

BANNER LIGHT.



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Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
REMEMBRANCE NOT LOVE.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No! go from me; we ne'er can know again,
Or feel, the love thyself so rudely blasted—
The fires are smothered now, they might have lasted,
I still may love—acknowledgment is vain.

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

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

Then fare the will! I wear a weary woe—
But blessing rest upon thy lonely hours—
Thy footsteps lead where'er thy brightest bloom the flowers,
Remembrance, not my love, is thine—now go!

Written for the Banner of Light.

HELEN STRAFFORD; OR THE PHANTOM OF EAGLE HALL.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

It was towards the latter part of the month of June, in the year 184—, that I resolved to bid farewell to my native town and London for a season, with the view of seeking a few weeks rest and recreation amid the rural districts of "merry England."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orphan, destitute of the means to renew my studies at college, I at once set about searching for a situation, where I might obtain a kind friend.

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

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

Unacquainted, and doubtful of the reception I should meet with from my aristocratic and unforgiving father, I determined, nevertheless, to visit him, if I could look once upon her countenance, and assure her of the existence of her discarded nephew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The girlish mind is plastic and impressible; to mould the character of Helen after her own poor model, was the one great aim of Jane Seymour's life.

A month or two after the former had taken up her abode at Eagle Hall, (a somewhat barren, but nevertheless valuable estate,) Miss Seymour had made her will, bequeathing her entire property to her niece, on one condition—which was, that she should live in celibacy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These were questions which I quickly revolved in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I listened anxiously, and now broke forth the words: "Oh cruel, cruel fate, why is my heart thus torn? Why do you forsake me to eternal misery? What if I and his couch? He loved me truly and devotedly; yea, this night he told me so, and would have drawn me to his heart, but that I could turn from him, after strange and bitter words, that shocked my lips to pronounce. God alone knows how deep

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY WIFE AND I.

BY TENNYSON.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out—my wife and I—
We fell out! I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave—
Oh, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

THE RIVAL LOVERS;

OR,
THE MASKED HORSEMAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arthur had not the stature, the air, or presence of Sylvester; but it would have been admitted that, if not so showy in person, so spotless, perhaps, in manner, there was yet that about him in his frank loyalty, his earnestness, his pleasant voice, and his generous nature, which drew men to him, and brought him well loved.

Henrietta, when conversing with her brother about his friends, (and Roger Hippeley loved both equally well, without having, then, any partiality for the one over the other,) could not deny that she liked Arthur—respected him—but then Sylvester was so handsome—had such an elegance of manner—was so gallant—danced with grace—and, in fine, she showed that the superficial had more attractions for her—that a glittering exterior had a greater hold than any qualities which commanded more respect.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In effect, Sylvester King had these important papers on his person.

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

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

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

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

"Whose voice was that?"

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

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

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

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

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

The next moment beheld a short but deadly duel begun.

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

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

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

The freedom of Arthur Dale had been arranged beforehand. The sequestration of the estates of the Hippeleys, designed by Charles, in favor of the hands of the Protector, was annulled. The King's rights were long followed the union of Henrietta with

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

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

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

THE WIDOW'S ONLY CHILD.

BY G. TALLEAU.

A rosebud opened in the month of May— The night frost came—and took the bud away. Oh, cruel frost, with silver looks so white, What had my rosy cheek done that thou at night Hast dared to rob me of my tender flow'r!

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

A sigh escapes the maiden's parted lips, And slowly from her opening eyelids slips, A sparkling tear—then, smiling, she awakes, And to her mother the sad silence breaks? "Oh, Mother dear, what happy dream I've had! Forgive my being, and my temples seem Bathed in cool ether, where the fever used To burn, and flushes o'er my cheeks diffused!"

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

Without exertion, and as light as air, Locked in that angel's arms, a spirit pair, We floated through the "paradise breakers," Where love, sweet love, and beauty reigned. My guardian then showed to my ravished sight A spot of beauty, bathed in mellow light: There was no sun, no moon, nor even star, Yet gleamed those gorgeous heavens more by far Than ever I had seen, and almost hid my view. And gloomy night ne'er hides that lovely day.

An edifice of noble, graceful style, Not built of marble, nor of stony pile, But built of everliving, smiling flowers, The grandest and the loveliest of bowers, Blood on an eminence of gentle slope, Where lilies, roses, and the heliotrope, With thousand other names, that grow, grow, Spreading rich fragrance through the glistering dew.

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

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

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

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

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

BUFFALO, APRIL, 1858.

A SAD STORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nothing abashed, Sir Walter wrote again:—"Sm—Please yourself, by all means; but the be-forementioned are the only terms upon which your daughter will ever be my wife, or her child legally mine. WALTER ARDEN."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home she could not return; her own proper schooling, as well as that of her family, forbade it. So she remained in her lodgings, accompanied only by her sister, awaiting that event which in one's life, be it ever so long, or over so full of joy and happiness, is the most blissful—the birth of her first child.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUMAN CRANIA.

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

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

The Peasant's Revenge; OR, A TALE OF THE TIME OF RICHARD I. BY G. H. TUTT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"THE MOVEMENT"

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

ANOTHER TEST IN CHINESE THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES AR SHOWE, Native Canton Chinese.

Answered in my hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. B. STORER

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

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

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

GOING A-FISHING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS H. BENTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DANCE.

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

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

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

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

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY COURIER

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

THE DEAD.

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

BALDWIN PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.

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

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

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

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

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

TRANCE-SPEAKING AT AMESBURY AND SALISBURY MILLS.

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

MUSIC RECEIVED.

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

Meetings in Boston.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

as I do. I see Webster and Wesley, and you have had Washington; and now you see spirits from the spirit land surely come to speak to you.

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

In the evening the subject of Mr. Storer's address, (no special one having been chosen by the audience), included the Objections which had been raised against Spiritualism, on account of its external operations, and answers in defence of those features objected to.

External data were held to be fallacious in constituting rules for judgment. Volcanoes are not appreciated by those who live in towns under them, because they could see no beauty in what might come down and swallow them up, although they might appear very beautiful and striking to such as lived at a distance from their effects.

To be properly estimated, all systems ought to be judged as a whole; for anything to be judged correctly, must be looked at in all its conditions. Spiritualism, like all other things of importance which had ever transpired, would be judged as they had been, and supported or condemned as the conditions inciting judgment prompted.

Men would take the imperfect manifestations of Spiritualism made in their day, and after a very brief investigation of their character, found their opinions on the eruptions which appeared externally on the skin, and forget the operation of the spiritual medicine internally, which was purifying the system by the very means they prescribed.

Many medicaments had been tried on humanity, and had failed in rectifying the system. Men knew this well; and why was it that there should be such an opposing feeling prevalent in regard to a new system? Why should a man be blamed for changing his doctor, and calling in one who possessed all the skill of the old one, and much more that was new and valuable? The act was simply the giving up of all that is useless, and adopting all that was good.

Spiritualism did no more, for it took up the new and applied it, along with what was also good in the old, to the cure of the general body. Growings, and pains, and ulcers, and eruptions of the cuticle might appear, and might be unpleasant to bear or to look upon; but it would not be fair to judge of the more operations of the medicine, and draw conclusive ideas therefrom; it would be more proper and natural to await the result, and then form decided opinions.

The world has been long writhing under the effects of medicaments of one convective kind and another, which have failed to do good, and if Spiritualism also failed, after showing the worst symptoms of its operation in effecting a cure, it would have to be set aside, and a new system adopted instead, but not till then. It has not been customary to treat other means of cure in that way, and was equally right that the custom should be observed regarding Spiritualism.

Objection had been raised that discord arose out of the new philosophy, and great fear had been expressed that it would break up old institutions—overthrow the sepulchres of our fathers, and leave no monument remaining to show that we had possessed a respect for truth and virtue.

Some people had a strange attachment to these old monuments, and old institutions, with a very questionable regard for justice or consistency, and to such the new philosophy was recommended as a new and modified light which would not blind them to both, but enlighten them the more to their value.

It asked them to accept brotherly love, national peace, better enfoldment, through which men may be brought out of that inharmonious condition in which they now were. It is a system that God has sanctioned from the beginning. It is one which reforms old elements into newer and purer combinations; and if there happened to be a few pains and spasms in the process of re-formation, the accession of a higher sphere of spiritual being will be more than an equivalent to their endurance.

An interference with old systems, and certain uncomfortable outside symptoms, must be admitted, and also a tendency which Spiritualism had to bring all evils to the surface, but the result would be that all that was evil in them would be carried away, and all that was good preserved.

Spiritualism, as a reformer, was discussed at length, particularly as it operated on theological matters, and the prejudices associated therewith. It recognized man as the sacred thing, and not churches, creeds, institutions and forms of merely human government; the spirit was the sacred thing, and not the instrumentalities by which it was guided on earth and of earthly origin.

It shone in the face of superstition like the sun; and such as would realize its beauty, light and warmth, must come out of their dark caves, leaving what was dark within, and not stay inside and declare that there is no sun at all.

The matter of the discord which arose in the marriage relation was commented on, and defended on the ground of a higher cause for its existence than was generally recognized. The sentiments uttered by the medium, in regard to this particular, were such as might apply to a more perfect general condition of spiritual development than is now extant, and we did not understand them to be commended under existing circumstances. They were radical, undoubtedly—very much so; and while the reporter offers no opinion on their tenability under an improved spiritual condition, he is somewhat satisfied that the common (but in this instance honest) excuse of want of room, enables him to throw up his record at this point.

The address closed with an injunction to distrust whatever philosophy was too smooth in appearance. No questions being put, after invitation, the medium was relieved—marking as he left the stand—"No questions; no answers. None ask a physician, consequently the physician's services will be dispensed with, and we will retire."

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

CONFERENCE AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET. [Subject: INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 24, 1853.

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

But this programme is far from satisfactory to all the parties interested, and I understand an effort is still to be made to preserve the time-honored gatherings at Dodworth's Hall.

It cannot be denied that tests of spirit presence and intervention, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable doubter, if he will take the trouble to examine them, and brought down to the comprehension of the meanest capacity, are now of every-day occurrence; so that if any one chooses to remain in the dark, it must needs be his own fault. Some little things occurred at Dr. Redman's table, the other day, mostly in the presence of the writer, which carry this conviction of their truth, strongly on their face.

A number of gentlemen were about closing a sitting, when the medium's hand suddenly wrote the word William—with a superfluous h, as I have here written it. One of the gentlemen immediately stated that he had written the word William in that manner, when the hand of the medium at once selected a ball, from the large number containing names, lying on the table, and gave it to him; which, of course, proved to be the right one. But, says the skeptic, this might have been done by clairvoyance. True, but what follows could not. At about the same time, in broad daylight, another gentleman had his boot pulled off by invisible hands, and his stockings was following, when he begged it might be allowed to remain. The limb was then handled, apparently by human hands, and pulled, until the gentleman was fain to cry enough!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER FROM BUFFALO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Political Items.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paris journals are just now discussing, with considerable warmth, the occupation by Great Britain of the Island of Perim—a desolate little rock in the Red Sea. The London Times replies very contemptuously and with assumed haughtiness, and declares that England will not submit to any European interference in her Eastern policy.

Orsini's last letter to Louis Napoleon has been published. He freely admits his guilt as an assassin, and says that he was laboring at the time under a mental error, when he believed that assassination could, under any circumstances, be justifiable. It is likewise rumored that this last letter of Orsini's to the Emperor is a forgery, done by the hand of Napoleon himself!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANOTHER COMMITTEE.

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

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

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

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

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

M. L. F., LOWELL.—We decline publishing your poem; it is faulty in many particulars. G. F., BUFFALO.—For the information you so much desire, see this number of the Banner. The others are on file, and will be attended to soon. We are obliged for your favors. Hope to hear from you again.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY. SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the meeting on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Mrs. HENDERSON, the well-known trance-speaking medium has been engaged.

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

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

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

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

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

J. H. CUMBER, trance-speaking medium, is engaged to lecture in Franklin, N. H., Sunday, May 2; West Amherst, Mass., Sunday, May 6.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main Street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoon devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Special Notices.

LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM, IN NEW YORK CITY.

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

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

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

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

ORAL DISCUSSION. The Oral Discussion at Hartford, between Professor Britton and Dr. Hanson, will be published on Saturday, the 24th inst. It will contain 148 pp., 8vo.—bound in muslin, 65 cents; paper, 88 cents; postage, 6 and 10 cents. Orders will be promptly attended to. R. T. MUNBON, April 24

8 Great Jones st., N. Y.

Correspondence.

THE BIBLE AND REVIVALS.

As on a former occasion, I now avow myself a Bible Spiritualist. I receive the Scriptures as the only unerring rule of faith and practice.

Spiritualism has done much to prepare the way for the great revival that is now graciously stirring the length and breadth of our country.

The Spiritualist, who is one only in theory, who wants a capacity to appreciate its claims as a practical truth, or a heart to obey its injunctions, is not an authorized exponent of Spiritualism.

Again, it is rare among the Christian churches to find intelligent people, not past the meridian of life, that do not believe and rejoice in the belief that the spirits of our departed friends are round about us, watching over us in love.

TRUE RELIGION.

Where shall we go to find true religion, which shall satisfy the cravings of the hungry soul? If we visit the earthly sanctuary for instruction, we meet only a mortal like ourselves, who, perhaps, has had the advantage beyond us only of "going to college."

Inwardly you shudder at those fearful words. The mental question is asked, who gave you power, oh, mortal! thus to speak? Experience? No! You have never visited that "unknown bourne," the grave.

down from the Father of Light and of Truth. He shall teach thee all things. Nature's language is praise and gratitude, not sorrow and self-reproach.

Then why not man perform his allotted part, also, in a quiet, harmonious way. Surely God has endowed mankind with as much perfection as the works of nature—and if he but followed in the footsteps of his Master—Christ—he would need no higher temple in which to worship, than that of Nature.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Messrs. Editors—Being a constant reader of the Banner, and a firm believer in the fundamental principles of Spiritualism, and seeing no communication from this place, I thought a few lines from an unpretending Spiritualist, unpretending as far as literary merit is concerned, but pretending as far as worth is concerned, might be received with favor.

Do not be startled, Messrs. Editors, when you eye glances at the word Lynn, when you remember it is the city where Spiritualism was so cruelly annihilated by our opponents, not long since.

Through the kindness of a near and dear friend, who has given me permission to forward the same to you for publication, if deemed proper, I give you the subjoined. It is a letter from a mother in Nashua, N. H., to her daughter, at Lynn, Mass., giving an account of a visit to a clairvoyant trance medium, (Mrs. Blanchard.)

One word more—the man spoken of is a daguerotypist, and operates in a traveling saloon, which is five miles from Lynn. The lady who was sitting by the window has been very sick—so has the boy spoken of. You will perceive that the medium's mind passed over a space of a hundred miles or more, and knew nothing of Lynn or the family.

"My dear daughter—This is an awful cold morning; the weather has been very cold for a few days past, with but little snow. It is but a short time, however, before it will be warm weather; time rapidly flies. Well, how are you all this morning? Is L— improving in health? and are you well? I feel very anxious about you both; I am afraid you will get sick, if you are not careful.

She started for Lynn, (t. e., in spirit.) looked about some, and then went out to L—'s saloon. She could not tell what place it was, but she found L— in a place that looked like a car; she said it was long, and looked old; she found him there looking through a kind of machine at a woman; she did not know what his business was, but she used chemicals that were very poisonous to his blood, and were injuring his health.

At last she came to your house, and went in and found you and L— in a room upstairs. I do not know as this is correct; have you a room upstairs? She said she found you in a chamber, and told me what was in the room.

She also says, he is sick; has been very sick, but is getting better; is now sitting in a large rocking-chair; and there is a little woman combing his hair; I think it must be his wife—she looks very pale and tired. That man is very pale and feeble, and it will be some time before he will get well; he never will have good health as long as he follows that business; his system is full of the poison he is inhaling; all the time his stomach and lungs look very red and sore. Tell him to leave it at once, if he wants to have his health.

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

she tells him she wants a quart extra; so he leaves it for her baking. She says they are not all here to-day—the rest are away from home, &c.

Well, M. E., I went home quite satisfied, and glad it was no worse with you all. Write, and tell me if she was correct.

Every word of this is correct, with the single exception mentioned above; and it comes from those who do not believe in Spiritualism, or did not the last time I saw them.

LYNN, MASS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WORSHIP.

The principles of worship, like all things else in Nature, are embedded deep within the human constitution. They are not foreign from the human mind, or existing in broken or unnecessary connection therewith, liable to be lost, or as frivolous auxiliaries with which it can dispense and maintain the nobleness and dignity of a human being; but they are inherent, intuitional, indispensable attributes of universal life, permeating in accordance with our ability to receive and enjoy their inestimable blessings, the living sanctuary of every human soul.

There is nothing isolated in Nature; no principle subservient to the inborn loveliness of our being but that it is most indissolubly and inseparably connected therewith. As the little child, yielding to its innate impulses to make itself understood, puts forth its feeble efforts and lapses its first accents upon the ear—so man, by following the intuitional necessities of his being, but gives utterance to those virtues that enter largely into his constitution.

To worship, is not a strenuous duty laid upon the enlightened mind of man. Not as a subordinate injunction with which it realizes no real, no natural affinities; but as a divine pleasure, by whose paths we ascend the sublime mountain of truth, and from the most enviable positions enjoy our enlarged and more generalizing view of life.

MOMMA, ALA., April 16, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I am gratified with the degree of charity shown in the columns of the Banner, towards its opponents, and the more this is exhibited by Spiritualists, the more they will make converts to their beautiful philosophy, which inculcates "that most excellent gift of charity," in a superior way, than does orthodox. Let us ever remember that light progresses as gradual as the natural light at morning dawn, and human education becomes, as we all know by experience, serious obstacles to man's true progress in many spiritual truths.

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

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such Communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

[Emma A. Knight, Medium.]

Thoughts of the Past.

To Mrs. HENRY B. LINCOLN.—Today I've been musing, reviewing my life, living over again the past. I've coaxed many pleasant scenes from their hiding-places in memory's vast hall—I've revelled again in the green fields and warm sunshine—raced with the scholars at school—learned my lessons over again—helped my dear mother about the household affairs that never know rest.

Again, when I had left school, and was filled with all the romance that love throws around me, how rosy-hued everything looked! I gave my heart to a youth, whom I supposed every way worthy of such a gift; but alas, how soon were my hopes dashed to the earth! How soon was I made to see that the happiness of the world was hollow and of short duration. For a time I was completely crushed; but strong determination and a good constitution were victorious—I was happy again; but this time it was more subdued and softened, more matured; I had learned to look for strength and happiness of a higher power—one that would never fail, or desert me. I was very fond of study, and devoted most of my time to my books; I heeded not the voice of Nature, telling me to go more into the open air. I did wrong, but unconsciously. I became ill; then too late I saw what I had done; the greatest of blessings, that of health, was gone. How slowly time passed as I lay on the bed of sickness! I had plenty of time for thought, and reflect I did on the past, on my studies, on myself and the future; but even then I found much pleasure. Kind friends who had been strangers crowded upon me every attention, striving all in their power to soften the bed of pain, and soothe it they did. Never can the remembrance of those kind ones be banished from my mind, and God grant that I may be grateful enough. My heart throbs when I think of this; not with pain, but with excess of happiness. Truly God sends us blessings when we see them not. Everything has its use and good; but I linger. Time passed on, and once again I was well, and this time health was fully appreciated; and the full destroyer, consumption, came, and I fell beneath his hand, and passed into an almost unknown, but beautiful existence.

How delightful it is to live, and to know this life can know no end—to have blessings constantly showered upon us—we cannot be grateful enough. May God send us His aid in doing our duty, both in the earth and spirit-life, is the earnest wish of Your friend, LAURA E. TRASK.

[Mrs. Fales, Medium, of Chelsea.]

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

Oh, scatter the germs of the beautiful throughout the pathway of life—let them be dropped by the wayside, that roses may spring up to brighten every heart and make glad every soul. And over the rough and the rude of earth with a veil of love and flowers, and the lustre of heaven's own loveliness shall garnish the holy shrine of home. Then will husband and wife, friend and neighbor, dwell together in harmony, and there shall be no trace of deformity in the temple of the heart.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful, the holy and the good, in fertile soil, and they will spring up, bud, and blossom, and bear fruit unto everlasting life. The fair flowers of Charity, Love and Truth, will bloom in earthly soil, though they were transplanted from the garden of God, in the bright land of spirits.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful—let them spring up near the hearthstone of every dwelling, and all that is good and lovely will be made; happy and strengthened, till the wilderness of earth will blossom like a rose. Then the weary wanderer, the pilgrim of life, will find the beautiful flowers of Truth and Friendship scattered along his way; and as he inhales their fragrance, his heart will be made lighter, and the

care of earth will be like a dream; and, rejoicing, he will pass over the boundary-line of life into eternity, where the bright germs of the beautiful are scattered by angel hands, and watered from the streams of everlasting life, till they bloom in perpetual vigor.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful upon the heart where ambition and selfishness have reigned till everything of heavenly origin has been swept away, and the delusive pleasure of life come in to dwell in their place, and turned purer thoughts and feelings into heat and anger toward all things virtuous and good.

Earthly passion will lay the heart bare to the gaze of the world, which looks but to condemn, never heeding the sufferings of its victims, till they have turned into the downward path which leadeth to death. Remember, words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and a good action, rightly done, wins a brighter gem than ere graced a monarch's crown. A FRIEND TO ALL.

James Morton to W. L. Morton, Liverpool-pool.

You do not know me. I lived in Liverpool, England. I wish you to publish this in the Banner of Light, and give my age as twenty-seven years and four months; that was my age when I died. I do this to convince my friends there that Spiritualism is no humbug. Send the paper to W. L. Morton, Liverpool, England. They will expect it. JAMES MORTON.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

BY H. CLAY FREW.

Father in Heaven! we bow to Thee, Poor humble insects of the sod, And own Thee as the source of all— The only true and living God! The countless worlds that roll through space In spheric hymns proclaim That Thou art King and Lord of All— 'O! hallowed be Thy name! Imprisoned in this dark estate, An exile from his home, We blindly grope through doubt and sin— Oh! let Thy Kingdom come! Against Thy just and holy laws Our foolish souls have striven; Oh Father! let Thy will be done On Earth as 'tis in Heaven. With earthly wants, and low desires, Our angel-natures starved and dead, We call on Thee as helpless babes— Give us this day our daily bread. With contrite hearts, and pleading sighs, We fall before Thy throne; As we forgive a brother's sin, Oh, God! forgive our own! Let not the wily Tempter's art Seduce our erring souls from Thee; But save us from all evil, Lord! In time, and in Eternity. Almighty God! to Thee is due The glory of the earth and Heaven; All praise, all faith, and holiest love, To Thee, oh, Lord! alone is given.—Post. WASHINGTON D. C., 1858.

The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, has induced us to admit a few persons to our sessions, for several months past.

Those who attend, will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could be possibly, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitors or medium. Such would not be of value to the skeptic.

Persons who desire to avail themselves of this privilege will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., each day. This is absolutely necessary, as we can only admit a limited number, and must know in advance the number to be present. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admission must be made at this office.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CORANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down 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. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than FINITE beings, liable to or like ourselves. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced. The Spirit governing those manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Aunt Ruth.

I don't see as you know me—I'm Ruth, I was sent here. I knew they would call me. They told you I was crazy. Well, I was not. In the first place they told you I never was there—that was false—then they told you I was crazy—that was not exactly true. I had spells, though, when I was not exactly right. Who told you I jumped out of the window? Well, I did n't, but fell out. Well, they have sent me here to tell you a mess of stuff about me. They say they don't believe; yet they wonder where you came in possession of that.

They want to know how long I had been there. Tell them longer than I wish I had. I used to tell them the same, when I was on earth. They want me to tell what I last done. I happen to remember, but it was only a hit that I did. The last sewing I did, was to make an apron. I knew enough to know whether I was treated well or not. Oh, it's a good place, but they would lie, and I ain't afraid to tell them so. Oh, if people would only put persons in for over-seers of such places, that have a heart! But they who have plenty of money do n't trouble themselves about us, poor creatures as we are.

I told you I died in the poor house in Worcester, and I did. They know all about me, only they won't tell you. I never should been there, if it had n't been for trouble—I gave away all I had. I told you they put an old woman in my bed. She is not there now—she has got better, and is around the house. I wonder how she ever did get better. If you should ever go there and take a medium, I will show you the very room I died in. When I came here they told me I must be careful what I said, and not injure anybody. That's a pretty way to ask me to come—? Wonder if the old woman won't come back and tell us this? They got talking about your paper—two men I know well. One says, "What do you think of it?" Another said there was "something strange about that," but they thought you heard about me from somebody, and wrote it out yourself. Well, they began to laugh, and they said, "Wonder if the old woman is not here, and won't come back and tell us about it?"

Nobody here says, Old woman, you have ent enough; old woman, you had n't ought to go out, but I do, what is right. Now I'll go, and I am going back to them; and if they send the old woman back, I'll come again. MARCH 17, 1858.

The following came April 12th, and we append it to the above, although out of order in time:

Somebody do n't know who I am, they do n't understand me, so I'm come to tell them. Somebody wants to know if I ain't their friend or relative. I wish I was, but I ain't. If they had read all I have given you, they would have thought I was. Tell them to look at the first you published. I know the party they speak of; she is here, but it is not me. Tell the friend who asked me if I was his friend, that I ain't. I promised to come and see about it and square it up. They say there is two of us, and they think it is their friend, but it is not. She promises to come as soon as she can.

Rev. Dr. Benj. Langworthy.

It hath been appointed unto man once to die, and after death, the judgment. And who shall be the judge? Who shall condemn one child to everlasting torment, and call another to joys eternal? Our Father hath been said to be more kind than an earthly parent. How then shall He doom a part of His family to death while He looked upon a part with love, with pity? Years ago I believed in a God I cannot now rely upon; years ago I built unto myself a tabernacle which served only my material form. I vainly sought to carry it with me, but He who will in no wise do wrong, would receive only my spirit, and the theology I had gained in earth life was like a bubble on a mighty sea; like a mote in an eternity of space—like a nothing hanging upon nothing.

Twenty years ago, and I lived and moved as the inhabitants of the earth now live and move. Twenty years ago, and I sought to give light unto those who were in darkness. But the light I gave has long since become dim, has long since ceased to be a virtue, and I am now without my material form, building again an habitation for myself. And may God grant that habitation shall be ever enduring and one that fadeeth not away with time. I approach you today with but little power; all I had in my earth-life seems to have left me, and I am obliged to gather particles from out the universe that I may approach you today, that my soul may be benefited, and that here I may lay the first stone that shall hereafter reach unto heaven. All these long years I have stood like one alone. I have vainly sought to reconcile that I learned in my earthly life with that I see before me in spirit life; but they will in no way harmonize—therefore I am obliged to call the past a shadow, while the present and future are still realities. I have become acquainted with a God I never knew in my earth life. If I worshipped Him in my earth life, I worshipped Him afar off like one in the heavens that I could not know. But now, go where I may, and God is there—there to bless, there to be my Saviour. I worship Him in everything that hath life.

The present generation are living beneath a star of mighty magnitude. When shall that star set? In your day? No, not in all eternity. This great spiritual star will continue to shine until it hath covered the whole earth, and all nations shall know of it, and every embodied one shall return to the home he once enjoyed, and manifest through mortal organisms. Yea, every one is destined to come; they can no more avoid it, than you, oh, children of earth, can avoid that you call death. The millions that have passed on before you were among the children of men, must return and take upon themselves these mortal bodies, and speak to the inhabitants of earth. I have a little few who know me well, still dwelling in earthly life. I can say but little to them, because they are not prepared to receive me. I love to visit them, I love to see them happy; but, oh, I would much rather see them living in light—I now see them sitting in darkness; but as my time is not God's time, I must wait until they are fitted to receive what I may be fitted to give. Until that time I will earnestly seek for the salvation of the human family. I will earnestly beseech the Supreme One that blessings may be continued to be showered upon mankind; and oh, I will beseech the children of earth to give thanks for all the blessings which their Maker has showered upon them. Were conditions such as I desire, I should tarry longer with you; but as they are not, I must return. When on earth I was called Rev. Dr. Benj. Langworthy. I preached seventy years ago at Christ's Chapel, in London. MARCH 18.

William King.

What's the use of hurrying? I was hurried out of the world, and I do n't mean to be hurried when I get back again. I owe a debt to all mankind, and I am very anxious to repay it. It is everlasting hatred. You do n't seem to know me. I feel just like doing something desperate. Perhaps when you know me, you will be glad to get rid of me. What do you think of public murders, any way? Well, I was publicly murdered, for nothing, too. What do you think of that? Who wants to leave an everlasting stain upon his name? I feel in a very unhappy state, to-day. I thought I should feel happy here, but I feel as mad as I ever did on earth. This killing the body, and letting the soul go at large, is not the thing. If they could kill the soul, they would do some good. I want you to understand that I can do as much harm as I ever could. I belonged in this country. I was tried and strung up—but was as innocent of the crime I was charged with, as you are. How many public murders have there been in the States for the last five years? Well, every one adds a stain upon the country. Church members do it though,—hurts them a little, but they soon get over it—go to meeting, and pray a little, and get over it. My executioner is dead now, God save his soul! If I was God, I should n't save him, but as I am not God, I suppose he will get saved. Don't you think the high-sheriff's is a hard birth? He murders for money, just as well as the highwayman. His salary is the thing. Show me the man who would stand in his position, unless he had a good salary. That shows they do n't care what they do, as long as they are paid for it. Did you ever know a high-sheriff by the name of Towle? He's the man who had the honor of sending me out of the world, God bless him. He was high-sheriff of Rockingham Co., N. H., I believe. He's dead, now, getting his pay for it. I hope he will be amply rewarded. If I should happen to meet him, I should reward him, but he is too low even for poor me to see him.

I should like to have every high-sheriff in the land see themselves as I see them. I think they would sink away like whipped spaniels, every one of them. Oh, they think they feel so very bad about these things; very few of them would resign on account of a public murder, unless their salary was to be cut down; but as their paymasters do not do such things, they are pretty apt to stand firm. I've got nobody I care for on earth. I came here to free my mind in regard to these official dignities.

I was sent out of the world some thirty years before it was my time to go, naturally. They no doubt believed me guilty of that I was charged with, but even if I had been, they had no right to hang me. Now you see I am in hell, just because I was sent out of the world before my time. I keep a smart look-out on all those who injure me, and I am equally kind to those who were so to me. I told you I had as much power to do harm as I had on earth, but the once I want to injure have left earth, and they have gone so much lower than I am, I do n't care to trouble myself to go low enough to meet them. It troubles me, because I can't be an eye-witness to their troubles; for they have them. You can't sit without being paid for it, and pretty well paid for it, too. I was like the dog I read about in the primer, I got into bad company, and, consequently, had to pay for it. I am not going to stay here any longer. My name was William King. It is most thirty years since I left a mortal existence. I have got some few years more to look over before I go any farther from earth. If you ever want to see a more unhappy individual than I am, you are a fool, that's all—so good day. MARCH 18.

Decidedly an unhappy spirit. His ideas in regard to capital punishment are nevertheless sound. There is much to ponder over in this message, whether from the character of the spirit we can rely upon the statement or not. MARCH 17, 1858.

Harvey Burdell.

Perhaps I do right, perhaps I do wrong, in coming here to-day. This is the fourth time I have been requested to come here and state what I had stated elsewhere.

Why, here is the same spirit who passed out of the body, standing here, close by me and she wants me to ask the people not to leave her—not to go away.

This spirit told them the first thing she did would be to stop the clock. A girl who is sick with consumption has just run in to see the clock, for somebody has told her it has stopped.

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

William Gray.

How do you do? I don't know any of you. I do not know one of you. What do you suppose I am here for? Oh, my God! I did not know as I should ever get a chance to get back.

Out of death cometh life. How strange, and yet how true! These bodies which belong to dust and bear the marks of death constantly upon them, contain also the germ of eternal life.

Adison Phillips.

We do not wonder, because we know that false creeds have so stamped themselves upon your souls, that you cannot rid yourself of that fear while here you dwell.

Harriet Linscott.—A Death Scene.

After the medium was entranced, it was written: "Your medium is in Sandusky, Cal., witnessing a death scene. Question her—she will give you a correct description."

I see a small wood-colored one-story house. In the front room you come to, the right hand side, there is a young girl, sick. She is going to die, I suppose.

Charlotte, to Daniel Howard.

Can I find a welcome here? I have left the joys of my home to-day that I might minister to those I love on earth.

Reuben Willey.

This is something new to me. If you will believe me I've been dead the first ten years, and if you will believe me this is the first time I have come back.

William Livingston.

I was just now thinking, before I came here, what an ungodly world you live in, and what a graceless set of men go to make up the world's people.

Rebecca Rice.

I do not know as you let everybody come, do you? Well, I have not been dead three weeks yet.

J. G. Wyatt.

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

mortal form, she remembers it hot, for the organ of memory was not actuated. It would not be well for the clairvoyant to retain this thing in the memory.

You are all born to die or to be born again, and if it is necessary for you to become acquainted with your material form, it is not also necessary for you to inform yourself in regard to your spiritual existence.

Closing of the Circle.—David Hooton.

Spirit of Wisdom and of Power, we thank Thee that not one of Thy children is denied the blessed privilege of communing with earth.

John Gillespie.

One of my acquaintances requested me to come here to-day. I made an arrangement with your controlling spirit this morning, and he gave me permission to come this afternoon.

Elias Smith.

It is an undeniable fact that man is more willing to receive the mysterious, than he is to receive plain teaching that appeals to his own reason and will be approved by it.

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I had children, and I was loath to leave them. You say I may see them soon, but soon may be a long way off. I don't know how to take anybody here. Now I have heard a great deal about this Spiritualism, but I never tried to have a hand in it, but I got just so far, but couldn't get a step farther.

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

Adams.

A musician, who lived in Pompeii at the time of its destruction, has been in the habit of communicating to a circle in New York, under the name of Adams.

You are therefore requested to publish what you have received.

Rebecca Rice.

I do not know as you let everybody come, do you? Well, I have not been dead three weeks yet. My name was Rebecca Rice. I was going on 90 years of age. I lived in Roxbury, and died there.

J. G. Wyatt.

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

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MESSAGES RECEIVED.

Which will be published in the order in which they are placed below. Our readers will see by the number we publish each week, that we are some four weeks behind reception in publication.

James Finlayser, Henry Clay, Chauncey Booth, John E. Thayer, Henry Wright, William Homan, Robert to Mass. Pratt, John Pemberton, William Parsons, Mrs. Macomber, Robert Graham, Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred Barker, Mary Penke, James Tubbetts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder Bisbee, John Hubbard, Samuel Parsons, F. A. Jones, James Billings, John Serrat, Rachel, Elizabeth French, Ann Carl, Capt. James Bell, Nancy Burke, Daniel Goss, John White, Deacon David White, Charles Dix, Danforth Newcomb, Charles H. Davis, Wm. DeClaro, Laura Simonds, William Gorjian, John Sheldon, John Torr, Wm. Bent, Merton, Mary to Mary Wilson, John H. Barker, Wm. H. Huskins, Father Durand, John Williams, Peter Goode, Levi Woodbury, James E. Thorne, Elias Smith, James Pogue, James Bates, Wm. Sands, Joshua Davis, Johnny Cilley, John L. Brewer, of Liverpool, Geo. Mann, Albert Bothe, Augusta Sprague, Mary Beale, Chas. Hutchins, Rev. William Miller, Hannah Kimball, Dr. Emmons, Robt. Kidd, Edmund Perry, John Clark, Dr. J. W. Chapman, Rhoda Stevens, John Atkinson, John Atkinson, Rosalind Kidder, Henry Foss, Woodhouse Wheeler, Wm. Anderson, Mary Brown, James Gline, Stephen Wallace, Caroline Lee Hentz, Henry Woods, Robert Williams, Wannondaga, Hon. Sam'l Woodbridge.

"RAPS."—Go into a foundry where engines are manufactured. The riveting is done by a succession of little "raps" with the workman's hammer.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long...

God help the poor—God pity them; They have no better friend...

The same law of nature that drives the little eddy of dust and straw along the highway...

The world has a spirit of beauty, Which looks upon all for the best...

Nothing can be above him that is above fortune...

Vast chain of being! which from God began, Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man...

What is the World? A dream within a dream—

Eye Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

See SIXTH AND SEVENTH PAGES OF THE BANNER FOR INTERESTING SPIRIT MESSAGES...

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street...

"THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER."—This little work—from the press of U. Clark, Esq...

"I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our fillibuster...

A Spiritualists' Hall has been dedicated in Newark, N. J., with appropriate ceremonies...

"THE SWEDENBORGIAN."—The May No. of this new magazine—devoted to the principles, philosophy, and doctrines of the New Church...

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

Mr. Wales placed the muzzle of a pistol under his left ear, and shot himself dead at Weymouth on Thursday...

The proceeds of the Washington oration in Charleston were \$1004; of the Charity oration \$737.

When the seven wise men of Greece met the sage of Hindostan, what did they do? They ate sausages...

The U. S. Circuit Court commenced its session at New Haven on Tuesday.

Mr. Young, late U. S. consul to Caracas, has arrived direct from St. Domingo, with dispatches.

"WOMAN AND HER WORK."—A large audience collected at the Tremont Temple, on Friday evening...

lemen. The lecture was a clear and manly argument for the elevation of woman...

BOSTON THEATRE.—Miss Robinson closed a successful engagement on Friday evening...

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

It is currently reported, that the New York Evening Post, that the money Kings of Europe, the Rothschilds, have been for the last two or three months realizing cautiously...

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

Late Foreign News.

GREAT BRITAIN.—More English fillibustering is reported among the Spice Islands...

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

The weekly meeting of the Directors of the Bank of England broke up without reducing the rate of discount.

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

The American bark Victor, Holmesend, from Calcutta to Dunkirk, was abandoned in a sinking condition...

The annual meeting of the Great Western Railroad of Canada, was held at London.

FRANCE.—A commission has been appointed to examine and report on the best system for placing the French commercial ports in a state of defence...

A levy of French seamen, from 21 to 40 years of age, is going on in a most complete and strict manner.

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

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

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

The French government has abandoned its claim on Sardinia for the extradition of Mr. Hodge...

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

TURKEY.—Two Turkish men-of-war, with 3000 troops on board, had passed Corfu, en route for Albania...

INDIA.—A transient steamer with Bombay dates to March 18th, and Calcutta to March 8th, reached Suez on the 29th ult.

TURKEY.—Two Turkish men-of-war, with 3000 troops on board, had passed Corfu, en route for Albania...

was moving on Jhansi. The rebellious districts of Shahjard had been annexed to British territory...

There was a panic at Calcutta on the 3d of March. The president, in council, called out the volunteers...

The Arabs in the vicinity of Aden had stopped the roads; and intercepted supplies on the way to the fort.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are of Feb 27. "Braves" were mustering in large numbers around Canton...

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

ENIGMA—NO. 10.

I am composed of 25 letters. My 2, 2, 16 is a mat. My 16, 2, 18, 6 is a body of water.

ENIGMA—NO. 17.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 4, 9, 5, 6 is a part of a ship. My 9, 8, 7 is a color.

ENIGMA—NO. 18.

I am composed of 77 letters. My 19, 5, 26, 6, 3, 56 is indispensable to happiness. My 51, 63, 12, 28, 64, 18, 16 commands respect.

ENIGMA—NO. 19.

I am a word of 14 letters. My 6, 11, 3, 9, 5, 14, 4 signifies a change. My 10, 7, 6, 11 is an ancient coin.

ENIGMA—NO. 20.

I am a word of 14 letters. My 6, 11, 3, 9, 5, 14, 4 signifies a change. My 10, 7, 6, 11 is an ancient coin.

ACROSTICAL ANSWER TO OSHABE,

(Published in Vol. III, No. 3.) Brightly from their spirit home Angel washers hither come!

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

No. 8: "Truth against the world." Solved by E. G. Kent; John A. Goodwin, of Ashland; Coram, of New York; A. A. Simons, of Philadelphia; F. V. A. Bowker, of Lawrence; "A Reader," of Carbondale.

Solved by Winslow M. Lindsay, of Laconia, N. H.; "Coram;" J. A. Pulifer, of Lowell.

No. 14: "Nine million seven thousand eight hundred and sixty one." Solved by J. A. Pulifer.

No. 15: "The Constitution of the United States." Solved by J. A. Pulifer and Coram.

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.

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 18 Montgomery Place, up one flight, from No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 5 to 7. Terms 50 cents a session.

Mrs. M. E. EMBERT, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 20 Pleasant Street, Charlestown. Terms for each sitting, 50 cents.

Mrs. L. R. NICHOLSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish.

Mrs. ROSA T. WARD, 32 Allen Street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may wish.

Mrs. BEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 51 Kneeland Street, Boston from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M.

Mrs. SARAH A. MASON, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, Trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired.

Mrs. M. H. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium, 23 North Street, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Bridgewater, Vt.

Mrs. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

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

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

H. A. FOSTER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

G. H. FOSTER, Rapping, Writing and Healing Test Medium, No. 4 Turner Street, Salem, Mass.

GEORGE M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Williamsville, Kentucky, Conn.

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

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

L. K. COOZEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office, at any other time the friends may wish.

Mrs. B. NIGHTINGALE, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week.

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

Amusements. BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WILSON, Assistant Manager.

HOWARD ATHLETIC.—Sole Lessee and Manager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE.

B. G. & G. C. WILSON, WHOLESAL BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, 108 & 30 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass.

Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Bark, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand.

ROSS & TOUSEY, PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS AND GENERAL JOBBERS OF BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, &c.

OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, 654 Washington Street, Boston.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY, NO. 92 SUDBURY STREET, (UP STAIRS), BOSTON.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED, HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. G. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

DRS. BROWN, DENTAL SURGEONS, No. 24 1/2 WINTER STREET, BULLOCK'S BUILDING, BOSTON.

THE "AGE OF REASON, AND SPIRIT ANNUAL," A Monthly Publication, forming a Complete Record of the Practical Facts exemplifying, and the Literature illustrating, the Truth of Spiritualism.

WE have several objects to fulfill in the "Age of Reason," all of them designed to advance the philosophy of Spiritualism, and promote the influence to which it is justly entitled.

PRICE, invariably in advance, 50 cents per annum. It will be issued on the 15th of each month, commencing on the 15th of March.

OTON'S REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, FOR convenience of transportation, and sending by mail and shipping to warm climates, this Remedy is put up dry.

As a remedial agent, and in all cases of fever and ague, this remedy may be resorted to with every prospect of beneficial results.

HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.—DR. V. T. OSBORNE, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success by the laying on of hands, in connection with his successful remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis and Heart Complaint.

A. C. STILES, Bridgetown, Conn., Independent Clairvoyant and Healer, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of a person before him, or no fee will be claimed.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—Professor HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 15 Cabot Place, leading from Pleasant Street, a few blocks from Washington Street.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing one dollar, Professor Huse will answer questions of a business nature.

A. C. STILES, Bridgetown, Conn., Independent Clairvoyant and Healer, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of a person before him, or no fee will be claimed.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully tested her powers, will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands.

V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SPIRITUAL QUESTIONS, may be addressed at No. 2 Winter Street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Goods Store).

SCOTT'S COLLEGE OF HEALTH, DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6 Madison Street, New York City, for the express accommodation of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursing and the comforts of a home.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found very effective in his practice during the last few years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he continues to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his attention.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and D. Beach Street. Terms—\$1.25 per day, or by the week, rates to accord with the times. DR. E. W. GARDNER, Proprietor.

MRS. L. ROBERT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PSYCHIC MEDIUM, No. 55 South Street, will sit for Communications between 10 and 12 o'clock, on Wednesdays and 10 P. M., or if desired, will visit families. Terms for one sitting, 50 cents.

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, Examines and Prescribes for an Indian Spirit of the Olden Time. No. 15 Montgomery Place, Boston. Feb. 27.

MRS. V. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MEDIUM, 23 North Street, Lowell, Mass. May 14.