

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

A SPLENDID NOVELLETTE,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

DESERVED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming, flimsiest chance,
Gives our life its after tinge."

One evening Beatrice sat alone in the school-room. It was nearly a fortnight after her interview with Adelbert. Mrs. Montgomery and Agnes had gone to the theatre, and the children were out to a juvenile party; thus she was left to her own meditations, and it so happened that they were not particularly cheering just then. An hour slipped away, and then the door suddenly opened, and to her intense surprise, as well as some little annoyance, Leslie entered.

"My dear Miss Nulla, you must excuse me for intruding," he said, walking across the room and taking a chair in the most nonchalant air imaginable; "but really, I thought that it was too bad that we should be confined to separate apartments, when we might pass the evening so much more agreeably in each others' society."

Her cheek flushed; there was something in his tone that stirred her blood.

"There might be a diversity of opinion with regard to that," she coolly replied.

He stroked his moustache complacently, and eyed her askance.

"Ah! fair lady, if I was not so well acquainted with the peculiar perversity of your sex, I might be troubled by such an ungracious answer as that."

Her lip curled involuntarily; but to that observation she deigned no response.

"How is it? don't you find it extremely dull here?" he went on, apparently determined to draw her into a conversation whether she desired or not.

"I generally prefer solitude, unless I can choose my own company," she briefly rejoined, opening her desk and taking out Ada's and Fanny's compositions.

He watched her with an amused look, and then remarked:

"I know that there is no necessity for your doing that this evening, therefore I shall not withdraw myself from your enchanting presence."

"You can remain here if you wish; but as you did not ask my permission to enter, I will not ask yours to retire," and she arose with dignity and moved toward the door.

"By heavens! but you shall!" he retorted passionately, his face flushing, and his whole manner changing, as he dashed hastily forward and intercepted her egress.

"I hope that Mr. Montgomery will not forget that he claims to be a gentleman," she said in a voice of the most perfect composure, although her cheeks slightly crimsoned.

"It will be your own fault, you obdurate creature, if I do," he rejoined, almost fiercely.

She smiled sarcastically, and turning away, seated herself at a table at a little distance from him. Five, ten minutes passed, and they still maintained the same positions, and the silence was profound. At last Leslie came forward, exclaiming vehemently:

"Beatrice! Miss Nulla! why are you so cruel as to persist in thus coldly avoiding me?"

She arched her eyebrows, and her lip curled with something very like contempt, as she said:

"Mr. Montgomery, why will you persevere in attentions that you know are distasteful to me?"

"Because I love—nay, more, adore you, you hard-hearted, peerless one."

A strange expression flitted over her countenance as she listened to his impassioned words; then she raised her eyes and regarded him earnestly. He grew uneasy beneath that look. It was a gaze that seemed to have the power to read his very soul. Presently she spoke; and her voice had a hard, metallic ring, as she slowly said:

"I must confess that this affection that you so ardently profess is, to me, entirely incomprehensible. Why do you always seek my presence in the stealthy manner that you have to-night? Why is it that you only honor me with a call when your mother and sisters are away?"

"Because, my precious darling, they are such slaves to society, that the very deuce would be to pay if they suspected that I had the least bit of a liking for you."

Again those great luminous eyes of hers searched his face.

"I am their equal in pride, at least," she exclaimed, after a pause, "and even if I loved you, which, understand me, I do not, I would never become your wife under circumstances like these."

"Oh! for that matter, I did not expect to marry you," he carelessly rejoined; and now the devil, that had lurked unseen all the time, came forth and seated himself upon the curling upper lip.

Beatrice saw it, and pale as death, with bated breath, she turned to leave the room; but again the young man stopped her, saying, in a tone that she felt was almost too familiar:

"Indeed, my beautiful queen, I cannot endure the thought that you should withdraw yourself in this unceremonious manner. I will allow you to depart, however, if you will accompany me into the parlor and sing that pretty song that I heard you warbling so sweetly to Effie, yesterday. I declare, I did not realize until then that I did love you so much."

"Hush!" she exclaimed, in a voice of command.

"Never again take that holy word upon your scoffing lips. Stand aside now, and let me pass, or

else I shall be under the painful necessity of ringing yonder bell, and summoning a servant to my assistance. Consideration for the feelings of your fond parents, who rejoice in the possession of such an honorable gentleman for a son, only deterred me from pursuing this course before."

Her tone of bitter, cutting irony, caused the hot blood to leap in great waves over his face. Swallowing his discomfiture, however, in the best way that he could, he said, with a bland smile:

"Really, Miss Nulla, you will oblige me to think that you are not only the loveliest, but the most cruel of your sex. I should be sorry to arrive at such a conclusion about so fair a creature."

"Mr. Montgomery should bestow his compliments where they can be appreciated," she icily replied.

He gnashed his teeth silently, and then with a quick movement imprisoned her delicate hand in his, and bent an eager, searching look upon her face. She distained to struggle with him, or even to cry out, although his iron grasp seemed to be crushing her poor fingers; but standing there with her head thrown haughtily back, her cheeks glowing, her lip curling, and her eyes showering fire, she was radiantly beautiful.

Perhaps in that moment a purer, holier feeling was born in Leslie Montgomery's heart, for after a pause, he exclaimed, in a voice so changed that his companion started:

"Oh, Miss Nulla! I would give all I am worth, if I could only win your affection."

"It is not for sale," she coolly retorted; "and now, unless you are extremely desirous of giving me another specimen of your conduct as a gentleman, I should like to be released."

An expression of pain passed over his countenance, but he dropped her hands without a word. She walked to the door, stood still an instant, and then turned to gaze upon him. His face flushed with something very much akin to hope. Did he expect that she was about to relent?

"Mr. Montgomery," she said, slowly, "it remains for you to determine whether I shall fulfill the engagement that I made with your mother or not. For me to continue longer under this roof subject to the persecutions of the past few weeks, is utterly impossible. With regard to the insult that you have seen fit to hurl upon me this night, I can only say that it has filled me with unspokeable astonishment. Until you thus revealed yourself by avowing your dishonorable intentions, I had believed you incapable of using such language to a lady, and had at least given you the credit of a pure and disinterested attachment. I perceive that I could not have been more mistaken."

Her tone, so sorrowfully indignant, cut through the young man's hard, cold exterior, and touched some tender chord in his breast, for he exclaimed with considerable emotion:

"I was a wretch, Miss Nulla, to address you in the manner that I did, or even to have such thoughts in connection with you. Ah, me! I fear that you will never forgive me."

"I must admit that it will depend in a great measure upon your conduct in the future," she rejoined rather coldly as she passed out, and closed the door after her.

From that evening, to her intense relief, Leslie no longer annoyed her with his attentions. He was invariably polite and respectful if circumstances happened to bring them together, but nothing more; so that even the watchful Agnes, who had been a most indefatigable spy upon their movements, came to the conclusion that, for once, she had been mistaken, and that her brother, after all, was not so much in love with the governess as she had imagined. It is doubtful whether this thought afforded her any pleasure, for she still longed to have Beatrice expelled from the house, and had relied upon Leslie's admiration of her to effect the desired end.

One morning about the first of December, Mrs. Montgomery entered the parlor where her son and eldest daughter were seated, exclaiming with unusual animation:

"My dears, guess, if you can, who is coming to spend the Christmas Holidays with us."

"Oh, botheration!" ejaculated Agnes. "Why can't you tell a body right out? Is it Mr. Ware?"

"All so your thoughts are wool-gathering in that direction!" said her brother, laughing. "It's of no use, though, for he did not care any more for you than he did for Ada, nor half so much. It was amusing to see you pet Fanny in those days. Have you spoken to her since?"

His sister darted upon him an angry glance, but deigned him no response.

"Dear me! Leslie!" exclaimed the mother impatiently, "I do wish that you would attend to me, and not let your mind go wandering off after Mr. Ware. I can't see, for the life of me, though, what took him away in such a hurry, for there certainly was a time when he was extremely attentive to Agnes, and—"

"There, mamma, let him go!" interrupted that young lady, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders. "I presume that I know better than anyone else the cause of his sudden departure."

At these words, her brother gave a low, prolonged whistle that was very expressive, and then remarked:

"Really, sister mine, if you wish us to understand by that, that you fitted him, your anxious inquiry and evident solicitude as to whether he was the expected visitor, seems hardly consistent."

Agnes tossed her head and looked as though she might say wonderful things, if she was only so inclined, while Mrs. Montgomery hastened to take up again the broken thread of conversation.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed in a vexed tone, "I think that my friend would have some doubts as to the propriety of her coming, if she knew what little interest you seem to take in the matter."

"I must humbly crave your pardon, oh, thou most gracious of mothers, for my undutiful inattention," said Leslie, with playful humility, as he seated himself by her side.

"It is granted, my dear boy," was the laughing reply; "and now listen to me, both of you: You must have heard me speak of an English lady whom I met during my tour in Europe?"

"Oh, yes, hundreds of times," rejoined Agnes. "Her name was Clifton, was it not?"

"Yes, love. Her husband, who was an officer in the army, was killed during the Crimean war, and a few years after, she gave her hand to a Mr. Halburton, a wealthy American gentleman, and came to this country to live. It was then that I renewed my acquaintance with her. She had one child by her first marriage, a beautiful little girl whom she called Myrrha. On the sixth anniversary of her wedding day my friend was again a widow, but a rich one this time, for her husband had left her the whole of his vast fortune. Six months after, she received a letter from England stating that Colonel Clifton's brother was dead, and that her daughter was his acknowledged heiress. Accordingly she immediately crossed the Atlantic; but her heart seems to be wedded to her adopted country, for she returned last October with the avowed intention of settling here for the remainder of her days. Knowing how much she admired 'The Elms,' the residence of the late Mrs. Sutherland, and hearing that the owner would dispose of it if a good opportunity offered, I wrote to her, announcing the fact, and proposing that she and her daughter should pass the Christmas Holidays with us, and this morning's mail brought me a letter from her, in which she accepts what she is pleased to term my kind invitation, and says she cannot be sufficiently grateful to me if she succeeds in purchasing that beautiful country seat."

"Quite a romantic history, upon my word!" laughed Agnes; but Leslie made no comments. Just then Mrs. Montgomery was summoned from the room, and her son, taking up his hat, followed, thus leaving the sister and daughter to her everlasting embroidery and her own society.

Weeks passed; and the day before Christmas came at last, bringing the expected guests. Mrs. Halburton was cast in an entirely different mold from her haughty, aristocratic hostess, and Beatrice, as she surveyed the two, marvelled greatly at the strange friendship that had grown up between them; but the contrast there was not so glaring as that presented by Agnes and Myrrha. They had scarcely a thought in common, and, after the manner of children, before the visit was half over, began to dislike each other cordially. Mrs. Montgomery, however, professed to be very much enamored with Miss Clifton; but if she reared any castles in the air in behalf of her darling son, she was destined to see them vanish into the mist, for Mrs. Halburton informed her one day, in response to some of her hints, that her daughter was already engaged.

The house was full of company during the holidays, and every one was glad and joyous except Beatrice. She, poor child, wandered amid the white tombstones of the Past; and the hours, honey dripping to others, brought only bitterness to her.

Sometimes her heart rebelled when Mrs. Montgomery imperiously summoned her to appear in the drawing room to assist in tableaux and charades, or to play and sing for the company; but whispering to herself that she was no longer Miss Lascelle, she would smother her feelings and descend with a calm face.

On New Year's morning, having favored the gentle Mrs. Halburton with a song that recalled many painful memories, she slipped from the parlor and darted up stairs to her room. There she gave vent to her emotions in a flood of tears.

Presently the thought that she might be summoned back at any moment, caused her to stifle her sobs, and rising, she went to bathe her eyes. Then, for the first time, her attention was attracted to a small box that stood upon the toilet table. Wondering what it contained, for she had not been the fortunate recipient of many presents, she opened it, and a gold bracelet of exquisite workmanship, set with precious stones, met her view. Astonished and delighted, not so much at the gift as at the good feelings that prompted it, she lifted it from its receptacle, and as she did so her eye fell upon a folded paper that had lain underneath it.

Taking it up, she read with unspeakable surprise not unminged with pain, the following lines:

"MY DEAR MISS NULLA—Will you please to accept the accompanying, and wear it as a token whereby I may know that the past is forgiven, and forgotten, and that I am reinstated in your good opinion? If you can find it in your heart to do this, my gratitude will ever be yours.

Respectfully,
LESLIE MONTGOMERY."

The color died out of her cheeks now, and the red lips were compressed. Crushing the note in her hand, she flung it into the glowing grate, and watched the flames seize and devour it with a sensation of relief. Then turning, she laid the bracelet back on its soft cushion—its beauty to her had all vanished—and taking the box, started for the door; but here she paused, irresolute. She could not carry it to the young man's room, neither send one of the servants, without making herself the subject of remark, and she shrank nervously from that. What should she do?

In doubt and perplexity, she went back to her chair, and sat down to reflect upon her situation. Suddenly a bright thought dawned upon her, and mentally exclaiming against her stupidity in not thinking of it before, she hastened to put it into execution. Stepping into the hall, she listened for a moment to the gay voices below, to be certain that Agnes was among them, and having satisfied herself upon that point, she glided swiftly to that young lady's boudoir, and placing the box in a conspicuous position, darted safely back into her own sanctum. She had not been an instant too soon, however, for scarcely had she seated herself again, when Fanny rapped on the door saying, in a low voice:

"Dear Miss Nulla, aunt Lucy told me to tell you that she wished to see you in the parlor."

"Very well, darling, I will be down directly;" and rising, she bathed her face and smoothed her hair, and then descended, as calm and collected as though no tumult had ever raged within.

She could not suppress a slight start, however, when, an hour later, Agnes came hurrying into the room, with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes, exclaiming as she held up her polished arm on which the bracelet brightly gleamed:

"I should really like to know to whom I am indebted for this elegant thing. Is it to you, Mr. Silvertown?" addressing a dandy, who had flattered after her for two seasons.

"Pon honor, Miss Montgomery, I am exceedingly sorry that I have not the supreme felicity of being that happy individual," replied that gentleman, with a bow and a simper.

In the meantime her friends crowded around her to inspect the beautiful ornament, and Leslie, who was looking over some music when she came in, and had recognized his gift at a glance, seized the opportunity to say to Beatrice, in a slightly reproachful voice:

"So that is the way that you dispose of my peace offerings, Miss Nulla? Are you still offended?"

"Mr. Montgomery should have thought twice before he presented such an article as that to a poor governess," she replied, in the same low tone. "I have merely rectified your mistake in the best manner that I could, and as for the forgiveness which you so humbly crave, if your repentance is sincere, I cannot do otherwise than grant it."

"Many thanks," and to her great relief he moved away and joined the group around his sister.

That evening, as Beatrice sat alone in her room, there came a rap upon the door. Rising, she opened it, and to her intense astonishment beheld Mrs. Halburton.

"May I come in?" said the lady, with a winning smile. "I wish to talk with you a little while."

"Certainly, you are very welcome," replied our heroine, quickly recovering her self-possession.

For the space of half an hour they conversed upon various subjects, and then the visitor remarked:

"Ever since I have been here your face has seemed strangely familiar; but as I had no recollection of ever meeting you previous to this time, I came to the conclusion that it must be that you reminded me of some person whom I had seen or known in the past; but who the individual was, or under what peculiar circumstances we met, I could not seem to determine. This morning, however, as you arose from the piano, after singing me the song that I requested, my mind was suddenly illuminated, and I recognized your features, at the same time wondering at my dullness in not remembering before. Now it may be that your remarkable likeness to the lady whom I refer to is only a singular coincidence, but I can't help feeling that it is something more."

"What was her name?" and Beatrice, in her excitement, knelt at Mrs. Halburton's side.

"I will tell you presently, dear; but first I had better relate the circumstances under which I beheld her. I think that I must have been a little over seventeen when the event of which I am about to speak happened. I was the only child of a curate, and lived in a picturesque little cottage in Alloway, England. One terrible stormy night, in the month of April, a carriage was driven furiously up to our door, and while we sat wondering as to who our visitors could be, it whirled away again, and our old servant entered, saying that my father was desired to proceed immediately to the chapel, to perform a marriage ceremony, and my mother and I were requested to accompany him as witnesses. It was but a few steps, and we accordingly set out; not, however, without considerable demurring upon the part of my parents. As for me, I was delighted with what I termed the romance of the thing; but when I beheld the dainty face of the bride, and heard the wind and rain moan and shriek outside, as if deprecating the vows that were being taken, I realized that it was a solemn, nay, an awful hour. The words were soon uttered that bound them one; and while I stood mentally questioning as to whether I was sleeping or waking, they were gone. Their way went back to look at the names that they had registered, and there I read—"

Here the lady paused, and gazing in alarm upon her companion's white, rigid face, exclaimed:

"My poor child, why do you wear so strange a look? Are my impressions indeed correct? Is this likeness something more than a coincidence? Ah! she has fainted," she added, starting up.

"No! no! I have not!" cried the girl, clutching convulsively at her dress; "but don't you see that this suspense is killing me? For God's sake tell me what names you saw!"

"They were Reginald Mortimer"—disappointment crept into the eager eyes—"and Bianca Ferrisini."

There was one quick gasp, and then Beatrice sank to the floor, with a face like driven snow. Mrs. Halburton raised her tenderly, and applied such restoratives as she found at hand.

"Ah! it is as I have feared," she thought; "that marriage was indeed productive of evil."

It was a long time before the poor girl recovered from that swoon that was so much like death that the lady shuddered, and began to consider the propriety of summoning assistance; but at last the long eyelashes quivered on the waxen cheeks, and then were lifted, and she murmured, faintly:

"Am I dreaming?—or did I indeed hear you say that Reginald Mortimer was my father?"

"Not exactly that, my dear; I said that he became the husband of Bianca Ferrisini."

"Ah! yes, I remember now. It was a legal marriage, then, after all; and my mother was a wife, in the sight of both God and man. Thank heaven! my head need droop no longer. Oh! Mr. Halburton, you have made life worth the living. Tomorrow I will tell you all."

Then the lady silently retired, and Beatrice gave herself up to the joy that overwhelmed her. After a time she began to question whether her father and the owner of Moss-Side were one and the same. At first she thought that it could not be; but suddenly a flash of light seemed to illumine her mind, and she heard again the latter's muttered exclamation, "Oh! Blanca, art thou not yet avenged?" as he knelt in agony by the side of his lost Illone. It made no impression upon her at the time, but memory stored it away, and now brought it up as witness against him. Then she thought of many inconsistencies in his conduct, which had struck her as strange at the time, but which were now fully explained in the light of this new revelation. She recalled the gloom that seemed to envelop him like a garment. She remembered his avoidance and apparent dislike of Thelma. Was it because he was fearful that she might prove to be his child, and that some day he should be obliged to acknowledge her? The response came home to her heart like a dagger-thrust, but her pride rose up with the balm of healing. Ah! the blood of the Mortimers flowed in her veins: Then she repeated Annette's story of her mother's wrongs, until Hato laid violent hands on Love, and indignation painted itself on her cheeks, burned on her lips, and kindled fierce fires in her eyes. Should she go to this man, and, kneeling at his feet, lift up her voice in supplication, saying, "Oh! my father, bless thy daughter?" To that question her whole nature rose up in arms, crying, "Never! never!"

Sleep hardly visited her that night, but her face made no revelations in the morning. Mrs. Halburton claimed the fulfillment of her promise at the earliest opportunity, and listened with profound interest to the singular history of the beautiful governess. That evening, although a severe storm was raging, the company all dispersed to various places of amusement, and Beatrice and the children were left alone. It so happened that Ada, having been crossed in several of her pet projects that day, was not in a particularly amiable mood, and, much to the relief of her companions, she took herself off to her chamber at an early hour. Fanny and Edie, being extremely weary in consequence of the week's dissipation, soon followed her example, leaving our heroine to her own meditations, which fortunately just then possessed the charm of novelty. Sitting down by the fire, she wandered off into the mazy labyrinth of dream-land, all unconscious of the flight of time. Suddenly arousing herself, she looked at her watch, and was startled by perceiving that it was nearly eleven o'clock. Still she felt no inclination to retire, and finally came to the conclusion that she would write to Thelma. Accordingly she arose to get her portfolio, but somewhat to her surprise it was not in its usual place. Then she recollected that she was in the school-room when last she used it, and that probably she had laid it in her desk. For a moment she hesitated, and debated with herself whether it was worth while to go after it, but a vision of her friend's unanswered letter decided her; so opening the door of her chamber, she passed into the hall. There was a stillness in the air like the hush of death. With a quick, noiseless step she descended the stairs, traversed the lower passage, and entered the school-room. The gas was burning dimly. Shading her eyes with her hand, she turned on a bright jet, and then moved toward the small platform upon which her desk stood. Reaching it, she looked up for the first time, and met the ardent, impassioned gaze of Leslie Montgomery. Astonishment deprived her of speech, while the gentleman exultingly exclaimed:

"Ah! I knew that you could not help coming at last, my beautiful my darling! I have sat here for two long, weary hours, praying the powers of light or darkness to send you hither." She surveyed him for a moment with a peculiar expression upon her face, and then said coolly: "And I will petition to be carried away again," at the same time starting for the door. "No, no, you shall not go yet," he cried, springing forward, and forcing her into a chair. "Mr. Montgomery, what means this violence?" she indignantly exclaimed. "Did I hurt you? Forgive me, then, for I would not harm a hair of your dear head for the world." "Protestations are nothing; acts are everything," she coldly rejoined. "Oh, Miss Nulla, what have I done that you should treat me in this hard and cruel manner?" "Done?" she scornfully repeated. "Is it not enough for you to detain me here against my will, without having the unblushing effrontery to ask me what you have done?" "If I err," he said, almost mournfully, "it is because I am mad with love." "Ah! indeed! Well, if that is the case, you are certainly a most dangerous person to have around. You should be put in a straight jacket, and confined until the paroxysm is over." He struck his hands together with a muttered exclamation of anger and despair. "Oh, why will you torture me so? Is your heart as hard as your face is beautiful?" "We will not discuss that subject. You are welcome to your opinion with regard to either." He caught her hands with almost frantic eagerness, and pressed them passionately to his lips. She withdrew them haughtily, brow and cheeks a glowing crimson. "Mr. Montgomery, your conduct troubles me much. If you have a particle of delicacy in your composition, you will now allow me to pass from the room."

"You must hear me first, Beatrice. Oh darling, my love has become a part of my life. I can never be happy without you. Say, dearest, will you become my honored, worshipped wife?" Her eyes filled. There was no mistaking his earnest tone. She said that whatever had been his designs in the past, he was honest and sincere now, and the thought of the pain that she must inflict upon him by refusing the dignity that she would confer upon her filled her true woman's nature with compassion, and added a new tenderness to her voice as she answered: "My friend, I cannot tell you how much I regret that you have alluded to this subject again. I had supposed that the matter was fully and finally settled in our last unpleasant interview. I assured you then that you could never be anything to me, and that decision is unalterable." "Then you reject my heart and hand with scorn and contempt?" he said, more in sorrow than in anger. "Not so. You wrong me there. It would be impossible for me to treat an honorable love in that manner." "Oh, Miss Nulla, you are an angel, and I am—" "A fool, to be inveigled by the arts of that designing creature," shrieked a voice hoarse with rage, and turning, to their infinite amazement they beheld Mrs. Montgomery glaring upon them. It was no feeling of guilt that flushed the brow of Beatrice as the excited woman exclaimed: "Do you see that door, you brazen-faced thing? Well, be sure that you leave my house this very hour." Without a word she turned to obey the command, but Leslie, arousing from his stupor, cried:

"Stay, Miss Nulla. Mother, you are mad to think of sending her forth into such a storm as this." "I am inclined to the belief that I am more sane than you are. Oh, that I should ever have lived to behold my son at the feet of a governess! Go she shall! The midnight is a fitting time for such as she to go out." "Then, by heavens! if you drive her forth at this hour I go too, and this roof shall never shelter me again." "Indeed! Has it come to that pass, then?" sneered Mrs. Montgomery. "Perhaps she is already your—" She did not finish the sentence, for Leslie sprang forward with a cry, and laid his hand upon her lips. "Mother," he said, giving one glance at the white, reproachful face of Beatrice, "it is well for you that you did not utter that shameful word. Do you think that I could ever have forgiven such an insult as that aimed at the dearest person on earth to me. Yes, you may curl your lip, but she is—and yet she has rejected me. Yes, Leslie Montgomery, who has been told by his dotting mother, from his youth up, that he had only to throw his handkerchief and any lady would be glad to pick it up, has offered himself to a poor governess and been refused. Delightful piece of news, is it not?" and he laughed bitterly. At these words an expression of relief stole over his listener's countenance. "Ah, Miss Nulla," she exclaimed, with a gracious smile, "I might have known that you understood your position too well to take advantage of my silly boy's momentary passion." To which good opinion Beatrice calmly bowed, and the next day she left the mansion of the Montgomerys.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Children's Department.

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"We think not that we daily see About our hearts, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy day." (LESLIE HOWE.)

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

THE PET LAMB.

We sat in the lovely little cottage that nestled under the big elm, where the scent of apple blossoms reached us from the shady orchard, and where the dear robins' cheerful notes told of home comfort and content. It was the sunniest, coziest place in all the village—this dear home of Aunt Rachel's—and all the children came often to it, knowing well that the neat cupboard had always the sweetest cookies, and its cellar the most luscious of apples; besides we all knew that Aunt Rachel had the kindest hearts, for the love-light always dwelt in her eye, and the love-warmth always gleamed about her. And besides, Aunt Ratie could tell us the best stories of any one, and as she told them, the tears would fall on her knitting-work sometimes, just as if she had lived them all herself, and sometimes she would laugh such a merry, happy laugh, that we fancied she was one of us.

There was Bertie Lee, and Anna Dean, and Susie Dixon, and Arthur Fox, and Willie Mason, and myself, who used to go over to Aunt Ratie's and hear her stories and eat her cookies and apples, and receive her sweet kisses; and in turn we brought in her wood, and run of her errands, and picked her berries, and watched the post office to carry her the papers and letters. In the winter the boys shoveled her path through the snow, and got a sleigh to carry her out to church Sunday; for we all belonged to her class in the Sunday School, and would not miss her sweet words for anything; she never told us anything but about love and heaven and angels, and she told it just as if she knew it all. One day we were all seated with her—as I have said—when the apple trees were in bloom and the robins were singing. She had been telling us how sweet everything seemed to her, just as if heaven were pictured everywhere. "But it did n't always seem so to me," she said. "Tell us," said Willie Mason, "please do! a nice story." "Oh, yes," said Bertie, "and do please tell us about yourself. You often say, 'When I was a little girl, and so on; so we wish we could know just what you did.'"

"And what made you so good," said Susie, "we want to know that most." "Oh, no," said Anna, "we want to know why you did n't get married." "No, we do n't either," said Arthur; "it is n't polite to want to know such things, unless people wish to tell." "Well, children," said Aunt Rachel, "I have thought for a long time that I would like to tell you some true stories. I will begin with telling you the story of THE PET LAMB. When I was a girl my father lived in a fine house, for he was a very rich man, and he bought me every beautiful thing I asked him for, so I thought that everything I wanted I ought to have. You know I have often told you that people are very likely to grow selfish, who have everything they wish." "Did you have all the silk dresses you wanted; and all the fine hats?" said Anna. "Yes, I had all I asked for, and a great many more." "Oh, how splendid!" said Anna. "So you think now; but which is the most splendid: to have a plenty of fine clothes, or to have a loving heart? You will soon see, or it will not be splendid at all that I had so many fine clothes. I had begun to think that because others had not as many or as nice as I, that they were not as good. I used to play out on the lawn, and I had a nurse to care for me, and keep me from mischief. For this reason I thought it was much better to take care of myself. One day I coaxed Nannie—for that was my nurse's name, to go in to the house and get me some water. She told me she thought I might wait on myself, but I told her that she was just paid to take care of me, and if she did not do it I would tell my father and she would be sent away. Now I did not care at all about the water, but I wanted that she should go into the house, and as soon as she was out of sight I meant to run around by the back yard and reach the servants' apartments; for I liked to go there alone, because they all petted me and gave me sugar and cakes and told me how sweet I looked. If Nannie was with me, she would not let them give me anything, but told me what was proper. Well, I reached the back door that opened upon the yard which was enclosed with a hedge. Here stood Betsie, the cook, and beside her a poorly clad little girl who had by her side a little lamb. She looked very pale and tired, and had just told

Betsie that she was hungry. I was delighted to see the lamb. I thought it more beautiful than all the playthings I had. It was quite tame and would let me pat it. When the little girl saw how pleased I was with it, she made it perform many tricks. It would stamp with its fore feet when she told it to, and when she lifted her hand it would spring up from the ground and shake its head. I laughed and danced about with delight; I got Betsie to give it something to eat, and nothing that I had ever seen pleased me so much. I made Nannie, who had found me, untie my sash, and I fastened it about the lamb's neck. After a time the little girl said she must go, for her mother was ill and would be anxious about her; but I insisted upon it that the lamb must not go. But the little girl, whose name was Gertie, said that she could not spare it. I promised her anything I had if she would let me have it; first my playthings, my hoops, my balls, my little rocking carriage, my velocipede, my dolls, and my doll houses; then I promised her my dresses and hats. She looked down to her poor, ragged dress, and then at my fine one, and then at the lamb, and shook her head. "I would like it," she said. "I think it very nice; but lambs would miss me; and then I told Freddie I would never part with it." "Who's Freddie?" said Nannie. "Oh, he is my dear brother; and the lamb was his, and he has gone to sea; and he said if I would take good care of lambs, he would bring me home a nice dress. And mother says we must keep it, if we are poor, because just as we are good to the little helpless creatures, so God will be good to us; so you see I can't give it away; though I'd like to please you."

"You're a selfish thing," said I, now quite angry. "You shall have nothing to eat, and no supper to carry home to your mother." "Oh," sighed the little girl, "if you know how ill my mother is, you would not say so." "Well, give me the lamb," said I. "I will have the lamb." "I will starve myself," said Gertie, "rather than give away the lamb, and so will mother, because I promised I would n't give it away. You do n't want me to tell Freddie a lie, and when he comes back have him look ashamed of me?" I knew that Gertie was right, but I was so angry that I would not mind what she said. "Well, go with your lamb," I said. "You shall not have the nice supper Betsie has ready for you." "Oh Ratie!" said Nannie, "how can you be so selfish?" But none of them dared to do different from what I said, and I insisted upon Gertie's going without her basket of nice food. I see you all wonder at what I am telling you of myself; but do you think now, Anna, that it is so very splendid to have a great many fine clothes? Is it better than having a loving heart? You need not think that I felt happy; I never had been so uncomfortable before. The memory of Gertie's pale face, as she looked back to me, was the saddest memory I had ever had. But you can perhaps believe that I did not intend that any one should think me sad. I tried to play, and to jump and run, but there was no pleasure in anything I did. I knew just as well as any one that I had been a miserably selfish girl. When it came night, and Nannie was taking off my dress, I could bear my trouble no longer, but burst out crying, and cried so loudly that my father heard me and came to see what was the matter. He loved me very dearly, and thought me a very good child. After a time I told him all my troubles, and my heart grew very gentle, for I was not altogether a spoiled child. "Well," said my father, "Ratie has a sad heart. What would she like to have me do to make that heart happier?" "I sat very still, and my father began singing a sweet song that I had often heard before, but had never understood so well as then: Gentle angels, come and bless me— Thus a little child now prays— Make me kind, and true, and loving, Keep me from all selfish ways."

"Dear papa," said I, "is mamma an angel?" "Yes, Ratie." "Why do n't she keep me from all selfish ways?" "Have you wanted her to?" "I do now, papa." "Well, then, darling, lay your head down on my shoulder and try to think what is the very best thing for you to do to make you feel happy." I lay very still and began to think about Gertie's pale face and the dear little lamb. And then I remembered how hungry she looked, and how sad; and I remembered the nice supper that Betsie had ready for her, and the good food she was going to give her. As I thought of all this, it seemed as if some one smoothed my hair gently, and said: "Gertie is very hungry; could you carry her some supper?" "Did you speak, papa," said I. "No," he answered. "Then I think it must have been the angel. I will go and carry Gertie some supper myself, and tell her to come every day and get some." Nannie quickly dressed me and ordered Betsie to put up a basket of nice food; and we started—my father and I—on foot; for he said if we went in the carriage we should not know how tired Gertie was.

It was quite dark when we reached her home. She lived in a very poor cottage quite far away, which we found by inquiring for the little girl that had a lamb. We found Gertie busy trying to make a little fire, that she might warm some potatoes—all the food they had—for her sick mother. The little lamb lay in the corner on some straw. As we entered Gertie rose, and smiled as sweetly as if I had been the kindest girl in the world to her. I went up to her and kissed her, for she looked to me then like an angel; and then I went to her mother, and said: "I was unkind to Gertie, and kept her from having a nice supper and bringing one to you, so I have come to bring it myself." I had never seen my father look so pleased before; he took me up in his arms and kissed me, and said: "Ratie, you look just like your mother now." Then my father heard Gertie's mother's story, and learned that my mother used to be very kind to them before she died; but that since then, while my father had been away, she had been sick, and her only boy—a sailor—had not been able to do all for her that she needed. But my mother had said to her, the last words she uttered: "God takes care of the tender lambs." So whenever I looked at Gertie's lamb," said she, "I thought of those words, and remembered that God would take care of us." My father had ordered the carriage to come after us, and it soon arrived; but not until I had made Gertie promise to come and see me and bring the lamb the next day. That is the way I found my dear friend Gertie, who became dearer to me than any one besides my father. My father bought them a little cottage not far from us, and had it nicely fitted up

with comfortable furniture; and the lamb very soon staid quite as much with me as with Gertie. I can assure you I never forgot this lesson, and I think I was never quite so selfish afterwards." "Did Freddie come home?" said Arthur. Aunt Rachel's face grew pale, and a tear gleamed in her eye; but she answered, calmly: "Yes, he came home, and I will tell you about him sometime." "Did Gertie ever call you selfish?" said I. "You mean," said Aunt Rachel, "when we played together afterwards, and things did not go right, if she ever seemed to remember my selfishness, and then, as children say, *tell me of it?* No, she never did, because she was too generous a girl; but sometimes when I saw her look at the lamb, when I spoke unkindly, I thought she remembered it. But I am not quite through with this part of my story." "When I lay down to sleep that night, I felt very sure that my mother knew what I had done, and felt happy. When I fell asleep, I dreamed of seeing a flock of lambs that a shepherd was driving, and he was just as kind to and careful of the little black lambs, and the little, poor, feeble lambs, as he was of the white, plump ones. One little lamb ran up against me whose fleece was soiled, and it did not look beautiful to me, so I pushed it away. It ran frightened away. The good shepherd took it up and carried it, and said to me: 'I'll soon come to some clear water and then I'll wash it, and you'll see how clean and white it will be.'" So when he came to some water he washed it, and it looked more beautiful than all the other lambs. When I told Nannie this as she dressed me in the morning, she said it meant that God loved all his children alike, and cared for all. I did not remember much about this dream until afterwards; but you must not forget it.

"But, come," said Aunt Ratie, "it is now quite dusk; and you have not had your suppers." "Oh, tell me more," we all said. "But, see," said she, "the cookies are waiting to be eaten and the milk to be drunk." So we all went toward the great closet and received our hands full, and then went out into the orchard that Aunt Ratie might show us where the bluebird had built her nest in the old stump of a tree; and then we went home, with a promise that we might all come again soon and hear another story.

LETTER NO. 6.

DEAR CHILDREN—I propose giving you, as I can gather them, incidents of the war—recitals of heroism and courage—that we may all learn better how to value the good old flag which represents to us our homes, our liberties, and all that we hold most dear, and also that we may appreciate the noble sacrifice of the brave soldiers who are periling all they love the best that we may have a free republic, on which heaven can smile, and that can really be "the land of the free and the home of the brave." If any of you, young or old, know of any instances of bravery and heroism, I would be glad to have you send an account of them to me. I do not mean among the great men, but among those whose names are only known to a few. I will begin by telling you of a brave lad that I know. L. M. W.

GEORGE RHODES, OF COLDWATER, MICH. Every one wondered why so young a boy, and one who looked so frail and sensitive, should wish to go into the hardships of camp, and venture to encounter the perils of war; but, like many others, his heart was brave and his courage like a man's. He seemed too young to leave home and friends, not being eighteen years old; but he enlisted in the very first company that answered the call of the Government in Michigan. His captain was the brave and spirited Eb. Butterworth, and as the company left the village where most of the members belonged, there was hardly a dry eye in all the crowd of thousands that escorted them to the depot. The captain had so many warm friends, who loved to listen to his jokes and feel the inspiration of his merry heart, that his departure was a time of real regret, and yet no one thought that harm could come to him, because he was so hopeful and confident himself. This company was in the terrible first Bull Run battle, when so many hearts felt first the terrors of war. Many of us felt sure of success until we found that we had to learn the sad lesson of failure. In this battle Captain Butterworth was severely wounded. Young Rhodes supported him, and remained with him, notwithstanding all the dangers that surrounded him. When entreated to leave him, because he would be taken prisoner, he said, "I will not forsake my captain." His comrades were obliged to rally, and finally were cut off by the enemy, and the last they saw of their beloved captain, his head was resting in Young Rhodes's lap. He—the young, brave boy—would rather run the risk of being taken prisoner than forsake in time of trouble one whom he loved. Weeks of suspense passed by; but at last news came that Captain Butterworth was still living, and that George was with him, caring for him with tender care. He had been taken prisoner, and his bravery and devotion had been mentioned to the rebel officers; they admired it even in their enemies, and did not separate him from the one he had perilled his own life to comfort. But the brave captain died, and his young friend was left alone, and a prisoner in the enemy's country. Whenever his name was mentioned, we said he must return—one so true will have his reward. He was exchanged among the first prisoners that our Government consented to exchange, and returned in safety, bearing with him the satisfaction of having done nobly and well, and proved himself a hero.

Puzzle.

P. R. S. V. R. Y. P. R. F. C. T. M. N. A. N. D. V. R. K. . P. T. H. S. P. R. C. P. T. S. T. N. These letters, together with the decalogue, are said to have been found painted upon the wall of an old English Church. By placing a letter for each dot, they teach an important lesson. What is the letter, and what the sentence complete? COSMO.

Word-Puzzle.

C A T E P N E I. These letters, when arranged, will represent what you should strive always to possess.

Conundrum.

BY X. E. W. X. Which travels the fastest, heat or cold, and why? ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY A. A. H.—James Rogers Newton, Physician. ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM.—Silence. ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE.—Happiness, gained through Goodness. For Cosmo. Please send word if the conundrums are original, as we do not care to publish old ones, and being marked "new and old," we are left in doubt.

Written for the Banner of Light. **INSPIRATIONAL POEM.** BY JAMES M. ALLEN. Ye nations! hark! for God has spoken! The trammels of the past are broken. Humanity shall yet be free— So lift the heart and bend the knee! Be brave and fearless, strong and true! With powers of good the ill subdue. March on in might, and valiantly, And fight the good fight gallantly. The cries and groans and tears and sighs Of suffering mortals ne'er despise; But lift them from their sad conditions, With loving words and kind tuition. Sweet thoughts, transmitted from the skies, Shall dry the tears from weeping eyes, And angel lips in love be pressed, And spirit forms with joy caressed. Almighty Power! we call on Thee To glorify man's destiny! And angels, mortals, love-crowned host, Join hands, and see who'll do the most! The power of thought, evolved and sent From soul to soul in harmony blent, Shall soon the world of man make free— So lift the heart and bend the knee! The voices of the angels coming Shall seem like music sweetly humming. Lift up your hearts, humanity! Arouse ye, from inanity! Maintain the right, though showers fall Of earthly wrath, your souls to pall. Submit yourselves to naught that's low; Look up, and fear not earthly foe! The spell of ages holds no longer. The human soul is growing stronger. Humanity shall yet be free— So lift the heart and bend the knee! All this shall be when man shall learn Ignoble thoughts of lust to spurn. Humanity shall then be free— So lift the heart and bend the knee! Buckspott, Me., 1864.

THE WHITTEMORE MESSAGES.

[This week we print another of the Whittemore communications, which have attracted so much attention. The following message was addressed to Henry Whittemore by his mother, before he passed to the spirit-world. It was given through the mediumship of his sister, Mrs. L. Smith.—ED. BANNER.] MY DEAR SON—Long years have elapsed since you shed the bitter tear over your mother's grave, and mournfully you wondered then, boy as you were, at the cruel separation. You ever loved your mother, and always had a home in her heart. Wanderer as you have been, you have always retained a loving remembrance, have always cherished my memory in your heart; and now, my son, the earnest desire that I might come and unfold to you the realities of a spiritual existence is beginning to be realized. Intense love leads me to all of my children, and I fondly watch over them, and every new-born thought of heavenly origin I hail with rejoicing. Since the spiritual phenomena began to be more widely understood, we have all been actively engaged, ready to embrace every opportunity of coming to you laden with precious truths; and distorted as they often become, yet we have seldom come without leaving some favorable impression. This we have ever felt; and every interview only serves to make us more desirous of repeating the visits. Has not a similar effect been produced in your mind? Have you not each time been anxious to see more, to know more of what we would reveal? You have been repeatedly told that your mother was present. Although like a dream of the imagination that one so long passed away could be there, yet did not strong desire whisper, it may be true, and if it is, I want to know it? Have not these been your feelings time and time again? You desired the truth, and that is what the world needs, that it may become what God designs—faithful subjects to his law. This is our chief object in coming to earth, to unveil the mind of all its mysteries and superstitious fears; to take away the universal fear of death, and give incontestable evidence of our immortality. When this conviction is once deeply rooted, then we can impart relative to the future life—its wants, its mission, its ultimate destiny; until then, it would be folly to know more. This has been our aim, and in part it has been effected. We have convinced many of our individuality, and of the truthfulness of our coming to earth. But this is not all we have done and are now doing. We are seeking to elevate the moral tone of the community, to bring about equality among all classes, to reform society of all its evils, to diffuse throughout all hearts that charity which suffereeth long and is kind, to infuse the purity of love—that love which angels have for the world and for one another—into your souls. We maintain that all evil is but the result of ignorance; and just so fast as you perceive the evil, you will desire to leave it. Thorough knowledge of any known law, is positive obedience to that law—so we are taught; and as we are led to see the mechanism of existing causes, so we deduce natural results. Were you partaking of poisonous food, would you persist in eating it when once sensible of its real nature, no matter how delicious to the taste? Would you indulge in sin, fully understanding its pernicious effects? Dalliance with crime is owing to the self-imposed belief that you, at least, will escape unharmed. Error so blinds the vision that your own weaknesses are seldom seen. The tenderness of a mother's love would prompt her to say many things to you at this time, but not now, my dear son. You know what my advice would be if living with you; follow it, then, and live according to your own conscientious views of right, and all will be well. I shall have no fears for you, wherever you may go, and a mother's blessing will attend you always. And now, with regard to many things which you have received from time to time, I would simply say, that I have always done the best I could under the circumstances. It is exceedingly difficult for me to come and influence any medium in a satisfactory manner to yourself, for all mediums more or less adulterate that which we would communicate. Perfect passiveness has not been attained by the most perfectly developed. This cannot be fully explained until the channel through which our thoughts must flow is more perfectly harmonized, and earthly natures brought more upon a level with the spirit. There is a break—a discordant note producing an unharmonious sound when we would speak to you. This is true of all mediums. Would they describe us, the spiritual vision is but partly opened and they see with clouded eyes. The description often wants decisiveness; you do not perceive the resemblance and are disappointed. Failsures there

must ever be, until minds can be brought upon a plane the one with the other. So few points come in contact that the attraction is feeble, and no power of ours can so completely entrance us to fully answer the design of the one personated.

When the laws of attraction are understood, then souls bearing an affinity for each other will alone seek communication.

Do not imagine that you understand the first law regarding spirit intercourse fully, for the scientific platform has not yet been laid permanently, neither can it be without long and serious investigation. Errors will be imbedded, and in their turn be discarded many times; but, nevertheless, persevere, for by man, with assistance from spirit-land, must this belief receive that solid foundation which can never be shaken.

And here let me say a few words with regard to the truths of revelation. It is idle, vain philosophy for the searcher after spiritual blessings to overlook the precious truths of the Bible. Search for hidden treasures everywhere, but let the guide of saints made perfect be your guide also. It has ever proved a comfort to me; it need not mislead you. Wiser men than you have made it their all, and were peculiarly blessed. Argument concerning its inconsistencies is useless—convince me one, for all can see for themselves that the finger of God established the truths contained therein, and its errors are but the dross with which everything is surrounded. Perfection belongs to God alone, therefore read it thoughtfully, seriously, and with a disposition to be benefited; and whatever return tells you is of no value, pass it by and turn again to its rich promises.

Look back and see where you stood two years ago. You were then undecided, doubting, and would see some wonderful demonstration to strengthen your belief. Look back and remember the opposing spirit which would irresistibly arise. You would see with your own natural eyes, would hear with your own ears, or otherwise receive positive evidence, or you could not believe.

Now, my son, I would ask what great proof have you received that has given you confidence—that has led you to advocate our claims when an opposer speaks doubtingly? What striking evidence have you had of its truth? Simply the quiet, soft breathings of angelic love, given in an imperfect manner at best. Yet you do believe, and you have been affected, deeply so, by feeble exhibitions of spiritual power. Something has whispered to your heart, there is no design, no deception there. There is a truthfulness manifested in every look, which has won confidence and strengthened belief; and believe me, Henry, this is as it should be. Powerful demonstrations would have interested for the moment, but would not have had as deep and abiding an influence upon character.

Once more, and I have done. Credit not all you hear, for there is much falsity, much error everywhere to be found.

Perils are not found in beds by themselves, but gross matter enveloping them, and the search for them is an earnest and difficult one. Remember this, and be unwavering in your researches after truth. And now, my son, most earnestly would I ask of our Heavenly Parent that you may be led by the influences of His holy power into all good and pure thoughts; may the controlling principle of your life be in strict accordance with His divine will; may your aspirations arise to the throne of Jehovah, and from thence you will receive immortal blessings. A mother's prayers are ever ascending for the welfare of all her dear children; and, oh, may the God of Love draw you all nearer and nearer to Himself! May you receive from the fountain of eternal blessedness that hope, that encouragement and that peace which ever flows from the Infinite Mind.

MARY WHITTEMORE.

For the Banner of Light.

RESPONSE TO A SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BY R. O. WOOD.

Brother, I have read your missive From the "spirit-world" so fair; Of true friendship 't was expressive; Would that I were with you there!

Lovely were you here, though mortal In this world of sin and strife, But far more, since through the portal You have passed to "Higher Life."

O, I would not call you, brother, Back to share my pain and grief; But I ask that you another Time may come to give relief.

Yes, again, dear "Spirit-Brother," Will you come my heart to cheer; To me speak, as you another Time didst speak when with me here.

Firmly were our hearts united With the silver chords of love; Friendship true to each we pledged, Such as ours shall be above.

Linked our hearts in sweet communion Have e'er been, since first we met; Let us hope that a reunion, To enjoy, will ours be yet.

I have sent the joyful tidings To the "stricken, wounded dove," And I know by her they're treasured— Echoed back in tones of love.

May she e'er with fond affection, Though now bereft with grief and pain, Look to you and claim protection, Till you both shall meet again.

Seemingly I feel your presence Hovering near my aching brow; And I faintly hear you whisper, "Sorrow not, I'm with you now."

Be you e'er my guide and counsel, Till on earth my mission's o'er; Then, with others, bear me gently To that better, happier shore.

Where no pain or death can enter Hearts of ours to wound and grieve, But where true affections center "Round the friends who us receive."

But while here, I'll gladly greet you, Oft as from your home you come; And together, when I meet you, Will we dwell in your bright home.

Bridgewater, Vt.

A FIGHTING COLONEL'S VIEWS.—One of our Colonels in Tennessee, who has shared in a great deal of hard fighting, says in a letter to a friend: "The Northern States should organize their militia immediately—put every able-bodied man, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to drilling, without regard to profession or calling. Let every one be fitted at home to take the field; so, when his services shall be needed he will be ready for action. Let there be no exemption, no commutations, no bounties. All are wrong and dangerous. A well organized and well drilled militia at home would have a great moral effect upon our enemies, as well as give security to our people, in the event of future reverses upon the present field of the war. Slavery, the sole and only cause of this war, must be rooted out of every State, every county, every neighborhood, and every family, so that not a vestige or germ of it shall be left, before we can have peace and order restored."

FRIENDS.

We do not know how much we love, Until we come to part; How strong the tendrils are that bind An object to the heart; The trop beneath whose branches we In infancy have strayed; The flowers—the friends of early youth With whom we often played; Are things o'er which we mourn and grieve In pleasure and in pain, As memory brings them back to us From out the past again.

We linger still amid the scenes That we have loved so well; While recollections fond and pure Within our bosoms swell; And to their shadows still we cling, Even while they do depart; For memories that we thought hid, Come crowding on the heart; And though the star of hope may shed Its beams upon our way, Yet farewell is a bitter word— For those with friends—to say.

Correspondence.

From New Orleans.

Several weeks have passed since my arrival here, and yet this is the first time I have attempted to write words of greeting to yourself and many readers, although not a day has passed but my weary spirit has traversed, retrospectively, over the blood-stained soil of the Southern States, back to the happy quiet of New England homes, pleasures enjoyed, in unbroken harmony, with loved friends and kindred in the North and West. I had hoped, before leaving New England, to grasp the hand of many of my fellow itinerants, and hear from their inspired lips, words of good cheer and encouragement at the little "Revival Meeting," called at Providence the last of March; but the sudden appearance—because so long vainly expected—of Government transport steamship Mississippi, put an end to those joyful anticipations, and my further stay in the North at the same time.

Leaving Newport, R. I., the 27th of March, after a rough voyage of thirteen days we arrived safely in New Orleans, the 10th of April. The ravages of war have been felt most sensibly by this beautiful city, once the pride and glory of the "Sunny South," and its deserted warehouses and empty cotton-presses, formerly the repositories of Southern capital, are the saddest chapters yet written by the red hand of War against the traitorous enemies of our country, and the destroyers of Southern peace and prosperity, born and bred within her borders.

From here the Regiment (Third Rhode Island Cavalry) was ordered to Alexandria, and started the 20th ult. on board steamer Superior.

Thursday morning, about 10 o'clock, when about eight miles from Red river, we were fired upon by a band of guerrillas with rifles and one piece of artillery. A shell passed through the ladies' cabin, and exploded just outside, very fortunately doing no damage, except to demolish three or four "state-rooms." We soon passed out of range, thanks to a good engine, congratulating ourselves on having escaped the fate which our murderous enemies intended we should meet.

About the same hour the next day, when twenty-five miles below Alexandria, we were again saluted by a gang of guerrillas numbering two or three hundred, with two pieces of artillery, and armed with rifles. The river being very narrow and crooked, the rebels had every advantage, and a shower of leaden hail from their rifles perforated the cabin, as well as bringing down many a brave soldier on the deck, where our gallant little troop of less than two hundred men and officers were making a noble resistance. The shells were not as harmless as the day previous, for though none exploded in the cabin, several passed through it, and one exploded upon deck, killing instantly one man, and fortunately striking a water-tank, accomplished no further harm; otherwise the effect must have been terrible, as Company E, which was in line for inspection when the rebels fired their first shot, was on the hurricane deck, directly back of the water-tank.

The steady working of the engine in a few minutes brought us out of range of their guns, when the rebel horde mounted their horses, and seizing their artillery, with a yell such as demons might utter in the fabled "Kingdom of Death," started up the river to a new point of attack, when our boat should attempt to ascend. In this they were foiled; for our "convoy" (which we had in the morning unfortunately left a full hour behind at Fort Delussay,) soon answered our signal of distress, and steamed alongside, we having made a landing on the opposite side, awaited her coming.

The gunboat preceded us, shelling the woods along for miles, which insured our safe passage from thence to Alexandria, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

To what extent the enemy suffered is unknown; but many a one was seen to fall, as our men returned volley for volley, and it is believed that they were fully punished for all we suffered at their hands. It was a sad sight to see our cabin turned into a hospital, as one after another was brought from the deck, the warm life-blood oozing from fresh-made wounds.

The wife of Sergt. Lester, of Company E, (who was my only lady companion from Rhode Island) rendered great assistance in caring for the wounded, which numbered seventeen; and the many "God bless you" that came from pale lips in return for our attention, fully compensated for all the danger we encountered. We found our loss to be two killed and seventeen wounded, one of whom has since died of his wound.

After remaining at Alexandria a week, Mrs. L. and myself were sent to this place, on a hospital boat, as the prospect of a terrible battle was very evident, Gen. Banks having fallen back to Alexandria with his entire army, after his sad reverses at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

Since coming here, all communication has been cut off between Alexandria and New Orleans by rebel batteries planted on Red river, and the river is too low to allow of our gunboats being of any assistance in removing the obstructions. God only knows what fate is in store for our brave men at Alexandria; for should their provisions fail, a long and hazardous retreat is the only alternative.

The terrible quiet that has reigned over the city for the past ten days in regard to military matters, has been almost too agonizing to bear; for those, at least, who have offered their all to the country, in this her great effort to overthrow a power antagonistic to all principles of Democracy, and at the same time, throw off the dark blot that has so long rested upon her fair escutcheon. Whilst visiting the hospitals in Alexandria, I found a quantity of old "BANNERS OF LIGHT" shedding their benign rays upon many a pale-faced "convalescent," who seemed intent upon gaining what information and enlightenment its well filled columns could afford. The Christian Commission has agencies in every town or city where there is a hospital, and gladly distribute

whatever books or papers are sent to the soldiers. Will not some of our benevolent Spiritualists see that the BANNER OF LIGHT be found in every ward of each hospital in the country? Let those who have treasured the BANNER for years, send his hoarded store to enrich the sterile soil of half-born spirits that are found so frequently in the sick-ward; they will be welcome, and cast a few rays of light into the gloom of old theological publications with which each hospital abounds. With a heartfelt wish for your prosperity and extended usefulness, dear BANNER, I bid yourself and readers adieu.

LAURA DEFORCE GORDON. New Orleans, La., May 13, 1864.

Places and Persons.—No. 12.

Since last writing you, I have passed a week in Vineland, New Jersey; a busy city, which seems to be appropriately named.

Vineland is thirty miles from Philadelphia by railroad. The soil is said to be good loam, and highly productive of fruit and grain. I know little of the soil, but do know the climate is pure. The sea-breeze has an electrical and invigorating power that adds strength and tone to brain and body. I met in Vineland Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Campbell. They are earnest workers in the field of reform—in the Anti-Slavery and "Woman's Rights" cause. Mrs. Pierson, a lady of culture and education, opens her house on Sundays to the Spiritualists for meetings. These gatherings are productive of great good. Blessings on Vineland and the vine-growers.

NEW YORK.

As you know, I am a gambler, drinking, thieving, driving, Christian city. It is a Sodom of the "city of the plain" in sin; but, fortunately, there are "ten righteous men" and ten times ten saintly women here; there is, therefore, but little danger of a "fire and brimstone" visitation from heaven upon this people. The Spiritualists have been holding a Convention in Clinton Hall, but I have been too intent upon other matters to be able to judge of the merits of the meeting; one thing, however, I do know—and that is, there were brave, earnest men and loyal-hearted women among the two scores of speakers; I know a meeting cannot be else than profitable where Mrs. Bliss, Susie Johnson, Mrs. Spence, Mary Davis, Mrs. Townsend, and Eliza Clark are speakers. Some of the words spoken by this little army of women, will tell like cannon balls; others fell like sweet peace upon the stormy human tide. All they said will live like pleasant memories in heart-land.

The Herald of Progress people are as busy as bees in clover time; busy writing, printing, and selling books. The latest, and the largest, and the bravest book Davis & Co. have published in the past year, is "Woman and her Era," by Mrs. Eliza W. Farham. I am glad the book has been written; it was needed; glad it came from the brain of a strong, earnest woman. Men talk and write about the mission and divinity of woman, but the heart and life—the aspirations and responsibilities—are known only to the woman-soul. She may wear patiently the thorn-crown, may give uncomplainingly her hands to the manacles, she may make merchandise of her soul, but in her heart of hearts she recognizes herself a God-ordained saviour, and she prays for the breaking of her bonds, she prays and waits for a revelator to read her aright and declare her as she is—the world's Saviour. Mrs. Farham has been into the soul's temple, she has listened to woman's protests and petitions, and has gone forth, like one divinely ordained, to declare the truth, the whole truth. "Woman and her Era" tells the story. Angels bless the work and the worker!

Next to the war, the Davenportes have been the theme, you all know them—you know the nature of their manifestations. They are the only sons of Ira and Virtue Davenport. They were born in Buffalo, N. Y. They are young men, of slight figure, intelligent, and finely organized. Their spiritual natures—their mediumistic powers were bequeathed by their gentle-hearted mother. The Brothers have been ten years before the public. They commenced their seances in a small, upper room in Buffalo. They have traveled over most of the Northern and some of the Southern States. They have suffered by imprisonment, from the persecution of foes and the distrust of friends; but, though not faultless, they have borne bravely the storm, and now wear graciously the victor's crown.

The manifestations are much the same as they were years ago; but darkness is no longer a necessity. With the mediums tied, the cabinet-door open, and in full gas light, the tambourine, trumpet and bell have deliberately risen from the floor and marched out into the audience. The skeptical committee have, while examining the ropes, seen and felt the spirit-hands about them. The most remarkable manifestations have been made through Wm. Fay, one of the Davenport party. We have known his coat taken off while his hands were securely tied, and the knots cemented by sealing-wax. At Mrs. James Gordon Bennett's his vest was removed while the coat remained on, the committee declaring there was no possibility of his hands having been loosed.

I have no philosophy for this fact. I only know the fact. The spirits give us no philosophy—make no explanations. They arouse the thinker, confound the skeptic, confuse the bigot, and then leave them to solve the problems "why and how." These three, mediums, with ropes and musical instruments, have done more to call attention to spirit-life than all the lecturers have done, or will do the ten coming years.

Truly, H. F. M. BROWN. No. 37, St. Mark's Place, New York.

That "Generous Proposition" Again.

Since my recent announcement under the above head, applications from speakers, &c., for "Life Insurance" begin to come in, and I wish to add a suggestion or two to what has been previously said.

In cases of application already made, I have been enabled to offer speakers (and other practical workers in the field of vital effort) the entire discount of the interest on "premium note" with four per cent. off from the cash paid in; and the matter is so arranged, that for almost any age only one-half of the usual rate need be paid in cash, the "note" and "dividends" (the latter sometimes amounting to forty per cent. on the whole), generally covering and saving the payment of the rest.

This actual probability of but half-payment, with the discounts before mentioned, makes, truly, an extra opportunity for all hearty workers in the field of human progress and welfare to provide, on terms most favorable, for those who may be dependent on them; and with but little extra outlay, the matter can be so arranged that those who take out the policy can themselves enjoy its fruits, and receive the amount insured, in case they live to a certain age.

These benefits I am willing to extend, in some degree, to those who are helping the "workers," as well as to workers themselves; and in behalf of the BANNER folks, will say, that to the readers of the BANNER, who take from me a policy of

Life Insurance for a thousand dollars or more, I will give a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year free, and in most cases allow the proprietors full price of \$2.50 for it.

In conclusion, I will add that this is but part of that systematized movement which is involved in what some call "organization," and that these "beneficiary" features are combined with others of no less importance, which will be brought out, step by step, till the most helpful agency the world ever saw will be fully and powerfully unfolded.

Nothing but the mere willful blindness of those who offer themselves as reformers, &c., will at all retard this. And what I especially desire just now is, that those who are intending to take advantage of the above offers, should write me as directly, or soon as possible, before I leave home on a contemplated tour. Also, as sending documents involves some outlay, all who can afford it, please enclose one or more stamps in letters of inquiry. Cordially, &c., D. J. MANDELL. Athol Depot, Mass.

Religion of the Savages a Reality.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Editor, the writer of this had a rare opportunity to hear two lectures the same evening, by different speakers in adjacent halls, on the same subject, but for an opposite purpose.

The first was by the Rev. Mr. Williamson, in the Union League Hall, Washington, who gave an account of the Religion of the Indians, prefacing with the statement that he had been for thirty years a resident Missionary among the Sioux Indians in Minnesota, and had enjoyed the best opportunity for knowing the special character of their ancient faith, of which the majority of them continue quite tenacious; but as they know that the white man holds their religion in contempt and ridicule, they are shy at the confession of their faith in the presence of any but themselves. The Missionary then declared that their faith was not confined (as was generally supposed) to a belief in the "Great Spirit," or in the existence of human spirits apart from the body; but they believe that everything has a spirit—the flowers, the fruits, the rivers and the mountains, and that all material Nature has a spiritual counterpart. Hence the Indian reckons of his beautiful hunting-ground in spirit-life, from whence the Great Father will not allow the white man to drive him.

I need not say that the faith of the Indian is regarded by the Orthodox Christians as idolatry, and to save them from its terrible consequence in a future life, instead of making them comfortable in this, seems to have been the chief aim of missionary effort, and of all the vast sums which the religious communities have expended in their costly missions. This mistake of the Christian sects was made to appear to me in a striking manner, when immediately on leaving the League Hall, on the occasion referred to above, I stepped into Sargent's Hall, and heard the closing portion of a discourse by Mrs. Hyzer, on "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." She said that human perfection consisted in the predominance of the spiritual over the animal nature of man, and by way of illustration, that everything in Nature has a soul—a spiritual reality more true and beautiful than the most refined materials which we see around us. Thus science, and revelation, and reason demonstrate that when Christ promised Paradise to the dying thief, he meant a counterpart of the Garden of Eden, and at the same time, declared in the most emphatic and lucid manner the reality and truthfulness of the religion of the Indians.

This fact speaks volumes, and should be heard as with a trumpet-voice by every religionist, but especially by every Spiritualist under heaven. It says (see Romans, chap. xi, verse 14): If the Indians have not "the law" of Methodists, of Baptists, or Presbyterians, or of other sects, they have a law to themselves written in their own hearts. Their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing, or else excusing, one another. The inference is, stop bothering them with creeds, but protect their persons, and by good example show them a Christian faith. Respectfully, JOHN BEESON. Washington, D. C., 1864.

From Nebraska.

Omaha is a smart, thriving city. Business of all kinds was never better. The Pacific Railroad is progressing from this place westward. Lots, and real estate generally, are held at high figures, in anticipation of Omaha becoming, in a short time, another Chicago of the far West. The climate is delightful; pure air and water; altitude twelve hundred feet above the ocean; soil abundantly rich; no marshes or broken land. Up the Platte Valley for hundreds of miles, nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the country.

Strange, indeed, that men will remain in the Eastern States, with little or no hope of ever obtaining more than a subsistence from year to year, when this vast field invites all classes with abundant promise by application and industry.

As many as two hundred emigrant wagons pass here each week, bound for Idaho, Oregon, California, and every other place this side of "sundown."

"Outfitting" here is a great item of business. The teams are principally oxen and mules. Each train, however, is furnished with a yoke or two of no milk cows, so that on the way across the plains, they have a fully supply of milk; and in fact, there is little or no privation attending a journey from the Eastern States to Oregon. Everything is aboard, with tents, cook-stoves, &c., &c.; so that aside from depredations committed by the Indians, there is no sacrifice in making the journey. Families in the Eastern or New England States that have a desire to locate in a rich, healthy country, will find the Platte Valley all that can be desired for a permanent residence. Fraternalty yours, A. C. BILLINGS. Omaha City, Nebraska Ter., May 23, 1864.

Gottschalk's Hopes in a Future Life.

In the course of a letter to the Home Journal, the great American pianist comes forward and frankly says—what everybody else is always saying about his own particular business—"I delight to think that, beyond the tomb, concerts will exist only in memory, like the confused recollections we have in the morning of a nightmare which has disturbed our sleep. The Orientals people their paradise with marvelous lotus; the red man fills his with verdant prairies and forests of game, where the chase is eternal; for my part, I like to imagine myself in a paradise where piano concerts are prohibited, and the 'Carnival of Venice,' with variations, a crime. On the other hand, I picture the Styx only as a grand depot of all kinds of pianos—upright, square, oblique, and whatnot—a kind of Botany Bay for hardened pianists, where a never-satisfied public insist upon hearing the 'Carnival of Venice,' with variations, forever!"

"I am on the trail of a deer," as the man said when he stepped on the dress of one of our fashionable female pedestrians.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations in Illinois.

With some slight drawbacks, our cause has made great and gratifying progress here during the past winter. Two very remarkable physical mediums have spent some time with us—Mr. Church and Jennie Lord; the former a resident of Springfield, in this State, and the latter of Chicopee, Mass.

Mr. Church seems to me to be a medium of most astonishing powers. Through his personal magnetism spirits are able to materialize themselves with the utmost perfection, so as to speak in loud and perfectly audible voices, unto the most complicated knots, handle those present in a very forcible style, produce brilliant lights, move heavy bodies, and perform every variety of physical feats. The performances are generally opened by an Indian spirit, who calls himself "No-mau-kee"—a person of gigantic size, and of great strength. I have distinctly seen his figure, as he stood between me and the dim light of a partially darkened window. He talks with the utmost freedom, in a hoarse, whispering voice, and seems to have a power of untying hard knots, equalled only by that of the "Davenport" circle. He sometimes dances with force enough to shake the whole house. He is succeeded by a number of others, who often manifest themselves two and three at a time, in different parts of the room. Those who have attended these wonderful circles, will never forget the touch and tone of one calling herself "Mrs. Fleetwood." Her voice is sweet and musical, and her touch, which is always in the form of a caress, is peculiarly silken and velvety.

These performances always take place in a dark room, the medium being securely tied, or handcuffed. Our best scientific men have tried every experiment, with tarred ropes, knots sewed with waxed ends, and every conceivable precaution to prevent or detect trickery; but all to no purpose. I need not describe these at any great length; they are well known to all who are familiar with the Davenport brothers, and the performances are even more powerful and convincing than those of these celebrated mediums. Miss Lord sits in a close circle, her hands touching those of some in the ring, generally selected as skeptics. The performances are gentler and more refined than those in Mr. Church's seances, playing on a great variety of musical instruments being the most remarkable feature. The bass-viol, violoncello, guitar, tambourine, drum, a variety of bells, trumpet, and other articles, are handled with a dexterity that charms the listener, and at times with an absolutely frightful force and energy.

The seances of these two mediums have been constantly crowded by anxious inquirers, and almost all who attended went away delighted and convinced.

To the scientific and philosophical, these demonstrations are most wonderful, so completely do they overthrow existing theories of the relations of matter and spirit. Savans are finding that there are many facts existing "in heaven and earth, undreamed of in their philosophy." The wall of separation between the two worlds seems to be crumbling away, and we believe that greater things are yet in store for us.

W. Bloomington, Ill., May 11, 1864.

Manifestations in Vermont.

Your numerous readers, dear BANNER, will be glad to learn of the progress of our cause here and everywhere. In the little mountain town of Chittenden, six miles from Rutland, there lives an unassuming and unpretending family by the name of Eddy, who are all mediumistic, and they tell things which, to strangers of these modern phenomena, must seem marvelous and incredible. They say that on one occasion the table was carried by unseen hands entirely over the house, which is a two-story one, and lodged in the branches of a large butternut tree, that large stones have been brought and dropped down in the room, that they hear the spirits dance, and play upon the violin, &c.

Mr. A. J. Sargent, and his father-in-law, Mr. Linus Edmunds—both firm believers in the Spiritual Philosophy—live neighbors to the above-mentioned family, and a few weeks ago invited them in to hold weekly circles at their house, and already many are attracted from that and adjoining towns to witness what the spirits can do. I have been present at three sittings, and although at first skeptical, am now fully convinced that most, if not all, of the phenomena produced—some of which I shall mention—are wrought by invisible agencies. The table moves freely in answer to questions, with or without manual aids or bodies in contact with it, so far as any are able to discover in the darkened room. Bells placed upon the table ring out sweet music, the violin passes rapidly around the circle, making vibrations of the strings as it goes, touches various persons upon the head and face, strikes the ceiling overhead, and is sometimes played with the bow. Pale but plain lights are produced, which resemble currents of electricity passed through rarified air, or the Aurora Borealis. Mediums who attend are generally powerfully influenced to talk, sing and dance. Stones are dropped upon the table, wreaths are placed upon the bells, and two of the mediums, Horatio and Mary Eddy, affirm that they are sometimes taken up bodily to the ceiling, which is confirmed by several whose testimony would, I think, be considered reliable. Now since these things as a whole are too much for human credulity in general to accept, let each believe as he will till the law and the testimony are given him to produce conviction.

Yours for the Truth, GEORGE DUTTON, M. D. Rutland, Vt., June 1, 1864.

Healing by Laying on of Hands.

Please allow me, Mr. Editor, to add my testimony to that of many others, in favor of healing the sick by laying on of hands, manipulations, &c., as practiced by mediums of the present age. I was first treated in the spring of 1837, by Mrs. Holton, (now of Oregon,) after a confinement of five years, and was in a few weeks' time restored to comfortable health, which continued until the winter of 1861, when I was again prostrated, and continued so until the summer of 1863, when we were fortunate in obtaining the services of Mrs. C. A. Genung, (now of Chicago, Ill.) who treated me a few weeks with the much-desired result—a restoration to health. I would recommend her to the citizens of Chicago as an excellent healing medium, and one in whom the afflicted may safely confide.

Mrs. I. R. WELCH. Webster, Ill., May 24, 1864.

Intelligence is the crowning power of the universe. It comes from within—learning from without. Intelligence grasps learning and holds it. Learning is something which belongs to, but is not a part of it. Intelligence is a power of the soul. It comes from the soul.

The Second Coming of Christ.

The following communication was originally published seven or eight years ago in the Yorkshire (England) Spiritual Telegraph, and was given through the mediumship, while unconsciously entranced, of a son of Jesse Jones of Peckham (England).

Respecting the second coming of Christ, the wildest, and if not wildest, certainly the most diversified opinions prevail. Such return to this Earth is somehow and somewhat believed in, however, by almost every one in Christendom.

Now whether regarded as a myth, or anticipated as a glorious fact, the thing or thought itself, could never exist without an element of truth in it—a foundation-basis in the nature of things themselves.

The doctrine of spiritual incarnation, not absolute but relative, is one eminently and beautifully natural, philosophic and true. We see by it, how that in a very special sense, the Christ of the past, may have chosen and may be even now preparing and inspiring his adaptive medium.

If it is accepted that a single individual spirit of the past, any great intellectual or moral worthy of by-gone times, through a divinely established method, can influence humanity to-day—and what unbiased mind acquainted with the revelations of the present age doubts this?—then certainly the idea of a general inspiration from Jesus of Nazareth, must also be accepted.

And now, brethren, I will draw your attention to another subject, the words of Christ to his disciples respecting this last dispensation. He said unto them, 'I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now—howbeit when he the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak, and he will show you things to come.'

And I who now speak unto you would solemnly tell you to seek, yourselves, the blessed Comforter; for it is the spirit of Christ appearing a second time on earth, to teach you those things which his disciples were not able to bear at his first coming, eighteen hundred years ago.

With considerable pleasure I have been reading the article headed "The Laboring Women," in your issue for the 23d of April. My gratification would have been more complete, had you proceeded to review in detail, all that is oppressive to so noble a cause.

My attention was recently directed to the notice of the meeting of sewing-women in New York; my impressions at the moment were these: Can this statement by any possibility be true? can such a paltry, miserable remuneration for labor be given in this latter part of the nineteenth century?

The first shock to my feelings passed over, and having regained my equilibrium and the use of my reflective faculties, I came to the conclusion that the statements were generally true, for we unfortunately have conditions not much in advance of those described in the report, in the locality of my residence.

can be seized upon, and has been in the habit of so doing for all past time. Competition and monopoly on the side of capitalists, necessity and limited information on the part of the majority of those who have to labor, with craft, cunning, deception, and what is now properly termed "shoddy," as practised by schemers, and that class of beings who derive the substance of their existence by dealing between the producer and consumer.

As regards the remedy, this portion of the subject cannot be so easily disposed of, for almost every person who is capable of reasoning upon the subject, have his or her peculiar remedy. I shall not, upon this occasion, trouble you with the probable speculations of other individuals, but briefly give my views, hoping that some able thinkers will turn their attention to and give an opinion upon this all important question, at this most critical period of our earthly existence.

To my mind it quite plainly appears, that before many years the mass of mankind, the producers of nearly all the advantages we physically and morally possess, will become enlightened, arise from the present position, and in self-defence adopt some system of mutual cooperation.

Now, as in past time, labor is considerably disjointed. The result is indescribable misery. Let the principle of cooperation once obtain a foothold upon a truly spiritual basis, and it will then be discovered that therein lies the embryo of health, happiness, progression, peace, and the millennium of harmony.

JOHN T. AMOS. Rochester, N. Y. This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Summer for the Soul. We have always heard it said that the winter season supplied opportunities for intellectual improvement such as were furnished by no other portion of the year, and chiefly because there are few or no external incidents and interruptions to cut off and dissipate the attention from study and reflection.

The soul feels at this time as if it would love to go out into the open reaches of nature, and give itself up to the full enjoyment which fields and forests, streams and pleasant airs beget on every side. It is a spiritual and not a material enjoyment which is felt now; it has no sensual taste or flavor to it, but is washed out sweet and clean by the brooks that lace the meadows, and made pure by the breezes which blow from the fragrant hillsides.

Thus the fields become far better for us than the streets. There, where no shocks of inharmonious offer themselves, the soul becomes open and receptive to visits from the invisible friends and guardians which all nations and all creeds have united in believing to be near us when we will have them. The solitude of field-walks, therefore, secures that very condition and mood in which these heavenly visitors love to find us, and are most sure to approach us. It even suggests to the soul to beckon them urgently in. It religiously keeps out intruders—such as thoughts of business, promptings of ambition, the plans of politics, the flying demons of talk, and the sly suggestions of sensualism.

A spiritual-minded person will never feel lonely in the country during this season; and a worldly person will grow spiritual and sweet in spite of himself. There all the influences are pure and healthy; there are no low dissipations for the thoughts; there is no weary wasting of the finer spiritual energy; the growth is silent and slow, but the development of the soul is manifest at last, and beyond dispute. The being expands in the fields; in the streets it is not much more than the powers. In the fields we somehow become more and more aware of our real and genuine existence; in the streets we do not much more than find ourselves out on one side, and in the possession of a few faculties only. It is a very different development which we get in the two places.

And now when flush and rosy June is with us, spreading out the indescribable enticements of her greenery on every hand, and inviting us to go out of our cities and streets, and out of our dwellings, also, into the leafy tabernacles which she has so thickly set up for us—hanging the earth about with most beautiful clouds and vapors, spreading the most lovely carpets of green over meadows and hill-sides, and sowing them thickly with terecups and dandelions, and fanning our brows with fragrant airs which trip playfully along the tops of the grass-blades and shape out swart shadows from the leaves into the sunshine—there is many an hour when we can stroll in pleasing thought through the pleasant solitudes, and receive, unknown to us at the moment, visitors right

from the celestial spheres. But it is ours to go where they will be most likely to come to us. We shall certainly find them on any summer day by the brook-side, in the shaded glen, among the blossoming apple-trees, or underneath the stately chestnuts. It is for us to put ourselves in the way of those heavenly visitors.

We believe, because we know, that the man who has tramped all day in following the brooks for trout, comes home at night with a heart made sweet and a being made clean by the holy companionship he has enjoyed. He may bring not a single speckled fish in his creel—he is a successful fisherman for all that, if he comes back filled with the influences of that soothing presence which has been about him since the morning. He has found new and better friends, of whose acquaintance he cannot at once rid himself. And it is so with the meditative and quiet stroller, not less than with the man who sallies forth with some special intent. The air, the sunshine, the leaves, the grass, the mysterious adaptation of all outward sights and sounds to his particular need, and their combination for the very purpose which he could never reach without their aid—all compel us to place the summer before every other season for man's spiritual development, and to suggest to us the propriety of presenting it as his special term of progress and advancement.

Out doors, in pleasant weather, is the best medicine for the fever of life. The heat which has been generated by worldly ambition, is there cooled down. It is the best place in which to subdue passion and learn to keep it under; for how could we continue to be angry while listening to the babble of innocent brooks, the singing of birds in the branches, and the cows quietly tearing the green grass? or how could we be the slave of envy, or the creature of jealousy or the lower passions? Out doors, the sweetest breezes blow in at the windows of the being; wild vines cling by their tendrils to the casement; a brook runs just the door, bringing its gift of a liquid song; birds build their nests and raise their young ones over the porch. Every one is a poet, now, when he takes to the fields. There are numberless little nooks in nature in which his soul will worship and adore the good Creator. There is a secret sympathy felt with every external object and every living creature. We relax the old habits which have held us in such tight bonds, and go out to disport ourselves in the sunshine and shadows like little children, happy with the gifts of the good God who does all things for our enjoyment.

War with the Forms of Despotism.

It matters not whether a commercial and wide-awake people fight with a tyrant in the form of a ruler or a despot in the shape of slavery, such a people can never suffer permanent vanquishment. The spirit of liberty is altogether too elastic to be kept down by all the combinations either form of despotism can oppose to it. A people like ours, alive at all points, full of ingenuity and invention, with mental enterprise and energy unsurpassed, scouring the seas for the peaceful victories of commerce, plowing the soil for the yellow wealth of intelligent agriculture, ceaseless in their activity, ever developing instead of resting, and becoming strong instead of satisfied; such a people are a dangerous adversary indeed to have their open hostility invoked against so feeble, disjointed, and thoroughly rickety an institution as slavery. The lame concern must of course go to the wall in the contest. Freedom has certainly got the mastery in this age, slow as we oftentimes think its march in the many details of social and individual life. The tendency is fairly pronounced, and it is in the direction of liberty, of inquiry, investigation, progress, toleration and perfect freedom. The time had come in the providence of the Great Ruling Power, when human slavery was to dissolve like hoar-frost in the beams of the bright sun. We shall be glad that it was, our privilege to have lived in such a time.

Parties in England.

Gladstone's summons, unlooked for as it was, promises to work most important results in England. He will go to the front of the Liberal party at once, and assume the leadership without any questioning. It does not, after all, matter so much what his real motive was in making the decided change of opinion he did—the only question of any interest is, whether it will lead to desirable results. And we think there is no doubt that it will. It is not at all evident that he will at once come into power with a change in the Ministry—that would be too powerful a reaction; but supposing that some half-and-half premier like Earl Derby was invested with office and the direction of affairs, the people of England know him too well already to believe that his administration would be any more positive or liberal than that of Palmerston and Russell, both of whom are used up and broken down; and in a very little time dissatisfaction would become universal. Having learned how to turn out one administration, like Palmerston's, the people would not be very backward in turning out his successor if it did not manage to suit their wants. And we may count with positive certainty on Derby's going out very soon after his accession, say within six months, and on a new and positive and thoroughly liberal and progressive administration being formed under the guidance of Gladstone, with Bright and Cobden to cooperate.

The Morning Battle.

Gen. Grant got up early on the morning of Friday, the 3d, and went into the rebels with all his force. His purpose clearly was to see if Lee could be driven across the Chickahominy, and if he had succeeded in effecting that desirable result, he doubtless intended to continue his advantage, convert the rebel retreat, if possible, into a rout, and go into Richmond on the same day along with his enemy. The battle was a decisive one, so far as it demonstrated the fact that Lee could not be driven by storming beyond his entrenchments, and Grant will now have to resort to other expedients. In the day's conflict we lost in killed and wounded, some five thousand men. The battle was short, but it raged with unparalleled fury. In fact the whole matter was decided in the brief space of ten mortal minutes. More hung on that interval of time than any of us can be aware of.

The Rate of Taxation.

It is the general opinion in Washington that it was a great mistake that the internal revenue was not made larger when it was first imposed. Gen. Wilson in debate said: "I have felt from the time the first gun was fired in this rebellion, that the only danger of the country is the want of money to carry on the war. I think we have made a great mistake that we have not increased, and increased largely, our taxation, and I desire a system of taxation that will double or treble the taxes now put upon the country. If we had raised \$500,000,000 more than we have raised during the last two years by taxation, we should have saved more than that in the expenses of the Government and the people."

A Bankrupt Law.

We were very glad to see, by a recent report of the proceedings in the United States Senate, that the General Bankrupt Law was to be put on its passage. It is full thro the people of the country had such a statute on their books in their favor. It is really true, and has so been held by eminent men of the legal profession, that the passage of a law of this character would benefit the morals of society, inasmuch as it would introduce a system of honor and personal honesty to operate in place of deceitfulness and fraud. It would have this effect by simply limiting credits, if not abolishing them altogether. Then purchasers, if trusted at all, would obtain credit only on the strength of their good character and standing; and they would be very particular to keep that spotless, if for no other reason than because they would destroy their own resources by neglecting it.

The law which holds the lash, or perhaps the prison, and certainly the power of disqualification for further business operations, over the heads of men who have chanced at some past time to be unfortunate, is worse than that which condemns the black man to perpetual servitude; for the latter is at least guaranteed his living, and is sure he will be clothed and fed—while the debtor who sees no way of escape from his accumulating misfortunes, and knows not in what manner he shall be able to knock off the legal manacles from his hands, cannot engage in any enterprise by which alone he can provide either for himself or his family. It is wicked beyond expression. And it is to be remembered, too, that the men who are thus cut off from a future, who thus have the chain and ball of servitude fastened to their limbs, and for whom the very heavens are daily hung in black—who cherish no hope, know no change, can see no break of light through the oppressive blackness—these men, we say, are the very ones whose brains and energy constitute the wealth of a nation, and are alone able to build up its prosperity and power. There is no reason under heaven why a Government should gratuitously set about netting the part of a dun and a constable for creditors only, while it builds dungeons and establishes limits of liberty for the unfortunate debtors. Property is certainly not more than manhood.

The London Press.

It is agreeable to see that the London press is thinking better of us, in a military point of view. Gen. Grant is really blossoming out in their estimation. He has shown military qualities which challenge their admiration. He proves to be something more than they had ever found among the leaders of the Union armies before, and more in point of ability and genius than they would really like to allow. It is amusing to witness the contentions of this same London press, now that intelligence has reached them respecting military operations in Georgia and Virginia. But the best proof of a change of opinion in the English mind respecting us is to be found in the fact that the British Government has bought up the Laird rams, instead of waiting for Parliament to tinker the laws, or our Government to put in its protests and claims. Gen. Grant is working wonders in Europe.

The Losses of the Danes.

It is rare, in the history of war, to find a nation, however small, that has sacrificed in so short a time so large a proportion of its troops as Denmark has, since the war broke out with the German Powers. The regularly disciplined force of the Danish kingdom does not appear, according to the accounts, to have exceeded 35,000 men when hostilities broke out; and the official reports show that, of this number, fully one-half has disappeared in the bloody conflicts which have already taken place. In other words, the Danes have lost 10,473 men, including 300 officers, and 467 guns besides. If the larger European Powers can look on and see such doings for a long while, they are too cowardly to interest the rest of the world even in their existence.

Now and Then.

It was stated by Judge Kelley, in a debate in Congress recently, that when the war broke out the Navy numbered but seventy-six vessels, and of those seventy-two had been, by the orders of Isaac Toucey, dismantled, laid up, or scattered abroad on distant stations. There were at the disposal of Government when Sumter was fired upon but four small vessels, manned by two hundred and fifty men, exclusive of officers and marines, and carrying but twenty-five of the thirteen hundred and seventy-six guns then afloat, and they were the nucleus around which the Department has created a navy of over six hundred vessels, while establishing and maintaining a blockade such as was never before even contemplated, and changing the whole system of naval warfare.

N. Frank White.

We had the pleasure of talking by the hand this patriotic young officer a few days since. He has very recently returned from the Ninth Army Corps in Virginia. He arrived at his home just before his venerable father took his farewell of earth. The meeting was a happy one, for the two never expected to see each other in earth-life again. After serving his country for three years, Mr. White has concluded to return to the lecturing field again, where he was in such great demand, before he entered the service. His many friends all over the country will be gratified at this piece of information, for they will once more have an opportunity to listen to his fine inspirational discourses. He has taken up his residence in Quincy, Mass., where he will receive calls for the fall and winter.

Death of an Editor.

A Wallace Thaxter, one of the editors of the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, closed his earthly career on Thursday, June 7th, at the age of thirty-two years. Consumption had been proying upon him for some time past. Mr. Thaxter graduated at Harvard in 1832, and soon after became connected with the Gazette, to which he was a valuable accession. He had industry, sound judgment and much tact in catering for the wants of the literary public, and was an honor to his profession.

The Spiritual Picnic.

Bear in mind, friends, the Picnic on Wednesday, June 16th, at Island Grove, Abington. Special trains leave the Old Colony depot at quarter to nine and eleven and a half o'clock. Good speakers will be present to address those who choose to listen. There will also be various other entertainments, sufficient to warrant a pleasant time. If the weather is fair, a large assemblage may be anticipated.

The Davenport Brothers.

These wonderful physical mediums, we understand, will soon visit Boston. As we have received no word from their agent when they contemplate holding their séances here, we are unable to give any definite information upon the subject.

First Grand National Convention of Spiritualists.

At a Convention of the Spiritualists of New England, held in Boston, in March last, the following Preamble and Resolutions, after a full and free discussion, were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the facts given to man through communication with the spirit-world, conclusively prove that a portion of the inhabitants of that world feel a deep interest in the elevation and improvement of humanity, and are associated together for the perfecting of wise plans to accomplish so desirable an end; therefore,

Resolved, That it is largely by associated action on the part of Spiritualists that their beneficial teachings can be made practically useful to our race, and result in the establishment of individual and social liberty, equality and fraternity throughout our world.

Resolved, That we believe that the exigencies of our time demand that measures should be taken by which this concert of action on the part of Spiritualists should be brought about. And for the accomplishment of this object, we recommend that a National Convention of Spiritualists should be convened at some central point in the great West during the coming summer.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend all Spiritualist associations and neighborhoods to appoint one or more of their best men to attend this proposed Convention when called.

A careful examination and deliberation of the Committee have decided that the greatest facilities for the accommodation of those who may attend the Convention can be had in Chicago, Ill. They therefore most cordially and earnestly invite all Spiritualists throughout the country to meet in Convention in the city of Chicago, on Tuesday, the 9th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue from day to day thereafter, during the pleasure of the Convention, for the purpose of a free interchange of thought upon all subjects embraced in the foregoing resolutions, and to take such action in the premises as they may deem best. And as the Committee fully recognize the identity of interest of all Humanity in the "New Dispensation," they would extend the same cordial invitation and greeting to the Spiritualists of the Canadas to unite with them in their deliberations.

No pent up Utica confines our powers, For the whole boundless universe is ours.

It was said in a former notice, all Spiritualists realize the great fact, that we live in a transition age. Old things are rapidly passing away in the religious and social, as well as in the political world. Behold all things must be formed anew. And the time has fully come when the millions in our country who have received the glorious light of the incoming day, must decide whether, by associated action, they will give direction and shape to the new, securing to all and each the greatest possible amount of individual, social, religious and political freedom, compatible with the greatest good of the whole; or, whether religious and political dogmatism, the rulers of the past, shall, in the reconstruction, so frame our Constitutions and Laws as to crush the millions, for the exclusive aggrandizement and benefit of the few. Slavery, cruelty, oppression and wrong have had full sway under the old regime, based as it was, and is, upon the Mosaic code of barbarism, and it is for us to decide whether they shall still rule the earth, or the more rational and beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of all races of men, and the Fatherhood of God shall furnish the basic foundation of the new Church and State.

In conclusion, the Committee would urge upon the attention of all Spiritualists the recommendation contained in the last resolution. Do not fail to have a representation from every city, town or hamlet. Come, and let us reason together.

Arrangements have been completed with the Vermont Central R. R. Company to convey passengers from the following places to Chicago and return for twenty-five dollars the round trip: Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and Fitchburg, Mass.; Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Keene and Portsmouth, N. H.; Bellows Falls, Rutland, White River Junction, Burlington, Montpelier and St. Albans, Vt., and Ogdenburg, N. Y., by the following route: over Vermont Central Railroad from Boston to Ogdenburg, thence via the Grand Trunk R. R. to Port Sarria, thence via Sarria Line of steamers to Chicago, and return by the same route. Tickets good from August 1st to September 1st, inclusive. Tickets to be had in Boston only of L. Mills, Esq., General Agent, No. 5 State street, and at the ticket offices of the Vermont Central in the above mentioned places. From the State of Maine passengers will be conveyed over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Sarria, thence by the Lakes as above for the same fare, viz., \$25 for the round trip. Apply to Wm. Flowers, Esq., General Agent, Bangor, Me. The Spiritualists of New York can make satisfactory arrangements for reduction of fares by calling upon E. P. Beach, Esq., General Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, 270 Broadway, New York City. H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman. H. B. STORER, Secretary.

All papers favorable to the movement will please copy.

Neponset.

We announced last week that the Unitarian Society at Neponset had kindly offered the use of their church for the Spiritualists to hold meetings in last Sunday. We are now informed that they afterwards withdrew their liberal offer, and Mr. Hayden did not speak there as announced. We regret this, for no doubt the very thing which the Society most feared would have been the result—the awakening of some minds to the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, through the eloquence of the "boy preacher." Further comment is unnecessary.

Miss Doten's Lectures.

The subject on which Miss Doten spoke on Sunday afternoon, June 6th, was "Ancient and Modern Mythology," and in the evening, "Psyche," closing with a poem by the spirit of Mrs. Hemans, entitled "The Power of Life," reversing some of the ideas given in her poem many years ago, entitled "The Power of Death." Both lectures were splendid. Her subjects for Sunday, June 13th, are "The Magic Staff," and "Immaculate Conception," closing with a poem.

The War News.

Gen. Grant has advanced his army to the outer fortifications of Richmond, after several more severe battles, in which the enemy were pushed back, with great loss. Gen. Hunter, successor to Gen. Sigel in command of the army of Western Virginia, has advanced on the enemy, and won a victory at Staunton. Gen. Sherman is pushing on toward Atlanta, Ga., constantly fighting and defeating the enemy.

Presidential Nomination.

The National Convention which met in Baltimore, June 8th, re-nominated Abraham Lincoln by acclamation, as the Republican Candidate for President of the United States. Gov. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee was also nominated as candidate for Vice President, on the same ticket.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guided of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Daniel A. Payne, to his mother, in Fall River, Mass.; Jonas L. Clark, to friends in Chicago, Ill.; Gen. A. S. Pugh, killed at Fort Pillow, to his wife and sister, in Baltimore, Md.; Frederick A. Sims, to his brother, Josiah, at Fort Monroe; Frances Bennett, to her brother-in-law, Alonzo Bennett, an engraver, in New York.

Tuesday, May 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Geo. Greely, of Lebanon, N. H.; Owen Currier, to his brother, James (Cattay), or wife, Margaret, in New York City; Jennie P. Northampton, to her mother and sister, in Chicago, Ill.; Major Wm. N. Bufford, of Louisiana; Annie Jones, to her mother, Mrs. Gen. Jones.

Thursday, May 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John Presley, of Chester, Eng.; to Thos. Wallingford; George Grimes, of the 1st Mich. Reg.; George J. Ellwell, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry; Edith Lottrop, to her mother, in New York City; Col. Wm. Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky; James Mahoney, of the 7th Maine Regiment, to friends, in Augusta, Me.; George Dodge, to his mother, at present in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Monday, May 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; General "Stone-wall" Jackson, to friends North and South; Nat. Engers, of the 4th Illinois, Co. G; Horace A. Clark, to friends in Annapolis, Wis.; Michael McCurdy, to his brother, Jim, of New York; Evangelical Wheeler, to her parents, in New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, May 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; General Johnson, of the Confederate Army, to his friend, Valandigham; Jim Page, to his mother in Springfield, Mass.; Deborah Andrews, of Alabama, to her two sons at the North; Billy Morton, of Baltimore, Md., to his parents.

Thursday, June 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Dr. John C. Chace, to friends at the South; Samuel McCormack, of Augusta, Me., to his wife, Jennie Duffy, to his brother, Peter, and his wife, in New York City.

Monday, June 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Bill Gross, to his two sons in the Confederate Army, and daughter, in Auburn, N. Y.; General Bolton, to his mother, in Jacksonville, Fla.; Patrick Cronin, to his friends, in Fall River, Mass.; Mary G. Vinton, in New York, in this city; Jennie Coburn, to her mother, in New York City; Albert Wilson, to his friends in New York City.

Tuesday, June 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. H. Alderman, of Newcastle, Eng.; Johnnie Hooper, to his mother, in New York City; Edwin H. Gilden, to his mother, in New York City; Abigail Billings Harris, to her brother, Thomas Harris, of San Francisco, Cal.; Albert Gould, of Atlanta, Ga., to his mother, in New York City.

Invocation.

Almighty Spirit, to whom the soul instinctively turns, in its weakness asking for strength, in its uncertainty asking for wisdom, in its sorrow asking for peace. Oh Spirit, whose dwelling-place is the Temple of Life, we turn to thee this hour in our weakness, asking for that strength which thou alone canst impart; that wisdom which thou alone through numerous channels canst give. Oh, thou God who rulest all things, we perceive that this American nation is in darkness; that the mantle of sorrow is flung over it. And we perceive, also, that there is a cause for this sadness; that thy children, the American people, have deeply sinned. They have worshipped Mammon; they have turned from the worship of the living God unto the worship of the dead Past. Oh, our Father, we know that thou wilt scourge them until they have learned wisdom. We know that thou wilt not cease to visit them with affliction, until they shall have learned the better way—until their spirits have learned to look through the windows of the present. Oh, our Father and our Mother, in our sympathy and love for humanity, we could ask that the sword be sheathed, that the cannon's mouth be silenced, and that the thunders of war be heard no more. But when we look at the spiritual necessities of this people, we can but ask for war; we can but ask for sorrow—ask that thy mercy may continue to visit them with affliction. Oh, our Father, they are marching onward toward thee. They must be willing to take on themselves the cross—must necessarily mount Calvary's steep, if they would wear the crown of peace and liberty in the future. Oh God, they have held in their midst a poisonous serpent, and they have folded it to their bosom like a thing of beauty. Oh God, we thank thee that the nation has now awoke to its condition. We thank thee, oh God, that they see not as they once saw, but that thy light, thy truth is upon them; that thy power is being made manifest among them. And now, in this hour of their country's sorrow, now, while rivers of blood have so long been deluging this fair land, and thousands of homes have been visited with death, they ask to know the cause of all this sorrow and warfare. We perceive, Father, that there are many individual hearts who are questioning themselves at this time; asking if they have not sinned? If their garments are spotless? If there is not something they can do toward bringing peace and liberty to the nation? Oh, for this individual research we thank thee. We could lift a new song of praise to thee, for the bright beams of wisdom that are flashing across the horizon of this nation. Day by day, hour by hour, the great cause of national Truth and Liberty is gaining ground. The Angel of Peace is coming nearer and nearer to this people. Oh God, grant that he may soon find a resting place here. Oh, grant that he may soon find many thousand souls ready to welcome him. Thou, and not till then, will the sword be sheathed, the cannon's mouth be silenced, and desolation and darkness turn to harmony, and light, and peace, and everlasting wisdom. May 3.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—What question will the friends present for discussion this afternoon?

QUES.—Would it be beneficial to the community if the industrious class were to obtain more for their earnings? and if so, how can it be accomplished?

ANS.—It would be right, certainly; for whatever will benefit mortality in any way, must be right. There is a way by which this may be done, but the process is slow. Men have to grow into knowledge and wisdom by experience. It cannot be forced upon them. When that class of individuals who make up society shall have learned that they are only dragging themselves to hell by the accumulation of worldly wealth; that by placing their feet upon the necks of their fellow creatures, and compelling them to work for an under price, they are only burdening their own souls with sin, then this will cease—then the condition of society, in this respect, will change. Not till then will justice be done to all of God's children dwelling on the earth. It is true, there may be some individual reformers in this matter, but the masses cannot be converted at once. Their conversion must be the result of experience, and that experience there are very many of them gaining in the present condition of your country. But it is to come in a larger shape. It shall flow into many souls that have, in the past, known little of hard human experience.

Q.—A correspondent at Washington asks, "When and where can the line be drawn between the intellectual and the spiritual faculties in man? And to which department does imagination or idealism positively belong?"

A.—We know of no line of demarcation existing between the intellectual and the spiritual. They are one in nature, one in principle. Imagination, or idealism, so called by your correspondent, is a manifestation of mind. It is the act of mind reaching out into the future and standing upon the mirror of itself. It is styled imagination. That is a very poor term; pictures from the inner life would be more appropriate.

Q.—A correspondent sends the following: Please explain the passage, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

A.—The passage explains itself. There is no need of bringing any judgment of ours to bear upon it. If the passage does not explain itself, then ask him to read carefully that which precedes it, and that which follows it, and he will have a clear elucidation of the subject, quite as clear as we could give.

CHAIRMAN.—The three following questions are from another correspondent, living in Westfield, N. Y.:

1st QUES.—Did not the same principle which removes us from this stage of existence to another or higher, bring us from a lower one to this?

A.—The principle of life is the same under all circumstances, for that which is a principle cannot change except in its manifestation. Therefore it is to be presumed that the same principle which projected us into physical life, will project us into spiritual or divine life. We take on the different degrees of life by virtue of the principle of life, or that inherent power of life that may be called God.

2d QUES.—I have a father and mother who have passed from this stage of existence to another. Were I as near them as to other objects within the range of my natural vision, could I not see them equally as well? Or, in other words, could I not see the first form above me, if at the same distance, when I can see so many different ones below me?

A.—Your correspondent argues very illogically. He forgets that in his residence in the human form, he must be governed by the laws of the material or physical body, and can discern only in accordance with the senses of that body. Now the things of the spirit are not to be discerned except by spiritual senses. Though the father or the mother may stand at his right hand, so near that they might breathe upon his cheek, still he might remain unconscious of their presence.

There are some few individuals called seeing mediums, or seers, who are able to discern spiritual things. But they do not discern them in their material or normal state. The spiritual in that case transcends the material with discord, and they discern with spiritual senses, not material ones.

3d QUES.—Are organic forms composed of the visible material taken into the system, or invisible extracts elaborated from that material, and becoming visible by combination with those forms?

A.—All organic forms are built up from the material—from matter. It should be remembered that there are many degrees of matter, from the lower orders unto the higher, or more sublimated. All that which is allied to organic life, sublimated or crude, must have had its origin in matter. There never was an organism built up outside the realm of matter, not excepting spiritually. The thought which goes forth unseen is but a condition of sublimated matter, so refined that the senses—the physical vision—cannot behold it.

Q.—Will you please inform us if material substances are sometimes removed from this earth to the spirit-world, and there retained? If so, can you explain in what manner the transfer is made, and the laws by which they are so held?

A.—In one sense the spirit-world is with you, in your midst. You are surrounded by disembodied intelligences, by your friends, by your enemies, who have once inhabited forms of flesh. But in another sense the spirit-world is far from you. We have before stated that there is an atmosphere, distinct in itself, in which the disembodied spirit lives, moves, and has its being, in the same way that your earth is surrounded by a peculiar atmosphere, in which you live, move, and have your being as physical machines—as humans. Now with regard to the case in question, we would say, we cannot believe that a ponderable object—something that belongs positively to your atmosphere, was ever for a moment transferred into a spiritual atmosphere and held there; for that is not in accordance with natural law. That the article might have been held in a condition, or surrounded by an atmosphere through which the human senses could not penetrate, is very possible; that it might be transferred to such an atmosphere is very possible and probable, for that has been done many times to our knowledge. But that it could be transferred into that positive atmosphere in which the spirit lives, moves, and has its being, we at least must doubt.

Q.—May it not be possible for a table to be held in the air by means of spirit power?

A.—Most certainly; but it could not, we argue, be taken out of your atmosphere and removed to a spiritual atmosphere, for the particles would immediately decompose. The different particles are held together by action of the atmosphere. Take it out of that atmosphere, and nothing will remain of it.

All things are sustained and held in their proper position by law. Now the particles of wood composing this table are united by virtue of law existing in your atmosphere and itself. Take it out of that atmosphere, transfer it to a spiritual atmosphere, and it must become at once what it is not now. The law of adaptation is everywhere present. All objects that are found on the surface of the earth are adapted to the conditions—atmospheric conditions—of that earth, and could not exist in any other. This is no vain speculation, but a reality founded upon law—law by which the Universe is governed. May 3.

Charlie Crogan.

My friends are expecting me home every day. I thought perhaps I'd better find some way to let 'em know I was dead.

I belonged to the 3d Pennsylvania, Company D, and I've been a prisoner. I can't have much idea of time, but since the battle of Fredericksburg I was wounded and taken prisoner; had two or three fits of sickness; have been right on the point of getting exchanged several times, but failed to go; so my folks are looking for me home every day. I've an uncle that's a believer in these things. I never believed myself, but he does, and I want him to give the folks a chance to come and talk with me.

Yes, you can tell 'em that Charlie Crogan is dead. I was nineteen years old; most twenty. Pretty tough to go before I'd seen much of life on this side, but there was no getting rid of it, so I had to go. I've been gone dead, about as nigh as I can get at the time, about fourteen or fifteen days. That's as near as I can come. Now I should like to have my uncle William, that knows

about these things, take my mother to some medium where I can come and talk, and I'll tell her a good many things that I don't care to talk about here. Good-morning, sir. [Where did you reside?] Inlaid from Pennsylvania. [What town?] Princeton. May 3.

Captain Paul Higgins.

You send news from all who come to you, I understand? [Yes.] Have you any means by which you send your letters across the lines? [No regular communication.]

I'm very anxious to get some word to my friends at the South, very anxious; and I'm quite a novice in these things—don't know anything about them. [We'll tell you as far as we can. It would be well for you to give some of the most prominent facts of your life, that will be likely to be recognized by your friends.]

I was a captain of Company E, 18th Virginia. Paul Higgins is my name. Formerly I lived in Wilmington, North Carolina. Some three years since, I moved my family into Virginia. I have three daughters and one son. I have a brother in the book business in New York—a Union man, I believe; however, do not know, as I have never had an expression of his political sentiments.

I am at a loss, friend, how to speak here. If I were in the presence of my family and friends, I should know exactly what to say, but I am here under rather hard circumstances, and I can only ask my family, if they receive my letter, to provide me with a suitable person through whom I can speak, or write, or manifest in some way.

The last time I was at the North, I heard considerable talk about your Spiritual Philosophy, but I never learned aught of it myself. But I find there is such a great flood tending this way, that, in coming, one has to fight against wind and tide. The great flood-gates seem to be thrown wide open, that all who wish to may come. All seem to have something to do, some work that remains to be finished, something to wind up.

If I give you my honest opinion, I shall say I was not ready to die when I was called, for, like many others, I suppose I was unprepared to enter upon this state of life.

If there is any way my brother can let me come to him, if he would like to meet me in this way, I should be exceedingly happy to do so. My family at the present are in Auburn, Virginia, with the exception of my son. I can't tell you where he is; in all probability he's not there.

There are many things I would like to settle; much I would like to do. I fell at Gettysburg—lost my life—no, not life, but body. Now, sir, if you can do anything toward aiding me in this way, I at least shall be very grateful. [We shall publish your message, and undoubtedly it will reach your brother.] Good-day. May 3.

Margaret Hozier.

Margaret, daughter of Dr. John Hozier, of Roland Square, London.

I have been two days free. Two days were passed in unconsciousness. The remaining six I have been fully conscious and very active. I saw twenty-seven years of life; was a believer in your beautiful Philosophy, and I told my dear conservative father that if it were true, I would return, and return with such evidence that he must believe, must renounce his old forms and believe in the new.

I had suffered many months. It was my father's opinion that my disease was tumor—soft tumor in the stomach. But it proved to be an abnormal growth in the stomach, but not a tumor. I would say to my father, although I do not find all things as I expected, yet in the main I am not disappointed. My mother, who died in my infancy, I have met, and from her I have learned many strange things concerning our family. I refer to them, simply that my father may know that I am the person I represent myself to be.

When he shall have so far outgrown his prejudices as to be willing to receive this new light, I shall be glad, more than glad to give it to him, to unfold to his fascinating soul the glories of the spirit-land, to teach him that the human spirit has another dwelling-place beside the one which it enjoys in this sphere—this material world; that the tomb can only claim the body that it owns; that it does not own the spirit, therefore it cannot claim it. The spirit belongs to the things of the spirit, and when death comes, it returns as naturally to its native element, as the body returns naturally to its native element in the grave.

I see by my father's mind, that he was somewhat astonished in reading letters of mine since my death. He was not aware that I was so firm a believer in his faith; that I had progressed so far in my spiritual research. I hope the knowledge will serve him well. May 3.

Invocation.

Ruler of Mind and Matter, Wondrous Spirit, by whose unerring judgment the seasons come and go, the sun shines and the rain falls, we would come into sacred communion with thee by the soul's alphabet, prayer. We would enter that divine atmosphere, that we may come into conditions whereby those higher than ourselves may strengthen us, may baptize us with their life, their strength and wisdom; that in return we may be able to minister to thy mortal children. May we give them of our strength, of our wisdom, our life, that the flowers in their souls wither not, that they fall not when affliction comes upon them, when death enters homes that have hitherto known only the presence of the loving and the good, the dear and the sacred, and writes his name in unmistakable letters upon the brow of Mortality. Grant, oh Father, that we may be able to give the mourners of our strength, that we may point them from the tomb to the skies; teach them that we return to earth to lift the veil that hides them from their loved ones, and to show them the names of their loved ones written upon Immortality's page; to show them their shining garments as they pass the gateway of Eternity. Oh, Father and Mother, we know thou art the same in principle as our own life, yet in our weakness we ask that thou wilt defend us. In our ignorance, we ask that thou wilt never forsake us. In our humanity we look forward to a time when we shall know thee, and better understand these things than we do now. Oh Spirit, whose life is our life, whose presence floats into our being like the aroma of sweet flowers, we praise thee for all thy gifts. We lift ourselves in thanksgiving to thee for all affliction with which life has visited us. We thank thee, for every day, for every night, for every star, for every sunbeam; for all things that have been, are, and to come, we thank thee, oh our Father. May 3.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to consider any propositions the friends may desire to offer.

QUES.—Please give us the history of the snake that Bryant in his "Mythology" alludes to?

ANS.—It is entirely mythical and unreal. Therefore there is no foundation upon which to stand to analyze the subject.

Q.—Please elucidate this passage: "No man knoweth the son but the Father; neither knoweth

any man the Father save the son, and he to whomsoever the son will reveal himself?"

A.—A figurative expression, said to have been given utterance to by Jesus of Nazareth. We believe the expression relates solely to things of the spirit, to the Godhead and the soul, the divine portion of humanity, that being represented as the son, or manifestation of Deity. Deity knows the soul, and the soul in turn knows Deity. Yet it is unable to project its knowledge of Deity through human senses. It is our opinion that the soul, in its positive soul-life, fully comprehends its God, the power by which it lives. But we know, also, that the soul cannot fully comprehend its God through the senses furnished it by the human organism; nor can it with its spiritual senses, until after it has entered the second sphere of intellectual action. In a word, in our opinion Jesus had direct reference to the relationship existing between soul and Deity, to the understanding existing between soul and Deity.

Q.—Explain the passage, "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life?"

A.—An inscription which glitters only upon the cross of Materialism, and belongs not to the life of the spirit, or to life at all. "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Now if we are to take the literal expression of the term, we shall suppose at once that the Great Spirit of the universe, that mighty something we call God, Father and Mother, has ignored the relationship to all else save this one person. Now if we consult Nature, reason, or common sense, upon this point, we know that this cannot be so; that he who called into being one form of life, called into being all other forms of life as well; that one is no more dear to him than another; the lowest occupies as high a place in his affection as the highest.

We cannot believe, nay, we know that this Jesus of Nazareth was thought good, holy, and filled with divinity, and nearer to the Father than any one present. We have no belief in the doctrine of vicarious atonement. It is a child of darkened and benighted intelligence—a something born of ignorance and superstition.

Thanks be to God, the enlightened mind of the present day knows full well that the sins of the multitude cannot be atoned for through any special person. Each must bear their own cross, if they would wear the crown in the future. No Jesus of Nazareth can take away your sins or mine; no one atone for the mistakes of our experience. We must all work out our own salvation. It may not be while on the earth—nevertheless, we must work it out.

Q.—Why do not spirits, unevoked, oftener communicate here?

A.—Why do not spirits, unevoked, oftener communicate here? We believe that nine-tenths of all who come, come uncalled for; in fact, we propose to exclude, as far as we are able to, all such as are evoked, that we may refute the assertion of our opponents, that it is but the action of mind upon mind.

Q.—Is there a selection, or is any one at liberty to come and communicate here?

A.—Such as are adapted by virtue of their spiritual organization to return and communicate, and can take advantage of the time and conditions, are generally the first to return. But they cannot avail themselves of the privilege of communicating here, if, at their coming, they find the law repels them instead of attracts them to earth. Such must retire and wait until the great wheel turns round again. Then they can commune with success.

Q.—Is not the law such that one may communicate for another?

A.—Yes; communion by proxy is oftentimes taken advantage of.

Q.—Why are not promises oftener redeemed that are made here in the form?

A.—Because promises are made in ignorance. Not knowing of the law, the manifestations of law, and the requirements of law, they promise in dying to return to their friends. Now they do this fully expecting they can redeem that promise by will. When they enter the spirit-world, they find stern law confronts them; and when they would return, they cannot. May 5.

Thomas Holland.

I have been making efforts to inform my family and friends of my condition since I separated from them, and of my power to communicate in this way, for the last two years. But I have found a serious objection rising up at almost every step. Some, I suppose, have come through my own instrumentality before death. For as I refused to get information concerning these things, so some of my friends, most of 'em, refuse; and they remain in ignorance with regard to spiritual things, as I did when here.

I used to think if this Spiritualism was true, I was sure I would do so-and-so, if I was on the other side. My friends should know it was true very quick, if I was only there. But I soon learned that that was mere assumption, that it could never amount to anything at all. Now you know it's very easy to say, for instance, if we only had money, we would be very just, very humane. But it's not so easy to be generous, just and humane when you get the money. We find that there is a cross to be taken up every step in life. Like the child who went out in search of the pot of golden ointment that was buried where one end of the rainbow rested, when we get within reach of the prize, we put out our hand to grasp it, but find, alas! we are unable to realize our expectations, from the fact that we do not know how to measure our capacities. We think if we were conditioned so-and-so, we would do this and that; but we are always sure to find ourselves mistaken.

The two years' experience I have passed through in the spirit-world has taught me this, and I feel like a little child. I thought I had so much strength at first, that I could overturn Bunker Hill Monument when I came here, but find that Bunker Hill is not to be turned over so easy; that there's some work to be done; that we've got to walk pretty straight forward, and do just as much as our capacities will allow—no more, no less.

I lived in Boston, and died in Boston—was called dead, but soon realized that I was alive, fully alive. I lived here upwards of a half century; did not know much, with all my experience. I found that I had gathered about as much real knowledge as an infant. And I've just begun to learn the alphabet of life, and in my eagerness to do something to benefit my friends here, I would be glad to teach them the alphabet.

When the spirit dwelling in the body gathers to itself spiritual knowledge, it knows better how to live in the spirit-world, how to conduct itself. Why, if I had fully realized the importance of spiritual knowledge when here, I should have made better use of my time when on the earth. I should have lived nearer to God, which is nearer to myself, and less nearer to the world and popular opinion. I should have sought earnestly to satisfy my own soul, and less earnestly to satisfy the world. But I had no real knowledge of

the hereafter. I had vague conceptions, as all religionists do have, but they amounted to nothing, as my eyes were opened to a realization of the beauties of spirit-life.

Now I propose to meet my friends, my family, my wife, my children, privately if possible, and then I will make myself known to them, that I may give them that proof that I well know it is necessary to believe in this thing. There are things of a personal nature I should like to speak of, but this is no place; and the way, although good in itself for all things of a public nature, is, to my understanding, not fit to be a vehicle for personal or private matters. So I ask that my friends meet me in a private way, where I can be free with them, where I can fully represent myself as Thomas Holland in the city where I once resided. My place of business was not far from here, being on Harrison avenue, near Dover street. I am well known by the fraternity of coal and wood dealers, and have many friends, and enemies, no doubt, in that body of men. Now with this request that my friends meet me, I bid you good-day. May 5.

Tom McQue.

I don't want any one to be killed on my account, still I want folks to know what's right, and do it—not saying that I always did right when I was here myself, for I was soon enough finding that out when I got to the spirit-world.

Here, you man there, will you do an errand for me?—you that come from Portland? [referring to Mr. Pierce, a gentleman present.] [Yes.] Will you go down to Camp Berry, and ask to see Lieutenant Fulton? [Yes.] Will you tell him to come this way, and let Tom McQue talk with him? [I will.] When will you do it? [How soon do you want me to do it?] Soon as you can conveniently. I don't want you to put yourself out too much. How soon will you do it? [Pretty soon.] Soon as you get there? [Yes.] Need n't put yourself out, for these things have a long tail to 'em, and he won't get sentenced for some time to come.

Go as soon as you can. Go to Camp Berry, and ask leave to see Lieutenant Fulton. Say that Tom McQue comes to you, and wants to speak with him. You tell him I'm in a condition to give him a good thrashing now. He'll understand it. You do n't, but he will. May 5.

Angelina Storer.

I died on the 16th of March, in Cumberland, Tennessee. Angelina Storer. I wish to send a message to my father, Lieutenant-Colonel Storer, of the Second Georgia. I wish to tell him, first, of my own death; next of the death of my brother, in Western Virginia. I lived here fourteen years. My brother was twenty. My father is opposed to your Union, your Federal army. He fights against you; but surely, if you are as kind as they say, you'll not refuse to favor me on his account. [We shall print your letter.] My father knows something of these things, but I've heard him say he thought there was much truth in it, but he did n't know how much. Please to tell him that Alexander (that's my brother) and myself are very anxious that he should find some way for us to talk or write to him. Good-day, sir. May 5.

Joseph M. Barnes.

I said I'd come back, because I knew I could, but I did n't say how soon, and my experience taught me that folks could n't always do as they were a mind to on the other side, any more than before they left the old shell. I was a medium for raps or sounds myself; used to get a good deal in that way. Now Capt'n, I think I'm favored greatly, because I'm able to come back so soon, for I've only been divorced from my mortal body about seven, between seven and eight hours, and here I am talking. I have to carry a pretty steady hand though, or I should lose my balance.

Now my name when here on the earth was Joseph M. Barnes. I was born in Yarmouth, down in the Provences. I came up here to Boston about six years ago, and I went to work at my trade as a sail-maker. When the war broke out, I listed, and shouldered a musket and went South.

While I was here in Boston, I got knowledge of these things, and could make raps. I was what they called a medium. I went home twice, and I told the folks about it, and they laughed at me, and said "they did n't believe a thing in it, that there was no truth in it, that it was a humbug, from beginning to end." So after I listed, I wrote home this: "If I got killed, I'll come back, and you shall know it." I did n't say how soon I'd come, for my experience taught me it was not best to. But here I am. Now they'll get news corroborating what I give here, from New Orleans, that I died at such a time, of what some of 'em termed congestion, a result of a cold and hardships. I suppose it was congestion of the bowels, but I do n't know. That's what they said. I know I was sick only a very short time, but I can't swear it was that, or anything else. I only know what the folks told me.

Now you see they'll get a letter from New Orleans about my death, and as soon as they get it I want 'em to make tracks for the very best medium they can find, so that I can come. If I do half as well as I've done here, I shall be satisfied. But I may do better, for I shall have more power, and shan't have to hold myself quite so straight as I am now, for fear of running off the track. In about ten minutes I shall have been away from my body about eight hours. Good-by. I'm going back to it now, to see what's done to it. May 5.

Josephine Crane.

I lived in New York, in Montgomery street. My name was Josie Crane—Josephine Crane. I had a sore throat. I was seven years old, two months and eight days.

My father's a prisoner in Texas. He's a prisoner in Camp Ford, Texas. My mother is sick, been sick ever since I left her, and she says she never wants to get well, because I have died. And my grandmother brings me here to-day. She don't want her to come to me now, because she thinks she would n't be so happy. She must get well, and I must come and tell her she must try to get well. She said if God was kind enough to let anybody come, why would n't I come. I have come, but I could n't talk at home, because there was n't anybody there to take us in and let us talk. My grandmother says, Say to her there was no medium there.

I shan't be happy until my mother's well and happy. Oh, tell her Uncle Henry's in the spirit-world—dead, too. He's there with me, got dead since I did. She thinks that he'll come home pretty soon; but he's got dead since I did. And he do n't want her to die, nuther. He was at Cairo; that's where he died. She don't know. [Was he sick there?] He was wounded, and sick afterwards. He says that she must n't cry after him, but let him come and talk to her, and he'll tell her about my father, and other things that she wants to talk about.

I do n't want to talk to you any more. [Have n't you got something more to say?] No; I want to go home the next time. [Will your mother get this?] Yes, sir. [Does she read the paper we print these messages in?] My grandmother says that the lady that's taking care of her does, and she's told her about folks coming back, and she said "if God was kind enough to let anybody come, why would n't I come?" I do n't want to talk to you any more. May 5.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

SIX DAYS' CONVENTION.

Anniversary Week Festival.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

FOURTH DAY—MAY 27.

Morning Session.—Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, a large audience assembled.

The following resolutions, which were offered by the Business Committee the day previous, expressing the sense of the Convention in regard to the great topic of the present age, were read by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. U. Clark:

Resolved, That while we deplore the many horrors attending war, and deeply sympathize with the bereaved, and the suffering at home, in hospitals and on battle fields, at the same time our spiritual philosophy enables us to rejoice in view of the grand issues involved in the terrible conflict now raging in our country, and destined to triumph in radical revolutions inaugurating a new era in the progress of humanity.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the proclamation of freedom from chattel slavery as forerunner of the broader proclamation of freedom from the slavery of caste, creed, society, ecclesiasticism, political partyism, and everything fettering the soul and body of man or woman.

Resolved, That we hail the prospective overthrow and annihilation of the Southern Slave Oligarchy, as prophetic of the impending fate of every other false and infernal rebellion seeking to lift its hydra head against the rights and liberties of humanity.

Resolved, That in the breaking up of the old Union and old political parties, and the disruptions now agitating every department of our country, we see hopeful signs of a future reconstruction and the coming age of harmony.

Resolved, That we welcome, with heart-felt joy and gratitude, the war-worn veterans who come back to their homes bearing the marks of glory and honor to live in the sacred memory of all time; and we send our warmest sympathies and encouragement to the thousands now in the army of our country, ready to soak the earth with their blood in defence of the principles of our government, and of the freedom we are permitted to enjoy on this platform, and wherever float the stripes and stars.

Resolved, That while we may not regard our government perfect in any of its various departments, at the same time we pledge ourselves in true and uncompromising loyalty to its defence, grateful for its protection in our behalf, even while we take the liberty to question its laws and policies; and agitate the need of reform.

Resolved, That in the midst of this great warfare, while millions are mourning, and hundreds of thousands are marching to battle, we are to turn our gaze heavenward, and in communion with the myriad angel hosts, find our highest hopes and consolations, and receive those celestial counsels and cooperations needed to conduct our nation on in peace and prosperity.

Resolved, That we believe, whether civil or religious, is a compromise of human right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and involves the sum of all villainies; therefore,

Resolved, That all palliations and apologies for its existence and perpetuity based on the fact that slavery is an outgrowth of bad conditions and has disciplinary uses, are slavocratic secessionism in the thin disguise of maudlin sophistry and morbid sentimentalism, and the same palliations and apologies might be put forth for the existence and perpetuity of theft, arson, treason, rape, murder and every other abomination under heaven.

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ness and eloquence, and her patriotic speech brought down the applause of the audience. In the course of her remarks, she said that the slave would be elevated by his freedom, but that the slaveholder would be much more so by the abolition of slavery. That all her remarks were timely and to the point were fully demonstrated by the large audience.

Mr. Jacob Edson made some jocular remarks favoring the resolutions.

Mr. Giles did not think the object of the Convention was to pass resolutions of a political nature, and considered it impolitic to introduce them into a Spiritual Convention, and on that ground should oppose them.

The question being called for—after an animated discussion of about two hours—the resolutions were adopted by a most emphatic "Yea," only three responding "Nay."

It was then proposed that, as an increasing interest was being felt in the proceedings of the Convention, it be continued for two days more, and Dr. Gardner having stated that he would dispense with the usual Sunday lectures in Lyceum Hall, in order that the Convention might have the use of it, the proposition was agreed to, that when the Convention closed its sessions in the Melodeon to-night, it should reassemble in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock P. M., and continue the sessions into Sunday evening.

Adjourned to 2 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—At the hour of meeting the large hall was nearly full, with many more constantly coming in. The President in the chair.

Dr. Hamilton occupied ten minutes while the audience were getting seated, by reading some of the precepts of Jesus, closing with a poem.

Dr. H. F. Gardner was then announced as the first regular speaker for the afternoon. He occupied most of his time in speaking of the Spiritualist National Convention, and what he had done, as Chairman of the Committee, to make arrangements for that event. He had visited the West, and found Chicago, Ill., to be the most practicable point, as regards location, railroad facilities, hall and hotel accommodations, and the general determination of the Spiritualists there to do all they could for the accommodation and success of the Convention. The time for the assembling of the Convention is Tuesday, August 9th, to be continued over Sunday, the 14th. The Doctor then spoke of the cause and progress of Spiritualism for the last fourteen years, during which time he had been actively engaged in it. He was in favor of some kind of organization. He wanted no creeds, but a platform that will expand sufficient to meet the demands and wants of the progressive age. He then closed with some rather emphatic remarks about mediums spreading slanders wherever they went about one another, and advised them to stop the practice, for they do the cause more harm by their slanders than they do it good by their preaching.

Henry O. Wright, as the next regular speaker, based his argument mainly on the non-resistance policy. He said he was filled with respect for and a desire to elevate the condition of every human being. Spiritualism had brought him to respect human nature, through respect for himself. It also tended to make us healthy in body and soul. He spoke against the various abuses indulged in by a large class of people, in the use of tobacco, alcoholic drinks, and a score of lesser evils. He alluded to the mission and influence of woman. In speaking of the capital and labor question, he said it was destined to shake this country to its foundations; and that Spiritualism would have to take hold of the question and help to solve it, and, if possible, turn it in the right direction. He urged the right training and teaching of children. His whole discourse was marked with suggestions and practical hints.

Mr. Clark read the resolutions which were offered by the Committee on Tuesday, and spoke briefly on them.

Mr. H. B. Storer favored the adoption of the resolutions, speaking more particularly upon the one favoring organization.

Mrs. Bliss did not believe the time had come for organization.

Mr. John Wetherbee, Jr., could not accept Mr. Wright's non-resistance doctrine. If we followed it out we should all be spoonies, instead of men and women; we should use force to prevent any one doing an injury to ourselves, or to others. He favored organization, and expressed the opinion that if we would have Spiritualism become a power, we must organize. By that he did not mean to have a creed, but simply combined effort. He did not consider Spiritualism so much a religion as he did a science. He found it adapted to the religious element which prevails in woman, as well as to the philosophical nature of man. He rapidly touched upon many other points, making his ten minutes' speech very interesting.

Prof. Grimes, somewhat distinguished as a lecturer against Spiritualism, being in the hall, was introduced to the audience by Dr. Gardner, as having said that Spiritualism was dead, and he now gave him an invitation to attend its funeral in Chicago, in August next. The Professor then undertook to convince the audience that Spiritualism was a down-right humbug, because he believed it to be so. In the course of his remarks, he made a very ungalant allusion to women who speak in public. He closed by saying that Spiritualists were liberal, and deserved credit for being willing to listen to views not in accordance with their own. The Professor was quite comical, making grimaces and striking attitudes at the end of every sentence.

Mrs. E. O. Clark resented very feelingly the insult offered to woman by the last speaker. She contended that she had a right to speak in public, and that it was her duty to do so, for she was an instrument in the hands of God, and asserted that she was no man's slave; she thought every woman present should resent the base allusion made to their sex. Men had no business to speak patronizingly of woman.

Uriah Clark said, notwithstanding Professor Grimes's serio-comic funeral oration on what he termed dead and dying Spiritualism, he believed he would yet be compelled to give in to celestial influences. Already there were three millions or more Spiritualists in this country, and as many more in Europe, and now we are asked by Prof. Grimes to give up Spiritualism, because he had not been so fortunate in obtaining knowledge as these six millions had. He had no doubt that if the Prof. sought with a really earnest desire for spiritual knowledge he would find it.

Miss Lizzie Doten administered as neat and cutting a castigation to the Professor as one rarely hears. Prof. Grimes knew her, probably, she said, for seven years ago he wrote a communication which was published in the Boston Recorder, to the effect that she had renounced Spiritualism, and he could see for himself that the statement was false, for she was still a Spiritualist from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. She analyzed the Professor's course in regard to Spiritualism with caustic severity. She closed with the sarcastic remark, that he had done much for Spiritualism, and hoped that when an organization was perfected, he would be voted an honor-

ary member. She believed that the devil himself would sometime be converted, and therefore she had hopes of him.

Evening Session.—Mr. Storer in the chair. A largely increased audience.

Mr. Toohy gave the first address of the evening, taking for his subject, Spiritualism and its logical connection with the sciences, natural philosophy and the experiences of every-day life. It was a continuation of his speech of Wednesday afternoon, upon the resolutions offered by him. He enlarged upon the future progress and greater usefulness of Spiritualism, denouncing it the "Science of Life," which comprehends all truth, religious, moral, legal, social, domestic and conjugal. He would have every department of society reconstructed on a higher and more harmonious plane. The Spiritual Philosophy, he contended, had already completely revolutionized the whole code of theology. His logical deductions were well made. He would have woman placed in an independent and individualized position; her education and liberty should be guaranteed. In the regenerating powers of the world, woman was to be the Divine Artist, the Queen of the Earth. In speaking of the Bible, he said Spiritualists appreciated it more than any church member of the present day, for they had mastered its contents, and now understand its meaning. If he ever quarreled with the Scientist, it was because he had no knowledge of the spirit. His remarks received the close attention of the audience.

Miss Lizzie Doten spoke for half an hour on the "Decision of Character." As a starting point, she said thought was the parent of the deed, and decision of character the full concentration of the will. Then she launched upon the sea of life before her her inspiration-laden bark, freighted with gems for the soul, which she scattered among the audience, who took them to their homes as precious treasures.

On motion, the various resolutions were adopted by the Convention.

Mr. Clark expressed the thanks of the officers and speakers of the Convention to those free-hearted souls who so readily contributed near three hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the Convention, and have the doors thrown open free after the first two days.

On motion, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to the President and other officers, for their efforts to have the sessions harmonious and successful.

Notice was then given that the Convention would continue its sessions two days longer, meeting in Lyceum Hall, the next day, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Miss Doten then read an extract from Ralph Waldo Emerson, which closed the services for the evening, and the large audience rose to depart with happy countenances, that told plainly they had not come there in vain.

We shall give the conclusion of the report in our next.

Correspondence in Brief.

The Spiritual Cause in Chicago.

Leo Miller lectured here on last Sunday, morning and evening. He speaks with great power, and his "influence" on the audience was immense. Many heard him who have never had the subject of Spiritualism presented to them in the light and manner of his lectures; and the people of Chicago may as well make up their minds to sustain the Spiritualists in their efforts to furnish a true religion and a spiritual banquet for their famishing souls, for they will hunger and thirst after spiritual food hereafter, if they do not now begin the work of building the structure, the cornerstone of which Leo Miller and others have laid in their midst. There should be no effort spared to present the subject of Spiritualism to a "multitude," at the National Convention to be held here in August.

That good and wise spirits may guard and guide all who labor for the welfare of their fellow-men, here or elsewhere, is the sincere desire of HENRY STURGIS.

Chicago, Ill., June 6th, 1864.

Organization.

I see that considerable interest is being felt on the subject of organization, and I for one am glad of it. I think much good would result from it if formed on the right basis: what that is I do not know. I think no one man, or body of men, should in any way control another man's conscience. I have been connected with an association for more than twenty-five years. That seemed very well for a time; but as I became older, and began to think and reason for myself, I began to want more room, (the society was Close-Communion Baptist). I should not be willing to be bound by any creed that would compel me to believe what my neighbors did, but would like to associate with the friends of truth in some organization to promote the general good and advancement of humanity; and I hope there will be some plan devised to accomplish that object. V. P.

Spiritual Progress in Providence.

For a year there have been no notices of our meetings in your columns, and lost our friends of the spiritualistic faith elsewhere should think we were dead out, permit me to say to them, we still live. Our meetings have been continuing as usual, and for several months have been largely attended. Now faces are constantly seen in our hall, and the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy are becoming better appreciated and understood. Last winter we made an effort to have a free hall and abolish an admission fee at the door; we were successful. We have a flourishing Progressive Society, and a lecture hall. Eternity exists to widen and deepen our influence.

Greetings to thee and brethren everywhere.

Providence, June 8, 1864. T.

Medium Wanted.

Will you be so good as to inform me how I can induce a good inspirational speaker and test medium to visit us this fall, and spend several weeks with us for the benefit of our very Orthodox people in S. W. Missouri? I will not encroach further upon your valuable pages; but should any such speaker as mentioned above wish to know more of our condition and wants, I will gladly correspond with them, and will impart all the information I can. E. HOVEY.

Springfield, Mo., May 29th, 1864.

From the Far West.

The day-star of Freedom and Progress is gleaming from the East to the West. Soon will the radiant sun of Liberty rise in majesty above the horizon of ignorance, and dispel the dark shadows of Bigotry and Slavery. The "Harmonical Philosophy" is spreading like prairie fire in Nebraska. A few copies of the BANNER have found their way to the Territory, and are eagerly sought, read, re-read and loaned till worn out. Let there be no more light. J. WILCOX.

Nebraska, Nebraska, May 22, 1864.

London, Canada West.

A correspondent writing from our neighboring Province, says:

"It will be pleasing to you, and all the advocates of progress, to learn that the sublime rationality of the harmonical philosophy has obtained acceptance by the best minds in this city. Last winter a hall was hired, and Mr. Charles A. Andrews of Michigan, an inspirational medium, gave us an excellent course of lectures."

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Annual Festival at St. Charles, Ill.

The Fifth Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society, will be held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 23, 24 and 25, at St. Charles, Illinois. Everybody is invited. Entertainment free.

Most of the speakers present at the last annual festival pledge themselves to be here this year. Among the distinguished speakers who were not here at that or any previous meeting of this society, is Hon. Warren Chase, who has already signified his intention of being present. We invite none in particular, but all speakers, far and near, are respectfully invited that their presence will be highly appreciated.

The picnic menu for refreshments will be adhered to, and our friends are requested to be as liberal in their contributions as circumstances will admit of.

By order of the Executive Board, S. S. JONES, Pres't. H. H. TAPP, Vice-Pres't. A. V. SILL, Sec'y.

St. Charles, May 20th, 1864.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Reform will hold a meeting in G. R. Wilcox's grove, about a mile south-west of the village of Farmington, Oakland Co., Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, the 23 and 24 days of July next, commencing at 10 A. M. each day. H. O. Wright, of Boston, Mass., G. D. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y., and Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich., are expected to be present. A general invitation is hereby given. Homes will be provided for strangers. In behalf of the Committee, NORTON LAPHAM, G. B. WILCOX, A. L. POWELL, and others.

[Herald of Progress, please copy.]

Annual Grove Meeting.

The Annual Grove Meeting of the Spiritualists of Northern Illinois will be held at Flora, Boone Co., four miles south of Belvidere, in Mrs. Herring's Grove, (just opposite Robinson's Grove, where they have formerly been held), on Saturday and Sunday, June 23d and 24th. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all persons coming from a distance who may wish to attend. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of Progress, as the Platform will be free. Come, one and all, and let us have a good Union Meeting.

Per order of the Committee, S. MAXWELL, J. SWAIN, WM. HUDDLESTON, JESSE COOK.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will have a Convention at Cottage Grove, Union Co., Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th of June. Those coming by railroad will go to Hamilton on the O. H. and D. Railroad, there take the Junction Railroad to Salem Station. Bro. Frank Wadsworth will attend, and other speakers are expected. Come all who feel interested. Ample arrangements for those from a distance.

S. MAXWELL, J. SWAIN, WM. HUDDLESTON, JESSE COOK.

Hall, or Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold a Convention at Geneseo, Henry County, Ill., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 17th, 18th and 19th. All friends of progress who can do so are requested to cooperate with us in the Convention, especially speakers and mediums. Warren Chase is engaged. Other competent speakers will be secured to feed the hungry souls. Accommodations will be provided for all speakers and mediums in attendance, and as many others as possible. Hotel keepers have agreed to keep those in attendance, and not otherwise provided for, at reduced rates. Come one, come all.

Three Days' Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The friends of Progress will hold their annual meeting at the village of Sturgis on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th and 19th of June. Intelligent speakers will be in attendance to address the people. Ample provision will be made for the accommodation of strangers from abroad. "The Intellect" will be out.

Sturgis, April 22, 1864.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress in Little River Village, Mo., will hold a Grove Meeting at their place on Sunday, July 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. W. C. Ripley is engaged to attend, and several other speakers are expected. The grove is one of the most delightful in Maine. A cordial invitation extended to all. Per Order Committee.

Seventeenth of June Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Westmoreland and Chesterfield, N. H., will hold a Picnic at Lake Pond, in Chesterfield, the 17th of June. A cordial invitation is extended to all. We would say to those who come, please bring your refreshments.

Spiritual Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity will hold a Picnic in G. W. Denio's Hall, on the coming Fourth of July. Come one—come all!

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admissions, ten cents. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, during June.

FRIENDS OF THE GOSSIP OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, Broadfield street, corner of Frothingham street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

HOSPITALITY HALL.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited. Dr. G. H. RICE.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Curtis, June 19.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists of Chicago have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crane, 210 North Dearborn street. The following speaker has been engaged:—N. S. Greenleaf, June 19 and 20.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M. and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Progress Lectures every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M. Mrs. A. Hutchison, Sept. 4; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 18 and 25; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, Oct. 2 and 9; Mrs. Frances and Bond, Oct. 23 and 29; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, on the 1st of each month. Meetings at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, during June; Mrs. A. Hutchison, July 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during September; Nellie J. Temple, during October, November and December; Charles A. Hayden, during August.

CHICAGO, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Music Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 3 1/2 o'clock in 4th afternoon. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Annina M. Spence, during June.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Ichabod Carter, Cor. Sec., to whom all letters should be addressed. Speaker engaged:—W. K. Ripley, June 19 and 26.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held regularly every Sunday, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Rev. Adin Ballou, June 19; William Lloyd Garrison, June 23; W. K. Ripley, July 17 and 24.

NORTH EASTON.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Jennie S. Budd, June 19 and 26.

PROVIDENCE.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progress Lectures every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M. Speakers engaged:—Rev. J. G. Fish, of Michigan, during June; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during July; Charles A. Hayden, during August.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday School and free Conference on the 1st of each month. Lecture afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Nellie J. Temple during June.

NEW YORK.—Dorothy's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free.—Eubank Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notice elsewhere.

WASHINGTON.—Spiritual Meetings are held every Sunday, in Simeon's Hall, 481 1/2 street. Speakers engaged:—A. E. Newton, June 19 and 26; Thomas Galcs Forster during June.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the title of Ohio as a "Religio-Philosophical Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Walnut and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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