

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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

DESERVED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Thou shalt be blessed, as once you were with friends and
loves, and all
That in the exulting joy of love your own you fondly call.
Beloved and loving faces, that you've known so long and well,
The dear familiar places where your childish footsteps fell."

We will now turn from Beatrice, and that cold
January morning, and reviving the Old Year, roll
the mighty chariot wheels of Time swiftly back
over ice and snow, and withered, rustling leaves,
until the life-giving breezes of the early autumn
once again fan our cheeks. It is on one of these
dramatic, golden days that are set like jewels in the
crown of September that we find Mr. and Mrs.
Mortimer seated in one of the private parlors of
the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the city of New York.
They had arrived that morning, but their sojourn
was to be extremely short, as they were in haste to
reach home, having spent the summer months in
an extensive tour through the Northern States,
and some parts of Canada.

They have changed some since the frosts of
Death withered their beautiful, budding rose.
There is a deeper shade of sadness in the soft,
violet eyes of the mother, and a few silver threads
are scattered in the pale, golden hair, although
her face wears the same holy, placid look.
The world gazes on the father, and beholding the
furrows on cheek and brow, and the light in the
hazel orbs, quenched as though by tears, shakes his
head oracularly, and says, "He loved the gentle
Illione better than his wife did, for so, he mourns
for her the most," but the angels read both hearts,
and sigh over the fancied wisdom of us poor mortals.

"Ida, have you fully recovered from your
fatigue?" inquired Mr. Mortimer, rising from his
chair, and beginning to pace the floor in his usual
restless fashion.

"Oh, yes; I was not so very weary after all,"
she replied, a smile resting upon her patient lips.

"Then what do you say to a call upon Miss Lascelle?"
We have a few hours to spare before the
train starts."

"Oh! well, let us go, then, by all means. The
dear girl! how I long to see her. It is a great
while since we heard from her. Let me see, I
answered the letter I received from her announcing
her mother's death, and I was in hopes that she
would write again, but she never did. Likely
now and strange duties came to claim her time
and attention; besides, our darling was gone, and
perhaps she did not care to indulge in painful
remembrances," and the gentle lady sighed, while
her husband, with an anxious glance at her face,
withdrew to order a carriage.

One was soon obtained, and half an hour later
they were riding up the avenue at Ferndale.

"What a vast collection of rare and beautiful
flowers!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer, gazing with
delight upon the nicely arranged grounds, decked
in the glowing splendor of their autumn attire.

"Yes; there are a great variety," replied her
husband; "but still the place does not look as
well as it did when I was here before. Perhaps
the Doctor does not take that interest in it that
he did previous to his wife's death. Ah! this
sundering of the dear home-ties changes us fear-
fully."

The lady's tremulous lips made no response,
but the tear-filled eye spoke volumes.

They now alighted at the door of the mansion,
and rang the bell. A tall footman answered the
summons.

"Is Miss Lascelle at home?" inquired Mrs. Mor-
timer.

The servant looked bewildered.

"Miss Lascelle?" he repeated; and then after a
pause, exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madame,
but no such person resides here. Mr. and Mrs.
Lewis are the present occupants of Ferndale."

"Very well, we will see Mrs. Lewis then. Ah,
I understand," she said to her husband, after
they had been ushered into the drawing-room,
"Beatrice has married her cousin Edgar, after
all."

Her companion smiled; and then remarked:
"I think very likely. In fact, I always
supposed that she would. I believe that is generally
the case with you women; you declare that you
won't at first, but are captivated in the end."

"I am not inclined to the belief that that pecu-
liarity is confined particularly to my sex," re-
joined his wife, with an arch glance; "at least, I
know of one gentleman who acted in a similar
manner."

Her husband laughed; but before he could re-
ply, a door at the end of the room opened, and a
lady advanced to meet them. Could that fur-
rowed, bedizened creature be Beatrice? As she
came nearer, they perceived, to their great relief,
that she was a stranger to them, whatever they
might be to her; for, to their surprise, she extend-
ed her hand, exclaiming, joyfully:
"My dear Mrs. Mortimer, this is certainly a
kindness that I did not expect! To be sure, your
sweet Illione and myself were very intimate at
Lebanon; but still I never supposed that I should
have the pleasure of saying that her beloved pa-
rents had honored me with a call."

"My dear madame, you must certainly excuse
us, for really, I fear that we have made a little
mistake. May I inquire if I have the pleasure of
addressing the wife of Edgar Lewis?"

"I am happy to inform you that that is my hus-
band's name," she answered, rather laughingly.
"Ah, now I see! Pardon us, but we labored
under the impression that Miss Lascelle enjoyed
that dignity."

The lady uttered a little shriek, and flung up
her hands with a horrified look.

"I do not understand how you ever happened
to imagine such an absurd thing as that," she
said, in chilling tones. "I doubt whether Edgar
would feel very much flattered at the supposi-
tion."

"Excuse the remark, my dear Mrs. Lewis, but
then you know that cousins do fall in love with
each other sometimes, although I must say that I
consider it an exceedingly bad plan."

"I do not know any such thing," she returned,
almost pettishly; "besides, they were not cousins."

"Were not? Why, I had always supposed them
to be!" and now it was his turn to look surprised.
The mistress of the mansion sat back in her
chair, and surveyed her visitors with curious
eyes.

"Is it possible that you have not been informed
of anything that has taken place here within the
last eighteen months?" she at length exclaimed,
as she rearranged her flourishes.

"No; Beatrice wrote to tell me of her mother's
death; since then I have heard nothing from her,"
replied Mrs. Mortimer, striving to conceal the
anxiety that Mrs. Lewis's words had called forth.

"Then you did not know the following spring
Dr. Lascelle was killed by being thrown from his
chaise, nor of the imposition he had practiced up-
on everybody for so many years?"

"No!" both of her listeners exclaimed togeth-
er.

"Well, then, it will be news for you to hear that
that proud Beatrice, who always carried her head
up among the clouds, turned out to be an illegi-
timate child, whom the Doctor and his wife picked
up at the St. Marie's Convent in Paris, and palmed
off upon the world as their own. Wasn't that a
come-down for her?" and Mrs. Lewis looked all
the satisfaction that she felt.

"Poor girl! I should think so," rejoined Mrs.
Mortimer, in a tone of commiseration.

It was well for her husband that he sat in the
shadow, and that both ladies were too much en-
grossed in their own thoughts to notice him, other-
wise his startled, pallid face might have provoked
embarrassing, if not unpleasant, questions.

For the space of five minutes perfect silence
reigned, and then the gentleman arose, saying:
"Come, my dear, we must bid Mrs. Lewis good
afternoon, if we wish to be in time for the train."

"Wait one minute, Reginald," she replied.
Then turning to the lady of the house, she in-
quired, "Can you tell me where Beatrice is
now?"

"No, indeed," was the response, accompanied
by a shrug of her shoulders. "I doubt whether
any of her old acquaintances were ever informed
as to her whereabouts. In that she has shown more
good sense than I ever gave her credit for, al-
though I must say that she never was one of the
whining sort."

"Do you know whether Dr. Lascelle made a
will?" suddenly inquired Mr. Mortimer.

"No, he did not, fortunately for us. If he had,
it is not probable that my husband would now be
numbered among the rich men of New York, and
I should not be mistress of Ferndale."

"I trust that Mr. Lewis did not allow his uncle's
adopted daughter to go forth into the world pen-
nyless."

The lady's cheeks flushed, but she tossed her
head scornfully, and replied, rather stiffly:
"Really, sir, I don't see why he should have
assisted her. I expect she was capable of earning
her own living, at least, she ought to have been
with the education that she had received. As for
the property, it rightfully belonged to my hus-
band, and I have yet to understand why he should
waste it on such a her. She has probably sunk
again to her original level. Her tastes always
were low, as her remarkable friendship for that
foundling, Theresia D'Artois, witnesses."

"Come, Reginald," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer,
her face white with sorrow and indignation, "let
us go."

He quietly obeyed, and soon they were seated
in the carriage, whirling with sad hearts to the
city. They rode in silence for some time, but at
last the lady said, with a long-drawn sigh:
"Poor Beatrice! I wonder why she did not
come to us when the storm burst upon her with
such fury?"

"Why should she, I should like to know?" re-
plied her husband, almost fiercely.

His wife recoiled in amazement. Never before
had he spoken to her with such a tone as that. He
saw the look, and it recalled his wondering senses.
Mastering his emotion with a mighty effort, he
flung his arm around her, and drew her tenderly
to him, saying, in a low, sweet voice:
"Did I frighten you, my darling? If so, forgive
me; I have such a terrible headache that I am
hardly myself this afternoon, and then that wo-
man's heartlessness provoked me beyond endurance."

"Then you did feel for Illione's dear school-
mate and friend?"

to the wall, smiled pityingly, that he could not
distinguish a sick heart from a sick body.

A fortnight passed, and then October found the
weary travellers back again at Moss-Side. After
the delight and excitement of being once more
at home had a little subsided, Mrs. Mortimer
awoke to the painful consciousness that her idol-
ized husband was drifting slowly but surely away.
Day after day glided by, and his face took on an
additional pallor, and his step grew more and
more feeble, until at last a slow fever laid him
prostrate. To the anxious household those weary
sad weeks which followed. The old family physi-
cian looked in upon him every morning, with a
laugh and a joke, but always went away with a
thoughtful brow, and a dubious shake of the head.

One day, as he was about leaving, Mrs. Mor-
timer accompanied him to the entrance hall, say-
ing:
"Dr. Arlington, I cannot endure your evasions
any longer; so do tell me just what you think of
him."

"Well, my dear madam, I have come to the
conclusion that his disease is more of the mind
than the body. Some secret trouble weighs heav-
ily upon him, that will, in time, bear him to the
grave, unless you can find a way to confide in
you, and by your countenance sympathy lift the
load from his heart. His is a case where a wo-
man's wit and affection are worth more than all
my drugs."

With a drooping head and a perplexed face she
went back to the sick chamber. The doctor had
only given expression to her own thoughts. That
her husband had long dwelt under the shadow of
some blighting secret she felt convinced. Now,
how to discover its nature was the next question.
That afternoon as she sat by his bedside, she
looked up suddenly and beheld his eyes fastened
upon her with a wistful, almost pleading expres-
sion in their dark depths, as soon as he was aware
that she was observing him, however, he turned
upon his pillow with a heavy sigh, and the white
lids drooped wearily.

Rising, she bent tenderly over him, and taking
one of his thin hands in hers, said in her sweet,
gentle voice:
"My dear Reginald, have I not always been a
good wife to you?"

He looked wonderingly up, and pressing her
soft, delicate fingers to his lips, replied fervently:
"Yes, darling. I can say with truth that no
man ever had or could have a better one."

"Thank you! I did not expect quite so much of
an admission as that, and I am not sure that I de-
serve it; however, I am just as grateful as if I
did. Now, I want you to give me something.
Will you?"

"Anything that it is in my power to bestow, Ida,
you shall have. Now, what is it?"

She brushed back the hair from his brow and
looked fondly into his eyes, then said softly:
"I wish you to give me your confidence; to tell
me what troubles you."

"Troubles me? How do you know that any-
thing does?"

"The eyes of affection are sharp, my husband.
I have long known that you had a secret, and
now, by the memory of all that I have ever been
to you, I implore you to open your heart to me."

"Oh, Ida! I did not know that you were so
kind! You exclaimed in a voice of such intense
agony, that she fairly shivered with terror; never-
theless, her face wore a look of almost heavenly
calm, as she replied:
"I am aware that knowledge is at times a bitter-
fruit; but there is something worse than that—sus-
pense is deadly."

He gave her one searching glance, and then lay
very still for several minutes, as though ponder-
ing upon her words. Presently he put his arm
up and drew her head down and kissed her. Then
he said:
"My darling, I have concluded to tell you every-
thing; but in so doing I feel that I am giving up
all that makes life dear to me, for your love will
surely change to hate when you learn how I have
deceived you all these long years, and if it does
it will not be any consolation to me to know that
I deserve it."

A sudden dread crept whitely over her cheeks,
and her heart throbbled with apprehension as she
listened to his vague words. Then silently pray-
ing for strength to bear whatever revelations he
was about to make, she, knelt by his couch, and
taking his wasted hand in hers, waited for him to
commence.

He did not hesitate long. Closing his eyes—for
he had not the courage to watch her face—he be-
gan his sad narration. It was very hard at first,
but after a while it became a relief to pour out
the feelings that had been so long pent up within
his own breast. Throughout the whole history
his wife never interrupted him to make remarks
or ask questions. When speaking of Bianca's
death he fancied that he heard her sob, and once
or twice her fingers clasped his tightly; but aside
from that she was perfectly quiet.

He finished at last and waited in breathless
anxiety for her words of condemnation; but they
came not; in their stead a kiss fluttered down up-
on his lips. Astonished, he looked up. There
were tears in her eyes, but through those there
shone the light of a true love and a tender com-
passion. He covered his face with his hands, ex-
claiming in a voice that trembled with gladness:
"Oh, Ida! Ida! it is indeed possible that you do
not hate me? Why do you not reproach me,
darling?"

"Why should I?" she said gently. "Your own
soul has judged you, and Remorse has executed
the sentence for more than a score of years. I
have no desire to add a single feather's weight to
your punishment. I wish, though, Reginald, that
you had had faith enough in me to have told me
of this before; for by so doing you would have
saved us both much pain, as I cannot deny that
your strange, fitful moods have made me very un-
happy at times."

"I have been a poor, miserable coward through-
out the whole," he bitterly replied.

After that, silence fell upon them for several
minutes. Then Mrs. Mortimer exclaimed:
"So Beatrice is your child! Well, that accounts
for Illione's excessive attachment for her, and al-
so for the manner in which she attracted me. It
seems that I loved my husband in her," and she
passed her hand over his brow with the same ca-
ressing motion as of old, while her sweet face took
on a new expression of thoughtfulness. He made
no remark, and after a time she continued:
"Is 't it very singular, Reginald, that you did
not recognize her relationship while she was
here?"

"You forget, my dear, that I never had the
slightest suspicion of her being other than the
daughter of Dr. Lascelle; although as I look back
now, I can recall many things wherein she re-
minded me of Bianca; but at the moment I dis-
tributed them from my mind as thoughts too ab-
surd to entertain for one instant; besides I was
forever haunted with the idea that Miss D'Artois
might be the child, and yet I could never discover
anything to prove the supposition. I was con-
scious, too, that I liked her friend much better
than I did her, for Beatrice had exerted the same
influence over me that she had over everybody
else, and I often caught myself wishing that if
Providence ever did throw my daughter in my
way that I might find that she resembled Beatrice
Lascelle in mind and disposition, if not in person."

"Well, you perceive that your desire has been
granted, and now the question is—where has she
gone?"

"Oh! that is what troubles me," he replied with
a groan. "Reared in luxury as she has been,
what chance has she stood amid the rushing,
bustling, selfish throng. The thought that if any
misfortune has befallen her, I am accountable for
it, is what has laid me here."

"Oh, cheer up, darling! Adverse circumstances
can never crush her brave, strong spirit. She will
come forth from her trials like gold from the
furnace. Oh, how I long to see her! God has
been very kind to us, my husband. He has taken
Illione; but he has given us Beatrice."

Mr. Mortimer looked wistfully into her face, and
then his voice sank to a whisper as he said:
"Ida, shall I indeed acknowledge her before the
world as my child?"

"Shall you?" she repeated with glowing cheeks.
"Oh, Reginald! does your soul dare to bid you do
otherwise?"

He flushed beneath her reproachful, almost in-
dignant glance. Then he exclaimed, half sadly:
"My pride rules me yet. I cannot disclose my
youthful folly to prying eyes; by claiming her as
my daughter, I shrink from becoming a subject
for Mrs. Grundy's dissecting-knife."

"And yet by your own confession, you did not
hesitate to persuade the unfortunate Bianca into
a private marriage, then to neglect her, and finally
to break her true, loving heart. Pardon me if
I say that then you should have shrunk, not now,
when conscience bids you to do justice unto her
and hers."

"Oh, Ida! that I should ever live to hear such
harsh words from your sweet lips!"

"Harsh, Reginald? then a conviction of their
truth makes them so, for I speak in all gentleness
and love, and the violet eyes smiled tenderly up-
on him, even though their dark fringes were wet
with tears.

At that moment there came a rap upon the door,
and Mrs. Hamilton entered, interrupting their
conversation, for that time, at least; but in the
evening when Mr. Mortimer was again alone with
his wife, he said:
"Well, Ida, my good angel! would you like to
know of what I have been thinking all this long
afternoon?"

"Yes, provided you have not been exalting a
certain, undeserving individual to the skies," she
archly replied.

He smiled; and motioning her to take a chair
at his side, rejoined in a tone that was almost gay:
"My dear! it is utterly impossible for you and
I to agree with regard to the merits of that particu-
lar person; but then it is not to be wondered at,
for you don't love her half as well as I do, and
that is not surprising, either, for she has not been
to you what she has to me. Indeed, I am inclined
to speculate as to what manner of a man I should
have become had she not placed her hand in mine
and promised to walk with me over the mountains,
through the valleys, and across the deserts of
Life's great pathway."

Before he had completed the sentence, his wife's
face was hidden upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Reginald," she exclaimed, "I blush to
think that the poor creature is not more worthy of
such commendation, and yet your words, unde-
served though they are, come floating home to her
soul full of pleasantness and peace. But you have
strayed from your subject, have you not?"

"No; or at least not very far. I was going to
observe that with you by my side I believe that I
can dare to do anything; so if we can find this
girl with the innocent eyes and the thoughtful
brow, I will say unto the world that now scorns
her, 'Lo, this is my long lost daughter. In her,
the child of my dead Bianca, you see the heiress
of Moss-Side.'"

Mrs. Mortimer raised her head quickly, and giv-
ing one glance at his face to see whether he was
really in earnest, clasped her hands joyfully to-
gether and murmured:
"God bless you, my own dear husband!"

And another voice floated through the silence
that followed, and said in sweetest, gentlest ac-
cents:
"Amen!"

The visions of that night were full of a holy
serenity to both, and the morning found Mr. Mor-
timer able to leave his couch, a circumstance that
created much joy in the household, and surprised
Dr. Arlington not a little. In the afternoon Regi-
nald to his wife:

"Ida, if you will be so kind as to bring me writ-
ing materials, I will pen a letter to Beatrice."

"But, my dear, how will you send it?" was the
astonished reply. "You do not know her ad-
dress."

He smiled.
"To be sure I do not for certain, but I dreamed
last night that she had kept Theresia informed as
to her whereabouts, and considering that they
were such great friends, I confess that the idea
seems to me very reasonable. At all events I
shall act upon it, by enclosing a note for her to
Miss D'Artois, requesting that young lady to di-
rect it, provided that she does really know where
the poor child has gone."

"Well, that is certainly a most excellent plan,
and one that I doubt not will prove successful,"
rejoined his wife with animation. "Indeed, I am
surprised that the thought did not suggest itself
before."

Thus the letter was written and despatched, and
then they waited with illy concealed anxiety for a
reply.

When Beatrice left the Montgomeries, she jour-
neyed immediately to Edenville, thinking that
both soul and body would have a blessed oppor-
tunity to recuperate within Mrs. Elwood's pleas-
ant home; nor was she disappointed, for she found
there the rest that her spirit so much needed. The
evening after her arrival she wrote to Theresia,
and at the end of the week received a letter mail-
ed from Lebanon. Delighted at her friend's un-
usual promptness she opened it, and the following
lines met her astonished gaze:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER BEATRICE—I pen these
words with mingled emotions. Love, shame and
sorrow struggle alike for mastery. Yes, you are
my child, although perhaps you are not aware of
the fact. Listen, my darling. The proud name of
Mortimer is yours, because I gave it to your moth-
er before the altar. I will enter into no explana-
tions now, but come thou to Moss-Side, and after
you have heard my story let me read in your eyes
that you will forgive, even if you cannot love,
Your unworthy father,
REGINALD MORTIMER."

Her face was full of bitterness as she folded the
paper and returned it to the envelope, but by-and-
by that look faded, and the fountain of tears was
unleashed. Ah! her heart did turn toward him
with an unutterable yearning. Then a voice came
through the solemn stillness of the night, saying,
"Judge not, that ye be not judged." After all,
was he not her father? Had she a right to reject
his advances and turn from his affection with
scorn and contempt? Thus she reasoned, until a
flood of tenderness baptized her soul, and the old
smile of perfect rest lay again upon her lips.

It was at the close of a bright day in January
that a carriage rolled into the avenue at Moss-
Side, and Beatrice, alighting, was clasped in Mrs.
Mortimer's loving embrace. Then she was led to
the south parlor, and when she saw the thin white
face of him whom she had left in perfect health,
the last particle of resentment vanished, and
kneeling at his feet, she burst into an agony of
tears. With what else passed at that meeting be-
tween father and child, you and I have nothing
to do reader.

CHAPTER XXX.

"She is mine own
And I as rich in having such a Jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were penit,
The waters nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

During the time that Agnos Montgomery was first
speculating as to the cause of Adelbert Ware's
sudden departure, that gentleman was crossing
the Atlantic. He did not pause long to reflect be-
fore taking that step, for from the moment that
he had seen Beatrice adieu or that golden October
day, a feverish desire had possessed him for some
change whereby he might win forgetfulness. Ar-
riving in Europe, he wandered from place to place
as caprice or inclination beckoned, but his quest
proved fruitless, and his journey in vain.

The pleasures of Paris were like ashes on his
lips. The awful shadow of the mighty Alps, the
frozen glory of their glittering heights, the foam-
ing, turbulent mountain stream, the smiling val-
leys, in their bright, emerald-tinted robes, and the
soft splendor of summer skies, wore no charm to
make thought powerless. At last he came to
Italy, and there he haunted studios and galleries
day after day, taking a melancholy pleasure in
tracing a resemblance to Beatrice in the beautiful
faces that looked down upon him from the pic-
tured walls.

Finally, as in other diseases, there came a reac-
tion. One afternoon while wandering amid the
ruins of an old cathedral, he sat down to muse
and fell asleep, and then all his life seemed spread
out before him like a vast panorama, and while
he gazed upon it two angels drew near to view it
also, and one said, "What means this blank space
here? Has he done nothing that is worth paint-
ing for the past few months?" The other sighed,
and shook her head sadly, as she replied in a voice
soft as Aeolian harp strings, "Ah! he is a gloomy,
unhappy child! A hope that he had nourished
with such tender care as to become almost a part
of his very being has withered and died, and now
—like too many of earth's children—he has for-
gotten the numerous blessings with which the
good Father has crowned his life, in his sorrow
and disappointment that this one has been de-
nied him. Because there is not another drop of
nectar in his cup of bliss, he would fain overturn
the chalice altogether. Is it strange, then, that
that part of the canvas should contain no bright
 hues. With idle, listless hands, and a heart and
mouth full of vain and sinful repinings, what
thing of beauty could he have traced there?"
Then her companion echoed her sigh, and they
both turned and gazed upon him with sorrowful,
pitying faces and tearful, beseeching eyes, until
the cheeks of Adelbert tingled with shame and
mortification, and with a start he awoke. Tho

vision had faded, but the mournful accents of that melodious voice still echoed through the chambers of his soul, thrilling him with pain and self-reproach. Rising mechanically, he walked away in the direction of the hotel.

"After all, I have acted like a foolish, unreasonable child," he soliloquized, as he passed his hand thoughtfully over his brow. Instead of mastering my disappointment, and looking it in the face with the nerve and courage of a man, I have weakly allowed it to conquer me. Here I have spent eight months upon the continent vainly striving to drown my trouble, or, in other words, trying to run away from myself. Now that I am coming to my senses, I guess that I will return home and go to practicing my profession before I have a relapse. I wonder what Beatrice has been doing all this time. Not shirking her lot, I'll be bound. If I had remained and taken a few lessons of her in patient endurance, I should not have come on this wild goose chase. After all, the women do shame us lords of creation sometimes."

He had now arrived at the hotel, where he found several letters awaiting him. One of them, mailed from Virginia, appeared to have hailed in many places in search of him. Tearing it open with an eager, nervous movement, he glanced his eye over its contents. It ran thus:

"MAGNOLIA GROVE, March 1st, 18--.
MY DEAR BROTHER—Are you becoming impatient at my long silence? The fact is, I have had so much to occupy my mind lately, that I concluded I would lay you upon the shelf until a more convenient season. That time has now come, and I flatter myself that my letter will be doubly welcome, not only on account of the scarcity of the article, but also by reason of the astounding piece of information that it will convey. Our little world has been wonderfully startled within the last two months. I presume that you may have heard the saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' Well, that wise remark has been singularly verified by our reserved neighbor, Mr. Mortimer, of Moss-Side. It seems that while he was a young man, traveling in Europe, he fell violently in love with a beautiful actress—mind that you do not follow his example, Del—and at last she consented to contract a private marriage. The ceremony was performed by a clergyman in England. After that, they lived together for over a year. They were probably as happy as could be expected, considering that the husband was in continual fear that his father might, in some unlucky moment, discover his secret. At last a child came; and from that time Mrs. Mortimer began to be subject to fits of delirium. One night when her husband was absent, she took her infant and fled. On his return he instituted a search for her, but several weeks passed before any traces of her were found, and then he learned that she had died at a convent, first giving her babe to some kind-hearted strangers who had befriended her. Of their name or destination he could obtain no clue. Whether his present wife was informed of these particulars, deponent saith not. I suppose that we are at liberty to believe as much or as little of them as we please. The main facts are probably true, but I must confess that I have my doubts as to whether the dress that they now wear is the one that was originally fitted to them. But that is neither here nor there; I will proceed, and leave you to make your own comments. It is not likely that this story would ever have been revealed to the world had not the child suddenly come to light, and who do you suppose she proves to be? Why, none other than she whom we have known as Beatrice Lascelle!

There, Del, take a long breath before you read any more. You can't really believe your eyes, can you? It's a fact, nevertheless, and she is now residing at Moss-Side as the acknowledged daughter and heiress of Reginald Mortimer, Esq. Her reign there was inaugurated by a splendid ball, to which all the elite of Richmond were present. Since then she has been the belle of the season. Setting aside her personal charms, her romantic history invests her with a sort of halo. Her father seems to idolize her, and his wife is no less infatuated. I have heard it whispered that Mrs. Hamilton was extremely vexed at first, and bitterly reproached her brother for the disgrace that he had brought upon their time-honored name; but judging by present appearances, I should conclude that her beautiful and accomplished niece had quite won her heart. It is impossible for you to imagine what a change her coming has wrought. Mr. Mortimer looks ten years younger. The old hall is gloomy no longer. The grand state apartments are again thrown open to the light of the sun. The house is thronged with company, and everything goes merry as a marriage bell.

By-the-by, I must not forget to introduce to your notice another old acquaintance. Miss D'Artois is here with the rest. She has developed into a most magnificent woman, and it is predicted that she will soon rank among our first authoresses. The laurel-wreath already graces her brow. Do you remember that work entitled "Hope," that created such a sensation six months ago? Well, that is what crowned her. She has another book in press, which will shortly be issued. Her gentlemen admirers here are numerous, but they remind me of moths fluttering about a candle. Their wings are singed, nothing more. It is rumored that a certain judge in the city of New York has been representing to her that his name is much prettier than hers, and that he has almost succeeded in making her believe it. He has certainly shown very good taste in his selection. As his wife, she will do him infinite credit, for she moves a perfect queen in society, yet to my mind, although more brilliant, she is not so lovable as Beatrice. By the way, what a singular friendship has grown up between these two women. It has been something more than a school-girl intimacy. There is not a particle of rivalry between them, but each seems to take a mutual delight and pride in the happiness and prosperity of the other. Thressa told me one day, with the tears standing in her great black eyes, that, under God, she owed her present position to the love and sympathy of Beatrice. Then I knew to whom "Hope" was dedicated.

Well, I have come to a pause, and I do not know but what I might just as well finish my letter now as to spin it out any longer. I hope that you are enjoying yourself. Perhaps you are already basking in the smiles of some foreign beauty. If so, you will understand the happiness that I feel in being allowed to pick up Miss Mortimer's handkerchief. It seems strange to call her by that name, doesn't it? I wonder if Ware would not suit her better. At all events, it won't do any harm to ask her. Well, good-night, Del, and believe me ever as

Your loving brother,
CECIL WARE.

Adelbert read the letter through twice before he could seem to fully comprehend its contents. Then he thrust it into his pocket and walked to the window and gazed gloomily out.

"It serves me right," he muttered, "although that is not a comforting assurance, by any means. Let me see: the letter is dated the first of March, and here it is the last of July. How do I know what has happened during all that time. Per-

haps she didn't love me, after all, but in her lonely, unprotected state my sympathy seemed so pleasant that she fancied that she did. Now that she is the idol of society again, it may be that she knows her heart better. Well, I told her then that her happiness was dearer to me than my own, and I say so still; so I will go home, and if I find that it will make her face any brighter to go to the arms of another than to come to mine, God helping me, I will bid her go."

The next day he left home. The golden sunlight of a bright September afternoon illumined the library at Moss-Side. It was a pleasant apartment, with its crimson draperies, and moss-green carpet with woven wreaths of roses and lilies blossoming over its surface; with its books, paintings and statuary; with its birds warbling so melodiously in their gilded cages, and its vases of beautifully-tinted flowers, pouring forth their hearts' richest libations upon the soft, amber air; but, after all, the most charming thing in the room was the figure of Beatrice Mortimer standing at the window, gazing dreamily out. Her robe of white muslin was tied at the waist with a broad pink ribbon. Her raven tresses were looped back from the fair, truthful brow, and then fell in a rippling cascade over her neck and shoulders. The roses of happiness were again blooming upon the pale cheeks, and the coral mouth seemed melting in its own sweetness.

Her thoughts must have been particularly absorbing, for she did not hear the door open and shut behind her, and not until a hand was laid upon her arm, did she turn to meet the eager, searching gaze of Adelbert Ware. Then a swift change passed over her. She was beautiful before, but now—in the light that leaped from her heart to her eyes, and flushing its brightness over her face—she was radiant. That look said that she had nothing more to wish for; and then the blissful conviction went home to the soul of Adelbert, that this rare and priceless jewel was to shine for him alone, and the question of doubt and fear died unuttered upon his lips.

"Mine! mine at last!" he murmured, folding her in his arms.

"Yes, thine own!" she answered in a voice of perfect content. "There is no reproach now, thank heaven! The life that my mother gave me is not stained. In birth, I am a bride worthy even of you, Adelbert. The tempest has passed; the clouds have dispersed; and I am in the sunshine."

An hour glided by, and then the door opened and Mr. Mortimer entered. He started upon beholding the young man, and then came forward and extended his hand.

"Father," said Beatrice, while the crimson tides swept over cheek and brow, "you told me this morning that you wished that I would give you a son; I am ready now to comply with your request, and I trust that my choice will meet with your approval," and waving her hand toward the smiling Adelbert, she slipped from the room.

It was at the close of a bleak November day, that Leslie Montgomery entered his mother's sitting-room, exclaiming:

"Well, what news do you expect that I am the bearer of now? You never can guess."

"Then you are very unkind not to tell us immediately," observed the amiable Agnes, who sat by the fire with her embroidery between her fingers.

"I want to know if that is really your candid opinion," he rejoined, mockingly.

"Come, come, my son, never mind your sister, but let us hear your news," interposed his mother.

"All your curiosity is quickened, is it? Well, I have just received a letter from Fanny's uncle, Adelbert Ware, and in it he informs me that he is to be married on New Year's night; and according to his Sister Adrienne's dying wish, he now claims her child."

"Well, he can have her for all me. I shall not quarrel with him for her possession; but, on the contrary, be very much inclined to say good riddance when she leaves the house. Nobody will ever know what a trial she has been to me; especially for the past year, for she has done nothing but sulk ever since Miss Nulla went away. If her uncle can make anything of her, he can do more than I can. I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, however, for if any one ever did their duty by a child, I have done mine by her. But who is he to marry?"

Agnes had declined to ask the question, but she dropped her work in her eagerness to catch the answer.

Her brother noticed this, and smiled; but there was a touch of disappointment in his voice, as he said:

"None other than the lady whom you have just alluded to."

"What! Miss Nulla!" almost shrieked Mrs. Montgomery, while her daughter tossed her head with an expression of incredulity upon her fair face, and taking up her embroidery again, exclaimed:

"Mother, it is only some of Leslie's nonsense. The story is altogether too improbable for belief. Mr. Ware would never demean himself in that manner. Indeed, the very thought is insulting."

"Well, you can believe it or not, Miss Agnes, but it is nevertheless true. Only she is no longer the poor governess that you trumpeted upon, but the richest heiress in Virginia. When she was here there was some mystery in connection with her birth that she had been unable to fathom, but it has all come out since, and she has proved to be the daughter of that Mr. Mortimer, of Moss-Side, whom we met a year ago last summer. Refreshing news, is it not? And you have yourselves to thank that she is not now my promised bride, for I verily believe that I could have won her had it not been for your cursed pride; and he turned away with a scowl upon his brow, leaving his mother and sister speechless with astonishment.

On that same evening, as our old acquaintances—Edgar Lewis and his wife—sat at their tea-table, the lady exclaimed, with a peculiar glance at her husband:

"Oh, my dear, I have had such a wonderful bit of news to tell you, that it really seemed as though I could not wait for you to come home. You have heard me speak of my friend, Laura Gardner, now Mrs. Alfred De Vere. Well, she called upon me this afternoon for the first time, since her return home, and in telling me about her journey last summer, she said that she met two of our Lebanon school-mates, at Cape May, and that they were decidedly the belles of the season. You can imagine my surprise when, upon asking her who they were, she mentioned the names of Thressa D'Artois and Beatrice. It appears that the former has become a very popular authoress, and is courted and flattered to death. Her mysterious, not to say shameful, birth being entirely forgotten, or else thrown completely into the background. And as for Dr. Lascelle's adopted daughter, she is at the height of prosperity again, having proved to be the child of that Mr. Mortimer by a former marriage, and therefore the heiress of that beautiful Moss-Side that everybody raves so much about. Laura

says that she was obliged to notice them or else to be out of the fashion; but that they received her advances very coldly. Now what do you think of that, Edgar?"

"Think? Why I am inclined to the belief that there are some persons in the world who are just like cats, inasmuch, as throw them up as you may, they will always alight upon their feet. That you and I do not belong to that class, is very obvious; but it so happens that your intelligence is not by any means low to me, as I was acquainted with all those facts before."

"You were, Mr. Lewis? and did not inform me? Then I must say that your conduct is reprehensible in the very last degree; and the lady shot indignant glances across the table.

"Do not be a fool, Louise!" coolly responded her husband, as he buttered a muffin; "I did not hear of it until this afternoon. You would not have had me leave my business to run home to tell you, would you?"

"I would have you treat me with proper respect, which, I am forced to say, you are very far from doing. If I had married Fitz James I am certain that he would never have addressed such language to me."

"Well, I wish to goodness that you had," rejoined Edgar, giving his chair an impatient push, "you are ruining me by your extravagance, or else there is a curse upon my uncle's gold. By the way, you wanted to know at dinner who had purchased Formida. I was unable to answer the question then, as I did not know myself; but now I can give you a piece of intelligence more surprising even than yours. The estate has passed into the hands of a Mr. Ware, of Virginia, who intends it as a present for his bride elect; and she is the lady who formerly resided there."

"What! Beatrice? Is she to triumph over me forever? Oh, you wretch! sit there and laugh, will you?" and then Mrs. Lewis fell back in strong hysterics, while her husband, after maliciously emptying a pitcher of water upon her head, left her to recover from the fit and the bath, as best she might.

Again wedding guests assembled at Moss-Side; but this time no shape of terror intervened between the bride and groom; and it may be that Bianca, beholding her daughter in her rightful position, and happy once again, forgot the misery and anguish of her own earth-life.

Adelbert Ware and his beautiful bride did not pass through this mortal existence without drinking deeply from the cup of bitterness as well as that of bliss; but taught in the lore of the angels, they learned to thank the All-wise Father for both.

One night Death strayed into the little brown cottage, and laid its icy fingers upon the brow of Mrs. Elwood; and then it was discovered that the man to whom she had entrusted her property, had proved faithless and absconded, but her grandchild did not realize its loss, for, with her husband's cordial approval, Beatrice took the orphan to her heart and home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer descended the slope of life together; but at last there came one Christmas Eve, when one was taken and the other left. But when the sods grew green over the husband's grave, the wife laid down by his side.

Thressa never married; being one of those strong, self-reliant souls, whose mission seems to be to pilot their weaker brothers and sisters over the grief-crested, turbulent waves of life. If there were moments when her heart asked for something more, God and the angels alone knew.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REFORMERS.

BY LOIS WAIBROOKER.

Of workers we're a fearless band,
One common cause unites us,
When hearts are joined, to join our hands
For love and truth delights us.
For love and truth brings liberty,
The freedom God hath given;
And freedom, truth, and love shall make
Our earth like unto heaven.

Conservatives may threaten hard,
'Tis little that we'll heed them;
Just let them come, we'll pledge our word
That we will give them—Freedom.
Aye, freedom that shall make their souls
Expand like opening flowers—
The liberty that's fit to dwell
In Truth's immortal bowers.

Hardships cannot our spirits shock;
We know they lie before us,
But standing firm upon the rock
Of Truth, her banner o'er us,
We'll gladly meet the gathering hosts
Of Superstition hoary;
Her shafts can pierce us but to bring
A conqueror's crown of glory.

For souls like ours can never stand,
And see their birthright riven,
While dwellers in our fathers' land
To Error's rule do give.
We'll ne'er permit the hosts of Night
To shut the gates of Morning,
To intercept the rays of light
That on us would be dawning.

Not by the truths already born,
And by their birth-throes anguish,
Though myriads of foes unite,
Our cause shall never languish.
Through walls of adamant we'll pierce,
With Truth to cut asunder,
Till those who are so fearful now
Shall shout with joy and wonder.

For God himself sustains the right
Against what e'er opposes,
And through it to the sons of men
His matchless love discloses.
A love whose efforts cannot cease
Till every cloud is riven,
That hideth from the needy soul
The light and life of heaven.

The Bonities of Faith.

He who has not faith is without hope; for where there is no faith hope is groundless. It is faith in the hope that brightens our pathway, a trusting that the future will welcome in new joys, and bright prospects to our future lot, a childlike confidence in the All-wise Giver of all good, that a continuance of his blessings will be bestowed upon us. When we reflect upon the past, we see the perfect and ever watchful care extended over us, showing that like infants, we are ever guarded, and sustained through the many trials and dangers to which our earthly life is subject. We have no reason to doubt that the bright guardians who have ever attended us, will guide and guard us to the end.
M. J. U.

Gen. Grant is in favor of destroying slavery, as the only way to restore the country to its old state, and to keep the peace of the continent. He is a statesman as well as a strategist.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE MISSION OF THE DEPARTED.

BY W. H. MESSNER.

The departed! the departed!
Oh, whither have they fled?
Is it to climes of peace and bliss,
Or regions of the dead?
Is it to seas of endless space,
Which have no bounds nor shore,
Forever from our presence lost,
To return to us no more?

Nay, 'tis not so; it cannot be:
Such is not Nature's will;
But angels love to come to earth,
Our souls with joy to fill.
Say not that they can ne'er come back
From far-off realms above,
For are they not attached to us
By ties of holy love?

They come to teach us love and peace,
To blot the stains of sin;
They come our hearts from vice and wrong
To purest virtue win;
They come to teach us truths divine,
To plant celestial flowers,
Which will expand to beautify
This gloomy world of ours.

They come to bind the aching head,
To soothe the drooping heart,
To cheer the weary and forlorn,
And Nature's laws impart;
They come to tell us we shall live
In bright, eternal day,
When we have left the outer form,
This tenement of clay.

They gather round the dying couch,
And in our dying hours
They weave us gorgeous garlands
Of bright, unfolding flowers!
They come to lead us to that shore
Where joys are never blighted,
Where we shall all forever dwell,
Fraternally united.
Princeton, Ill.

Original Essay.

PSYCHOMETRY.—NO. TWO.

BY J. H. H.

Benjamin Franklin, says an English journalist, complained to the savans of Paris that he had been despondent in not being able within two weeks of his discovery of electricity, to put it to any practical purposes. What would the friends of Psychometry not regret when they learn that for two centuries, if not more, the dusty volume of its discoveries have been laid upon the shelf, with only here and there a practical demonstration of its power? We have the "Speculum Anni," "Ozannam's Mathematical Recreations," "Count de Tristram's" great work, and two memoirs by M. Thouvenal, all treating of the "Bagnette Divinatoire," "Virgula Divina, l'Homme à la Bagnette, or Bliton and Aymar, the men of the hazel twig. The first, Thouvenal, commissioned by the King in 1781, to report on the mineral and medicinal waters of the kingdom, used, and made more than six hundred observations in the presence of an audience of one hundred and fifty. He arranged, classified, and did for the posterity of our day, what Mesmer did for Magnetism, Gall for Phrenology, Buchanan for Psychology.

Jacques Aymar, a purely unsophisticated child of Nature, who knew not the extent of the extraordinary power vested in him, either how to direct it, or how it was directed—nor so much as its connection with his own mind to influence it, or be influenced by it, has been made the laughing-stock of all France. Yet Aymar did for the city of Lyons what all the combined intelligence of the nation did not, and could not do. He traced by his "divining rod" (Psychometry), three murderers, one hundred and thirty-five miles by land, and ninety by water, found every house they had entered, the chairs they sat upon, the bottles and tumblers, or cups they used, and brought those guilty men to justice, who confessed their crimes, and were executed.

Count Gasparin, who has inflicted two large volumes upon the public, ending his second, where he begun his first, that spiritual phenomena resided in a magnetic fluid, which could raise men up to the ceiling, haunt houses, beat drums, play pianos, ad omne; discourses on the failure of Aymar, that when brought to Paris, on a similar errand as at Lyons, he failed to discover the party guilty of murder, and therefore he attempts to argue, on the principle of analogy, that the same was true of the affair at Lyons. But the Count, who means well enough, hastily adopts guessing for reasoning, or jumping at conclusions, rather than arriving at them, should have bethought himself that no reformer, or discoverer, has ever yet appeared who got at once a hold of the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Count believes in the Protestantism of Luther, yet Luther ridiculously contended that the Epistle of James was spurious, that because the Scriptures asserted the devil to be the "Prince of the Power of the Air," he (the devil) was the cause of thunder and lightning.

Faraday has explained all spiritual phenomena by the turning of his tables. Prof. Loomis will have it in artificially constructed milldams. The author has a letter from the well known Luther V. Bell, M. D., who honestly confesses that he had witnessed "inexplicable" phenomena, but that it is all right. A letter from Agassiz, who writes that almost "any work" on Natural Philosophy would explain the spiritual phenomena. These men who belittle themselves in the eyes of the world by false representations and great blunders, yet sustain themselves as savans.

There is a work written by a distinguished clergyman some years ago, on the Advent of Mesmerism, to prove that it could not be true, because the Commissioners, of which Franklin was one, in 1779, voted it down; and besides, that it was disproved by the Bible, as it denied the doctrine of "Free Agency."

Aymar was a rude instrument to call into being certain facts which existed in Nature. He established a psychometric principle, which, as a fact, stands upon the public records of Vienna for future generations to refer to. Bliton did more. He enabled one of the most eminent physicians of France to find out the laws of radiation, and the facts of radiation of metals and minerals and waters. He leaves us two interesting volumes, which contain a vast amount of practical knowledge to this branch of Psychology. These principles are to be taken up one day by somebody. They are the crude forms of a noble science, which lay buried until some master spirit is born to give it life and shape and being.

In no past time have organizations been better adapted to the exploration of this science than now. No better media have existed than may be

found in the ranks of Spiritualists of the present day. Their organizations have been trained for this nervous development. But few know it. We have referred before to a lady of high endowment in this respect. She was not conscious of the power within her, until she was told it existed, and acting out the instinct of her nature, she has become thoroughly qualified.

It is clearly established now, what was not then, that the "corpuscles" of the Carthians, and the Magnetism of Mesmer, and the Od of Reichenbach, as well as the Nerve-aura of Buchanan, are diversities of the same thing. At least, the same thing is found in all. It does not appear strange to us that they should exist, when we find agencies in Nature as subtle and refined; when we find facts in history which cannot be explained by any other of the known laws in Nature. Thus, we look in vain to electricity for an explanation of the properties of that species of Magnetism so subtle in its nature that it passes through imponderable bodies, conveys with the speed of thought a message from one mind to another, and stamps upon wood, and stone, and paper, impressions which are imperishable.

Naturalists tell us of an insect which, located on any part of a tree, will suddenly stop singing if the human hand or body touches the tree. Trainers of the hunting-hound know that for three days their dogs can trace them out when lost amidst ravines, bogs and forests. Jesus did not curse the fig-tree, which did not feel the blight of his breath, nor bless bread and break it, without imparting to it a part of his living substance. Equally so when the woman touched the hem of his garment, a living element passed from him unto her. We know now that every man radiates his magnetism; it comes forth from his arms, his hands, his feet, his eyes, his brain, his whole material, physical organization. A man cannot think, or feel, without evolving a corresponding species of magnetism. If a person be enraged, the blood flies to his face and outer extremities, his nervous organization becomes deranged, he can scarcely speak coherently, and everything he does fixes the state of his mind in all materials with which he is surrounded.

Aymar's wand pointed out the places where the murderers sat, and where they ate, and the china they used. The deed of blood could not have been done in moments of perfect composure, and wherever they went trepidation and guilt made them tremble for their safety. In ordinary magnetism we know that surrounding the magnetized, the material emanation extends to great distances, and we perceive that by some unknown law of aggregation, that the same can be acted upon hundreds of miles apart. Mind upon mind. Mental telegraphy. But it is sufficient for our purpose to demonstrate simply that this tangible elimination really exists—that it is a thing from the body, and acted upon by the mind. It is no great matter to prove that, as every mesmerist knows, that by his magnetism alone a patient is entranced, limb amputated without pain, and his mind, as to its free agency, may be completely under the control of another.

More minute examination will show us that it radiates through the entire human being. That a thought, or a feeling, an emotion, or desire, is never lost beyond recall. The intuitive perception of the impossible subject can bring it out to the command of humanity. Our medium, for example, subject in early childhood to the weakest of nervous agencies, finds herself thrown by circumstance into the company of those whose moral influence, hid to the world, acts upon her in the strongest antagonism. She is obliged, while sitting near one in a common car, or coach, to change her place to avoid proximity to one whose character is repellent. To what extent this radiating influence may expand itself can, at least, in this instance, be learned from the following circumstance:

The 10th of March, 1864, she was standing on the sidewalk of a certain street in Cincinnati, when she felt a strange, unaccountable influence possess her, and marked the direction from which it came. So unpleasant became the power to her, that she looked in astonishment toward the place, but endeavored to go to another side of the street, saying to herself, "There is trouble there," she said, as the cars came along, for which she was waiting. "How glad," says she, "I felt as I got away from that locality, and lost all the unpleasant influences of the place. I know nobody there, not even the business of the house, yet in that second story of the building, there was trouble, and enough of it." It happened that one of the persons of the house knew all about it, and had heard of this lady's experience. He confirmed in every respect the assertion she made, and stated that of four persons who did business in that room, all were involved in law-suits, or business stagnation, which made her feel extremely unhappy.

Ashburner writes in his notes on Magnetism, that for seventy-two miles he has acted on the mind of his magnetic patient by an effort of his will. We are personally acquainted with parties, mother and son, now living in Bath, Me.; the latter of whom, in the cramped stages of cholera, supposed to have become rigid and insensible, was heard to mutter, "Mother, mother!" The mother was six hundred miles away, lying down the afternoon of that day and hour, she heard the voice, and suddenly responded to it, "What, my son! What?" She saw nothing; she recognized the voice as that of her son. Whether the spirit of the boy visited in person, or the sound came to her ears, we do not pretend to decide; but in either case, there was a material condition between the two, and the magnetism of the two came in rapport.

But a few miles from where the writer resides, a man and his wife lay down an afternoon, during which undisturbed sleep, both dreamed the same thing at the same time. The dream was a falsehood, yet the fact occurred of a certain material union of mind with mind, and that through matter.

Zschokke, the philosopher, sometimes found himself in rapport with certain individuals, and saw all the acts of their past life.

The author once visited Judge Edmonds, to have a sitting with his daughter. Nothing occurred touching our visit to persons known to us whom she had seen; but she expressed to her father, as he got up from his seat to walk across the room, "You have taken the power away from me; it is a light which seems to follow your person."

All of Reichenbach's discoveries seem to point out to this fact of material radiation. Dr. Kane, in his "Arctic Expedition," refers to light emanating from the person of a native, that in the dark enabled him to see the wrinkles on his skin.

The writer of this has frequently seen in broad day, gazing through the air, with half-closed-eyes, countless thousands of apparent animalcules darting through the space, sometimes bright in appearance as crystal glass; other times dark, opaque. He believes it to be material magnetism. Cincinnati, O., 1864.

Printers should have the right to print a kiss, but not to publish it.

For the Banner of Light. SPIRIT-LAND.

Beautiful Land! where the waves of Time, Touched with silver light, lave a golden shore...

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON. SIX DAYS' CONVENTION.

Anniversary Week Festival. (Reported for the Banner of Light.)

FIFTH DAY—MAY 28.

Saturday Afternoon.—The Convention reassembled, according to adjournment, in Lyceum Hall, at 2 1/2 P. M. H. B. Storer in the chair.

Among the number of speakers present were Mrs. Dymon, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Rudd, Miss Mudgett, Messrs. Storer, Toohy, Clark, Edson, Crowell, Coolidge, Drs. Gardner, Child and Hamilton, and Prof. Dilks.

Jacob Edson spoke in recognition of the various phases of thought. Dr. H. S. Brown, of Milwaukee, made some well received remarks on Spiritualism, with hints toward organization, and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the teachings of Spiritualism are distinctly and unequivocally that there is no other way to save an individual from misery, but by the practice of the purest virtues, under the guidance of the best intentions and the most correct and just principles.

Resolved, That Spiritualism teaches as distinctly and unequivocally that there is no other way to save a nation from destruction but by the people joining together to establish the rule of justice in the land, by the adoption of just laws, regulations and institutions, so that all the people may have the simplest and plainest possible guides to direct them in the paths of truth and wisdom; therefore,

Resolved, That we request all persons, especially Spiritualists, who think there is any law, institution or regulation in society, or in the State or nation, that is wrong, and oppressive to any portion of the people of this country, to state what they consider the wrong or injustice, and the law or remedy by which they propose to correct it. And we suggest that the people take counsel together in their family circles, parties, societies, conferences and conventions, for the purpose of adopting such just laws and institutions as will avert the misery and ruin now threatening to overwhelm the people of this country.

Euphenia Abbee said she had been very much abused in Boston, and then read a document, setting forth some of her ideas.

Miss Lizzie Doten spoke of Euphenia and Swedenborg, arguing for the significance of all things.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss gave an interesting account of her spiritual experiences.

Dr. H. F. Gardner spoke upon the need of recognizing all phases of spirit manifestation.

Miss Mudgett followed on the same subject, alluding particularly to the case of Euphenia.

Mr. U. Clark urged the importance of using reason in investigating spirit manifestations.

Dr. D. H. Hamilton spoke of love to the neighbor, and offered the following resolutions, which he read:

Resolved, That according to the law of love, which is the law of all laws, my neighbor, if worthy of the name, has an undoubted right to claim of me an equal share of all the advantages which any superior birth and education, any superior genius and capacity, any superior circumstances and conditions, or any superior wealth or fortune may have given me.

Resolved, That all those who are not willing to do this with every other one who is honestly and practically willing to do the same by them, are not up to the true standard of Christianity, do not love their neighbor as themselves, and consequently are not fit for the kingdom of heaven.

Resolved, That all those who are not willing to identify themselves with the laboring classes in cooperation, in sympathy, in some useful effort of their own, are not worthy of the bread and butter which they consume, if of existence at all, and should be left entirely out of the pale of our calculations for the future well-being of the race, and allowed to go just where Jesus said all despisers of the poor, all the sumptuous fine linen class, would go there to remain without one drop of water to cool their parched tongues till they cry out, "Labor is noble. I will do my part."

Resolved, That the kingdom of heaven which the religious world has been praying for, for these eighteen hundred years, can never come to earth through Spiritualism till Spiritualists have become so imbued with the principles of love that they can unite in one grand communion with perhaps many branches to facilitate and have all things common, (as did the apostles at one time in anti-type), except husbands and wives, where muscles and brains shall be equalized by setting the one over against the other.

Resolved, That true marriage is as Godlike and lasting as the positive and negative forces in Nature, and that therefore promiscuity, or sexual commerce, does not belong to Spiritualism proper, but to animalism, or childish ungrowth, and cannot be tolerated in any association or organization which may hope to claim heaven's approval, or the title of kingdom of heaven on earth.

Mrs. Toohy and Dr. Gardner made brief remarks.

Mrs. Spence made some remarks, in which she alluded to the harmony of the meeting; attributing the cause to the allusions the various speakers had made to the spiritual, which brings a harmonizing influence.

Further remarks were made by Mrs. Bliss, Dr. Hamilton, and Mrs. Spence, when the Convention adjourned, after a very pleasant session, to meet in the evening.

Evening Session.—Jacob Edson, Vice-President,

In the chair. After singing by the Lyceum Hall choir,

Mrs. Bliss spoke of the uses of Spiritualism, and on organization.

Mrs. E. C. Clark made some very pleasant suggestions about Spiritualism and its teachings.

Dr. H. S. Brown spoke mainly on organization. Mr. H. B. Storer spoke eloquently on spirit-communion.

Dr. L. K. Coonley addressed the audience briefly, on the difficulties in the way of organization.

U. Clark, with some brief remarks, introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Spiritualists as a people, coming in rapport with the spheres of celestial order, if they are ever prepared to act practically in cooperation with themselves and with angel-spheres, must of necessity come into some kind of organization in harmony with the laws of celestial order; and

Resolved, That since organization, as contemplated by Spiritualists, repudiates all the falsities and abuses of past organizations, and embraces such elements and principles as are found in none of the past—all forms of such organization are not based on any legitimate ground.

Mr. Richard Thayer (not Robert, as printed in previous proceedings,) spoke of political elections, making the application bear against organization, arguing that it gave the minority the power to rule the majority.

The Convention then adjourned.

SIXTH DAY.

Sunday Morning Session.—Dr. Gardner, Vice-President, in the chair.

Judge Ladd made an able speech on the Spiritual Phenomena, and the relative bearing which Metaphysics and Science have toward it. He alluded to the growth of the spirit, and the necessity of self-culture and an acquaintance with the sciences.

Dr. H. F. Gardner offered the following resolve: Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention it is the duty of all Spiritualists to put forth effort for the establishment of Lyceums for the education of children into a knowledge of the Philosophy of Life, and of the relations which man sustains to the Physical and Spiritual worlds. To expose to their comprehension the errors of past religious systems, and unfold to them the beauties of the progressive system of the Spiritual Philosophy.

He then proceeded to speak of the necessity of educating children in the knowledge of Spiritualism—the philosophy of life—rather than have them grow up imbued with the prejudices which exist at the present day against the Spiritual Philosophy.

Dr. L. K. Coonley said special efforts were being made in other parts of the country to establish schools of this class, and thought some such plan was much needed. For one he was anxious his children should be taught the same truths which he taught and believed. We should teach children the truth as far as we comprehend it, and when, by investigation, we come to know more, then give them the benefit of that higher light.

Mrs. Ladd thought that greater efforts should be made to instruct our children in spiritual truths as we understand them, and which we claim to be better than the old style of teaching practiced in sectarian Sabbath-schools.

Mr. A. E. Giles presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That woman has an equal interest with man in the welfare and improvements of society, and that she is entitled equally with himself to a voice and an influence in its administration.

Resolved, That the welfare and harmonious development of society will be promoted by the direct cooperation of woman in discovering and applying the principles of true social law and order.

Resolved, That if taxation without representation be tyrannical, as regarded by our forefathers, then accountability by woman to human laws, in the making of which she has had no voice, is also tyrannical.

He then proceeded to speak upon the importance of Spiritual Sunday Schools. He gave an interesting account of his visit to the New York Spiritual Sunday Lyceum for children, and thought much good was being accomplished by it. He spoke of a visit to the Jewish Synagogue School in this city; there everything appeared dark, cold, and tyrannical; harsh treatment was predominant; and the main idea of teachers, as it appeared to him, was to instruct the pupils in a knowledge of the Hebrew language. He saw nothing there which savored of the principles of love, which he considered of vast importance in the education of children.

Dr. Gardner made further remarks on this subject. He was deeply impressed with the importance of imparting our knowledge and faith to our children. Immediate steps should be taken to accomplish so desirable an object, by the best methods we could adopt. He then related an incident which occurred that morning, of two little girls coming to the hall and inquiring if there was a school kept there. On being questioned, they said they wanted "to find a school where they could learn something." This incident was one thing which prompted him to offer the resolution now under discussion.

Mr. Clark favored the objects of the resolution. He said nothing was more pleasing to children than the teachings of Spiritualism, for the children were always talking about angels; and when we explain to them that angels are the spirits of those whom they have known and loved on earth, they become doubly interested. He narrated several touching incidents bearing on this point.

Mrs. Toohy gave his testimony in favor of the resolution, and spoke feelingly of the value of Spiritual Sunday Schools.

Thus closed another interesting and harmonious session.

Afternoon Session.—Dr. Gardner in the chair. Hall crowded. Singing by the choir.

Dr. A. B. Child made the first address. He said "The object sought in war was protection; the object gained, destruction," and proceeded to argue that war was a false principle by which men are sometimes governed. It destroys happiness and life, home and religion. It was wrong to take life, for, according to the law of humanity it belonged to somebody. War was criminal because it was murder, though men do not ostensibly take up arms for that special purpose. He pictured the beauties of peace and living up to the teaching of Christ in love and harmony.

After the choir sang:

"We are living, we are dwelling In a grand, eventful time, In an age on ages telling— To be living is sublime."

Mrs. E. C. Clark arose and said she thought this war question should be discussed. She believed this war was waged for the purpose of enunciating a great principle. A base peace would be a thousand times worse than war. The exercise of force is a forerunner of civilization, and when the good which will result from it is considered, she did not wonder men were so earnest for it. She thought if ever there was a just war, this was. Our country, imperfect as it is, is the best under the sun. More justice was embodied in its laws than in those of any other nation in existence. She closed with a touching allusion to the death of a young soldier belonging to Salem.

John Wetherbee, Jr. made a most patriotic speech in favor of supporting the Government and

carrying on the war. He did not believe in carrying the principles of peace into the war. The North had submitted long enough to the diction of the South, and the demands of the accused slave institution. The institutions, intelligence and industry of the North have given a name and character to us as a nation. He would not stop the war until we had gained the noble objects involved in it. He believed the hopes of the world hung upon the result of this contest.

Mr. Toohy took the ground that war was inevitable, for it belonged to earth, and was the result of the condition of things existing on it. He brought an array of historical evidence to sustain his position. He said the many improvements and new inventions for war purposes had a tendency to lessen the war spirit; and that wars are less frequent than in former times because of the progress of civilization and a better acquaintance with each other. He knew the American people would rise above all the difficulties of the present time, and stand forth in a glorious majesty such as no nation has attained to; for the march of civilization is ever onward, seeking liberty and intellectual freedom. Take courage, then, for the hour of purification is at hand. We accept war as a necessity, not as a fatality. Out of it will come a blessing which will be felt by the people of all nations. His whole speech was excellent.

On motion, the resolutions presented by Dr. Gardner, Mr. Clark and Mr. Giles were adopted. Evening Session.—Dr. Gardner in the chair. The hall was completely packed. After singing by the choir,

Mr. Storer read a selection from Harri's "Lyric of the Golden Age."

Mr. U. Clark gave the opening address. He said audiences and speakers should be in harmony, so that their souls can vibrate with the music of the angels, and then will descend those heavenly influences, as at the Pentecost of old. He then dwelt at some length, upon the power of the spirit-world, and the influence spirits exert upon mortals; the mode of operation, and the vast methods of communication discovered since the first time wire was laid across the mystic river of the "Jordan of Death"—but which has proved to be the Jordan of Life. The wonder and astonishment which once prevailed in regard to these things had now nearly ceased. The commerce of the celestial life is so complete, that individuals, parties and governments are affected by it. He spoke of the joy which beamed up in our souls when we first heard that Death's stream had been bridged over, and the discovery was made that our dear friends who had gone on the unknown journey were not lost, nor in an eternal sleep, but lived and could commune with us. Never again will dawn upon mortals so great a joy as that experienced, when the practical demonstration of immortal life was made. He said we must now go out into the world and reap the great harvest which is waiting to be gathered; that we must begin to realize that there is an earnest life to live—a work to do—what that work is each must answer for himself. If the kingdom of heaven is to be inaugurated on earth, we must begin to organize a method by which it can be done; to do this we must first ignore all that is sordid and selfish, and apply our energies to the amelioration of suffering humanity. There are upwards of three millions of souls on this continent, who are ready to stand out and acknowledge their belief in Spiritualism, who feel that it has a mighty mission to perform—that it is the heaven which is to leaven the whole lump of human institutions and peoples.

Miss Lizzie Doten followed in eloquent strains, and taking up some of the ideas thrown out by the last speaker, elaborated them more fully. Branching off from these, she touched upon the mysteries of the spirit-world; the advantages of a knowledge of the sciences; the knowledge which the ancients possessed of spiritual truths; defined a Spiritualist as one who gave the finest inspiration of his soul for the benefit of others; spoke of the spirit of all truth as moving the world; of the Convention and what it had done; of the resolutions it had passed, and the effect they would have on the world. She made a fine appeal for a Lyceum School for children.

H. B. Storer, full of the fire of inspiration, poured forth some noble thoughts.

J. W. H. Toohy made the closing speech of the Convention, and it was one of his finest efforts. He briefly reviewed the work of the last six days; paid Massachusetts and Boston high compliments; touchingly alluded to the death of a soldier relative; eulogized the noble patriots who are struggling in the country's cause. Closing, he bid all Godspeed in their progress onward and upward forever.

Thus closed an eventful period of six days' interchange of thought and ideas, all aiming to promote the common cause of humanity.

The New Manifestations.

The Davenport Brothers awakened an interest in this city during their stay, which has not yet subsided; still one often hears discussions of their exhibitions upon the streets. The crust of skepticism seems to have been broken through in many unperceived places, and henceforth they will believe that individual spirit existence is possible.

The Brothers have been followed by a sister, Mrs. Colie, and a friend, Mrs. Lamb, who have been giving séances at the Cooper Institute which vary somewhat from that of their predecessors. These ladies are now before the public for the first time, and the cabinet manifestations are entirely new to them. Mrs. Colie first entered the box unbound, her hands having been filled with rice by the committee as full as they could be, and the fingers close-upon it, and upon the doors being thrown open her hands were found to be firmly bound. The gentlemen then tied her fingers intricately with fine sewing-silk and fastened it to the ropes, after which, the doors being closed, her feet were tied by the invisibles, and the musical instruments, consisting of harmonica, bell, accordion and guitar, were played upon.

After Mrs. Lamb was tied, similar manifestations continued, the trumpet was thrust through the opening, and voices were occasionally heard through it, uttering a few words at a time. The whole performance was very satisfactory, though less showy and brilliant to the lovers of the marvelous than those connected with the Brothers.

The private circle was something different from any which had preceded. After the mediums' hands were bound in the dark—we examined one and found that the rope had been passed many times around the wrists and was firmly knotted there—the lights were again extinguished. Phosphorus having been rubbed upon the guitars, they rose and sailed about as high as the lofty ceiling, undulating and gyrating like feathers tossed by the breeze. They measured an arc of which the mediums were the centre, and finally returned to the table, when, with the other instruments, they seemed bent on dancing the rudest possible kind of a waltz down to their own number. Mrs. Lamb was soon found sitting on the table, still firmly secured to her chair, and in the interval two instruments had been constantly played upon. Both ladies were examined before and after the ascension, and found to be securely bound, hand and foot.

Two voices were heard at different times, one purporting to be that of a spirit called "Bell," who was somewhat sharp and caustic in remark and repartee. The other answered to the name of George Fox, and was more staid and deliberate, as befitting the venerable gentleman. His remarks closed by some important directions about future sittings, and thus the séance closed.—New York Herald of Progress.

Written for the Banner of Light. DEATH IS DEAD.

BY MARY J. DE WOLF.

Death has reigned for many years, Causing sorrow, sighs and tears; But voices from the summer land— From the pure, bright angel band, Borne, as by gentle breaths of air, This pleasant truth to men declare: "We can ascend, and ever tread Progression's path, for Death is dead."

In days gone by—in darker hours, We dreaded his mysterious powers. Until a star appeared on high, Illumining the darkened sky. The "Harmonical Philosophy" Taught the right use of liberty; And Death before its light has fled— Surely, to us, stern Death is dead.

And now we know we ne'er can die— We'll ever live, and we can try To benefit our fellow-man; And if we do what good we can— Rooting self-love from out our heart— We've acted well in life our part— Pure thoughts and deeds will crown each head In summer land, for Death is dead. Texas, Mich., 1864.

Correspondence.

Where Next?

I am now at the pleasant little village of La Harpe, Ill., situated about equidistant (twenty miles) from the great river and either branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, after it parts for its two points of destination at Galesburg, and with a prospective branch for the rich country between the forks. La Harpe is in the north-east corner of Hancock County, and in one of the best farming districts in the State, with an intelligent population, the "tops" of which, for quite a distance around, came to hear me discourse on Spiritualism, as they had done before for Bro. T. G. Forster, Sisters Laura De Force Gordon, and Belle Scougall, of which I have now completed the square of two each, male and female, normal and trance, all of which are well appreciated.

This was once the Mormon County, and this quite a Mormon town, little trace of which is now left, except the effect of agitation of religious questions, which advanced the sectarians, many of them, out of their creeds, which were found too weak even to defend them against the shocks and shots of Mormonism.

Orthodoxy ever finds and feels its weakness when attacked by any force of criticism, and its defences ever fall before any species of battery, whether manned by Mormon hands, or Adventist, or Perfectionist, or Shaker, or Infidel. It shattered walls will soon be like Sumter, a surrendered heap of ruins, to be rebuilt in spiritual truth and beauty of old and new materials. Everywhere I travel I find material for the new church of Humanity, a church without a creed, a democratic church without a king or an aristocracy, without a Pope or Bishops, in which all are equal; priests and rulers, and no one calls another master.

This great State of Illinois needs at least fifty good public speakers more than it has, to supply the present demand of Spiritualists, which is constantly increasing, and which the clergy is less and less able to supply. We also need one or two good colleges, to give complete education without the dogmatic theology, as added in every institution in our country, even the liberal one under the Universalist headings at Galesburg, Ill. and Anthon, Ohio, with its partially opened doors to females. Why cannot we have a college without theology? Certainly we have numbers enough for several, and means enough to build more than any denomination of Christians, and students enough, which we dislike to send, as we have to, now, to sectarian schools. It seems to me all we lack is concert of action and cooperation of effort and uniting of means to the great end. A college free from all sectarian control, with all the advantages of other colleges, would be filled at once, if located at some favorable point, by the liberal people and Spiritualists. Who will move in this matter? I cannot, for my time is over-drawn and my labor all I can bear, and seems too important to be left, at least seems so to me, however some others think I might leave the field with advantage to them. I feel confident from my knowledge of our numbers, strength, means and demands, that a competent person could soon raise the means to build, endow and support a school of this character, with or without an agricultural department. Is it not time to begin? Or must we await some form of organization, which seems as likely to scatter as unite us? June 4, 1864. WARREN CHASE.

Overland Sketches by Mrs. Stowe.

DEAR BANNER.—From the plains of the Far West I greet you. As this is the last post-office we will pass for several hundred miles, I will avail myself of this opportunity to write you, and through you, my many friends.

We left Grinnell, Iowa, on the 1st day of May, and went into camp four miles distant. Here we were detained one week on account of my health, which is now fast improving. We travel from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, go into camp about four o'clock P. M. Our company consists of nineteen persons; we have six wagons and thirty-three horses.

We are gradually ascending to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. There are no abrupt steep to climb, but the ascent is so gradual that it seems like a vast level plain. This great Western Exodus has been unparalleled in the history of this country. Six thousand wagons had, up to the 22d inst., crossed the ferry at Omaha; and when it is considered that that is but one of a half-dozen points of starting from the Missouri River, some idea may be had of the magnitude of this Westward migration.

We frequently pass the carcasses of horses and cattle whose bones are bleaching in the sun, but no offensive smell arises from them. This is in consequence of the dryness and purity of the atmosphere.

I am now seated beneath a wagon in the shade, with my paper on the back of a book. Our company is composed of that material which makes this valley pass harmoniously and pleasantly.

This Valley of the Platte is one vast level plain, from ten to forty-five miles wide. There is no timber excepting upon the streams, and hence we travel whole days without seeing scarcely a tree or shrub to rest the eye upon. We sleep in tents and cook in the open air. We have all the comforts of life that it is possible to have in camp life. We have had no rain since the 8th inst. The atmosphere is pure, balmy and exhilarating.

My health is rapidly improving. The only thing I am now troubled with is a severe appetite. But I hope by the time I reach California, to announce to my friends that I am well and myself again.

When I reach Salt Lake City, Utah, I will send you No. 2 of Overland Sketches. Yours for the truth and right, Mrs. C. M. Stowe. Fort Kearney, N. T., May 31st, 1864.

Heavenly Days.

We call heavenly those gracious, sun-bright days that bless our earth at all seasons of the year. We treasure the pootle joy of the first Spring messages, announced in cerulean skies, as unlike the Winter's steely depths of blue; in the upspringing of the glad, heralding blossoms; in the vivifying power of the sunlight; in the balmy whisperings of the winds, freighted with promises of cheer. We welcome a calm, bright, frosty day, when the snow lies deep, and the white mother-robos enfold the hidden treasures of the soil: there is a solemn stillness in the aspect of the wintry landscape that draws thought heavenward—away from the doubting pangs, the gnawing cares of this world. Ever with benign Nature there is a sense of security and rest; we can repose within her world-wide gates, ever learning wisdom of her inexhaustible stores. The true, loving, maternal heart, never repels her votary, nor discards her adoring children. She is steadfast to immutable law amid her manifold changes. Consecrated by the indwelling, Divine spirit, that endows her wondrous forms with life, bloom and fragrance, melody, beauty, internal significance, can we turn from her simple, holy teachings into the artificially alluring bye-paths of the world?

Yes; they are heavenly days to the artist eye, the poet heart—those days of awaking flower-life and leaf-music. There is a dreamy joy in the fervid midsummer hours, when Nature teems with gorgeous exuberance; and to live in the country is to exist in Eden. Then, too, there is a sense of satisfied fulfillment in the vintage season, when the skies are hazy, and the forests stand arrayed in all the glorious beauty of departure. With a bounteous hand the Great Giver has bestowed upon our planet innumerable gifts, but we must be spiritually awakened to behold them in all their fullness—to appreciate their imperishable worth.

And as in the outer realm of Nature, so in the interior domain of heart and soul-life, the seasons change; and alas! for our undeveloped humanity, the heavenly days are few. But this arises from a lack of fitting cultivation of the affections, that foundation from whence may arise grand temples of worship and serene fanes of love, of dark abiding places unworthy of the name of home. We can bask in eternal sunshine, and look up to calm blue skies for evermore if we are languid with faith and patience, if our hopes are based upon immortal possessions, not on the evanescent trifles of this earth. While there is war and discord in the world without, peace and harmony may abide perennially within; while thrones and kingdoms totter, the judgment-seat of the soul may remain unshaken; while the blasts of desolation sweep over the commercial heights and vales, the spirit-wealth may be safely garnered and relied upon for endless use. The sweetest roses of affection, the undying myrtle of friendship, the ever-opening blossoms of the unfolding soul-life, can make perpetual summer, while in the yet unharmonized world without rule alternating extremes of scorching heat and biting cold. We can bring heaven to our bosoms—reflections of its benign peace to our surroundings; and though, by inevitable sorrow and trial, our day be sometime overcast, yet will there ever dawn for us the summer morn of hope, that will bid us await the coming of the light of happiness. By beneficence, the exercise of charity, the indulgence only of pure thoughts and ennobling emotions—by looking upon all men as brothers, we can make heavenly days of each that passes on. Acting as guides to those who grope below us in the darkness, we are in turn guided to the Eternal portals of knowledge by the ministering host who do our Father's will. C. W.

Hawthorne's Romances.

The Tribune, in speaking of the romances of Mr. Hawthorne, remarks that "if his admirers have not been so numerous as those of many other authors, they have been warm and steady; and it is safe to say that his place in literature as a great and original writer is permanently settled. His books are perhaps too often pitched in a minor key to gratify the multitude. It is true that he is not without a rare vein of humor, still more fascinating, perhaps, because it is never boisterous, which strangely tempers the sombre tones of his pages; but the prevailing spirit of his writings is somewhat melancholy, and it occasionally rises into the weirdly tinged. In some of his books this is carried to a tragic pitch, which the reader, even of ordinary sensitiveness, finds almost painful. He is a master of that unusual art, often professed than excelled in, of tending to strictly natural events, the deepest interest of the supernatural. He makes living men and women do a ghostly work; and he is a consummate creator of picturesque situations. Some of the scenes in the 'Scarlet Letter,' in the 'House of Seven Gables,' and in the 'Blithedale Romance,' have a terror akin to that which in childhood we trembled over the pages of Mrs. Radcliffe; yet Mr. Hawthorne worked only with homely and almost unheroic materials, and in the most remarkable of these works had no historical or legendary assistance."

Thackeray's Goodness.

It is a fact that Thackeray was exceedingly thin-skinned himself, but we are not sure that fact was not all in his favor. He could withstand snobs as well as any other writer, and it was always good enough for them. But he was kind and sympathetic, and never hesitated to relieve a needy artist or author. After he had got along in life so as to be beforehand with money and such like conveniences, he went over to Paris for a brief visit of inspection and enjoyment, and put up at the Hotel Bristol in Imperial style. One who tells the story, remarks, that that never was increase of fortune more gracefully worn or more generously employed. He hunted up the struggling artist and the small man of letters. "One morning," says the narrator of the incident, "on entering Mr. Thackeray's bedroom in Paris, I found him placing some Napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written—'One to be taken occasionally.' 'What are you doing?' said I. 'Well,' he replied, 'there is an old person here who says she is very ill and in distress, and I strongly suspect that this is the medicine she wants. Dr. Thackeray intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together.'"

What Lights the Earth?

Dr. Lardner says: "It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to keep in existence animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. The surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon. From the first to the sixth magnitude inclusive, the total number of visible stars is 3,128."

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

On Sunday, the 12th, Miss Doten spoke upon the "Philosophy of Pythagoras," and "Ancient Oracles." After the evening address was through, the choir sang while the influence was changing, and then Miss Doten arose and delivered the following poem, which was composed in spirit-life—and which, we think, is one of the best transmitted to us through her instrumentality.

THE SPIRIT-MOTHER.

Through our lives mysterious changes, Through the sorrow-haunted years, Runs a law of Compensation For our sufferings and our tears. And the soul that reasons rightly, All its sad complaining stills, Till it learns that meek submission, Where it wishes not nor wills.

Thus, in Sorrow's fiery furnace Was a faithful mother tried, Till, through Love's divinest uses, All her soul was purified. Oh ye sorrow-stricken mothers! Ye whose weakness feeds your pain! Listen to her simple story— Listen! and be strong again:

"It was sunrise—and the day-dream Of my life was almost o'er; For my spirit-bark was drifting, Slowly, slowly from the shore. Dimly could I see the sunlight From my vine-wreathed window shine, Faintly could I feel the pressure Of a strong hand clasping mine.

"But now the life-tide started, At my infant's feeble cry; Back my spirit turned in anguish, And I felt I could not die. Deeper, darker fell the shadows, Like the midnight's sable pall, And that infant-cry grew fainter— Fainter—fainter—that was all!

"Suddenly I heard sweet voices Mingling in a tender strain— All my mortal weakness left me, All my anguish and my pain. On my forehead fell the glory Of the bright, celestial morn, I was of the earth no longer, For my spirit was re-born.

"Pure, sweet faces bent above me, Tenderly they gazed and smiled, And my Angel-Mother whispered: 'Welcome, welcome home, my child!' Then, in one melodious chorus, Sang the radiant angel-band— 'Welcome! oh thou weary pilgrim! Welcome to the Spirit-Land!'

"But, o'er all those glad rejoicings, Rose again my infant's cry, For my heart had borne the echo Through the portals of the sky. And I murmured, Oh ye bright ones! Still my earthly home is dear; Vain are all your songs of welcome, For I am not happy here.

"Strike your harps, ye white-robed Angels! But your music makes me wild, For my heart is with my treasure, Heaven is only with my child! Let me go, and whisper comfort To my little mourning dove— Life is cold, oh! let me shield him With a mother's tenderest love!

"Swift there came a pure, white angel, Through the glory, shining far, In her hand she bore a lily, On her forehead beamed a star. Very beautiful and tender Was the love-light in her eyes, Like the sunny smile of Summer, Beaming in the azure skies.

"And she said, 'Oh, mourning sister! Let your prayer of love be heard, For the boundless Heart of Being, By your earnest cry is stirred. Heaven is life's divinest freedom, And no mandate bids you stay; Go, and as a star of duty, Guide thy loved one on his way.'

"Life is full of holy uses, If but rightly understood, And its evils and abuses May be stopping-stones to good. Never seek to weakly shield him, Or his destiny control, For the wealth that grief shall yield him, Is the birthright of his soul.

"Musing deeply on her meaning, Turned I from the heavenly shore, And on love's swift wings descending, Sought my earthly home once more. There my widowed, childless sister Sat with meek and quiet grace, With her heart's great, wailing sorrow, Written on her pale, sweet face.

"And she sang in dreamy murmurs, Bending o'er my Willie's head; Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed. Soft I whispered, 'Dearest sister— Darling Willie—I am here.' Sweetly smiled the sleeping infant, As the singer dropped a tear.

"Thenceforth was my soul united To that life more dear than mine; And I prayed for strength to guide me, From the source of Life Divine. Slowly did I see the meaning In life's purposes concealed— All the uses of temptation, Sin and sorrow, stood revealed.

"Through my loved one's youth and manhood, In the hour of sinful strife, I could see the nobler issues, And the grand design of life. I could see that he was guided By a mightier hand than mine, And a mother's love was weakness, By the side of Love Divine.

"Then I did not seek to shield him, Or his destiny control— Life, with all its varied changes, Was the teacher of his soul. Nay, I did not strive to alter, What I could not make nor mend, For the love so full of wisdom, Could be trusted to the end.

"I could give him strength and courage, From the treasures of my love— I could lead his aspirations To the holy-heart above; I could warn him in temptation, That he might not blindly fall; I could wait with faith and patience For his triumph—that was all.

"Mid the rush and roar of battle, In the carnival of death, When the air grew hot and heavy, With the cannon's fiery breath, First and foremost with the bravest, Who had heard their country's call, With the stars and stripes above him, Did my darling Willie fall.

"Onward—onward rushed his comrades, With a wild, defiant cry, As they charged upon the foe-man, Leaving him alone to die. Faint he murmured, 'Oh, my mother! Angel mother! art thou near?' And he caught the whispered answer— 'Darling Willie, I am here!

"Oh my loved one! my true hearted! Soon your anguish will be o'er; Then, in heaven's eternal sunshine, We shall dwell forevermore. Swiftly o'er his pallid features, Gleams of heavenly brightness passed, And my Willie's noble spirit Met me face to face at last.

"In a soldier's grave they laid him, Underneath the sheltering pines, Where the breezes made sweet music, Through the gently swaying vines. Now in heaven, our souls united, All their aspirations blend, And my spirit's holy mission, Thus hath found a joyful end.

"Through our lives mysterious changes, Through the sorrow-haunted years, Runs a law of Compensation, For our sufferings and our tears; And the soul that reasons rightly— All its sad complaining stills, Till it gains that calm condition, Where it wishes not, nor wills."

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPiritUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Something that is Real.

We are very glad that a man like the present Lieutenant-General of our armies should have been permitted, by the powers that rule over us to make his way by sheer merit and modesty to the head of the military organization of the country. The people have had bragging and boasting enough for the past ten or twenty years, and the evil effect produced by it all is too palpable to be thought of as a thing of our day. One of the most glaring faults of our day is, the continual telling what we are going to do, and are all ready to do, and will certainly do as living men never did before, while just as little actual service is performed as is possible to imagine. There is too much profession and too little practice. Our people talk too much and do too little. Of course we intend to have such a remark apply only to spiritual and moral work rather than to mechanical labor, or the application to business. We do enough in the way of pushing forward business enterprises, and in money-making operations; but which advancement in character is talked about, the matter takes on a very different look.

We have brought the name of Gen. Grant by way of illustrating and impressing one point only, and that is this: that when a person has thoroughly and conscientiously done his duty, he has done all there is to make himself anxious about. Let a person accomplish the real thing which is to be done, and he need give himself no further trouble about what others will think of him. A thing done is all that has any glory in it. The performance is all that gives any occasion for talk. That being the case, no one need waste either time or energy in talking about a matter which is yet undone; but fall to and earn his meed of praise by actual performance. And that is the reason why the appearance of Gen. Grant upon the carpet, just at this time, is so opportune. He comes unheralded. He has worked his own way up to his present elevation and responsibility. Nobody has heard him take pains to draw attention to himself by boasting that if he had so-and-so, he would certainly do so-and-so; or wish that he had better opportunities than he has had; or in any sort of way lament his ill fortune; or hint that merit lay anywhere but in performance.

There is that silence, too, about the man, awfully solemn and impressive under certain circumstances, which gives proof enough of the truly great elements that lie in his character. "He wastes none of his energies in words. The powers that are folded away in him are developed just as fast as he comes to an object on which it is worth while to expend them. He is modest even to maidenliness; entirely unaware that he is of much more consequence than anybody else in the world; cares little or nothing for what people say, and hence devotes all his force to his purpose in hand and wastes none in wondering what effect he is likely to produce on others. Above all things, he has never been a self-seeker; he has not exactly bided his time, so much as thought nothing at all about it, and therefore he has done better. No man has heard a word of persiflage from his lips. He is self-content in the extreme. He has taught us all a lesson of modesty, and how merit is its own reward, whether it be dragged forth into public sight or nothing is heard of it in the newspapers.

The modesty is a good lesson for the younger men of the country. If there ever was a nation which was a sufferer from this one cause—boasting and swaggering—it is our own. Not that we do not accomplish a great deal, but we should accomplish much more without it, and it would be better done, and much more acceptable and effective. There is no selfishness in modesty. In real merit there is entirely wanting the element of strut. The man who lives in his own realm, is silent, more or less as solitary, speaks rarely of himself—what he is doing or intends to do—such a man must be an inspired man; he is what the world calls a genius; we can rely on him, can count on his being where he is needed at the very time he is needed, can hold him up for an example. We rejoice that the bravest man of the

war is one who has thus come up without any boasting or strutting; that he has taught the nation a lesson of modesty, of merit, of patience, which will be of the first value in overcoming the evil effects of the practice of the past fifteen and twenty years. His career teaches us that we may well afford to wait for praise and preferments, if we do but perform our duty; and that we need think of nothing more than that, in order to make our characters real, enduring, and sterling.

The Heavens Opened.

A general convention of the New Jerusalem Church has been recently held in New York, at which were congregated many men of the first culture in the land. Rev. Thomas Worcester of Boston, well known to us all as a man of profound spiritual character, and as the foremost of all the preachers of the New Jerusalem Church, delivered a discourse before the assembly—which has been pronounced to be "striking" by the newspapers—in the course of which he stated just what we have ourselves been stating and re-stating with the utmost persistence; he announced, in other words, that it was not true that the Swedenborgians regarded themselves as the special custodians of the New Church, and stated it as a most hopeful feature of their belief that the New Church in its widest sense, is now descending from the heavens into the hearts and minds of men in all nations and of all creeds, irrespective of their ever having heard of Swedenborg or any humanly organized New Church.

It is just so with the beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism; we have never claimed for it a distinct place among men as a Creed of a Church, or even as a New Power, but have insisted from the first that it was a wide-spread influence, coming down directly out of the heavens, and entering the hearts of men in order to soften and spiritualize them. Hence, we have consistently represented, there is no need of outside and interested meddling in order to gain some private and personal advantage. Heaven will pour out its spirit into the hearts of all who stand in the attitude of reception, and are waiting for the divine influx. We need to ourselves up to no creeds or formulas, so long as the divine influence is ready to fall upon us at any time, and for the mere asking prayerfully. There is no such "miracle" in all this, either, as thoughtless or superstitious persons may imagine; it is all perfectly natural and regular—what has obtained, more or less since the world began, but will rule more palpably since the new epoch has opened on man. There are numerous reasons why the earth and the heavens should be, and really are, drawn into closer contact than ever before; and there need be no such wonder manifested about it, therefore, as we often hear expressed on this and that side of us. We believe that the heavens are indeed opened to-day.

A Bankrupt Law.

We had something to remark on the necessity and propriety of a National Bankrupt Law, a week since; we return to the subject only to say that the bill in the House of Representatives was lost by a majority of one vote against it, but has since been reconsidered and taken up; it is doubtful, however, if there is any such useful statute placed on the books at the present session of Congress. The arguments in its favor are many and weighty, and sorely need urging again, but if they did, it would be upon the mind of the national legislature and not on that of the public, for the people had long ago given in their adhesion to it. Every day that such a law is delayed is so much dead loss to the nation. What civilized government would make it a point to select all the brains and energy and enterprise to be found in its limits, and faster manacles on its hands in order to please the malignant whims and grasping fancies of a class of men to whom money is due? No nation that is in possession of its senses would ever consent to such a thing.

And it is much better for a country's morals, too, that the system of credits, as it has been operated by our people in times past, should be abolished and made to disappear. Where trade is habitually carried on as it has been—once side employing all his artifices to lure purchasers into his trap, and then being permitted to strip them of all they have in the world, even to their houses and household chattels, when it becomes difficult for them to pay—we may expect people to learn the trick of cheating very early, and that the influence of the practice will be anything but moral and healthy upon a community. The fact is, buying on credit, after a person begins to buy for actual consumption and not for sale, is a direct mode of going astray; for one rarely knows how much he owes, is less scrupulous and careful about making debts against himself, and is not often able to discharge his engagements when they become due. And, on the other side, the creditor is allowed unjust advantages over his debtor, after he once gets him into his power, and, as we see all around us to-day, can keep the latter in a condition of abject and perpetual slavery. We hope to see this thralldom brought to a speedy end.

The European Conference.

Hardly has the Conference at London got well into its business of pacifying the German Powers over their attempts against Denmark, when still a second Conference of diplomatists is announced to have assembled at Constantinople, for the purpose of consulting on the complications which have arisen in south-eastern Europe. It appears that the great cause of trouble in that quarter, just now, is the Turkish question; just ten years ago it made mischief, and taxed the wisdom and skill of the most experienced statesmen; it has returned to plague the inventors of diplomacy with its presence. The exact point of trouble consists of the two principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, both provinces in the northeastern part of Turkey. They are about half independent of Turkey, and their civilization is much in advance of that of Turkey, dating with the year 1831. The trouble is simply about putting a stop to certain reforms which have been progressing in these Principalities—the same as that which exercises Western Europe.

West Point.

The graduation of the last class at the National Academy at West Point shows that, out of a given number of young men who annually enter that institution, not one-fourth graduate. The fault clearly lies at the door of that practice of favoritism which sends only the sons and relatives of Congressmen there for a scientific education, instead of such young men of promise as may be found in every State for the looking. In other words, none should enter there to be educated at the expense of the nation, unless they come directly from the great body of the people, and have proved themselves worthy of the position and privilege by passing a rigid examination in competition with the other promising lads of their Congressional district. There has heretofore been altogether too much favoritism and family colluding about this matter; it should be brought to an end.

Spiritual Phenomena--The "Davenport Sisters."

We are happy to announce to our friends—skeptics and believers—that they will have opportunities this week of testing the spiritual phenomena, as regards the physical phases. By an announcement elsewhere in our paper, it will be seen that the "Davenport Sisters," as they are called, are in the city, and propose to give public and private sances for a short time. Great excitement was created in New York, on account of the "mysterious transactions" which took place in their presence. Many a hardened skeptic and erler of "humbug" had to give up his prejudices and false cry, after witnessing these physical manifestations.

Last Wednesday evening, we attended a private circle of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, held in the ante-room of Lyceum Hall, for the purpose of witnessing the phenomena, in the presence of these mediums—Mrs. Colie and Mrs. Lamb. Mr. Davenport, the father of Mrs. Colie and the "Davenport Boys," was present, and introduced the ladies. They were seated at opposite sides of the table, with their backs close to the wall. Mr. Lacey, their agent, made some remarks about the conditions to be observed by the audience, and saying that when the lights were put out the ladies would be tied by the spirits, with the ropes which he then exhibited to the audience. Immediately on the lights being extinguished, the musical instruments which lay on the table began to move about, and give forth musical sounds, some twelve or more all at one time, and ropes were heard being tied. After a lapse of about five minutes a light was produced, when both ladies were found to be tied very securely.

Again the light was extinguished for three or four minutes, when instantly the instruments all began playing, while some floated in the air, and on suddenly producing a light both women were sitting quietly, with their arms securely tied together, with the ropes fastened around the waist of one and round the neck of the other, both being fastened to the chair, with their feet tied together. The next operation was still more astonishing: When the light was extinguished, the musical instruments instantly began to play, and then drop at the feet and into the laps of the people sitting in front. When the light was produced, both mediums were tied, hands and feet, as before mentioned, but one of them was sitting in the chair on top of the table. Again the room was darkened for a few minutes, with the instruments playing all the time, but when the light was produced, the medium was not upon the table, but sitting in a chair, and the table bottom side up, both mediums being tied as before stated. During these performances voices were heard speaking through the trumpet, and audibly without it.

Several persons sat with the medium, and went through the "champaning" process, as it is called. All said they felt a dozen hands on their heads, shoulders and arms, at the same time. We felt sure that at least a dozen hands were upon us at one time. Mrs. Conant sat with the medium, and had her hair taken down and done up again in a decidedly new fashion; she asked one of the spirits if they would kiss her, which was instantly done upon the lips—dark as the room was—and she felt the touch tangibly. During the champaning operation the instruments were all played upon, and voices were heard, but when the light was produced the mediums were sitting quietly and securely tied. Mrs. Conant distinctly saw the spirits when they handled the instruments. The phosphorus test was also applied, as detailed below; we have not room for further detail this week, as we wish to make room for the following letter on this subject which we received from Caleb Dunn, Esq., one of the editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser, which we commend to the attention of our readers.

We will here state, that the mediums will hold public sances in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, every evening during the week.

THE DAVENPORT SISTERS. EVENINGS AT THE SEANCE.

BY CALIB DUNN.

I am a skeptic. I make this statement so that I may not reasonably be charged with being in complicity with any spiritual mediums. And yet, as a skeptic, I have witnessed manifestations so curious and strange, if not miraculous, that I have not been able to discover how they were made, or what produced them. Neither natural phenomena nor the laws by which electric forces are governed have let me into the secret—if there be a secret that is possible for me to know. Perhaps I am a stubborn subject and am so wedded to my old convictions and the prejudices which I have cultivated for nearly a quarter of a century, that I am heart-hardened and cannot be converted.

I attended the sittings, in public and private of the Davenport Brothers in New York, and although I believed that the manifestations produced by or through them were the results of ingenious tricks, I felt it unbecoming in me to raise the cry of "humbug." Many, it is true, less liberal than myself, no sooner witnessed the manifestations (which were so mysterious to themselves as to myself) than they began to denounce them as "juggery," as a "humbug," and as a "devilish deception." As for myself, I considered the matter worthy of scientific investigation. If the manifestations were produced by trickery, the necromantic science in which they were founded must be the most complete, the most subtle that was ever mastered by the professors of the magic art. How, then, could I denigrate them a species of "humbuggery," when I could not even detect the deception which constituted the spirit of the trick? It is a very easy thing to cry "humbug" and "heretic." Fulton was derided and denounced as a "fool" and a "trickster" because he told his acquaintances that he could make a boat move by the power of steam. Luther was damned for a "heretic," for daring to secede from the Church of Rome. And yet the "fool" and "trickster" and the "heretic" have left enduring monuments behind them to refute the calumnies which were poured upon their heads.

I was present at the first seance given by Mrs. Colie and Mrs. Lamb—better known as the "Davenport sisters,"—in New York. This was a private affair to which some members of the press were invited, and I happened to be among the number. The company present formed a circle around a table at which the mediums sat, one at each end. The ladies were firmly tied, so that it was utterly impossible for them to extricate their hands or rise from the chairs in which they were sitting. Mr. Lacey, who conducted the exercises, made some necessary explanations and requested all present to join hands. This being done, the lights in the room were extinguished. Immediately the musical instruments—consisting of two guitars, an accordion, a harmonicon, a violin, a bell, and two trumpets—were played upon, all of them simultaneously. While the manifestation was progressing the lights were struck, and the mediums were found tied precisely as they were when the room was first darkened. It is hardly necessary for me to say that the audience were filled with wonder at this. Somebody or some power

must have played upon the instruments, and it was certainly quite unreasonable to suppose that the mediums, bound as they were, could have done so. Who, or what, did it? That was the question everybody asked. It was a question which nobody could answer, except upon the belief that the manifestations were produced by supernatural agency of some kind.

Phosphorus was then placed upon the guitars, and the light again extinguished, the ladies remaining as firmly tied as at first. The instruments were then lifted up, and, while being played upon, appeared to float around the room over the heads of the auditors, the phosphorescent light serving as an excellent test to show that this manifestation, at least, was not produced by the mediums.

During the evening, Mrs. Lamb—the mediums still being tied—was raised upon the table, and then returned to her former position on the floor. While this was being done all the instruments were played upon. The question which naturally grew out of this manifestation was this: If the two ladies were the parties who succeeded in placing one of their number upon the table, they must have been so busily engaged in raising her up, that they could not, while doing so, possibly play upon the musical instruments; and, if so, who, or what, did play upon them?

At several of the public entertainments given by the ladies, when the controlling agencies operated in a cabinet, Mrs. Colie was placed, untied, in the structure with rice in her hands, so that if she tied herself, the little ivory-like particles would fall upon the floor. The doors of the cabinet were then closed. In a few moments they were opened, when it was found that Mrs. Colie was firmly tied, the rice still being in her hands, and no evidence of its having been removed appearing.

After a careful inspection of the knots, one of the Committee on the platform said, "I do not perceive a grain of rice sprinkled on the floor or about the cabinet. There is no give to any portion of the rope."

This test afforded the audience much satisfaction, but it was not sufficient to silence the unreasonable skeptics present, who still persisted in crying, "Humbug!" A gentleman in the audience arose, and said, "Mr. Lacey, I have a piece of floss silk. Would you object to having it wound around the fingers of the lady before her feet are tied? I think it would be very satisfactory to the audience if the tying of her feet be done while her fingers are thus bound."

This was permitted to be done, and the lady was tied very intricately with the silk, which was wound very tightly around her fingers and waist, and closely intertwined with the ropes and knots. The Committee stated that it was utterly impossible for Mrs. Colie to tie her own feet while secured in such a firm manner, and that she could not rise from her seat, inasmuch as her neck was tied to a staple in the side of the cabinet. The doors were then closed and soon after opened, when, although the condition of the rope and silk knots was precisely the same as when the doors were closed, the lady's feet were discovered tied to the seat upon which she was sitting.

The successful application of this test won a round of most enthusiastic applause from the audience.

Judge Williams, who was one of the Committee, having tied Mrs. Lamb, who, up to this time, had not been in the cabinet, said, "I have tied the medium as firmly as I can. I have tied her hands together, and I know it is impossible for her to slip them out of the rope. I have passed the cord round the arm and body, and through a staple strongly fastened to the side of the cabinet, and in every imaginable way. She cannot move her arms up or down, or in any direction. The knots I have tied it is impossible for her to reach with her fingers."

The manifestations which then took place were, to say the least, mysterious. The skeptics in the audience, making the majority of those present, were confounded and nonplussed, and declared it to be the "nicest and most wonderful trick ever done."

Some evenings following this public entertainment a private seance was held, which was attended by Simmons, the well-known professor of jugglery. This necromantic *distingue* had previously undertaken to expose the "trick," but met with such a decided failure, that he was obliged to give up the *expose* as a bad job. He therefore returned to his "Chinese butterflies," and to the trick of cutting off his own head, and became "himself again." On the evening in question, he was placed between the ladies, who were bound hand, neck and foot. The gas was then extinguished, and Simmons was manipulated by hands in a very lively manner. After the light was turned on, the puzzled juggler was asked to relate his experience. "It is wonderful!" said the wizard. "If it is a trick, it is a puzzle to me! I cannot account for it. I felt six distinct hands all at one time on various parts of my body."

This statement was the source of much excitement to one gentleman, whose skepticism he declares to be as firm as Gibraltar, and who desired to take a seat at the table, "to see whether the spirits could fool him." This wish was gratified, and his experience, as related by himself, was as follows:

"As soon as the lights were put out I felt the tambourine tap me pretty lively upon the head, while the guitar struck me on the breast. While these instruments were striking me, I felt a number of hands—I can't say how many—strike me on the forehead and pull my hair. It seemed as if there were a dozen or fifteen hands operating upon me all at once. The most astonishing feature of the manipulations, however, was the size of the fingers. They seemed to be twice as long and three or four times as thick as those of the ordinary human hand. They felt as if they could have crushed me, had they been so disposed."

This statement relative to the size of the fingers was corroborated by Simmons and by two other gentlemen who were subsequently operated upon.

Before concluding this article, I desire to speak of the last seance given by the ladies in New York. This was strictly private, and was attended by only seven or eight persons, who formed a semi-circle in front of the table. The manifestations made were exceedingly satisfactory. Communications were written while the mediums were securely tied; the instruments were floated about the room; mysterious hands grasped the hands of persons sitting in the circle; all the musical instruments (some half-dozen in number) were simultaneously played upon, and other manifestations were given which were enough in themselves to make any confirmed skeptic acknowledge that they were deserving of scientific investigation. Four or five different voices, distinct in tone and emphasis, conversed with those present and talked about various matters, spiritual and temporal. Handkerchiefs were bound over the mouths of the mediums, but this did not prevent the voices from speaking. This test was also applied at previous sances.

Although I am not a convert to the Spiritualistic faith, I must confess that I am not a bigot in my opposition to it. I accept the manifestations produced through the Davenport Sisters as something full of mystery, and I am content to apply to them the test of honest investigation. This, at least, they deserve, from all who may witness them.

A Day in the Grove.

On the morning of the 15th, large numbers of our citizens were seen, with happy faces, wending their way to the Old Colony depot, to join the picnic party, under the superintendence of Dr. H. F. Gardner, bound for Island Grove, Abington, and at nine o'clock a long train of cars left the depot, crowded with happy souls. A more propitious day could not have been hit upon than this one proved to be. The ride to the grove was most delicious to those who have so long been housed up in the city. The fresh south-west breeze and balmy odors from the fields and woodlands, gave a longer lease of life to many of the party. All Nature seemed joyful, and working with renewed vigor. Trees were drooping beneath the bounteous garments of June; the sunshine and shadow gleamed and flickered over the deep emerald of the many-leaved foliage of the soft-swelling hills which skirted the route on either side. Shortly after the Boston train arrived at the grove, the Plymouth train came up with a large company, and during the day hundreds of private vehicles arrived, swelling the number in the grove to full two thousand persons. After a time spent in interchange of friendly greetings, a considerable portion of this large gathering assembled around the speakers' stand, eager to hear what the many speakers present might give them, either from the material or spiritual world. Dr. Gardner stepped upon the rostrum, and after a few remarks called Mr. Jacob Edson to officiate as Chairman, who briefly addressed the audience, and then introduced the following named speakers, one after another, who made brief speeches, which were generally very well received by the large assembly. John Wetherbee, Jr., Dr. L. K. Conley, Mrs. A. P. Brown, Mrs. Albertson, Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Chandler, Mr. Coddington, Miss Lizzie Doten, Dr. Gardner, Mr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Mr. McMillan, Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, Mrs. C. F. Allison, and Mr. Thayer.

All parties appeared to enjoy themselves during the entire day, and returned to their homes wishing for an early repetition of so pleasant an excursion.

Something New and Interesting—Scenes in the Summer-Land.

Hudson Tuttle, whose scholarly work entitled, "The Arcana of Nature," has attracted much attention from the thoughtful, not only of this country but of Europe, and whose clairvoyant powers have been cultivated to a remarkable degree, has commenced a series of pictures, entitled, "Scenes in the Summer-Land." They are painted by Mr. Tuttle, and are as accurate representations as it is possible to produce with earthly materials, of views given to him of places in the Spirit-World. They are to be photographed in the best style of art. Of course, in the absence of colors they will lack the intensity of beauty which characterizes their original, yet they will serve to convey to those among whose blessings is not included that of clairvoyant vision, some idea of the world that lies "over the river."

It gives us much pleasure in being able to announce that we have received from Mr. Tuttle a supply of No. 1 of this series, entitled, "The Portico of the Sages." It is in the popular carte de visite style, and cannot fail to be highly prized by every Spiritualist whose good fortune it may be to possess a copy. For the accommodation of our friends, we will mail a copy to any one who may desire it, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, the publisher's price.

Spiritual Magazine.

We are glad to perceive that our friends in Boston, U. S. A., contemplate the establishment of a Spiritual Magazine to be published monthly, and to be supported by the best talent in the Spiritualist ranks. We hope the project will soon be realized, and wish it all success.—London Spiritual Magazine.

We thank our English friends for their good wishes. The project of a Monthly is in good hands, and plans are being laid, not only by ourselves but by unseen workers in the field of reform, which, when the proper time shall arrive, will be carried out on a firm and substantial basis, and result in the establishment of a work as complete in every department as can be desired. But we cannot say how soon that time will be. Certainly, no judicious person would attempt to battle with the present distracted state of financial affairs in an endeavor to commence such a work. Yet we are confident the time will come, and it may be sooner than we expect. In the meantime let our friends work on, and wait God's time for the development of all things, for that should be our time.

"Lying Spirits."

We have quietly waited for our neighbor of the World's Crisis to name "the twenty Spiritualists" who, according to his account, had recanted, after listening to the late discussion at Lynn between Miles Grant and Moses Hull; but as he has thought proper to remain silent upon the subject, we are forced to the conclusion that some "lying spirits" among the Adventists have been at work. Our worthy brother has been very anxious to inform his readers from time to time that none but spirits of the class named above communicate with Spiritualists; but hereafter we think he will be obliged to confess that he was mistaken, and own up that "lying and seducing spirits" have sadly tempted some of his Advent brethren, in their zeal to promote the interests of their cause.

Fruits and Grain.

We receive accounts of a large promise of fruit on the eastward slope of the Alleghenies. Cherries and strawberries have been generally kept back from maturing by the continued rains; but they are now coming forward in plenty. Of vegetables we shall have no lack. There will be large crops of potatoes, onions, cabbages, peas, beans, carrots, radishes, tomatoes, and green things that grow out of the ground, and prices will be low, which at once places it in the power of people of moderate means to obtain enough to live on, even if beef is high and meats are generally out of reach. As for grain-products, it is feared that the staple crops of corn, wheat, rye, oats, and barley will be short, because of the small breadth of ground under cultivation.

The Banner Free Circles.

Our free circle room continues to be the central point of attraction to Spiritualists in this city. Since its enlargement, the accommodations are all that can be desired, and the general interest in the manifestations there given is, if possible, greater than ever before. It is quite important that our friends should bear in mind that the doors are opened at two o'clock and closed precisely at three, after which time no one can be admitted. Those familiar with the conditions requisite for circles will not fail to see that we are obliged to adhere strictly to this rule.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Miss Doten speaks next Sunday, afternoon and evening. Subject in the evening, "Reform and Reformers," concluding with a poem.

New Publications.

HAUNTED HEARTS. By Miss Cummins, author of the "Lamp-lighter," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton. We are not afraid of speaking in too high praise of Miss Cummins. Since she first published, she has grown in favor with appreciative readers, till now she has secured a place in the popular esteem from which it will be difficult to eject her. Her "Lamp-lighter," interesting as the story was, and engaging as were the characters who figured in that fiction, left rather the impression of being "sensational" in its character, which it really was not in any sense; but what she has since written is calculated to remove every impression of that sort. She is humane in her feelings in the extreme; full of sympathy, and that of the most tender and penetrating kind; liberal and broad in her views; earnest and deep in her sentiments; and possessed of an original power in publishing, or conveying, them to others. Her "El Fureides" was an Oriental story; the present effort is purely American in its character. The scenes are laid in northern New Jersey, and the characters introduced upon the stage, though few in number, are strikingly conceived and skillfully made to perform their several parts. The book may be commended in every sense—for its genuineness, for its literary skill, for its broad humanity, its honest thoughts, its cheery temper, and its high morality. We hope the author will live to produce a long list of stories for the pleasure and improvement of her countrymen and countrywomen.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT. A Novel. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. Mrs. Holmes is a prolific writer of home novels, the present making—we believe—her ninth. She writes gracefully and with ease, lays down a good and always an interesting plot, and treats both her characters and her incidents with skill and with more or less power. The present story is full of pathos and spiritual meaning. It will move the heart of any reader, however little susceptible to impressions of the sentimental and descriptive sort. The author has large sympathy, readiness in seizing the salient points of what makes a natural fiction, skill in handling the special topic which she intends to present, and a graceful fluency of style, which a great many readers will vote to be charming.

WAX FLOWERS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.—Boston: J. E. Tilton. This manual will prove of the first use in assisting many a person about the practice of an ornamental art which is so universally admired. The explanations and directions for the manufacture of these most delicate of all articles—wax flowers—are right to the point; no waste of words or of time in learning how to do exactly what one wants to do. No lady who makes it a part of her pleasure or duty to set about on her shelves these almost fairy representations of what we all admire so much in the summer fields, but will want this very volume which the publisher above named has brought out with such taste and correctness.

VISIONS IN VERSE; OR, DREAMS OF CREATION and Redemption. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The contents of this volume betray earnestness of spirit, a devotional heart, a deep desire to move others by the same means by which the writer has been moved, and a facility for versification which would readily tempt one into print. It will do good as a book, though we do not rate the poetry as of the highest character. Its tone is thoughtful and dreamy, and its object as good as it was possible for the author to conceive.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Potomac and the Rapidan," and "Hotspur;" from Crosby & Nichols.

The Craig Microscope.

If there are any persons who doubt the high magnifying power of the Craig Microscope, let them read the following item, written by the editor of the Milwaukee Daily Life. The photographic objects described below will be sent by Mr. Mead, prepaid, at forty cents for one, or three for a dollar, to any person who may wish to test the power of the instrument, and if all do not prove to be as represented, the money will be cheerfully returned:

"WONDERFUL.—Mr. Mead, who is offering the Craig Microscope for sale here, has shown us a few specimens of Photographic Mounted Objects, which illustrate the wonderful powers of that popular instrument. They are upon glass, fitted for the microscope, and to the natural eye appear no larger than the letter o of this type; to our vision, shapeless and unmeaning. Under the focus of the instrument, however, they present a different appearance. One is a complete copy of Powers' 'Greek Slave,' perfect in all its outlines. Another is the Lord's Prayer, of two hundred and sixty-eight letters, which may be distinctly and easily read. A third is a group of Union Generals—nine in number—perfect likenesses, and each indicated by name, the lettering being quite plainly decipherable. No one could doubt the use and power of the Craig Microscope after examining these objects under its greatly magnifying lens."

Gen. Hunter's Victory.

The recent victory of this Union General in the Shenandoah Valley appears to have a very close and important bearing upon the operations now going on in front of Richmond. It was important to take and hold, if not to destroy for future efficiency, the railroad west from Gordonsville; and if Hunter, after being joined by Gens. Crook and Averill from South-Western Virginia, marches on Lynchburg and holds that place, and the forces under Butler capture and hold Petersburg likewise, there is no question at all that the rebels will be cut off from their southern and western communications, and be virtually cooped up in a state of siege in Richmond. So it seems to us; and we do not doubt that this has been made a part of Gen. Grant's present campaign.

The New Postal Money Order System.

By the new law, just passed in Congress, establishing "Money Order Offices," persons may deposit money with one of the designated postmasters, receiving therefor an order on such other of these postmasters as he may name, to be paid to any person to whom the money is to be transmitted. Money orders may be for any sums from \$1 to \$30, and the charge for them shall be from ten to twenty cents. The person depositing the money can withdraw it at any time, upon presentation of the order, but the charge or fee shall not be refunded. Lost orders will be replaced upon the payment of the same fee as for the first one. These "Money Orders" can only be given and paid at such offices as the Postmaster General may designate.

New York.

A correspondent writing from Gotham, June 15th, says: "The spiritual world, here in New York, is above par since the Davenportists visited us, and people are beginning to think." A branch of the family having arrived here, we may look for similar results.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.—The reason of our paper being two days behind time this week, was on account of an accident which happened to the machinery in the press-room, and could not be sooner remedied. We shall be prompt as usual hereafter.

OUR "Message Department" is very interesting this week. The invisibles discuss the theory of daguerreotyping their likenesses.

The conclusion of the report of the Six Days' Spiritual Convention will be found on our third page.

OUR FRIEND HACKER, formerly publisher of the "Pleasure Boat" at Portland, Me., and who in years past had the honor of being called a "heretic," "infidel," &c., on account of advancing views in opposition to those of old Church systems, has recently issued the first number of the "Clarion of Wisdom and Love," having for its motto, "God maketh his Angels Ministering Spirits." It is an eight-page quarto, neat and attractive, and furnished at \$1.25 a year (20 Nos). We wish Bro. H. success; congratulate him on his new mode of conveyance, and trust that having left his "Boat," and taken to a "chariot," his course may be in the direction of that of Elijah of old.

SHODDY.—A lady more favored with fortune than education, at a soiree which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new melody she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very catching.

A thoughtless old gentleman, the other day, sat down on the spur of the moment. His screams were horrible.

The U. S. House of Representatives last week passed a bill repealing the Fugitive Slave Laws of 1793 and 1850, by a vote of 82 to 68; 67 democrats voted-ay.

The New York papers reckon the arrival of 250,000 emigrants at that port this year.

A Connecticut farmer has just discovered that his cows have been regularly milked by black snakes. He killed five snakes.

Hon. Aaron H. Cragin of Lebanon, has been elected U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, in place of Mr. Hale, whose term of service expires on the fourth of March. He has always been a strong anti-slavery man.

ADVANCE IN COAL.—At a meeting of coal dealers last week, the price of coal was advanced to \$14 per ton.

Counterfeit 10's on the Bay State Bank, of Lawrence, Mass., are in circulation in this city.

IRELAND'S INVIGORATING REGULATOR for the cure of rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, etc., is considered an excellent remedy. Our advertising columns will show where it is to be found.

A sad case of suicide has recently occurred at Rochester, N. Y. The cause, as reported by the papers, was "religious excitement."

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? It makes the ear, hear.

Why is the letter W like a lawsuit? It makes ill, will.

Why is the letter B like patriotism? It makes an old soldier, a bold soldier.

Why is the letter G like the Spiritual Philosophy? It makes od force, God force.

Why is the letter J like a gay bonnet? It makes amty, jaunty.

Why is the letter F like base wickedness? It makes rightful actions, frightful actions.

Why is the letter L like a bad law? It makes an awful act, a lawful act.

Why is the letter S like the precursor of war? It turns words to swords.

—COSMO.

A man should know when to laugh or smile in company. It shows much more stupidity to be grave at a good thing than to be merry at a bad one.

Some people there are in every community who had rather retail slander from door to door than feast in a palace. Such unhappily organized creatures deserve rather the amplest pity than the slightest censure. The peace and quiet they would destroy in others, finally becomes a millstone about their own necks, sinking them into perdition.

In the short period, comparatively, of three hundred years, says Trall's Herald of Health, one hundred millions of human beings have become confirmed tobacco-sots. Within the last twenty years tobacco-using, in the form of "snuff-dipping" and cigarette-smoking, has rapidly increased among the ladies.

The time is approaching—it is even at our doors—when the world will see and know that the sea of death has been swept away, and a well-paved highway established between the mundane and supermundane spheres, composed of wisdom and knowledge.

In Paris, lately, a little girl six years of age was found dead in her bed, poisoned by the carbonic acid gas emitted from flowers (May lilies) which had been placed on a table in a small chamber in which the victim slept.

Can you make a thorough-bred dog hum a tune? No; but it is the easiest thing in the world to make a horrid cur-sing.

The medical journals report, the newspapers echo, and the people read that persons sick of fevers and killed by the alcoholic stimulants which their physicians administer as medicines.—Herald of Health.

We copy the above paragraph from an article discussing the point, headed very appropriately "A Grave Subject!"

As long as men smell of liquor and tobacco, the women have a right to defend themselves with musk.

Fine sensibilities are like woodlives, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

Power, it is said, will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest hearts. This, then, probably, is why there are so many intoxicated persons in Washington just now. Power and wine combined.

The horse-railroad commutation fares, by which a passenger can ride anywhere in Boston for six cents, to East Boston, for seven, or to anywhere out of Boston for nine, has just gone into operation in this city.

The Russian sailors and their officers, five or six hundred in all, were photographed in a group while on the Common the other day, all the features being brought out with striking naturalness.

The dove was the first newspaper carrier, when one morning it went out and fetched a leaf for Noah. It contained a paragraph on the weather, notifying him that the heavy rainstorm had subsided.

Announcements.

J. M. Peebles, an earnest, able and eloquent colporteur, is lecturing for the present in Dodworth's Hall, New York. He is on his way North.

Dr. L. K. Conley and wife are going West this summer. Their address will be Chicago, Ill., after the 15th of July.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, well known as a very able trance speaker, intends to spend the fall and perhaps winter in the West. Those wishing to engage her services should address her soon at Bradley, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Esq.

Hudson Tuttle, the popular author and lecturer, will address the Spiritual Convention to be held at Burton, Ohio, June 25th and 26th.

Children's Department.

The pressure of other matters compels us to leave over that department for this week. So interesting a portion of our paper will be missed, even for one number, but we will try to make amends hereafter. The following are answers to the enigmas, &c., in our last issue:

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE.—Patience.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM.—Heat travels faster than cold, because we can catch cold.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.—The letter E added to the letters given makes them read:

—Persevere, ye perfect men.

—And ever keep these precepts ten.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have sent us the following musical compositions: "The President's Hymn," words by Dr. Muhlenberg, music by J. W. Turner; "Laurella Polka," by C. A. Ingraham; "Slumber Song," words by Geo. Finley, music by F. Kiken; "Chorus of Old Men," being No. 7 of Gems of Faust, arranged for the piano; "Now and Then," a collection of popular compositions arranged by J. Bellak, this being No. 18 of the series, and entitled "Casket Redowa," "Ohanson A Boire," a drinking song for piano, by J. Leybach.

The Cause at the West.

Bro. J. M. Peebles, in a letter to the Herald of Progress, says: "The Spiritualists of Cleveland are thoroughly awake, and their faces set toward. They have recently secured a large hall, which is densely crowded Sunday evenings; thus prophesying that a still more commodious and elegant building will be required in no far future day. They will soon organize a Children's Lyceum, which will add to their present prosperity."

The Army News.

Gen. Grant has changed his position to the southeast side of Richmond, crossed the James River, and joined Gen. Butler's forces, and immediately advanced on Petersburg, captured it, and is moving on to Richmond. Gen. Lee is marching his forces through Richmond to meet Gen. Grant. A severe struggle is pending. Gen. Sherman appears to be meeting with success in Georgia.

Pardee in Philadelphia.

L. Judd Pardee, who is on his way home from Washington, lectured in Philadelphia last Sunday. He will answer calls to lecture in New England, by addressing him at Boston.

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 25th and 26th. 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, A. S. ROYAL, OLIVER WOODARD, HIRAM BIRDWELL.

Grove Meeting.

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

Notice.

The Friends of Progress will hold their Yearly Convention at a grove in Burton, Geauga Co., Ohio, on the 25th and 26th of June. Good speakers will be in attendance. A general invitation is extended to all. By order of the Committee, HENRY L. CLARK, Secretary.

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!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are fifty cents per line for the first, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

IMPORTANT TO REFORMERS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE HYMNS OF PROGRESS.

BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs, and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Lyceum, and School.

BY LEVI K. CONLEY. This very neat and most excellent collection should be in every family whose feelings are the least interested in the development of the times. It is without the music, but largely adapted to tunes in popular use. Where unusual music is required, reference is given so that it can be obtained. "We are not aware of any other collection of Hymns," the author says: "In traveling for the last seven years in various sections of our country, and attending Progressive Meetings, the want of more general songs to produce a series of Hymns has been very apparent. When offering, in such places, the works having the music attached, the reply often comes: 'We are not aware of any other collection of Hymns and Songs without music, adapted to familiar tunes and well-known metres; convenient size and comparatively low in price, and we should like it better.' On the other hand, many of the Leaders of Chorus say they prefer the words separate from the music, and in large-sized type, that they choose to select for themselves the music adapted to the words to be used; that very frequently the words to be sung, as they were, are in one part of the book and the music in another, so that two books become necessary. The work is issued to meet, in part, these deficiencies."

Select readings at the commencement and closing of meetings is a common practice, and gives a variety of exercises that cannot well be dispensed with in the present demands of society.

Many of the words have been taken from copyrighted works with music, the author's name is given, and reference made to where the music or work containing it can be obtained, so as to give a notice of such publication.

Nothing is given in the Hymns or Progresses that can be offered to the reformer. The first one hundred pages are nearly all occupied with the Hymns adapted to tunes in common use throughout the country, and the rest of the work is classified as follows:

1. Hymns—Being selections adapted to a great variety of subjects and occasions, in various metres. 2. Hymns—Being selections adapted to the use of Lyceums, Schools and Festivals, in various metres. 3. Songs—Offerings of the Affections. 4. Gleanings—Such as patriotic and sympathetic, of our country and its defenders. 5. Select Readings—For opening and closing meetings, and for private or social gatherings. 6. Wm. White & Co., Publishers. 12 mo., 244 pages, large type; cloth bound in various colors. Price 75 cents, postage 12 cents. For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Je 25.

TO MEDIUMS.

THE services of a good and reliable TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM are desired for the purpose of being used by the scientific and Progressive Harmonia Lyceum, a prominent medium. Address: Wm. White & Co., 212, 214 and 216 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MERCANTILE HALL.

MYSTERIOUS PHENOMENA, IN PRESENCE OF MRS. J. DAVENPORT COLLE, (A sister of the world-renowned Davenport Brothers,) AND MRS. JAMES, Commencing on Monday Evening, June 20th, and continuing every Evening during the week.

WHILE these young ladies are secured in the most complicated manner, with strong ropes, so as to preclude all possibility of fraud or deception, the most startling wonders are performed, such as the raising of a table, the production of fire, the frequent appearance, and sometimes shake those of the Committee (who will be chosen from the audience); voices speak from the air, &c. &c. &c. The performance will be to the delight of those present. Doors open at 7 o'clock; service commences at 8. Admission 50 cents. Children under 12 years 25 cents. June 20. G. S. LACEY, MANAGER.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND!

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himself of that mysterious land beyond the grave, he has published it in the popular CARTE DE VISITE form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office. June 23.

PERSONS afflicted with all sorts of phisical or other positive Impersonation, can receive a perfect Diagnosis with Prescription, through a private Lady Medium, on receipt of her fee. Her name is Mrs. J. Davenport Cole. Her demonstration of Spirit Love, and her powerful and infallible ability to relieve the patient—a benign spirit-power—I could not till now believe reliable, but which has occurred many times, and is now published. WM. R. PRINCE, Fishing, Long Island, N. Y. June 23.

SECOND EDITION

OF A SPLENDID VOLUME, ENTITLED, POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE! BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

THE quick exhaustion of the first edition of these beautiful Poems, has induced the author to publish a second edition, which she is pleased to see is so warmly appreciated by the public. The peculiarity and intrinsic merit of the Poems are admired by all intelligent and liberal minds. The author has, in this second edition, added to the original Poems, many others, which could not be longer omitted, hence the appearance of this splendid volume. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

Table of Contents:

PART I. A Word to the World (Prefatory); The Prayer of the Sorrowing; The Song of Truth; The Embarcation; Kepler's Vision; Love and Latin; The Spirit-Child (By "Jenny"); The Revelation; Hope for the Sorrowing; Compensation; The Temple of Freedom; Mistress Glenare, (By "Marian"); Bird's Journey; "Birdie's" Spirit-Song; My Spirit-Home, (A. W. Sprague); I Still Live, (A. W. Sprague); The Song of the North; The Burial of Webster; The Parting of Sigurd and Gerda; The Meeting of Sigurd and Gerda; Life, (Shakespeare); Love, (Shakespeare); Words O' Grief, (Burns); Requiem, (Poe); The Temple of Vala, (Poe); The Kingdom, (Poe); The Crucible of Coelia, (Poe); The Streets of Baltimore, (Poe); The Myriades of Godliness, (A. W. Sprague); Farewell to Earth, (Poe).

PART II.

The Spirit-Child, (By "Jenny"); The Revelation; Hope for the Sorrowing; Compensation; The Temple of Freedom; Mistress Glenare, (By "Marian"); Bird's Journey; "Birdie's" Spirit-Song; My Spirit-Home, (A. W. Sprague); I Still Live, (A. W. Sprague); Farewell to Earth, (Poe).

FOOTNOTES

ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

Written in Narrative Illustrations, by ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Secretary of the American Institute for Psychical Research. As it is the peculiar method of the Academy to interpolate no personal judgment, but to give the facts which are most probable, to compare arguments, and to set forth all that may be reasonably stated in favor of each proposition, and so, without excluding any authority, to leave the judgment of the learners free and unprejudiced, we will retain this custom which has been handed down from Socrates, and this method, dear brother, please, if you please, will not adopt, as often as possible, in all our dialogues together.—Cicero.

CONTENTS:

PREFACE.—List of Authors Cited. BOOK I.—PHLEPSIAN. Finishing of the Subject Cited; The Improbable; The Miraculous; The Improbable. BOOK II.—TOWING CERTAIN PHASES IN SLEEP. Sleep in General; Dreams. BOOK III.—PHENOMENA POPULARLY TERMED HAUNTINGS. General Character of the Phenomena; Narratives; Summing Up. BOOK IV.—OF APPEARANCES COMMONLY CALLED APPARITIONS. Touching Hauntings; Apparitions of the Living; Apparitions of the Dead. BOOK V.—PHENOMENA OF PERSONAL INTERFERENCE. Retribution; Guardianship. BOOK VI.—THE SUGGESTED RESULTS. The Change at Death; Consolations; Additions to Youth; Unusual; Appendix; Index. Price \$1.50, postage free. For sale at this office. June 11.

DWELLING-HOUSE FOR SALE.

A TWO-STORY WOODEN DWELLING HOUSE, containing eight rooms, with an L, situated at "Cambridge Crossing," in North Boston, near the intersection of the Cambridge and North Boston Railroad. It is on the line of the Worcester Railroad, and the Brighton Horse-Cars five minutes' walk from either Depot. The house has a full basement, obtained from pumps in the kitchen; handsome shades, trees, &c. The sidewalk is 10,000 feet of superior finish, under cultivation, embracing all the modern improvements, with a supply of choice Peas, Apples, Quinces, Currants, &c. The House is pleasantly located, in a very good neighborhood, close to good schools, and is considered quite desirable for any one who wishes a genteel residence a few miles in the country, at a moderate cost. It is suitable for a person doing business in Boston. For full particulars, apply at 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 5. June 11.

THE EYE, THE EYE.

DR. E. KNIGHT, PHYSICIAN AND Oculist, HAS discovered a new treatment for the Eye and Ear, whereby he is curing some of the worst cases of blindness and deafness ever known, without instruments or pain. Eyes and Ears, for years and years, blind and deaf, cured in this country, have been cured in a few weeks!

CANCERS! CANCERS!

Dr. Knight has discovered a new treatment for Cancer, that cures almost all other cases, without the use of any plaster or pain, and leaves without a scar. Fistula, White Swelling, Erysipelas, Piles and Pits cured in half the time and at the expense of any other treatment. CON

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-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

Those 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. 153 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.

DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES. Jennie S. Budd, Taunton, Mass.; Dr. S. Gilbert, Springfield, Ill.; P. F. LaRueville, N. Y.; Capt. F. O. Pope, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Mary Webster, Amesbury, Mass.; J. M. Matteson, Waterville, Me.; G. H. Douglas, Mass.; Zet. Sabine Scott, Eden Mills, Vt.; Dr. Harris, Yarmouth, Mass.; Friends at Circle Room, 8225; Rosina A. Ely, Southampton, Mass.; J. P. Greenleaf, Exeter, N. H.; Mrs. A. Friend, Boston, 83; Andrew Underhill, Eagle, Wis.; Nelson Greenbank, Stoughton, Wis.; Mrs. E. M. Tobey, St. Cloud, Minn.; J. McFarlan, Grand Island, Mich.; 50c.

BREAD TICKET FUNDS.

Sarah A. Brigham, Pittsburg, Mass.; Capt. F. G. Pope, New Orleans, La., 75c.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 12—Invocation; Questions and Answers: John Presley of Chester, Eng.; to Thom. Wallington; George Grimes of the 1st Mich. Reg.; George J. Elwell, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry; Edith Ludlow, to her mother, in New York City; Col. Wm. Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky; James McIntony, of the 7th Maine Regiment, to friends, in Augusta, Me.; George Dodge, to his mother, at present in Brooklyn, N. Y. Monday, May 30—Invocation; Questions and Answers: General "Stonewell" Jackson, to friends North and South; Nat. Engers, of the 4th Illinois, to G. H. Douglas, A. Clark, to friends in Jacksonville, Wis.; Michael McCurdy, to his brother, Jim, of New York; Evangelino Wheeler, to her parents, in New Orleans, La. Tuesday, May 31—Invocation; Questions and Answers: General Johnson, of the Confederate Army, to his friend, Val-aughan; Jim, 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. Channing, to friends at the South; Thomas Wood-bridge, of Chelsea, Vt., to his mother; Samuel McCormack, of Augusta, Me., to his wife; Dennis Duffly, to his brother, Peter, and his wife, in New York City. Monday, June 6—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Bill Crossen, to his two sons in the Confederate Army, and daughter, in Auburn, N. Y.; Leander Bolton, to his mother, in Jacksonville, Penn.; Patrick Cronin, to his friends, in Fall River, Mass.; John C. Channing, to his brother, Thomas, in New York City; Jennie Colburn, to her mother, in New York City; Albert Wilson, of Montgomery, Ala., to his friends. Tuesday, June 7—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Wm. H. Alderman, of Newcastle, Eng.; Johnnie Hooper, to his mother, and Joe, Edwin, son of Dr. Addison H. Guild, of Norfolk, Va.; John Stilling, to his brother, Thomas, in Harris, of San Francisco, Cal.; Albert Good, of Atlanta, Ga., to his mother, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Invocation.

Oh God, in the midst of rushing, changing atoms, the soul looks to thee for support, and confidently expects that thou wilt preserve its individuality intact. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we sometimes fail to be conscious of thy presence. When the tempest, mighty and storm-cloud, rushes o'er us, and souls are overwhelmed with darkness, then, Oh Spirit of Life, we fail to be conscious of thy presence, for we are weak, are finite, are but atoms in the great universe of Thought. Oh, our Father, we know that thou hast no condemnation in store for us. We know that although we fail to be conscious of thy presence at all times, still thou art loving and full of mercy; that thou wilt still be our support, still in the midst of darkness wilt be our strength. Oh, thou hast given us a mighty volume to read. Upon the title-page thou hast written Immortality. Oh, may we read this volume aright; and while we read and gather wisdom from its folds, may we be able to impart some to thy children; they who have not yet laid off the chrysalis of mortality; they who are still writing their names and individually upon the sands of Time. And when their thoughts ascend, when they weary of the things of Time, and ask for the things of Eternity, oh, may we catch their aspirations and bear them safely to thee. Oh, may we be humble agents in thy hand to minister to their necessities. Oh, our Father, we need not tell thee that the very atmosphere is heavily freighted with sorrow. Even now our ears are greeted with the groans of the dying. Oh, our Father, may the missionaries of love that return from the spirit-world, speaking to mortals, do their duty well. Oh, may they lift them out of sorrow into joy, out of darkness into light. May they, too, find that peace they could not find here, and while their ears are closed to the thunders of war, may they be open to the songs of the angels. Oh, our Father, we ask these blessings in the name of all life, and we confidently expect an answer. May 9.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The friends can now present their inquiries, as we are ready to answer.

Q.—We have received a question from one styling himself a minister in the State of California. He tells us in the outset he has no faith in Spiritualism, but asks, by way of curiosity, that the intelligences, or whatever they may be that communicate at this place, will, if they have power, answer this simple question, "What is life?"

Ans.—Our answer will be exceedingly brief. Life is a problem which no one may fully solve. This is all we have to say concerning the subject. We only propose to give our friend the assurance, as far as may be, that we have heard his inquiry. Since it was made in silence and when alone, so far as mortality is concerned, there should be no doubt, at least, as to the source of the answer. We earnestly hope that he will be true to his own sense of right, in affirming that there is at least something that he cannot comprehend connected with the subject.

Q.—Is Dohy progressive? A.—Yes, through manifestation. To mortality, to the finite soul, Dohy, we believe, is progressive. But as an Eternal Principle, an ever present Power, a something that ever has been, and is, and ever will be, he is not progressive.

Q.—What is meant by "Spirits of just men made perfect?" A.—We believe it to be simply a figurative expression. All life is perfect in itself; perfect and true to the conditions in which it lives for the time. The life of the criminal is just as perfect as the life of the highest angel. There ever must be a cause behind every effect. The cause is the foundation, or starting-point; the effect but the manifestation of the cause. The effect must always be true to the cause; must always be a perfect manifestation of it. Therefore, in this sense, all life is perfect, all souls are perfect, all spirits are perfect.

Q.—What is the distinction between soul and spirit? A.—They are simply terms used to represent different conditions of soul-life. By soul we mean that Principle, that Eternal Power with which you are endowed. By spirit we mean the clothing of the soul, the external raiment that it takes on from its external surroundings. Soul and spirit are only terms used to convey ideas to mind in human.

Q.—Does soul possess knowledge? A.—Most certainly.

Q.—What is the distinction between soul and mind? A.—Mind may be called the mirror in which the soul reflects itself, or projects its manifestation into outer life.

Q.—Is there any force in Nature that is not in motion? A.—No; motion is a power that is all pervading. Rest is not to be found, in an absolute sense, anywhere in the universe. All things are continually in motion. These inanimate articles of furniture seem to be at rest, and are at rest, so far as physical senses are concerned. Yet there is motion constantly going on with the atoms. And your table would be absorbed by the atmosphere, but because of motion the atoms are held together; the table is preserved. Each atom has a motion peculiar to itself. It has a centre round which it revolves and sends out power by which it attracts other atoms to itself. And so the whole are united. But if motion were absent, you would not find the same conditions existent as you find to-day. Motion is an ever-present power. There is no place in the universe where motion does not have a being.

Q.—Was there ever a time when there was no motion? A.—No, we do not believe there ever was. From what we are able to gain concerning the past, we fully believe there never was a time when the atoms composing the universe were at rest.

Q.—Then all manifestation is from necessity, is it not? A.—Yes, from absolute necessity.

Q.—Can there be any higher power than necessity? A.—Jehovah, Lord, God, Allah, it matters not what name you give it, but the power governing the atom and the human soul are one. May 9.

Daniel A. Payne.

I am a little confused, sir, but really I would like to send some word home. I have a mother, sir, in Fall River, this State. She is stoutly opposed to hearing anything from the spirit-world. I had some little knowledge of it myself, but she always warned me against it. I told her, when I left home, if I was killed, I'd try to come back and manifest before she could get any news any other way. Now I left my body on Friday P. M., between three and four o'clock; was killed in action, and I'd like very much to talk with her, and my sister Sarah, also. If I had a little more experience, sir, I could do better—say more. But what you've just received is from Daniel A. Payne, 18th Massachusetts. May 9.

Jonas L. Clark.

I was born in 1827, in Augusta, Maine. My name, Jonas L. Clark, son of Jonas Clark. In 1843 I removed to Chicago, Illinois, and there remained until the breaking out of this war, when I deemed it my duty to volunteer my services and do what I could to restore peace. I enlisted in the 12th Illinois, and was killed at Rich Mountain. I have friends in Chicago that would be very glad to open correspondence with me, who are strangers to this mode of communication. I am a stranger here, a stranger to the body I use for the moment, and I expect my friends will be much surprised. But if they will furnish me, or themselves, with a good subject, I will give them unmistakable proof, which, in my opinion, will make them very much happier, and it certainly will make me happier. Good-day. May 9.

George L. Josselyn.

"No you don't there! I don't surrender to you! Shoot away; I don't fear you!" Oh, Major, beg your pardon. [What's the trouble?] Living time over again; that's all, Major. [Were those the last words you used before you left your body?] Yes, sir. Is it Boston, Massachusetts? [Yes.] This is a place where dead folks talk, is it? [Where those who have lost their own bodies can communicate through one for the time being.] Yes, sir. I was killed, sir, at Fort Pillow. It is now about two years since I gained my freedom. I was formerly a slave of Colonel Brown, in Thompsonville, East Tennessee. Later, was owned by a gentleman by the name of Josselyn, in Louisiana, and still later, I owned myself. I was one of the number to garrison the fort at the time of the siege; and when I saw white men and black men surrendering, I said, "I'll never surrender, not so long as I have breath enough and strength enough to hold a musket."

I have a wife, sir, and sister in Baltimore. I succeeded in gaining their liberty. I suppose they are in Baltimore. Now, sir, if you'll be kind enough to—I suppose I shall be known by the name of George L. Josselyn, the name of my last master—so if you'll be kind enough to say I come here and would be glad to talk with my wife and sister, I'll try and do as much for you. [Was Josselyn the name you enlisted under?] Yes, sir; you know such as I am do not have names. We have to take our last master's name; not so fortunate as you are.

I've looked out—tried to look out a way for my wife and sister to get this. If they don't, shall I come again? [Certainly.] I'd like to say a word to the officer who ordered me to surrender. He was the son of the owner of the next plantation where I was a slave. He knew me very well, and probably did not like some things I said, and the way I managed. I don't care for that. I managed to get a little education, sir. I stole it, as all our class must do, if they get it at all. Maybe he'll get it. I kind of think, stranger, he'll get it. I don't know, but think he will. Say to him, when he comes on this side I'll order him to surrender, and he'll be sure to do it. He'll get down on his knees to me, and ask me to lead him where it is light. He'll be sure to ground arms to me, but I never did to him. I'm a little excited, sir, but I beg your pardon. May 9.

Frederick A. Sims.

My father said if I would come back he should believe. I lived here nine years, and died in March, last March. They called me here Frederick A. Sims. I lived in Trenton, New Jersey, and my father is at Fortress Monroe. And he heard about these things, and said if I should come he would believe. I should tell him the last thing he gave me when he was home. He told my mother to let me have a suit of uniform. I'd wanted it, and he said I might have it for my birthday present. And I had it, and I was buried in it.

I want one of these kind of folks to go home with, Mister. [You want a medium?] Yes, sir; want you to sell me one. [We could not let you take this one so far away. Your mother can get

one in Trenton, or New York, or she can come here.] How long will I have to wait? [That we can't say. It will be three weeks before your message is published.]

Can I go to my father? [No better than you can to your mother.] Thought you gave us mediums. [No, we don't furnish you with them, except to speak here.] How'll I get one? [Your father or mother will get one.] Oh, another one at home. [Yes.] Well, I reckon I'll go, then. [Go when you choose.] My father's name is Josiah. [Have you said all you wish to?] No, not if they was here; ain't said half, if they was here. But they ain't here, so I don't know what to say. Good-morning. May 9.

Frances Bennet. I've left two little children. Their father was killed about eighteen months ago, and I have been in the spirit-world three months, trying all the time to come back. Two little children I've left, the oldest only six. I saw them taken, a short time ago, to one of the charitable institutions. I do not find any fault at that, but am only anxious to do something myself.

I was born in Bangor, and was married in New York City, where I had been working some five or six months. No matter about my folks. I don't care about them. Oh, my children are left without father or mother, and I think if I make an appeal to my husband's brother, he will try to do something for them. His name is Alonzo Bennet. He lives in New York—is an engraver. I wish him to find some place where I can talk to him about my children. Thomas comes also. He says, Tell Alonzo to meet me, and I will give him proof that I will be sure to satisfy him of my presence. Then I'm sure he'll do what I want him to do. Tell him that Thomas and Frances Bennet ask that he will come and talk with them about their children.

I would not come here to trouble you—a stranger—about my children, if I felt I could be contented and happy. But this is the only way; so you'll pardon me for coming. [What kind of an engraver is your brother-in-law?] I'm not acquainted with the business. I only know that he is an engraver. Farewell, sir. May 9.

Invocation. Oh thou whose dwelling-place is not made with hands, whose name no man knoweth, but whose presence is felt by the finest atom floating in the sunbeam, we would chant a new song of thanksgiving unto thee. Notwithstanding the cloud is dark and the tempest is rushing wildly around us, still, Oh our Father, we praise thee. We praise thee for that glorious morning that ye know is sure to follow the night. We praise thee for those grand truths that are all ready to be showered down upon humanity. We praise thee for that peace that is sure to follow this discord of war; for that day of Truth that is sure to follow this night of Error. Oh, we praise thee for all the grand truths that we have been enabled to cull in the mighty past. Oh, we praise thee for all thought, for all intelligence, for the revelations of art, science and religion. We praise thee for the shadows that have fallen across the pathway of humanity. Though many have stumbled in the pathway of life, yet angels have lifted up the fallen ones, and there are ministering spirits ready to bind up their wounds, ready to wash away the tears of those who sorrow. Though darkness surrounds them in the present, yet the sunbeam of Truth will be there to compensate them. Oh, we praise thee for the tears that are now being shed, for behind each tear glistens the diamond of compensated Justice. Oh, we praise thee for all things. Though we know thee not and cannot point out thy dwelling-place, yet we feel thy presence floating into our souls, buoying us up, and causing us to rely upon thee. Oh, for that sacred and divine recognition we praise thee, our Father. May 10.

Questions and Answers. SPRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound such inquiries as they may desire to have elucidated.

Q.—Are mankind born in pairs in the disembodied state? A.—No, we do not see why this should be so; nor can we see it so. If you desire to know whether or not the sexes are perpetuated in the spirit-spheres, we shall answer, yes, certainly.

Q.—Will the promise of spirits to give their pictures to friends by the daguerrotype art be fulfilled ere long? A.—Many spirits promise to do this or that, when they are supremely ignorant of the many obstacles that are to be overcome by them in fulfilling their promise. With regard to spirit-pictures, it is believed by many scientific disembodied intelligences that the art of spirit photography is soon to appear under a new head, in the form of a new manifestation, at which time many of those who have promised their friends on earth their pictures, will doubtless redeem their promise.

Q.—Can you tell us the theory of daguerrotyping their likeness? A.—No, we cannot, although we are told it is exceedingly simple. But in order to explain it to spirits in the body, there must be a corresponding condition existing with the embodied spirit or mind. Now as that condition does not exist with humanity, you cannot at present receive that manifestation. It cannot be clearly demonstrated. We are told by scientific disembodied intelligences that when this art shall have reached its meridian, that even the veriest infant among you shall be able to grasp it. Certain chemical liquids that are now not known to material life shall be brought into requisition. A certain kind of paper shall be manufactured, and this paper, when dipped in this chemical liquid and held up before the sun, with the person or object standing behind, the sun will immediately take the picture clearly and in all its beauty, representing all the colors of the dress the person may have worn here, and even the color of the hair and eyes. All things will be represented in a more perfect form than science in the past has ever dreamt of. We are also told by scientific spirits that these chemicals are resting in the atmosphere, living, we should say, in the atmosphere at the present time, as indeed are all the powers requisite for man's unfoldment.

Q.—Who has control of the medium now? A.—Names are of very little consequence. If there are any truths given, receive them. If there are any errors, reject them. The name is of no consequence. And, again, it is possible that your speaker may not wish to be known.

Q.—Is there not a difference of opinion among spirits in regard to spirits being born in pairs in a disembodied state? A.—Yes, doubtless there is a difference of opinion; for all spirits propagate their own opinions. No two see or stand alike, as no two are organized alike.

Q.—Have spirits any data by which they may know anything better than mortals as to their pre-existence? A.—No, they have not.

Q.—How is mankind to be born anew? A.—Mankind is constantly being born anew. There is not a moment of your existence in which you are not being born anew. This new birth is constantly taking place. You are not precisely the same this moment that you will be the next; and yet throughout all your several births you will ever preserve your individuality intact. It is a something awarded to the soul by the Great Master of Life, and no power can take it away, though you are continually putting off the old and taking on the new, or passing out of the old and entering the new.

Q.—What idea did Christ intend to convey when he said, Ye must be born anew—born of the spirit—before ye can enter the kingdom of heaven? A.—Christ doubtless intended to convey this idea to his hearers; that they must rise above the material, cast off the toys and vanities of the flesh, so that they might enjoy the realities of the spirit. The kingdom of heaven, so the book says, consists in obeying the dictates of that God within you, which, in essence, must ever be pure. It cannot be contaminated by form or fashion. It is ever pure, ever perfect, ever entirely good. But in the external there are imperfections, inharmonies. The manifestations are not always smooth. It is not always peace; there is sometimes war.

Jesus desired his followers to understand that they should abandon the idolatry of their time; that it was impossible for them to enjoy heaven while they were dwelling down in the crude elements of materialism.

Q.—Have you any idea when our present troubles will end? A.—Yes, we have. "Coming events cast their shadows before." And yet it would be unwise to give the precise time, even if we could, to mortals. Your nation has many unbecoming garments to throw off; many stains are to be washed from her garments; many idols are to be done away with before peace will be restored to her shores. Although much has been done, still there is more to do; and believe us, the sword never will be sheathed, the cannon's mouth silenced, or the thunders of war cease, until you stand higher as a nation before God and the world.

Q.—Is our Father-God doing this to punish us for our sins in the past? A.—In one sense we might answer in the affirmative, and in another we might answer in the negative. The sins or mistakes of the individual and the nation are always revisited upon them again. You cannot make any mistake in life without you pay dearly for it. Now it is a self-evident fact that you have made mistakes as a nation, and now as a nation you are paying the penalty for them. This is natural law; the manifestation of that law which no one can prevent. The mistake will as surely return to you, as the child returns to the mother for nourishment. In this sense God is indeed visiting you with judgment—indeed rewarding you for your sins; for surely he could not reward you better than to chastise you, that you sin no more—that you make no more mistakes; for were you suffered to go unpunished, did the law not visit you with judgment for your sins, then you would continue to err for an indefinite length of time, until your mistakes would rise up like mountains, and then fall upon you, crushing you forever. But the law is so perfect, the manifestation so exact, that the mistake cannot be made without your reaping dire consequences. May 10.

George Greeley. I've got parents and friends in Lebanon, N. H., that I should be very glad to send some word to. They have been anxiously waiting to receive some intelligence from me, and I have been as anxious trying to get some to them. I suppose they'd like to know how I'm getting along in this new world, and the manner of my death also. Now my cousin Andrew has set forth the case pretty clearly. I don't know that I could make it any clearer if I should try.

I fell in the battle of Morris Island, after some twelve or thirteen hours fighting, I think. I suppose they have some account of that which will render it unnecessary for me to give any particular account of it here.

I knew, or thought I knew, something about these things when I was here on the earth, but I find we are such infants in the science here, that all we can gain concerning it on earth is not of much use to us.

We are apt to think we can return when we please, but we find that there are many obstacles in the way of our coming. There is this person to wait for, that person to consult; and then again these bodies that some kind agency in nature—I don't know what name to give it—provides us with, are very good in their way, but not always adapted to our wants, when we may happen to want to return through them. Ofttimes we approach one of these luminous bodies—for such they appear to us—but this wheel may be out of order, or that screw may be loose, and it may be impossible for us to attach ourselves to that particular body, either through ignorance on our part, or because you are not in a condition to receive us.

So you see there are an infinite number of obstacles constantly meeting us at every step we take toward returning to earth again. It is true some are fortunate enough to get thoroughly acquainted with the law of control while here; but while there are ten of that class, there are ten thousand less fortunate.

I have made various attempts to communicate at home, and have succeeded partially. I think now that I have learned the full use of a body that don't belong to me, and that is in no way like mine, I shall be able to use most any of 'em that are mediunistic. So my friends may consider this as my first step, and may look for a second one soon.

Please attach the name of George Greeley, Lebanon, New Hampshire. Good-day, sir. May 10.

Owen Carney.

Well, major-general, what are you going to give Owen Carney? [What do you desire?] Why, something that I couldn't get before I died—a furlough, and a chance to go home. [Can't let you have it with that body.] Oh, take your means and time about it, sir, for it's not this kind of a uniform I'd be seen going home in, anyway. You needn't be afraid of my taking your medium away, for I don't n't like the kind of body. Oh, no, sir, it's not the sort for me. It's all very well to talk through, but not so fine to go home in.

Well, now, sir, I've got a family I'd like to come into communication with, if I could. [Please give your age, name, time of death.] Me age, name, time of death! Go on, sir. [And state such facts in your life as your friends will be likely to recognize you by.] What's them? things what stand right out? [Yes; prominent events in your life that your friends know about and we do not.] Yes, sir. Well, me name, that you have. Me age, thirty-nine. You want me height, weight, etc.? [If you choose to give it.] Well, I generally weighed about a hundred and sixty-seven pounds, from that to a hundred and sixty-nine or seventy. I was five foot ten inches—most ten inches; come up to it with a good pair of boots on. Well—[The

color of your hair and eyes?] Well, they was sort of grey, not blue, grey, and me hair was much the color of your own—say a brown, little mixed with grey. That's pretty near it.

I was in the 61st New York Co. A, private; and I've been gone since—I suppose you call it the battle of Gettysburg. I don't know whether you would or not. Is that what you call it? [Yes, there was a battle at Gettysburg.] Now I have some things I'd like to settle upon me family on the earth, if I could. I have a brother or James that maybe would help me about straightening me affairs. He'd do about what was right in that respect, I think. I had some few hundred dollars before I enlisted, and some traps that I'd like to dispose of in me own way, just for the sake of the woman and children what's left.

Faith! I n't need these things meself, now, but I can't feel at rest, these things to do what I want to make me family comfortable, and then, egad, you won't see me back here again. No, sir, you need n't feel at all afraid of my taking your medium away from you.

I suppose you'd call me a teamster; that was me occupation before I go to war. Now, I don't know what I am at all. Now, sir, if you'll just ask me brother to come to any of these places where I can talk—I do not care who he brings with him so he comes—I'll be much obliged, anyway. Faith! I don't know as my coming here to-day will do any one much good, but there's a plenty of us that are all ready and waiting for a chance to come back to earth again, for we've got something to do, all of us. Faith, it's so! they're all of them waiting for some chance to come back to their folks—some opportunity by which they can come and talk with their friends. There's a large army on the other side, and it needs a pretty big place to hold them all. And instead of having one little, miserable office like this, you want a large number of them all over the world. Then you see, you'd give 'em all a chance to come. Now, only a few can be accommodated at a time, and all the rest have to stay out.

Well, sir, you'll say that Owen Carney wants to talk with his brother James, or wife Margaret in New York. [Is your brother in New York?] Yes, sir, he's playing between New York and Brooklyn, but I'll say New York, for he's there a good part of his time.

And if there's any other of me friends, any in the Church or out of it, any one who's known me and recognized me by what I've said here, let 'em come and talk with me, and I'll bring 'em any evidence that I've got a place or chance to live in on the other side. Let 'em come, and I'll give 'em all the proof they want. Faith! I don't care who they are, I'll do all I can to show them what's going on on the other side. Good-day to you. May 10.

Jennie Frothingham. I have a mother, sister, and two brothers that I should be very glad to open correspondence with. I have been in this new life little more than three months. I was sick in all eleven months with consumption; was nineteen years of age. I was born in Tennessee. I died in Chicago, Illinois. My mother is living in that place with my sister. My brothers are in the army.

I had some slight acquaintance with this spiritual manifestation, but had little belief in it. But I once said to my mother when conversing upon the subject, "If there is any truth in it, if I do n't get well, and go to that spirit-land before you do, I'll surely return and tell you about it." Her reply was, "Oh, Jennie! don't, don't talk of leaving me, for I should think God was unjust if he took you and left me." Well, he did take me, but his justice is just the same, nevertheless.

Now, sir, if you will please say that Jennie Frothingham comes here and asks for an audience with her mother and sister, that she may commune with them in this way, I shall at least be very grateful.

My father I have seen but twice since I entered this spirit land. He passed from here in my infancy. I was too young to remember him. Shortly after my entrance to the spirit land I was met by a person whom I never remembered to have seen before, but I felt that it was my father. So it proved to be. I've seen him once since.

I have many things to say to my mother, sister and brothers that I do n't care to speak of here. I shall wait patiently for an opportunity to offer itself for me to go nearer home—nearer those who know me. May 10.

Major William N. Rodford. You transmit intelligence from all who come, I understand? [It is so, sir.] The events of the last week have separated me from those dear to me on earth.

I am intensely anxious to open a way of communication between my friends and myself. I have a wife, children, and an aged parent to mourn my loss. Tell them, since God in his great love has furnished us means by which we may speak to those we have left, I desire they may avail themselves of His kindness. Let them at the earliest opportunity go into Charleston and seek out that lady known among the spiritual part of the community—I am not in possession of her name—and I will endeavor to come. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the laws of these mediums to insure lengthy control.

Say that Major William N. Rodford of Louisiana, would speak with those he's left. Your pay comes from God, I take it. I was shot. May 10.

Annie Jones.

One word to my mother: My father is reported as killed, but he is not killed, only severely wounded—General Jones. My name Annie Jones. May 10.

Obituaries. William E. Hallock, the subject of this memoir, was the son of Dr. A. C. and Elizabeth P. Hallock, of Evansville, Ind. The deceased was a young man of truly good morals, a kind heart, with a strong and well-balanced mind. He was a devoted son of Nature, in the study of which he spent much time and great labor; he has left a large collection of choice natural curiosities, of great beauty and worth.

When the call of his country for volunteers came, he was one who, with his life in one hand and his sword in the other, said, "I am ready to die for my country." He was promoted while in Missouri to the rank of Sergeant-Major in the Twenty-Fourth Indiana Volunteers, which office he filled with honor and fidelity; but at length his slender constitution gave way under the labor and exposure of a campaign. He was compelled to resign his post and return home, where he recovered his health for a time, and was thought to be sound again. But alas! in time it was too plain that the hand of the destroyer was upon him; his exposure had produced consumption, and there was no hope. Yet in all his sufferings he was not heard to complain or murmur at his fate, but endured all like a patient Christian. He was a soldier in the fullest sense of the word. He was a man of noble character, and his life was a noble one. He was a man of noble character, and his life was a noble one. He was a man of noble character, and his life was a noble one.

Passed to higher life, from Springfield, Mass., April 24, Mrs. Susan A. Warner, aged 44 years. Though long suffering and patient, she waited anxiously the coming of the angel to release her from physical bondage, believing that she could better perform the duties of wife and mother when she had laid aside the diseased and weakened body, and assumed one better capable of fulfilling the purposes of an unusually active spirit. A soul more deeply appreciative of the beautiful in Nature, or more untiring and self-sacrificing efforts to confer happiness upon all around her, I have never met. She was a natural Christian. Peculiarly intentional and

color of your hair and eyes?] Well, they was sort of grey, not blue, grey, and me hair was much the color of your own—say a brown, little mixed with grey. That's pretty near it.

I was in the 61st New York Co. A, private; and I've been gone since—I suppose you call it the battle of Gettysburg. I don't know whether you would or not. Is that what you call it? [Yes, there was a battle at Gettysburg.] Now I have some things I'd like to settle upon me family on the earth, if I could. I have a brother or James that maybe would help me about straightening me affairs. He'd do about what was right in that respect, I think. I had some few hundred dollars before I enlisted, and some traps that I'd like to dispose of in me own way, just for the sake of the woman and children what's left.

Faith! I n't need these things meself, now, but I can't feel at rest, these things to do what I want to make me family comfortable, and then, egad, you won't see me back here again. No, sir, you need n't feel at all afraid of my taking your medium away from you.

I suppose you'd call me a teamster; that was me occupation before I go to war. Now, I don't know what I am at all. Now, sir, if you'll just ask me brother to come to any of these places where I can talk—I do not care who he brings with him so he comes—I'll be much obliged, anyway. Faith! I don't know as my coming here to-day will do any one much good, but there's a plenty of us that are all ready and waiting for a chance to come back to earth again, for we've got something to do, all of us. Faith, it's so! they're all of them waiting for some chance to come back to their folks—some opportunity by which they can come and talk with their friends. There's a large army on the other side, and it needs a pretty big place to hold them all. And instead of having one little, miserable office like this, you want a large number of them all over the world. Then you see, you'd give 'em all a chance to come. Now, only a few can be accommodated at a time, and all the rest have to stay out.

Well, sir, you'll say that Owen Carney wants to talk with his brother James, or wife Margaret in New York. [Is your brother in New York?] Yes, sir, he's playing between New York and Brooklyn, but I'll say New York, for he's there a good part of his time.

And if there's any other of me friends, any in the Church or out of it, any one who's known me and recognized me by what I've said here, let 'em come and talk with me, and I'll bring 'em any evidence that I've got a place or chance to live in on the other side. Let 'em come, and I'll give 'em all the proof they want. Faith! I don't care who they are, I'll do all I can to show them what's going on on the other side. Good-day to you. May 10.

Jennie Frothingham. I have a mother, sister, and two brothers that I should be very glad to open correspondence with. I have been in this new life little more than three months. I was sick in all eleven months with consumption; was nineteen years of age. I was born in Tennessee. I died in Chicago, Illinois. My mother is living in that place with my sister. My brothers are in the army.

