain Durham was not the man to submit quietly to an adverse sentence, and accordingly, in concert with one of his fellow countrymen, he devised the following scheme. The ship Meaher, commanded by Captain Smith, was also under sequestration on account of a heavy debt contracted by her, and which had not been paid. Captain Smith, a daring and resourceful fellow, contrived to bring her alongside of the Adriatic. This manoeuvre being effected, the Meaher's cargo was shifted in a very short time to the hold of the Adriatic, on board of which at the same time the other's rigging was transferred. The captain then followed, and at three o'clock in the morning of the 9th, the Adriatic passed the Jollette port. At this point there is always on duty a boat of the Custom-house, and the officer who was in her hailed the ship, when Captain Durham leaped over the side. "Are your papers all right?" asked the officer. "Oh, yes," answered the Captain. "What's the name of your ship?" "The Moon," replied he, and out to sea the Adriatic goes, (though condemned to be sold for the benefit of Messrs. Gwiltier,) with her double cargo.

Her departure was not perceived till broad daylight, and then a complaint was lodged; but a whole day had been lost. They say that the prefect ordered the Chancel, a war paddle steamer stationed in the old port, and away she has gone to catch the

Adriatic, if she can. She has not returned from her chase, and our seafaring men think the American has run into some creek along the Spanish coast. Captain Smith, just before his departure, bought three guns, other arms, and some powder, all of which were conveyed from the Meaher to the Adriatic. This curious affair will, perhaps, not so easily be settled.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. The Emperor of the French was fired at evening of Jan. 14, at half past 9 o'clock, while he was entering the Italian Opera in the Rue Lepelletier. The Emperor showed himself to the people at the doors of the opera-house. On entering the opera, himself and Empress were received with the warmest enthusiasm. The course of performance went on as usual. On hearing of the event which had taken place, their Imperial Highnesses, Prince Jerome and Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde as well as Prince Murat, the Ministers, and several marshals and great functionaries, the members of the diplomatic body, and the Prefects of the Seine and of Police, the Procureur-General of the Court of Paris, and the Procureur-Imperial, attended their Majesties. Their Majesties left the opera at midnight. The Boulevard was spontaneously illuminated, and a vast concourse of people cheered the Emperor and Empress most enthusiastically and touchingly, as they passed on their way to the Tuilleries. On arriving, their Majesties found a great number of persons, amongst them the Ambassador of England, the President of the Senate, members of the diplomatic body, and several Senators, waiting to offer their congratulations.

Many arrests have taken place. Four of the prisoners are Italians. It is said that they came from England, and belong to a secret society of assassins. Fifty-two persons were wounded by the three shells thrown at the carriage—some dangerously. The Emperor's face is slightly scratched by fragments of glass. At 12 o'clock the Imperial family attended a solemn mass with the ministers of state.

SPAIN.—The resignation of the Armero Cabinet has been accepted. The Queen has refused to dissolve the Cortes. A new Ministry has been formed, with Isturitz as President; Ocaña, Minister of Finance; Hoz, of Justice; Diaz, of the Interior; Quesada, of Marine; and Espeleta, of War. Lord Howden, the English Ambassador at Madrid, has waited upon the Queen, and has offered the hearty congratulations of the Queen of England on the birth of the Prince of the Asturias, a circumstance upon which the Spanish press dwells with considerable complacency.

A despatch from Madrid, 14th ult., says that the Spanish Ministry have tendered their resignation in consequence of the election of Bravo Murillo. Their resignation has not been accepted. The Cabinet will retain office if the Queen shall consent to dissolve the Cortes.

BROADSIDE SHIP LAUNCHES.—It is considered by many persons a novelty to launch vessels broadside into the water, but in Maryport, a small seaport in Cumberland, this mode of launching vessels has been practised for above fifty years. In some instances the vessels are built stern to the water for convenience, and then turned round to launch. The tonnage of these vessels varies from 200 tons to 800 and 900 tons. Had some experienced practical carpenters been sent to the aid of Mr. Brunel from a yard where this practice prevailed, the Leviathan might long ago have been afloat.

Steamship Ariel, with 60 passengers, mails and heavy freight, left Bremen Dec. 27th and Coves 31st, and experienced strong westerly gales, which gradually increased until Jan. 6th, when at 9 P. M., in lat. 50, north, lon. 29, west, broke starboard shaft, just outside the ship. Hove to under storm sails. On the morning of the 7th found port wheel could be worked and the ship was then put about. Shipped several tremendous seas and broke fore yard; was again laid to till the morning of the 9th. Succeeded in sighting Cape Clear Jan. 14th, A. M., and reached Queenstown about noon next day.

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.—The last mail brings tidings of another fearful persecution of the Christians in Madagascar. Thirteen persons had been put to death; between fifty and sixty had been subjected to the tangena, or poison water, under which eight had died; nearly sixty were bound in chains, of whom two had died; while a number more had been adjudged to slavery. The severity of the persecution rendering communication from the sufferers exceedingly perilous, few particulars have as yet been received. The French and other foreign traders have not been molested in their commercial pursuits on the coast.

AN IMPERIAL SKATER.—The Paris journals find a good omen in this:—"The Emperor, in skating the other day in the Bois de Boulogne, was proceeding rapidly along, when one of the skaters, seeing his majesty coming in his direction, stopped suddenly to make the passage free, and, in doing so, lost his equilibrium, and was falling, when the Emperor, as he passed, caught him, and enabled him to regain his centre of gravity."

The credit system at Oxford University has received another melancholy illustration. Mr. Edward Seratton, who had been an undergraduate at Oxford, has run a career of folly and dissipation, fallen into the hands of money-lenders, and, altogether, contracted debts to the extent of 96,000*l*. He came before the London Insolvent Court, on Monday, the 11th ult., and, there being no opposition, he was discharged.

A private letter from Vienna, mentions rather a curious duel which took place there during the late hard frosts. Two members of the skating club having quarrelled as to the respective merits of their performance, resolved to have a meeting on the ice; they fought with small swords, skating all the while. One of these silly champions was wounded in the side rather dangerously, it is said.

The death of Redschid Pacha, at Constantinople, has caused a sensation on the Bosphorus and throughout Europe. In him the Sultan has lost an able adviser, and a patriotic minister. One of his last acts was a scheme to consolidate the national debt of Turkey, by the establishment of a sinking fund, by which the country is likely to be extricated from its pecuniary difficulties.

Signor Fumagalli and Signor di Giorgi, two of the most favorite singers in the recent opera buffa company, established at the St. James's Theatre, London, have joined Mr. Charles Abraham in a tour through the provinces; the brilliant singing of the lady, and the musician-like qualities of Signor Giorgi, a fine baritone, are highly spoken of by the critics.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—Dr. Baikie, October 31, was at an encampment near Yebo, Central Africa, making observations and collecting specimens of birds, plants, and animals. Some of the treasure, especially his books and some unknown fish, had been lost in a wreck.

An inquiry is shortly to take place with respect to the employment of females in mines and collieries in Wales, an illegal practice, which is said to be much on the increase both north and south. It is understood that in the district of Merthyr the law is daily violated in regard to the employment of girls and young women in the mines and coal levels.

During the summer season of her Majesty's Theatre, a new opera, by Signor Campana, will be produced. It is also stated that French plays are to alternate with opera nights, and that the artistes will consist, to a certain extent, of the company attached to the "Theatre Francais."

On Saturday, January 9, the doors of the Ecclesiastical Courts throughout Great Britain closed to open no more, after having existed for nearly 800 years.

NOVEL IMPORTATION.—Among the cargo of the Dane steamer, discharging in the Southampton docks on the 9th ult., from the Cape of Good Hope, were seven cases, addressed to Dr. Schwarz, Germany, containing various specimens of natural history. One case

was filled with human bones, and in another case were four tins, each containing the head of a negro, preserved in brandy, in a jar closely secured in the tin. The whole were in the most perfect condition.

Dates from St. Petersburg, to January 11, state that the nobles of the district of Nijni-Novgorod have just followed the example of the nobles of Lithuania and St. Petersburg, and have asked the Emperor's permission to enfranchise their serfs. The Emperor immediately granted their request.

The reductions in the Austrian army are on a large scale. More than 60,000 men have been already discharged, and other reductions are spoken of, so that a saving of twelve millions of florins has already been effected.

A report in the *constance*, of the Porte Saint Martin, declares that one of the favorite actresses of that theatre is about to be married to a young English nobleman of large fortune and of high name in the literature as well as in the aristocracy of Great Britain.

Ship Oxford, of Freeport, M., from Leghorn, for Boston, was abandoned at sea in November, in a very leaky condition. Capt. Minor and crew were picked up and taken to Gibraltar by American ship Mary and Martha.

The famous German tenor singer, Tichatscheck, who visited England some few years ago, has just been re-engaged at the Dresden Theatre, for a further period of four years.

The second of the series of services for the benefit of the working classes took place on Sunday, January 10, at Westminster Abbey. Lord John Thynne, sub-denn, preached to about 3500 persons.

It is stated in letters from Berlin that M. Tachmann, one of the principal bankers of that city, has just failed, with liabilities amounting to 80,000 thalers.

The great prize of 100,000 florins in the lottery of the Austrian Steam Navigation Company, has been won by a purveyor to the army, who is now in disgrace vilo for having defrauded the State.

The financial crisis has passed at Milan from the silk merchants to the printers. Signor Boniotti, the owner of the largest printing establishment in Milan, has failed for 500,000 zwanizers.

On the 1st of January the Circassians, under Sefer Pacha, carried by storm, the fort of Akedou, and massacred the garrison—1200 Russians.

DIED, in this city, on Sunday morning last, of consumption Mr. Henry Wainor, printer, aged 33 years.

Special Notices.

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism."

His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand,—with especial reference to the Cambridge Investigation.

For further information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. Jan 23 1853 T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

INSURANCE.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish for Insurance on FIRE, or against loss by FIRE, are invited to apply to M. Mun Dean, No. 26 State street, Boston, Mass., who effects Insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates. Dec 1.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

To let, at No. 6 Warren Square, two parlors, furnished in handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. Jan. 16.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

On Sunday next, Mrs. C. M. Willbourn, (late Miss Beebe,) will lecture at the Meldeon at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. HENDERSON speaks this week on Tuesday night at Hingham, Wednesday night at Weymouth, and Friday night at North Easton.

Mrs. BEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 395 Washington street, up stairs, opposite Hayward Place. Hours from 9 to 1, and from 2 to 7.

Miss R. ARNEY will speak at the following places, viz.:—Neponset, Thursday, February 4; Quincy, Sunday, February 7.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

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

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Lorning Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2-12 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHILMARK, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Whimington street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—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.

SALER.—Meetings are held in Cremer's Hall, Essex street, Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

Miss Sarah A. Mafoun, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 7 North Fourth street, East Cambridge, Mass. Jan 23

Miss ROSA T. ARNEY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. 233 She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. B. NORTON, Clairvoyant, Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 3m Jan 16.

J. V. MARSHFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

A. C. STYL

Banner of Light.

THE RESURRECTION.

FIVE CORNERS, N. Y., Jan. 18th, 1858.

Mr. Editor—In the last "Banner of Light," I noticed an article in opposition to the idea of the literal resurrection of the human body.

Did not the literal body of Christ appear at his resurrection? If not, how do you explain the Scripture found in St. Luke's gospel, 24th chapter, and thirty-six to forty-first verses? It could not have been a spirit, for he says himself in the thirty-ninth verse, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me have."

Christ "being the first fruits of them that slept" to wit, the first to rise after death, shall not the whole human family experience a literal resurrection also? Again in St. John's Gospel we are told that Thomas would not believe what he was told concerning the resurrection of the Saviour, unless he could put his fingers into the print of the nails and thrust his hands into his side.

Does this not prove that the resurrection of the Saviour was a literal resurrection of the material body? Being a subscriber to the "Banner," and a constant reader also, I would like to see this subject further discussed.

B. SMITH LAMKIN.

The question of the Resurrection of Jesus, is one of the most interesting and important which the record of his life by the apostles presents. We cannot see any evidence in their writings that the early disciples really understood, in its fullest sense, the lesson Jesus taught. They certainly made a great progress from the point on which the world around them stood, but still, a veil of its darkness seemed to have encompassed their mental vision, and this veil has not been entirely lifted from us at the present day. In referring to this subject, we do not rely entirely upon the Bible. We think we have a right to exercise our Reason, and to examine its assertions by the revelations which God is making to the world to-day.

Science has already demonstrated the falsity of many of the ideas promulgated in the Bible, and the spiritual phenomena of to-day will furnish the careful investigator with a key to unlock many mysterious passages, even in Christ's life. We shall therefore compare some of the manifestations recorded in the story of Christ's resurrection, with those we witness in this age of the world.

The gospel of Matthew is not at all explicit in the details of Christ's Resurrection, and we can glean nothing which can satisfy us on it. That of Mark is hardly more so, merely saying that he appeared to Mary Magdalene first, and "in another form," to two of the disciples, and on a third time unto the eleven as they sat at meat. What is meant by the text we have italicized we leave to each one to judge for himself, or to say whether it has any significance. Spirits who manifest at this day, show themselves in a variety of forms to suit the minds they desire to convince of their identity. That he appeared to the eleven, is corroboratory of the more full narrative which appears in the other gospels.

In the narrative furnished by Luke we find a more explicit account of the meeting of Jesus with the two which Mark mentions; and he says that, while they "communed together, and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them; but their eyes were hidden, that they should not know him." Thus it seems that the Lord was exercising some peculiar influence over their organs of vision, so that he might draw them out in conversation. Another point to which we will call attention is this—he came to them in consequence of the earnest conversation of him they were indulging in. Spirits are now drawn to mortals, we are taught, in precisely the same manner. We cannot tell how often this has occurred to us, and the spirit has discoursed to us upon the subject we were discussing, giving totally different views upon it from any held by us or the medium through whom he came.

Jesus journeyed with them, at the latter part of his walk upridding them because of the doubting, downcast state of their minds. Yet did he not loose the band he had placed over their vision, until he sat down with them at meat; and the moment he had done so, "he vanished out of their sight." The peculiar word used and italicized by us, seems to mean something more than the act of a man leaving a room by a common entrance. The same kind of manifestation occurs at this day. We know a member of a church, not a spiritualist, who has been walking by her side in the street, a form which kept company with her for some distance, but when she turned about to see what it was, it vanished. It is often the case that spirit seers, when their eyes are opened to the fact that they are in company with a spirit and relieve their minds from the passive state they were in when it appeared, find that their visitor has vanished. The condition in which these two disciples were at the time Jesus appeared to them, was such as to draw him, and when their condition was changed by their knowledge of his presence, he vanished.

But immediately succeeding, they went to Jerusalem, where the eleven were gathered together, related this occurrence, when, while they were again conversing of him, Jesus stood in their midst and said, "Peace be unto you"—a similar sudden appearance—and they were affrighted, and "supposed they had seen a spirit." Then follows the account our correspondent has quoted to sustain his position, that Christ appeared in mortal form.

We wish to leave this here, for a moment, and turning to John's Gospel, see if another link may not be added, which will complete the chain, which seems suddenly to be broken by the apparent positive statement of Mark, which follows.

John mentions two appearances of Jesus to his disciples, the first of which states that they were assembled on the evening of the first day, having the door shut for fear of the Jews, who had circulated the story that these followers of the Lord had stolen his body, for the purpose of deceiving the people into the belief that he had risen from the dead, as he had predicted. We can conceive the fear they had of the rulers, if we remember the terrible trials the disciples had passed through during the three or four days preceding. Jesus himself, on whom they leaned for support, whose smile was their delight, whose blessing to them was the blessing of Heaven itself—yes, whose smile is our delight—whose blessing is the greatest boon we can ask of Heaven, even after centuries have rolled away—whose word is our law, whose life our example, if we are truly children of God—had been tried, crucified on Calvary, mocked at the very cross by ruthless Jews and Roman soldiers. If our Lord was so maltreated, were the dis-

ciples greater than he, that they should escape? They thought not, and fearing the Jews, they "shut the doors"—the precise meaning of which phrase we leave to the meaneast intelligence which reads this. Yet Jesus "stood in their midst." How often we sit with shut doors to prevent interruption, and spirits stand in our midst.

After eight days, they were again assembled, and "the doors were shut." This time is probably that referred to by Mark, when the eleven were gathered together; for it appears that Thomas was not with the disciples on the previous occasion, and had expressed doubts of the story the ten had told him.

We submit whether this language is not singular, if Christ, having a mental organism which came and went as other men's, entered the room as the disciples did. "Stood in their midst," "vanished out of their sight."

There is also another curious relation in John of the meeting between Jesus and Mary, while she was conversing with the angels at his grave. She turned and saw Jesus standing behind her, though she did not know him, but supposed him to be the gardener having charge of the garden wherein was the tomb of our Lord. But when he said "Mary," she knew the voice, and sought to embrace him, perhaps, when he told her not to touch him. We suggest that he made himself visible to her in the same manner in which the two angels did, and in which spirits at the present time often manifest to us, though perhaps with more power, as it must be admitted by all, whether they believe in the God Christ, or in a perfect manhood embodied in his person, that he had control of matter and spirit which no other person ever had before or since, so far as we know.

Again, says John, he showed himself to Peter, Thomas, and the sons of Zebedee, at the sea of Tiberias. They had been fishing all night, but had caught nothing; and as morning came, they came near land, and Jesus stood on shore. But they did not know him until he had performed a miracle; and then, after he had filled their nets with fish, they said, "It is the Lord."

Now, in all these cases, he is not recognized unless by some special action on his part. Besides, who entertained this veritable body of Jesus, if it was one, between the morning of his resurrection and the last time he appeared to his disciples while they slept—which was eight days—and where was he after that time, and before this miracle of the fishes? Had it been his former body, would he not have abode with them, or in some of them? Why did he play this game of sudden appearances and mysterious exits? No; it was foretold he should taste of death—he himself said he must die.

Again, in the IX chapter of Acts, we are told, he appeared to Saul, on his way to Damascus, and when asked who he was, said "I am Jesus." Saul saw him, but the other men did not, though they were with him, and heard a voice. Had it been his mortal body, why did not they see him? Was it not akin to modern spirit-sight, when one sees, but another does not, and one hears a voice, but does not see? Now we have followed him in all his manifestations after his death, and have seen that he enters closed rooms in which men shut themselves up for fear, and without any warnings or signs of his coming, and vanishes as mysteriously, without opening doors—a thing he never did before his crucifixion, although he was continually performing miracles. We have seen that he does not appear to any of them except at such times, and in such mysterious manner, during the eight days, or thereabouts, during which these appearances were made—that a long time after, he appeared to Saul in the same mysterious manner, seen by some, and not by others; and we conclude that his appearances were just such as spirits at all ways have made from the transfiguration up to this time.

To return to the quotation of Luke, from which our correspondent asks us to believe that the body of Jesus appeared in, after "he gave up the ghost," was the same as that which was hung upon the cross. The quotation avers that they were affrighted, supposing they had seen a spirit. Now it is evident that they did not have any definite idea of what a spirit was—they did not suppose it had hands and feet, or substance. Jesus told them there were many things he could tell them, but they could not bear them. Was not this matter of the spirit body one of these? What are the ideas of Christendom now upon this point? Are they not as vague as those the disciples held, and are not people affrighted even now at sight of a spirit? To allay their fright, he bade them look at his hands and feet. Do not spirits show us these organs now? "Handle me and see," says the Lord, "for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

He used the word spirit in the sense in which they used it, just as we say to the inquirer at this day—a spirit is not what you think it is. He wished to prove to them that he was their dear Lord; an identity, not a myth such as they supposed a spirit to be, but a tangible form. Do we not handle spirits? have they not form to us of this day? Have they not substance when they present themselves to us? There are many who can testify to this point. We see a spirit hand, and think it may be owing to what the world terms imagination—a fancy; but the spirit allows us to handle him, and we feel the flesh, or what seems to us to be as tangible as the hand to our mind, this is what Jesus permitted his disciples to do.

Further on it says he ate with them—so did the angels with Abraham when they were sent by God to warn him of threatening danger, though we cannot comprehend it. But still further on it appears he walked with them to Bethany, "and was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Another mysterious exit for a corporeal frame, and hardly to be reconciled with other declarations, that "flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Turn again to John's account of the matter under consideration, and take the case of Thomas, the doubter, and let us reconcile that seeming assumption that Christ appeared in his crucified body, with the position he takes. Thomas had heard of his appearance to the other disciples, but he did not believe it possible for him who was dead and buried to render himself visible, and he so stated. At another time Jesus came, when Thomas was present, and bade him do just the thing he said he must do, ere he could believe. It is not said Thomas did it; but struck with this knowledge of his speech, when he thought Jesus was not there to hear him, he cries out, "My Lord and my God."

If this be really my dear departed friend, says the skeptic of to-day, let me have a sight of a peculiar mark you had on earth—and lo! the medium of to-day sees an ill-shaped limb on the spirit who is before him, and he is convinced. So Jesus produced the prints of the nails, and the rent of the spear, and Thomas believed.

Understood in this light, there is a harmony between the manifestations of to-day, and those of Jesus' time. His resurrection viewed in this light, was a practical lesson taught mankind. We know that our body moulders and decays, till not a vestige of its form remains. If Jesus was not subject to the laws of nature as applied to us, he was an exception to the race, and threw no light upon our future state. But we know, who believe in spiritualism, that our spirit does not cease to live—that they have the same form our natural body had. That spirit form bears, sees, feels and exercises all the senses, and is tangible even to mortals, under certain conditions. We see not the slightest need of a reanimation of the old form, even if it is in the power of God to collect its dust, and rebuild it in the same form, and we cannot believe it ever does, reorganise. We believe each day we live is a day of judgment; but if there is one day more than another which is so, it is the day when our spirit leaves its mortal tenement, and stands out the perfect representative of the life we have lived on earth. It is then dressed in its own garments, woven from the acts of earth life, either in bright robes of purity, or hideous garments of sin. No fair exterior hides a deformed soul; no crippled, wrinkled and sorrowful face hides a holy, pure spirit. The devil who walked the earth, oppressing the poor, and ruining the innocent, but who wore the pleasant smile, and looked the saint, is stripped of his disguise, and is the devil apparent in the spirit life. He is in hell, because he cannot gratify those propensities, in the gratification of which his spirit was stripped of its purity, and debased; and in that hell he must remain until he turns and seeks proper spiritual joys, instead of carnal pleasures. The spirit who in the form took delight in following the ways of the Lord, exercising love and mercy to all, lived a spiritual life on earth, and there is no lack of joys for him, because he has just what his spirit craves, in a land where love, mercy, truth and justice sparkle in every dew-drop, smile in every flower, and dance in every ray of light.

We have thrown out these suggestions as they have occurred to us, as a subject for thought in others, not in the spirit of dictation, for we do not wish to be considered an oracle. Let every reader judge for himself what is right.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Editor.—Noticing in the "Banner" of Jan. 16th, an article on the "Resurrection," in which a correspondent asks for information or explanation, I have felt impelled to offer a few thoughts or impressions as the case may be; for, like your correspondent, I have been at a loss to know why such expressions as the one in question are used, or what idea is intended to be given by them—for how this idea that a soul can remain dead, as it were, for millions of years, and that in eternity there can be a "day of judgment," literally, can be entertained in this age of the world, is one of the greatest wonders I have met with, and seems so absurd that no enlightened individual would risk his reputation by advocating it. My impressions are that the Resurrection, or future life, as it is called, though really a continuation of the present one, is not the result of any arbitrary exercise of power on the part of God, but the natural effect of the principle of life, according to which, and in obedience to which we exist. This self-existing principle of life, pervading us and all nature, it would be impossible to prevent a resurrection both of the body and soul—the body into other physical forms, according to its chemical affinities, and the intellectual or soul nature to its sphere of affinity. It is attracted to it by a law as inflexible and as inviolable as that law which draws the chemical affinities of physical things together, and so lives. The Principle governing these laws or pervading them is God—that is, Perfection, Harmony, Justice, Wisdom, Goodness.

Now, with regard to the manner of our life in the next sphere, our enjoyment or misery, I think that all our acts, and even our thoughts here, are eternal, or have eternal effects. Whatever we do, whether right or wrong, produces its effect upon our spirit. If good, it further develops it to goodness, the result of which is happiness; if bad, it retards it, and prevents that enjoyment which would have been experienced as the result of good action. Even our thoughts do this—and these results are produced eternally, for we can never recover what we have lost in acting badly or wrongfully—we are forever just that much retarded in our progress in happy enjoyment—and just so in acting right. The result of right action being happiness, we are that far advanced in the enjoyment of it, and so long as we cultivate the disposition to do right we shall continue to advance or progress in happiness, and it is only by doing wrong that we can be retarded or prevented from being happy. We will not retrograde, particularly after we shall have left the earthly body, for it would be unnatural to do so. Nature is progressive, and then when we shall more fully understand and perceive our relation to nature, and that we are really a part of it, and governed entirely by the immutable laws self-existing therein, we shall conform to them, and not endeavor to resist them and violate them, and suffer in consequence, as we do now. It is only because we do not perceive the laws which govern us, and live in accordance with them, that we suffer now. Should we violate them after understanding and clearly perceiving them, (if it be possible) as Satan, or Lucifer is said to have done, our torment, and sufferings cannot be expressed or conceived—they would be infinite, as his are. Very naturally, so, because our perceptions then would be, in a degree, infinite, and our sufferings would be in strict accordance with those perceptions. They are new—the law governing this, is just the same as all other of God's laws—perfectly just, immutable, and perfectly natural.

Then with regard to judgment—it will readily be perceived from the ground I occupy that judgment is immediate and perpetual, as a natural result. I have said our acts and even our thoughts produced eternal effects—this then is the judgment. Every act produces its own judgment instantaneously and inevitably, and immutably also—there is no changing it. The sentence goes forth with the act or thought, and it is a perfect judgment; it is just, truthful, righteous—and being so, must be eternal. Every day then is a "judgment day," and every physical dissolution a "Gabriel's trumpet." These views seem to me to be more rational than those of which your correspondent asks explanation, and if they will give even the slightest enlightenment to the world, my task of writing them down will be well rewarded. In the spirit of advancement, I remain,

Truly yours, J. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MORE LIGHT.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

We want more light! the path we tread
Is oftentimes dark and dreary;
And tolling up the ascent steep,
Our hearts grow faint and weary.
We want more light! although the dawn
Of a brighter day is breaking;
And up from error's torpid sleep,
Our souls are fast awaking.
We want more light! we faint would burst
The fetters which have bound us;
We would discern between the truth
And falsehood which surround us.
We want more light! the foe we fight
Is cased in triple armor;
Sometimes a warrior, strong and bold,
Sometimes a subtle charmer.
More light! the present era brings
Its own sublime avenging;
And we would welcome nearer still
The footsteps of the angels.

BOSTON, MASS.

SWEDENBORGIAN VS. SPIRITUALISTS.

REV. DR. WORCESTER.

Mr. Editor—Will you please to inform me through your columns, if the doctrines of Modern Spiritualism are not the same, or nearly the same, as those taught in the writings of Swedenborg? If so, you will oblige a

READER.

Undoubtedly the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, of Swedenborg, and of Jesus, who gave us the first ray of light upon it, bear so close a resemblance that they may be pronounced one and the same. The great point of difference between the Swedenborgians and Spiritualists, may be seen in the following notes of remarks made by Dr. Worcester, of the Swedenborgian Chapel, in this city, furnished us by a correspondent:—

"The Rev. Mr. Worcester, who is the minister of the New Jerusalem Church in this city, on Sunday, Jan. 24th, in the afternoon, discoursed on the subject of Spiritualism. He quoted many passages of Scripture to show that the Bible strictly forbids communion with spirits of the departed. He said that Modern Spiritualism is sooth-saying and sorcery; all mediums are those who have familiar spirits; and these spirits are wicked and designing; they come to mortals as the devil came to our Lord, tempting them; they come with great subtlety to deceive and destroy men's souls; they flatter to make men think they are in the way of truth and progression; are influenced by very high and pure spirits. They attack their weakest points; lead them in the way they are most inclined to go; make men think the marriage relation, as it is now instituted, should be destroyed; that the Bible is not the infallible word of God. He fully admitted the fact of spirit-intercourse; thought it was not ordained of God, but was permitted, and might be beneficial to those who had no knowledge of God or immortal life, in awakening the soul to a religious faith; that it was wrong for Christians to consult spirits through mediums, or those who have familiar spirits."

And in this connection, we will publish the note of a former Swedenborgian clergyman, who states the reason why his sect ignores the spirit manifestations of to-day, in the opening paragraph.

BOSTON, January 26, 1858.

Emanuel Swedenborg often speaks of the dangers of spirit-intercourse, where it may prove to be nothing but infestation and obsession, but shows not that it would amount to nothing but this in our day and in the future. It may, indeed, even at the present time, be generally of a high and celestial character for aught that Swedenborg says to the contrary. When men are prepared to receive it, and profit by it, he says it will be brought about.

To this point I quote a passage: "Man is created by the Lord, so that during his life in the body, he is capable of conversing with spirits and angels, as indeed occurred in the most ancient times; for, being a spirit, clothed with a body, he is one with them. But, because, in progress of time, mankind so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, caring for almost nothing else, the way to effect this became closed; nevertheless it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced amongst spirits, and associates with them."

When Swedenborg spoke of the dangers and impossibilities of spirit manifestation, he used the present tense, and could not so much, if at all, include the times of a hundred or a thousand years to come.

The revelations of to-day are an exposition and rectifier of Swedenborg. The Bible, Swedenborgianism and modern Spiritualism, are altogether an exposition of the unitary laws of spiritual and material nature. The leading character of spirit-intercourse is now showing us that sectarianism, ecclesiasticism, and all the old ordinances, have no place under the new dispensation of love and wisdom.

WM. H. PORTER.

Swedenborg undoubtedly was correct in cautioning the men of his age in regard to the dangers of spirit intercourse. Nor does the caution, to our mind, lose any of its virtue by the lapse of years which has taken place.

It is absolutely necessary now, for those who practice it, to preserve their souls in purity and peace, under prosperity or adversity, knowing that God is in all, and rules all. The utmost self-control is necessary—the coolest judgment, the closest reason, the strictest conformity to the principles of love and truth, and above all a deep reliance upon God, and confidence in His providences, if one would avoid the control of evil spirits, and the errors into which they, either designedly or mistakenly, would lead him. The evils which attach to Spiritualism in our day, are the fruits of a lack of these characteristics, and of the failure to employ them in all cases, and in all the walks of life. Spiritualists have something more to do than the world's people have, if they would aid the angel world in making Spiritualism a blessing to mankind. Spirits are laboring hard in the cause, but want of judgment, a failure to exercise reason, a love of lust, and of other worldly pleasures, too frequently undo, in part, what our friends of the spirit world have done. But the den of the Swedenborgians that all our manifestations are obsessions or possessions by disorderly spirits, cannot be sustained for a moment. They have fallen into the slough of sectarianism, which has cumbered them, and hindered their progress, so that while the members of the sect are the purest and best of our people, they have not that power over the destinies of the world they should have. If they will but cease to search, as the founder of their sect did, into the hidden mysteries of God, for their selves, they will soon see that the windows of heaven

are opened, as well as the doors of hell, and that good as well as evil spirits are permitted to walk the earth, attracted, each by its kind. It is our duty to lead the evil to good, and we shall do it if our lives are right, though we may not be conscious of it; and the good will lead us nearer to Him, giving to us light, wherewith we can lead others to the ways of love and truth.

HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

SOMERVILLE, Jan. 20, 1858.

Mr. Editor—In these days of modern Spiritualism, when wonders are to be met with all around us, perhaps the following will not be of sufficient interest to attract the attention of your readers; but I have thought it not entirely uninteresting, and therefore answer your call for facts, by giving you an account of some manifestations which took place at my own residence, on Friday night, January 17, during the severe rain storm which transpired at that time.

Wife and I had awakened from sleep, and lay awake some thirty minutes, when she arose for a drink of water. As she was returning to the bed, she saw a form in female apparel bearing a light, which seemed to have entered at the door, although the door did not open, and which she at first thought to be her sister, whose room nearly adjoins our own. It touched her upon the shoulder, and said in an audible voice, "here." Wife immediately turned towards the figure, replying, "yes," when she uttered a scream, and scrambled for the bed, which she scarcely reached, when her strength failed her, and she fell. I had been looking at her while she was up, and seeing her fright, supposed she had seen a spirit, so that I waited patiently until she could speak, which her fright hindered her from doing for several seconds. After she became calm, a globe of light some four inches in diameter became visible at the farther corner of the room, and soon commenced to move towards the bed. It continued to pass from one point of the room to that immediately over us, during the entire manifestations. Soon a very large hand became visible, which held a quill of equally immense proportion, and commenced writing in the air, against the wall, but not upon it.

The first sentence written was:—

"All is well—do not be alarmed."

Each letter, after we pronounced it, was obliterated, and another appeared in its stead, until the sentence was completed. Next came—

"We feared you would be alarmed, but we wished to give you some manifestations," written as before. We then asked if the party who directed the manifestations would write his name, when the word "Benjamin" appeared.

Will you not write your name in full, we asked, after waiting a short time, and the response was:—

"Let this suffice for the present time."

At this point the hand vanished, and a beautiful fountain of light, in imitation of water, rose from a point in the room, to the height of about four feet, and then fell to the floor.

During this representation, a figure stood at the head of the bed, leaning over it.

Then an infantile hand took the place of the former, and wrote, "Sister," and immediately disappeared. My wife had a sister who passed to the "better land" in infancy.

The large hand now became visible once more, and unrolled a parchment. I asked if they were going to write upon it, when the hand wrote—

"We wish you to write." Afterwards it wrote—

"We will endeavor to manifest to-morrow night. Go to sleep now. Good night," and the manifestations ceased.

During the whole of this wonderful performance, rapping was distinctly heard in various parts of the room, and in addition to the brilliant light above described, lesser lights in great numbers were constantly seen.

In other rooms of the house, manifestations had been going on. A sister of my wife talked by raps with the intelligence, until sleep closed her eyelids; and on being asked in the morning why she talked so long after retiring, she told her part of the story.

Now, in order that it may not be said this was a dream, or imagination, I will state that the pattering of rain upon the roof of our cottage on the hill, had awakened us, and we had spoken of the darkness of the storm. We had both lain remarkably "wide awake," and we could only laugh at the one who should insist that we dreamed it all.

The minister reads the story of the "Hand-writing on the wall," recorded in the book of Daniel, one of the books of the Bible, and tells us it is a providence of God, not presuming to charge it to the imagination of Belshazzar. But on what does that story rest? Was it not seen at a feast, when the wine flowed in abundance, and were not the king and his court notorious wine-bibbers? If you believe that story, and that it could not be imagination, or the fumes of wine acting upon an inebriated brain, why discredit that we have given, who are not in the habit of drinking, or in danger of delirium from that cause?

Let us have some consistency, and if you will have it that our brain was disordered, do not, we pray you, give so much credit to the word of a libertine and a drunkard, merely because he belongs to the dreamy past.

FOREWARNED OF DEATH.

UTRON, MASS., Jan. 26th, 1858.

Mr. Editor—I have felt rather diffident about addressing those who are so much above me in knowledge and education, but having a strong desire to do so, knowing there is, or should be, a bond of sympathy between us, as laborers in the same field, I hesitate no longer.

Your last week's Banner was put into my hand by a friend, who asked me if I knew Manly Abbott, whose name was signed to a communication in it. I was happy to answer in the affirmative, as Augusta happens to be my native place, where not only he but myself are well known. I was the first medium ever developed there, and for about two years the only laborer, where now so many are laboring with so good effect.

The spirit said truly he was a sceptic. I remember, when I was unfledged, he called on me, and expected me to fly away to the spirit land, and tell him all the mysteries of the spirit-life. Well knowing I could not give what he requested, I shrank from making the trial. I remember one question he asked. Was a certain vessel lost, which had not been heard from for six months? My hand was taken possession of, and the vessel marked, or drawn out, bottom up. It is now over four years, I think, and the fate of the vessel is unknown. He perhaps can answer the question.

You ask for their names, and say you will choose to

give them. Now I had a test given for my own benefit, and thinking it may help others who, like myself, are continually calling for proof, I will give it. You may make what use you please of it.

Some four weeks since, I sat alone, with some influence on me, when I asked if some friend would give me a test. I was told to put my hand on my head. I did so, when I immediately saw a coffin, with a female in it. I could not see the face, but was told in writing that it was my friend, and she would die in just three weeks. I waited with anxiety for the time to pass by; and pass it did, and no death, as I supposed, had happened. But mark! The fourth week, I received a letter from my native place, with the sad intelligence that a young lady had just been buried, three weeks to a day from the time of my receiving the warning. She was a cousin of my own, and an intimate friend of our family. Where did this intelligence come from? I was here in the little town of Upton, and that friend died in Hallowell, Maine. I did not know she was sick. The last summer I knew she had been sick, but supposed she had recovered long ago.

I am not a trance medium—am conscious, and what I see is seen when I know all that is going on around me. We have a circle here; but there is so much opposition to contend against, that we progress but little. We are not only attacked privately, but publicly; but feeling confident we shall come out right in the end, we shall persevere. And, asking pardon for our presumption in thus addressing you, I will close. Yours, in the cause of Truth,

A. A. CURRIER.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

From the letter of a friend in New York, dated Jan. 11th, we extract the following:—

The spiritual atmosphere at present, with us, is particularly calm. Dodworth's Hall keeps up its prestige and audiences, by a succession of speakers called in from all parts of the country. Harris is preaching, each Sabbath, morning and evening, at the University Chapel, to an appreciative and enthusiastic congregation, though small. His power over his hearers is extraordinary; his eloquence and pathos to irresistible. He is one of the remarkable men of the age, and has his mission. Davis is still West. I heard from him last at St. Louis. Brittan and Tiffany are also absent on lecturing tours. Fishbough is speaking, each Sabbath, at Williamsburg, where he resides; and as an indication of the increasing favor with which Spiritualism is coming to be regarded, in many of the chief markets of the land, it may be remarked, that a very fair sketch of his last Sabbath evening's lecture, was reported and published on Monday, in one of the Brooklyn dailies. The subject was, "Christian and Unchristian Spiritualism;" and as I find the difference on which the New York Spiritualists have split, very well stated there, I will make a brief extract from the report:—

"And at the outset you will allow me to define the position in which I stand with reference to this whole subject, in general terms, inasmuch as I have been misunderstood, as advocating views, that could they have free course and prevail, would prevent the further prevalence of any kind of Spiritualism whatever. And you will allow me to say, by way of precluding this idea from the minds of every one, whether Spiritualist or not, who may be present under the sound of my voice, that I regard the Spiritualism of this day, as it stands, with all in it that is good and evil, as one of the most important agents—indeed the only efficient divine agent—that is employed to break up the stony conservatism of ages, that stands in the way of the progress of Christianity, and to inaugurate a new, a higher, a purer, a freer, and a more truthful order of investigation, and a more truthful and purer and more humanitarian order of society. And with all the evils that have unwares crept into Spiritualism—or if not unwares, in some way or other—I rejoice in hearing of its progress far and wide. I profess to believe in Christianity—I hold it to be the great pole star of the human race, without which the bark of progress would be wrecked on the shoals at the next step we might take. Yet I would urge the introduction of Spiritualism everywhere, in the belief that it would be the means of awakening thought and investigation—by calling spirits from the higher spheres, it might be the means also of calling 'spirits from the vasty deep,' yet the evil would be neutralized by the good; and investigation would be advanced—people would be electrified, and set thinking, and so would be extricated from the petrified conservative dogmas in which they have been so long embroiled.

The lecturer then went on to contrast the two kinds of Spiritualism, which were at present in existence. Christian Spiritualism he described as Spiritualism based on Christianity. He illustrated the difference between this kind of Spiritualism and the other as that between Moses and the magicians of Egypt—between the false prophets and true, mentioned in the Bible in the history of Saul, and other Scripture characters. The Christian Spiritualist he described, not as one who held the dogmas of any particular sect, in connection with his belief in Spiritualism; but as one who held a living faith in Christ, and made Him his pattern, and followed the divine law of love and self-denial which He had taught. The unchristian Spiritualist he described as one who renounced the teachings of the Bible, acknowledged no God but his own interior existence, and believed that without living a life of usefulness and self-denial here, he would be able to float along peacefully into a higher sphere, passing from glory to glory forever. This class denied that man had been created perfect, or that he had ever degenerated, holding that there never was so high a standard of spirituality as now. Hence, denying that man had degenerated, this class denied the necessity of regeneration—and this was the cardinal difference between them and the Christian Spiritualism.

MRS. TOWNSEND AT PORTSMOUTH, &c.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Jan. 26, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—Mrs. Townsend closed her labors in this place for the present, last Sabbath. She has been with us eight weeks, during which time her audiences have constantly increased, until the announcement of her closing lecture, when crowds went away unable to obtain even a standing place. She has gone at the urgent call of duty, to fill engagements made before she came here, bearing with her the good wishes of many, not avowed Spiritualists, who have been delighted to hear her. From us she has regrets at her departure, and prayers for her speedy return, if it is right that it should be so. She is undoubtedly one of our most gifted speakers, while in purity of life and purpose, she is excelled by none. She speaks by inspiration, or in the conscious trance, presenting the religious phase of Spiritualism in its glorious promise and perfect adaptation to the spiritual wants of man. Her lectures are characterized by ease and grace of manner, by a full and distinct yet rapid enunciation of every word, and by an elegant simplicity of symbol and language, while through every sentence is breathed the deep inspiration and outflowing love of a high order of spirit power. There is none of that generalizing, which is sometimes charged upon spiritual teachers, no flowery sentences without meaning, but practical lessons of life, to be studied and lived out by all. We com-

mend her to the affection and best efforts of our friends where she may go, knowing, as we do by experience, that they will receive tenfold in return.

Mr. Higginson lectured here about three weeks ago. As the lecture was advertised some days in advance, there were meetings in most of the churches the same evening. He used to be the especial pet of some of our D. D.'s; but since he has chosen to step forward in defence of what he knew to be truth, they pass by on the other side, not even seeking to know his reasons for changing his mind. His discourse was a most thoroughly scientific dissection of the Harvard investigation—was logical and conclusive in every point of view.

Spiritualism is making rapid progress here, and in adjoining towns our correspondents represent it as advancing with a celerity that threatens to soon disarm all opposition, even in out of the way places, where our speakers never yet have been. God speed the right. Yours for the cause,

LEWIS G. DAVIS.

The Messenger.

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *Faints* beings, liable to err like ourselves. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published, as communicated, without alteration by us.

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

Elder Bisbee, Waterville, Me.

This earnest, beautiful and impressive prayer, was offered by the spirit at this, our first sitting after the medium's recovery, and its opening has reference especially to her.

Spirit of Goodness and of Power, we thank Thee that Thou hast interceded and saved our vessel. We thank Thee, Oh, God of Nature, that Thou hast been pleased to send a power from on high to guard thy children. Thy vessel, fashioned by Thy power, and submitted to the use of Thy subjects, is here to-day, an instrument for good, and, perhaps, for evil. We pray Thee, O God, that good may triumph, and the evil may be far from this, thy servant. Our God, Thou has taught us to return thanks unto Thee for Thy blessings; and therefore we do return to earth, and give audible thanks, that Thy children here may know that Almighty God hath worked for them. Our Father and our Friend, feeling as we do the necessity of more channels through which we may promulgate Thy truth, we are at a loss to part from even one of the smallest of those channels. We, O God, in obedience to Thy command, do cluster around every one of them, and do pray Thee that Thou wilt continue to aid, to bless, to save. In Thy wisdom, Thou hast permitted us to walk the earth again; and as we walk here, O God, Thou knowest we do find much to cause us to mourn. We find misery on every side. We find error walking in beauty—in beauty to those who love it; but we look within the beautiful exterior, and we find the seeds of death.

O God, we do earnestly beseech Thee to pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh, even at this time. And may Thy earthly children fully realize that now is the time for them to take the first step in progress. May they realize their position relative to Thee. May they know, O God, that Thy heavenly Kingdom is on earth, in heaven, and in hell, and only Thy power is wanting on earth to harmonize their earthly institutions, and make them look beautiful to those who now see discord therein.

Spirit of Love, we pray Thee that Thou wilt send a holy and peaceful messenger to those who are suffering here. Bless the spirit that is languishing within the diseased form, striving in vain to burst its prison house, and enjoy freedom such as only the disembodied can know. Bless, O our Father, the little children—they who are like green spots in the desert—they who are like pure streams of living waters. O, our Father, make them indeed living waters, to those who have arrived at maturity. O, our Father, cleanse those who have arrived at manhood, through these little ones. Thou hast taught us to love them, and not to regard them as cares and trials belonging to this life. O our God, do Thou bless the children here; do thou so inspire their young minds with love, that they may grow in grace and a knowledge of Thee.

Do Thou bless the inebriate—he who hath sold his reason for a cup of wine. O God, do Thou arrest that trembling hand by angel fingers, that he may dash that cup of poison down, down to hell, from whence it came.

Great God, do Thou bless those of thy children who are sorrowing on account of the great financial crisis. Great God, we know Thy hand is seen therein, though Thy children cannot see it. God, do Thou bless the widowed—those who are struggling between poverty and life, and open the purse-strings of those who possess this world's goods, to answer the prayers of those who are struggling for Thy intercession.

Great God, wilt Thou bless the ministers—they who are giving forth words, sometimes of wisdom and sometimes of error. We ask Thee to bless them—to open wide the windows of their souls, that light from heaven may penetrate them, and may be reflected forth to Thy children, whom they seek to enlighten. Bless, Oh, Jehovah, the Northern and the Southern slave. We know, Oh, Father, that Thine arm encompasseth the universe—that Thy love forsakes no child of Thine—therefore we ask Thee to especially bless the slave, whether here or abroad, whether bowing beneath the task-master, or trembling beneath the wine-cup, whether struggling in the bonds of poverty at the North or in the slave mart of the Golden Horn. Wherever they may be found, write liberty upon the brows of all Thy children.

We view, Oh, Father, the dark cloud that has been long hovering over Thy beloved American nation, and yet we look beyond it, and see Thy smiling face. But Thy children cannot look behind that cloud, and we pray Thee to give them faith, for soon, we know, that cloud will be lifted, Thy face will be seen, and Thy children will fall down and worship Thee by reason of the cloud.

We pray Thee to bless all nations of the earth. We pray Thee to chasten all nations, and after Thou hast chastened them, may thy love place them upon the hill eternal. Oh, God, we bow to Thy wisdom, we rest in Thy arms, and although we know that faith is lacking in Thy earth children, we know the time shall come when faith shall fill the earth, and Thy children everywhere shall know Thee. Amen, is echoed from all creation. Amen, reaches us upon every breeze. Amen, is echoed from among the angel throng; and again we hear Amen, even from the depths of hell.

Monday, Jan. 26th.

Margaret Ellen Wright.

Mortals enter the chamber of death with fear and dread, because they have been taught to believe Death their enemy; and because they see only that which is hideous, while we in spirit life are oftentimes overwhelmed with joy at the birth of one from this to our sphere. Friends of the dying are standing around mourning because of death. The friends in spirit existence are near, rejoicing because of the birth. It is the second birth—the child is ushered in the natural world in company with death; the spirit is ushered in with only life, and that throughout an endless eternity. Come, stranger, and in fancy wander with me to the chamber of the departing one; witness the myriads of angels there who

hall the birth of the spirit; come, see the wreath of myrtle that is waiting for the new born spirit; come, taste the cup of living water angels have prepared for him. Come, rejoice in this second birth, for there is no death thereafter.

Mortals cling to the cold clay. Oh, that they would turn their thoughts beyond that! Oh, that they would understand the spirit, and see its freedom. Death is but the gate of eternal life, and Spiritualism, like the golden bow of promise, brings to you knowledge, and takes away your fear.

In vain the churchman offers his prayers; in vain he lifts his eyes to God, while he closes them to the great truths God has given him to understand. In vain the dying one asks for light of him. God has prepared mansions for his children, but the entrance thereto is through the gate-way of death.

How many mortals are crying out against Jehovah on account of death. Oh, would they could pierce the cloud and see the star beyond it. Oh, children, rejoice in death, for it brings you joy.

The mother returns thanks to God for the perfect child. Myriads of angels sing halallelujahs for the perfect-born in the spirit world. Oh, then seek to cast off every sin which deforms the spirit, for we do return thanks to God for a perfect birth to us, even as you give thanks for a perfect earth child. Let not the love of earthly fame tarnish your spirits, so that when you come to us they will be deformed. Oh, give me fame in the spirit world! Let me hear the thousands of happy in my sphere rejoicing at the birth of a pure spirit, and perish earthly fame! Oh, let this be your work where you dwell; to so fashion the spirit that it cometh here in perfection. Light is needed to make your journey pleasant, therefore see to it that you procure such light as only divinity can shed upon you.

Margaret Ellen Wright, died in 1818; sister to Thomas, Henry's father. Jan. 28.

This was given for one, who lay at the time in a dying state.

Geo. Eastman.—Mourning for the Dead.

'Tis now near two years since my spirit left its earthly tenement. And for the first time I attempt to speak through a form that belongs not to me. The associations that were dear to me when on earth, are still dear, and it is because I wish to strengthen the holy ties of affection, that I come here to-day. Man dies—yes, he goeth to his long home, says the Scripture, and the mourners traverse your streets. But how little do they understand themselves! how little do they understand God and his laws. When the spirit goes from the mortal to an immortal state, those who are connected with that spirit, immediately present themselves in the habitations of woe, presenting a gloomy appearance, not only to those in form, but to the thousands who walk in spirit.

I well remember my first sensation when I looked at my friends, and beheld them mourning over my dust, while I, in life eternal, stood at their right hand. No hand was extended to me, no kind voice welcomed me. Ah! these things should not be so. The spirit loves the mortal form, but not after it has passed from its control. To be sure he respects it, but all the love he once had must ascend, if he is true, and that which belongs to dust must return to it.

But, friend, I did not come here to-day to speak of my sorrows or my joys in entering the spirit existence. I came that I might go farther, and, if possible, reach those I still hold very dear. A few weeks ago the sable garments that were donned on my behalf were cast off, and I assure you I was pleased; not because they were unpleasant for me to look upon, but because they had ceased to mourn within, and therefore the exterior presented a more lively appearance.

Now, with your permission, I will give you a brief account of myself, and send a short message to my friends, and then give room for others. My disease was called consumption; I am inclined to think it was not called rightly, but that is of little account.

I left on earth many dear friends; the nearest and best of all, my wife and child. Yes, an infant; which, although it may never know the love of an earthly father, I shall watch over it, care for it, and welcome it, when it enters the celestial sphere. My wife, she for whom I could have laid down my existence, and called it nothing, yet lives in this cold earth sphere; yet it is well. God protects all who are buffeting this cold world; He careth for all, and if all would look to Him for aid, how much better it would be for life.

My wife is living a short distance from this city. Her ears have oft been greeted with sweet sounds from the spirit spheres; yet she does not believe, for she says, "Oh, give me something which shall come when I am not present." And I thank God I am permitted to come to give something, even if I do not succeed in supplying her spiritual wants.

A few days since the following question was propounded to me by my wife. She said, "George, if you are present, if you know my situation, why cannot you manifest to me?" "Tell me," she says, "if my sister shall remain with me?"

No mortal ear heard this, and I alone of all the spirit spheres could hear it. I answer, Yes—and this shall be a proof to her of my spirit presence.

I want her to know that not an hour of her life is passed in solitude, and that I will care for her and welcome her when she enters that life beyond earth, to which she is wending her way.

The husband of the sister spoken of is present with me, and requests me to send an offering of peace and love to his earthly companion.

Stranger, I may visit you again.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.

William Henderson.

Gentlemen, I am a stranger here; I know nothing of your customs, and if I should be inclined to go astray on any point, I hope you will give me a little advice. My name was William Henderson; I was wrecked on the Indian Ocean, in the spring of 1811. I was master of the brig Hope; she was owned in New York. Since the time of my death, I have been far from earth, sometimes, but most of the time I have been hovering as near as I could to the scenes which first quickened my youthful blood, and made me wish to become a man. I left a wife—her maiden name was Mary Hendrick; I was married about three weeks previous to my sailing, and, strange as it may seem, I have never seen her since; but I am told she is still on earth, and I have come to earth to ascertain, if possible, where she is, that I may commune with her. I had nearly forgotten my original language, and it is not without a deal of trouble that I am enabled to come here to-day, and speak to you as I do. For the last two months I have been employed most of the time in ascertaining everything I could in regard to my death, that I might be correct as to dates, names, and other things of consequence. I am told that she who was my earthly wife, is dwelling about seventy miles from this place, which I am told is Boston; but the name of the place I have not yet learned.

Now, I have been told by spirits, who have conversed with you, that if I would speak with you, my message might reach her, and we might again converse together.

I was much inclined to doubt whether I could return and speak as I now do; but as I have so far succeeded well, I have faith to think I shall accomplish that for which I came. If I do not weary your patience, I will give you an account of my departure from earth, which I believe is still partially unknown to the friends I have left on earth. One night, I think it was in April, but am not sure, I was suddenly awakened by my second mate, who told me I was needed on deck. I saw at a glance we were to encounter a heavy gale, which I had expected for some days. I knew my vessel was strong, and I trusted she would have been able to outlive the gale, but she became unmanageable, and as I was in near contact with a whale ship, which did not know we were so near, and we were alike ignorant, we came in collision; and as I was the weaker vessel, I got the worst of it. We parted, but our vessel went down. Two of the crew were saved; one was James Ballot, I think, but I may be Ballard; he was an able seaman. The name of the other, Charles Wel-

dall. He was a young man that was a distant relative of mine, and was recommended to go to sea, as he was in ill health. My native place was in the western part of New York State, but I passed most of my time, previous to following the seas, in New York and Boston, occasionally going into the interior of the States. I was twenty-seven years of age. I left a brother, a mother, father, and many other relatives on earth; but all my near relatives, with the exception of a brother, are in spirit life. He, at this time, is about five thousand miles south-west of Boston. My brother was two years my junior; his name George. Now you know my motive in coming—I am honest, and hope I shall be dealt honestly with in the place which I once called my home.

I am told you publish a paper, a part of which is devoted to the publication of messages from spirits to their friends on earth; and hoping that this will reach mine, and that you will allow me to visit you again, I'll bid you good day. Monday, Jan. 26.

Ruth, of Worcester Almshouse.

Poor Aunt Ruth! she promised to call again, when she ascertained that we had proved her communication true. We did so, and published it, during Mrs. Conant's illness, and she was the first to communicate through her. There was no mistaking who the spirit was—the manner of speech told us, who she was at once, although we had forgotten her, after five weeks of absence. What purpose she subserves by coming, we know not—that is hidden in the mysteries of God's providence. He permits her to come, and who shall question His wisdom?

I've waited all this time. She has been sick a long time—it seems seven years to me. What an awful falsehood they told you, when they said I was crazy. They told you I fell out of the window, and that was true. I went to the window for air, and I suppose I fell out. I had a great deal of trouble, and it is a wonder to me I was not crazy. I know I used to act strange, and I know they would think I was. I had not so good a mind as I had when I was young, for I had so much trouble; but I was sane. I could not help acting strange. They told you I was not there; well, if I was not there, I never was anywhere. I told you my name was Ruth, because everybody called me so. If I had said Ruth Mullen, they would not, perhaps, have known me. When I was young, that name used to please me; but after that, I disliked it, and was called Ruth.

We had enough to eat; the beds were clean in that institution where I was, but sometimes we had to work hard, and they often make us work when we are not able.

I want to tell them, every one, that there are a great many spirits watching over that institution for good, and the straighter they walk, the better it will be for them. I know some are good there, but there are dark spots there, and the quicker they are rubbed out the better; for there are others who have died there who are coming as I have come, and I only come to prepare the way for them. Those dark spots must be washed out, and I am just the old woman that can do it. I used to tell them so when I was there.

There are too many old people on earth imposed upon; because they are old and poor, they are knocked around from one end of the earth to another. Nobody cares whether they are dead or alive. If they have had a little trouble, stick them into the poor-house—they are crazy. That is not right, and there are a great many rebellious spirits there; more than people know of. There were when I was there, I am sure. They knew they were wiser than the overseer, and it's true. They were as much above them as heaven is above earth—and they knew it.

These clothes are too tight for me; I'm used to old woman's clothes; I don't like bones; I want room to breathe. When I was young, perhaps I used to wear tight things, but I did not of late years.

The spirit refers to the dress of the medium, which, it seems, is not to her comfort.

I want to tell you one thing. Suppose you had been brought up in decent society, and had enough to eat and to wear, and should get old, and love all you had, and have a great deal of trouble, how would you like to be put in a place where a man said do this, and you must do it; eat this, and you must; wear this, and you must wear it? I tell you it broke down all but my soul. Thanks be to God, he took care of my soul; you may kick the body about, but you can't kick the soul; and if it can get a body to talk through when it loses its own, it will do it.

Crazy! perhaps I was pining for freedom, and that made me act strange. Well, I'm dead—they saw me buried, and supposed that was the last of me. But it is not so; I am here, and can go there—can see the little bed I used to sleep in, just as well as I ever could. There is an old woman occupying it now, and God grant she may never suffer as I did. Tell them all I am happy, and want them to do the best they can to get happy before they come here; tell them that the more they do to make those happy who are placed in their charge, the better it will be for them. And above all, tell them to remember one thing—that God sees them—sees all they do, and if they tell untruths to their fellow men, He will punish them for it. Jan. 26.

William Kelly.

When on earth I lived in the town of Barre, Vt. My name was William Kelly; my age 47 years; my disease fever. Nine years have elapsed since my departure from earth. In coming here to-day, I, in memory, am called back something like 20 years. Then I was young and on earth—that is, I was in the prime of life. How distinctly these words are passing through my memory at this time, "although he be dead, yet he speaketh." Now twenty years ago I heard that passage explained, or I heard one attempt to explain it, and if memory serves me right, I believe the explanation was none at all. I went home and pondered those words in my mind. By the way, I was no church-going body, and that accounts for my attention to the subject. I pondered over that passage of Scripture all the days of my life, but never was satisfied. I tried to content myself with the explanation that a man's works lived after him and spoke for him. But now I am dead in all appearance to-day, and yet I speak as much as ever I did in my life. I am no theologian, and cannot explain old or new theology, but I can give you what I have learned upon the subject.

I found, on coming into freedom, everything I had learned on earth in regard to the future, was good for nothing. I was not only astonished at myself, but at everything I beheld; and I said, how is it that clergymen are so blinded that they explain the Bible to their own liking, and yet not one is right. I found I could not answer it, and I spared on higher, and I gained an answer—"That time is not yet—it is to come—when spirits which are encased in mortal form shall see and comprehend their spiritual nature, they shall understand aright." Then I said God wills it so. "Not so," said the angel, "but man's bigotry prevents him from seeing; but if man would go forth and seek for truth wherever it was to be found, he would find that God would give him light." I was satisfied then, and I determined if I ever came to earth I would beg of all that I met to show me every shadow of a foundation that man has erected, to live for themselves, not for themselves, die for themselves, and glorify God for all. To stand upon their own platform, and that is God. No child on earth is devoid of God, though he cannot manifest in all. For instance, the idiot—is not God there? Yes, but the organs are imperfect and he cannot manifest. We look within the casket, and there we find God developed in that casket as brilliantly as in Daniel Webster.

Well, dear friends, you are all bound to one heaven—you all seek happiness, and you want it in your own way. Now take the advice of one who has passed from you, and speaks to you, though dead—let God

be your guide; let that holy prompter you have within lead you to happiness. Don't go to human temples for happiness, but go to Nature and find out God, and you shall be as one who realizes his position towards his God, and the God within shall blend most beautifully with the God above.

Oh, ye children, you have much to thank God for, for the kingdom of Christ is with you—the foundation was laid 1800 years ago, and to-day you are living in a beautiful structure, which is freedom.

I have friends on earth, and I have prayers for their salvation and blessings for them also. I thank God they are living in this day and generation, when all may know the Lord. Great will be the condemnation of those who live now, if they come here with no oil in their vessels.

What care you for the outcry of opponents. You must think for yourselves, and if truth is given you don't fail to receive it. Heed that only which is in accordance with God and his known laws. If I come to you telling you to cast yourself from some precipice, know that I am evil, for I bid you do something contrary to God's laws. But if I tell you to lift yourselves to God by praising and loving Him, may I not be good, and be received as such?

You lack faith—that faith which causeth you to mingle with good works; that alone will save. It is not simple faith in these manifestations you need, but cultivate faith, hope and charity, and if your brother cannot agree with you in opinion, have charity, and stretch forth your hand and lift him out into the sunlight. And then you shall not only glorify your Father in heaven, but you shall wear for yourselves a garment that shall outshine the brightest star.

Forewell, my friends, may the blessing of Him who ruleth here and everywhere, be with you eternally.

Tuesday, Jan. 26.

Samuel McIntyre.

I should not have intruded this afternoon, for I do not think I'm just the fellow to be here, but I come by special request. I wonder if I can remember all that was required of me. You see about five days ago—that is, I think it will be five days at eight-to-night, there was a company of friends I was acquainted with on earth sitting for spirit manifestations, and I was called for, and of course I came. They understood I had communicated through this medium and I rapped that I had. Well, said they, go there again, and tell us what has just transpired—and I am here. "Well," said one, "Sam, if you go there, tell us where you died." I died in California. The next is, "What did you die with?" I was sick and died, and those who say I was not, do not know about it. McIntyre is bad authority.

I am happy here, as happy as I was on earth. I have no fear of accident, poverty or want—no butcher's bills to pay. I think the name of the man who keeps the house where this circle was is White; the street I do not recollect, but the name of the man I think is as I give it.

I should like to have those friends of mine sit again. Ask them to ask their questions one at a time, and I will come to them and give them all I can. Tell them to have patience with me, too. I wish them to do all they can to find happiness here in doing good. I was a fast fellow on earth, but I am endeavoring to alter my ways some now, and although I perhaps do not appear to have changed much in my manner, yet you are not with me all the time, you know, and cannot judge. Good bye.

Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1868.

There is a dispute in the minds of friends, as to the manner of death of this spirit. They insist that he was shot, having it on the authority of a "rough customer," who said so. The spirit denies it, and one of his friends read his communication, while in proof, and was arguing stoutly with us that it was not true, but that the spirit conceived the mode of his death from pride, when himself being a medium, his hand was seized, thrust into his pocket, drew forth a pencil and wrote, "Luther, I was not shot!" which was wholly against the opinion he was at that very time expressing.

Henry Schmidt, Hamburg, to his partner.

Much to say if I find power enough to speak in your language. I was born in Stockholm, Sweden. I lived there twenty-and-five years; then went to Hamburg, and there I died. I was what you would call a dealer in silks. My name was Henry Schmidt. My place of business was called House of Schmidt, Vene & Co. Nine age, forty-and-seven years. My sickness, some trouble in stomach. They takes all I leave and appropriates to self, while my what you call family go with nothing, and I die, but no rest. Has been here one year and gets no comfort since, and can get none comfort until right comes—then I rest. They tells me to come here, and they tells me to ask you to send your paper to Hamburg for me, and you direct to Vene & Co, silk-dealers. I have much trouble when I lived, and I have more now I'm dead. I thinks my friends was friends, and I finds them not friends, and I gets very unhappy and miserable when I cannot go away from mine old place. I got your medium for me this hour. They told me you can no do well, you must wait; but I say I try, and if I no do, I will wait. I try and find I cannot make you, understand me very clear, but I can talk what I want. You must write an apology for mine bad talk. I deals with many English and other countrymen in mine business, and I learns what I got. You talk to me slow, and I understands you. I have two children. They have got no father nor mother now, and I can no rest till they have what they should have.

I visit London in the year 1856, and goes home, stays home about one year; I dies then, and that makes the time right when I told you I died. I visited America in the year 1841; I goes to York and Boston, and much other places too. I deals mostly in England, but I comes to see the country, and find things. I have money, and likes to go.

Send also to my son—his name be the same as mine. He's young, not much wisdom, but understand something about these things. Vene's a y I make debts he has to pay, and so accounts for my money. I has no debts, I makes no debts, and he takes what he says he pays for self. I no like it—I thought he was good, but find he was bad.

Jan. 28.

Like all other messages, we have given this verbatim, with the peculiar manner of speech used by the spirit.

Margaret Piko.

I said I'd come, though I didn't say when, nor that I'd come here. My name was Margaret Piko. I was 86 years old, and I died in Amesbury, last July. The neighbors said, "Aunt Margaret, if Spiritualism is true, come back, won't you?" and here I am. I left a good many friends, but I got to be so old I was not much good to myself or anybody else. I was born in Eastport, Maine. I was not married till I was nearly fifty. I have lots of folks in Maine, nieces and nephews—they are children. I have one nephew whose name is James Elliot, and he is a captain of a vessel; sails from somewhere down east.

They told me if I came, to tell all about myself. I have nothing to tell; I am happy and do not see any great change from earth, only all is more beautiful. I have a father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband here. Most all my friends are here, and why do I want to come to earth? I used to live in Salisbury, but died in Amesbury. I want to send them my love, and tell them it's true—they will believe it, when I tell them so. Good bye children.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched fore finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

The might of a light is like the pupil of the eye, the more
light you pour upon it, the more it contracts.—O. W. Holmes.

Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep.
And upon the winds of midnight shallop pilions round me
sweep:
Floating downward on the starlight, two bright infant forms
I see—
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven
to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones above
Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's deathless
love.

And, as now, they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes on
me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call his angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper—"Mother!" "mid the glories of
my dream.

Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease, perchance, to slip
my name,
But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the same.

The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out
the brightest, and the character moulded by intense heat,
will exhibit the most wonderful excellence.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Fervid that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

Love weeps always—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may be; but
Why should not hard adamant weep at last,
Tears and hatred, aversion and pride?

Fate whispers sorrow, sorrow is your lot;
They would be rebels—love rebellious not.

The man whose sympathies are with common humanity
—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breathes
thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dove, they de-
scend in the bosom to cheer, to bless, and to save.

When from the lips of truth, one mighty breath,
Falls like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human wickedness:
Then shall the realm of mind commence on earth,
And starting fresh as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.—Moon.

The Rule.—Better do than do violence to an honest con-
viction.

The loaded bee the lowest flies,
The richest pearl the deepest lies;
The stalk the most replenished
Deth bore the most modest head;
Thus deep humility we find
The mark of every master mind.
The highest gifted lowest bends,
And merit modest confidence,
And thus the faintest foot adores,
The puff that bids a feather soar.

A NEGRO NAPOLEON.

Sebituane was about forty-five years of age; of a
tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk color,
and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and
more frank in his answers than any other chief I
ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard
of beyond the colony; for, unlike Mosilikatse, Din-
gann and others, he always led his men into battle
himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge
of his battle axe, and said, "Aha! it is sharp, and
whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its
edge." So fleet on foot was he, that all his people
knew there was no escape for the coward, as all such
would be cut down without mercy. In some instan-
ces of skulking he allowed the individual to return
home; then calling him, he would say, "Ah! you
prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you?
You shall have your desire." This was the signal
for his immediate execution.

He came from the country near the sources of the
Likwa and Namagari rivers in the south, so we met
him eight hundred or nine hundred miles from his
birth-place. He was not the son of a chief, though
related closely to the reigning family of the Basutu;
and when, in an attack by Sikonyela, the tribe was
driven out of one part, Sebituane was one in that im-
mense horde of savages driven back by the Gikwas
from Kuruman in 1824. He then fled to the north
with an insignificant party of men and cattle. At
Mellita the Bangwakets collected the Bakwains,
Bakata and Bahrutse to "eat them up." Placing
his men in front, and the women behind the cattle,
he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Hav-
ing thus conquered Makabo, the chief of the Bang-
wakets, he took immediate possession of his town
and all his goods.

A great variety of fortune followed him in the
northern part of the Bechuana country; twice he lost
all his cattle by the attacks of the Matabele, but al-
ways kept his people together, and retook more than he
lost. He then crossed the Desert by nearly the
same path that we did. He had captured a guide,
and as it was necessary to travel by night in order
to reach water, the guide took advantage of this and
gave him the slip. After marching till morning,
and going as they thought right, they found them-
selves on the trail of the day before. Many of his
cattle rushed away from him in the phreny of thirst,
and rushed back to Serolli, then a large piece of
water, and to Mashue and Lopepe, the habitations of
their original owners. He stocked himself again
among the Bafellu, on Lake Nuanetsi, whose herds
were of the large-horned species of cattle. Conquer-
ing all around the lake, he heard of white men liv-
ing at the west coast; and haunted with what seems
to have been the dream of his whole life, a desire to
have intercourse with the white man, he passed away
to the southwest, into the parts opened up lately by
Messrs. Galton and Anderson. There, suffering in-
tensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small
well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should
drink it, the former being of most value, as they could
fight for more should these be lost. In the
morning they found the cattle had escaped to the
Damars.

Returning to the north poorer than he started, he
ascended the Teoghe to the hill Sorila, and crossed
over a swampy country to the eastward. Pursuing
this course onward to the low-lying basin of the
Leambye, he saw that it presented no attraction to
a pastoral life like his, so he moved down that river
among the Basutha and Bakwa, who were then liv-
ing in all their glory. His narrative resembled
closely the "Commentaries of Caesar," and the his-
tory of the British in India. He was always forced
to attack the different tribes, and to this day his
men justify every step he took as perfectly just and
right.

The Matabele, a Caffre or Zulu tribe, under Mosilikatse,

kate, crossed the Zambesi, and, attacking Sebituane,
captured his cattle and women. Rallying his men,
he followed and recaptured the whole. A fresh at-
tack was also repulsed, and Sebituane thought of
going further down the Zambesi, to the country of
the white men. He had an idea, whence I might
never learn, that if he had a cannon he might
live in peace. He had led a life of war, yet no one
apparently desired peace more than he did. A
prophet induced him to turn his face again to the
westward. This man, by name Tlapane, was called
a "senoga"—one who holds intercourse with the
gods. He was in the habit of retiring no one knew
whither, but perhaps into some cave, to remain in a
hypnotic or mesmeric state until the moon was full.
Then, returning to the tribe quite emaciated, he ex-
cited himself until he was in a state of ecstasy.
These prophets commence their operations by violent
action of the voluntary muscles. Stamping, leaping
and shouting in a peculiarly violent manner, or beat-
ing the ground with a club, they induce a kind of fit,
and while in it say that their utterances are un-
known to themselves. Tlapane, pointing eastward,
said, "There, Sebituane, I behold a fire; shun it; it
is a fire which may scorch thee. The gods say, go
not thither." Then, turning to the west, he said, "I
see a city and a nation of black men—men of the
water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe, Sebituane,
is perishing, and will all be consumed; thou wilt
govern black men, and when thy warriors have
captured red cattle, let not the owners be killed;
they are thy future tribe—they are thy city; let
them be spared to cause thee to build. And thou,
Ramoinini, thy village will perish utterly. If Mokari
removes from that village he will perish first, and
thou Ramoinini, wilt be the last to die."

Sebituane not only conquered all the black tribes
over an immense tract of country, but had made
himself dreaded even by the terrible Mosilikatse. He
never could trust in this ferocious chief, however;
and, as the Bakwa on the islands had been guilty of
ferrying his enemies across the Zambesi, he made a
rapid descent upon them, and swept them all out of
their island fastnesses. He thus unwittingly per-
formed a good service to the country by completely
breaking down the old system which prevented trade
from penetrating into the great central valley. Of
the chiefs who escaped, he said, "They love Mosilikatse;
let them live with him; the Zambesi is my
line of defence." And men were placed all along it
as sentinels. When he heard of our wish to visit
him, he did all he could to assist our approach.

Sebituane knew everything that happened in the
country; for he had the art of gaining the affections
both of his own people and of strangers. When a
party of poor men came to his town to sell their
hides or skins, no matter how ungainly they might
be, he soon knew them all. A company of these in-
digent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo
gentlemen around the chief, would be surprised to
see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, in-
quire if they were hungry. He would order an at-
tendant to bring meal, milk and honey, and mixing
them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion
from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the
first time in their lives, on a lordly dish. Delighted
beyond measure with his affability and liberality,
they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave
him all the information in their power; and as he
never allowed a party of strangers to go away with-
out giving every one of them, servants and all, a
present, his praises were sounded far and wide. "He
has a heart! he is wise!" were the usual expres-
sions we heard before we saw him.

He was much pleased with the proof of confidence
we had shown in bringing our children, and promised
to take us to see his country, so that we might choose
a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was,
that I should remain in the pursuit of my object as
a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi
to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after re-
alizing what he had so long ardently desired, fell
sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated
in and extended from an old wound at Mellita. I
saw his danger, but being a stranger, I feared to
treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I
should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this
to one of his doctors, who said, "Your fear is pru-
dent and wise; his people would blame you." He
had been cured of this complaint, the year before, by
the Barotse making a large number of free incisions
in the chest. The Makololo doctors, on the other
hand, now scarcely out the skin. On the Sunday
afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious
service was over, I visited him with my little boy
Robert. "Come near," said Sebituane, "and see if
I am any longer a man. I am done." He was then
senseless of the dangerous nature of his disease, so I
ventured to assent, and added a single sentence re-
garding hope after death. "Why do you speak of
death?" said one of a fresh relay of doctors; "Se-
bituane will never die." If I had persisted, the im-
pression would have been produced that by speaking
about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him
some time, and commending him to the mercy of
God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, rais-
ing himself up a little from his prone position, called
a servant, and said, "Take Robert (Livingstone's
son) to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to
give him some milk." These were the last words of
Sebituane.

He was decidedly the best specimen of a native
chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by
the loss of a black man before; and it was impos-
sible not to follow him in thought into the world of
which he had just heard before he was called away,
and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who
pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what
is to become of such as he, must, however, be left
to those who find it, believing that, assuredly, the
"Judge of all the earth will do right."—Livingstone's
Travels in Africa.

TREATMENT OF HENS.—Here is a timely item,
containing a valuable hint to poultry growers. An un-
credited paragraph in an exchange says: "Two
flocks of hens were compared. One laid eggs all the
time. The other scarcely any. On comparing their
treatment, the following differences were found to
exist: the former had a warm cellar to roost in
during the winter; the latter roosted in a stable
where the wind blew in. The former had a fine place
in an open cellar for scratching among ashes, lime
and earth; the latter scratched in a manure heap,
or in the stable when the cows were put out. The
former had a plenty of good water, with milk, &c.;
the others had no drink except what they could find.
It can be seen why one flock laid eggs generally,
while the others did not."

Nothing comes more than the "piled" brow
and trembling lip.

SPOXY CORRESPONDENCE.—A TRUE WIFE.

We are assured by a friend who is personally cog-
nizant of what he states, that the following piquant
correspondence is genuine. A gentleman, whose busi-
ness calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed
to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife,
an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions,
opens all letters that come in her husband's absence;
answers such of them as she can, like a confidential
clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord, at such
places as he may have designated at his departure.
During a recent absence of her husband the lady re-
ceived a letter, of which the following (omitting
names, dates and places,) is a true copy:—

"My Dear Sir:—I saw a fine picture of you yes-
terday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the origi-
nal in W— last winter, when I saw you more
than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me
among so many. I fear you will think me forward
in thus addressing you; but I trust you are noble
and unassuming as you are handsome and brilliant.
Perhaps you would like to know something about
me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good
at description, but I will say I am not married—
(though you are, I am told). My friends tell me I
have not a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am
rather petite, have black eyes, black hair and a dark
complexion—that is, I am what is called a "brunette."
I am stopping, for a few weeks, with my
brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly
wish you would meet me there before I return to
W—. At any rate, do not fail to write me at
least a few words to tell me whether I shall ever see
you again and know you more intimately. Forgive
my boldness and believe me,

Your friend,
To this letter, the wife, who, by the bye, has not
the least knowledge of the person to whom she was
writing, made the following answer:—

"Mademoiselle:—Your letter of the — inst., ad-
dressed to Mr. —, was duly received. Mr. —,
who is my husband, directed me, when he left home,
some days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer
any of them that I conveniently could. As you seem
to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter my-
self. I do not think your description of yourself will
please Mr. —. I happen to know that he dislikes
black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It
is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges
of women as he does of horses; but I do not think
your inventory of your "points" is complete enough
to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your
height, weight, wind, speed, and [here the word is
illegible.] Taking your charms at your own esti-
mate, I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently at-
tractive to draw him so far as B— merely for the
satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule.
You say you trust my husband is "unassuming." I
think that is his nature, but yet he is used to
drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind
as suspicious. You say you are unmarried. My ad-
vice to you is that you marry somebody, as soon as
possible. In most cases, I would not recommend
haste; but in yours, I am convinced there is truth in
the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay.
Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband,
(which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is
that you will consider any woman who should write
him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and,
perhaps, immodest.

I will deliver your note to Mr. — when he re-
turns, and also a copy of my reply, which I am sure
he will approve. I am, with as much respect as you
permit,

Mrs. —
This was the end of the correspondence. Moral:—
Young ladies who write affectionate letters to mar-
ried men, should be careful that the precious mis-
sives do not fall into the hands of their spouses; or
the writers may chance to get "more cuffs than
kisses."—Exchange.

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ENIGMA—NO. 4.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 6, 6, 15, 5, is the most turbulent lake in
America.
My 1, 2, 4, 14, is the largest of the West India
Islands.
My 11, 8, 7, 5, 3, is the town in which this enigma
was written.
My 17, 14, 10, 7, 5, is the highest mountain in this
State.
My 1, 8, 9, 14, 10, 8, is a British Province, north
of the United States.
My 14, 2, 11, 12, 6, 15, 8, is a country in Europe.
My 3, 14, 7, 3, 4, 14, 6, is a cape south-east of
Massachusetts.
My 3, 5, 13, 13, 15, 3, 8, 1, is a river north-east of
Massachusetts.
My 3, 5, 10, 15, 15, 13, 6, 14, 9, 5, 8, 9, is the
largest sea in the world.
My whole is one of the Straits connecting the
waters of the Hudson Bay with the Atlantic Ocean.

AMY LEE.

ENIGMA—NO. 5.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, is the name of a female.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is what we are in search of.
My 1, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a disease.
My 8, 7, 6, 5, 10, 11, 3, 6, 8, is a person who gives
"Young America" considerable anxiety.
My 6, 7, 1, 5, 6, 13, is a man's name.
My 6, 7, 1, 1, 5, 6, is a notorious character.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is what many seek safety in.
My 9, 10, 8, 5, is what we should always protect.
My whole is one of the "best journals of the day,"
which every family should have. M—D—Y.
Boston, Jan. 23, 1858.

ENIGMA—NO. 6.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 14, 15, is a kind of fowl.
My 9, 4, 6, is a saddle's instrument.
My 7, 5, 10, 14, is an ingredient of mortar.
My 16, 17, 2, 6, 13, is the name of a number of
singers.
My 11, 14, 3, is a nick-name.
My 12, 9, 7, 6, is one of our seasons.
My whole is the name of a distinguished indi-
vidual of Burlington, Vt. E. A. C.
Williston, Vt., Jan. 16, 1858.

A little daughter of the Rev. L. G. Hay, who was
born in India, where frank, free and cold are unknown,
upon waking one morning in this country, and seeing
the snow that had fallen over the land, exclaimed:
"Oh! who has painted the ground?"

The other day, as Chang and Eng, the Siamese
twins, were going to Charleston, the conductor of the
cars made a fuss because they did not each have a
ticket. The gentleman who charge of them, said
that they had always been carried on the ticket of a
single passenger. The conductor replied that they
were two persons, and occupied two seats; they must
therefore pay two passages. "Very well," said the
gentleman, "I will give the ticket to Chang, and you
can put Eng of the cars." This brought the con-
ductor to his senses, and he had to "knock under."

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Thomas Barry, Lessee and
Manager; J. H. Winter, Assistant Manager. Parquet,
Balcony, 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.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. Emery, Lessee
and Manager; J. P. Adams, Acting Manager. Doors open
at 6 1-2 o'clock; to commence at 7 1-2. Boxes, 25 cents
a pair; 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

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

OLDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-
site Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. F. Conway.
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children, half-price.
Doors open at 6 3-4; commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to
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FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thir-
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J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
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.
15-23 Sept. 18

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,
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Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds,
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centrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries'
Glass Ware; Bottles and Phials of every description; Syrin-
ges of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System
of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous liquors
of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a
general variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such
an establishment.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. 3m Jan. 18.

J. A. W. LUNDBORG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office, No. 69 Court street, corner Hanover; Boston. Room 41-2.
Feb. 6.

MRS. R. H. BURT,
WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM,
103 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 7 o'clock
P. M. 3m Jan. 18.

OCTAVIUS KING,
ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
634 Washington street, Boston.

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These sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should
inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to
propay their postage.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M.
Dec. 19

DENTISTRY.
W. D. A. BROWN, DENTIST, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston.
WILLIAM D. BROWN. AMY BROWN.
Nov. 21

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully
perfected her powers, will aid for the cure of diseases of a
chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains in-
stantly relieved by spirit power: Chronic Rheumatism, Neural-
gia, Chronic Spinal diseases, pains in the side, Diseases of
the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.
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Hours, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.; will visit families, if re-
quired, No. 10 West Dedham street, two doors from Wal-
lington street, Boston. 15 Feb. 6.

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cording to the system devised and taught at Mrs.
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Feb. 6

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DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia.
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Terms.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business,
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not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who wish
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money will be returned, in thirty days from its reception.
Fee to be sent in this case \$3.00.
No letters will be answered without attention unless accompanied
by the proper postage stamps.
Mr. Manfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested, not to
call on other days. 15 Dec. 23.

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DR. W. H. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL SUR-
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W. V. SPENCER, corner Washington and Water streets, Boston.
B. W. MARRIS, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.
HITCHCOCK & Co., No. 25 School street, Boston.
ROBINSON & Co., 58 State street, Boston.
E. S. MCDONALD, 78 Central street, Lowell.
S. B. NICOLAI, Burlington, Vt.
R. T. MURSON, No. 5 Great Jones