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AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER V.

"Like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream—
Even such is man."

Sadly and wearily two months faded into the silent Past. Bianca was now residing in a small, retired villa on the banks of the Seine, while Reginald vainly strove to forget his troubles amid the gaieties of Parisian life.

It was with a strange sinking at heart, and many misgivings, that Mrs. Mortimer left her beautiful home in Naples. It was there that her life's choicest flowers had blossomed, which now, in spite of the tender care that she had lavished upon them, were withering, dying, chilled by the breath of change. Oh, how the shadows, grim and dark, rolled over her soul as she looked for the last time on the dear, familiar spot, with which so many fond memories were twined. There she had raised her altar dedicated to happiness. Alas! it was now strewn with the ashes of departed joys. God help her! If she shed any tears, they fell inwardly, for her eyes were undimmed, and her smiles as sunny as of yore; at least, her husband perceived no change.

He had grown very capricious and irritable. She scarcely ever did anything to suit him now. All her clinging embraces and fond attentions were received in sullen silence, although there were hours, sometimes whole days, when he was all devotion, tender and loving as of old. These rare and precious intervals were like the gentle dew of evening, touching with renewed life the drooping flowers of faith and trust. Her love shone all the brighter for the darkness that encompassed it. His was a wavering, flickering flame, that would burn steadily, perchance, amid the calm of prosperity, but destined to go out if the fierce gusts of adversity raged around it. In that hour, angels lead thee, Bianca.

One evening he came in, after an absence of several weeks. His wife greeted him affectionately, and he drew her to his knee, kissing her tenderly. While her heart was thrilling at the unwonted caress, he suddenly pushed her from him, exclaiming:

"Well, I should like to know if I am to wait until midnight before I have my tea? This is a pretty reception for a cold, tired man. I do wish you would be a little more attentive to my wants."

"Excuse me, Reginald," she replied, gently, "I was not aware that you intended to return to-night, or I should have been prepared for you. However, Annette will soon have things in readiness, while I will bring you some birds with my own hands."

"I do not wish you to do it. I engaged a servant to do such things. I don't think it speaks very much for your affection for me, to want to get out of my sight as quick as I come into the house."

She bit her lip. Only a short time before he had given her a severe lecture because she did not manifest her love for him by preparing his food herself.

"Oh, I disliked to leave you," she said, smiling; "but I thought that you would prefer my cooking to my company."

"There, for pity's sake, don't offer to do anything again that you don't want to. I hate hypocrisy, of all things."

She bent hastily over her work-basket. Was it a tear that glistened on the silken eyelash? The next instant she looked up with the same cheerful face.

An interval of silence followed. Then the maid came in, spread the table, placed the smoking viands thereon, and then withdrew. Bianca sat up to do the honors, and her husband, having vented his ill-humor, was now as pleasant and agreeable as the most exacting could desire.

Having finished his repast, and the tea-things being cleared away, he proposed a game of chess, to which his wife eagerly acquiesced.

"Oh, by the way," he exclaimed, as he was arranging the board, "I had a letter from my sister this morning. She writes in fine spirits."

"What does she say?"

"Oh, you shall read it presently. I did not commit it to memory."

An hour later, Bianca perused the following lines:

"RICHMOND, Dec. 28th.
MY DARLING BROTHER—How I long to behold your dear face. I grow quite impatient at being confined to pen and ink for the purpose of conversing with you, for although they are good and faithful servants, yet our glowing, loving words lose half their force on paper."

I perceive by your letter of Nov. 1st, that you are not aware that father wrote to you some months since, desiring you to turn your face homeward. I suppose the missive was probably lost, as he was not quite certain of your address. It is just as well, as he now bids me tell you not to hasten your return. You know how well I like to plan surprises; so of course you will know better than to expect me to tell you why he has revoked his decision. Time will enlighten you at the proper moment. I can imagine how you will chafe at that, and vow your utter abhorrence of all secrecy; but there's no help for you, brother mine, so just preach patience to that ungovernable spirit of yours."

We are having gay times here this winter. On Christmas eve I attended a soiree at Mrs. Mortimer's. The affair was truly elegant, and passed off with the greatest possible eclat. The gentlemen were extremely gallant and attentive, and the ladies as lovely and bewitching as usual. The belle, par excellence, was Ida Cleveland. None dared dispute the palm with her, but were content, and even happy, I think, to revolve like satellites around her. Oh! but she was radiant! I should like to describe her dress to you; but it would be only a waste of words, for you men—ignorant creatures that you are—can never comprehend the intricacies of a lady's toilet. Silk or calico, it is all one in your unsophisticated eyes. Sometimes a confused medley of lace, ribbons and flowers floats before your mental vision. Occasionally you can tell colors, but that depends upon the degree in which you are smitten.

Well, to return to my beautiful friend. She had many cavaliers, who looked daggers at each other as they pressed forward to her shrine. Some were all froth and small-talk, exquisite dandies that fancied themselves terribly killing. Others, intellectual and talented, belonging to our first families, and a few who had only their gold—potent gold, to be sure—to recommend them. Strange to say, she seemed entirely indifferent to all of them, and hearkened, oh with such a listless air, to their fine speeches. She privately informed me that they wearied her exceedingly. Now why is she so perfectly unmoved? It is because her mind is preoccupied with thoughts of another. It must be so, for this homage, coming from good and noble men, would awaken some echo in her soul. Although I do not consider it right for one woman to betray another, yet I will tell you, Reginald, the opinion that I have formed. It is because a certain brother of mine has stolen a large portion of her heart, unknown even to herself. You ask me what reasons I have for coming to such a conclusion as that. Oh, by a thousand little signs. She rarely mentions your name; but then the eagerness with which she listens when you become the subject of conversation, and the smile and blush with which she parries father's allusions to—you know what. I assure you that she is one of a thousand, and the man who is so fortunate as to win her for a wife, gains a prize, both in beauty, wealth, intellect and goodness, and what can he desire more? Arthur sends love, says he's extremely happy, and hopes that you will come home soon, and follow his example. He has had the supreme impudence to add that his life is decidedly more spicy than it used to be. He has got his ears boxed for that last remark. Since I have undertaken his training, I find that I have got my hands full. I do not consider him quite incorrigible, for I have discovered that a little wholesome correction has a wonderful effect.

Remember and not sail for America at present, at least not until you hear from us again. Write as often as convenient. All unite with me in love.

Your affectionate sister,

EVA HAMILTON."

"Who is this Ida Cleveland?" inquired Bianca as she folded the letter.

"Ah! I expected that question. She is a young lady whom they are very desirous that I should make my wife; but as that berth is already filled, they are liable to be disappointed. Besides, I prefer to do my own wooing. I don't fancy having a girl precipitate herself into my arms, without as much as saying 'by your leave,' and I should judge that she was already to, according to Eva."

"Oh, I feel not quite so bad as that. Really, Reginald, I think that your sister has done wrong in telling you this. If her friend is a maiden of any delicacy, she would feel deeply wounded did she know of it."

"Nonsense! the girls are not all as sensitive as you are. Why don't you ask me what that mysterious dash refers to? I see by your eyes that your curiosity is aroused. Indeed, you would not be a woman if you did not want to know."

"Now that is what I call a libel on the sex. I have no wish to pry into your affairs. That is not one of my failings, and to convince you of this, I will say, and truly, too, that I prefer that you should not enlighten me."

"My darling, I cannot find it in my heart to allow you to torture yourself in that way," he mockingly rejoined. "It would be too cruel. I will hasten, therefore, to relieve your suspense. Miss Ida Cleveland was, until I married you, my betrothed bride. Nay, don't start. It was not with my consent. We were both children, and had no voice whatever in the matter. Our fathers—two fogies of the old school—mated us, supposing that we should prove but plant wax in their hands. She, it seems, accepts her fate, while I have rebelled."

"Then you did not love her?"

"Of course not. I should have been a fool to have wedded you if I had."

"Can you imagine what they mean by requesting you not to come home?" inquired Bianca, after a pause.

"No; I am entirely at fault there. It may be that some of them intend to take a trip this way. In that case I shall be in a fine pickle."

"We are learning by bitter experience, that the way of the transgressor is hard," she said softly. "Fudge! I do not class myself under that head," he retorted, roughly; "and you know very well that you would not have people believe that you belonged there. Oh, this mock humility I hate!"

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"I had reference to that one false step of ours—the secret marriage. Has it not involved us in wretchedness, doubt and perplexity ever since?"

"Yes, truly it has; but I do not see that you have anything to complain of, surrounded as you are with every luxury. Many might envy you your position. It is on me that the burden falls."

There was a wistful, appealing look shadowed forth from the faithless depths of her eyes, as she said:

"Whatever troubles you, affects me. Are you not one?"

What demon prompted his answer?

"Yes, according to law; but I'm inclined to think that it would have been better for us had we never tried to improve on Mother Nature. She made us two. Now I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage;" and with a laugh of indescribable bitterness, he caught up his hat, and left the house.

"Oh, my God! and have I lived to hear those words from his lips?" moaned the stricken wife. "Oh, Reginald! how could you break the heart that beat only for thee? Death has no pang like unto this."

Ten minutes after the servant entered the room to replenish the fire. There she found her mistress crouching upon the floor, her long, black hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, hopeless and stupefied upon her white, fixed face, and the light quenched in the starry eyes, while utter despair sat throned in their stony gaze.

The proud spirit, however, disdained to uncover its bleeding wounds to any one but its Maker, so she turned haughtily, almost rudely, from the kind Annette, and with feeble, tottering steps, which even the force of her strong will could not steady, ascended to her chamber.

The quick-witted maid shook her head, and muttered to herself:

"Poor, dear lady! it gives me the heartache to see her. She's dying inch by inch, and that miserable villain is the cause of it. He's said something awful to her to-night, and she's just sunk right down and wilted under it. I would n't. I'd have made the house too hot to hold him; but she's an angel, and though I should cry myself sick if she should die, yet I do think that the quicker the Lord takes her to himself out of the hands of that wretch the better."

A fortnight passed. To Bianca it was like a funeral march. To Reginald, like a swift dream, bright and glowing. One afternoon the latter sauntered into a picture-gallery, attracted by some choice paintings that were on exhibition. He found a number of his boon companions strolling about; also, fair lady friends, who smiled graciously upon him; but feeling in a meditative mood, he wandered off alone.

Suddenly a voice, like low music, floated to his ear, causing a faint vibration to echo far back in the shadowy halls of the Past. Involuntarily he turned to look at the speaker. It was a lady, and in that glance his soul grew mad with rapture. He beheld a face of almost ethereal loveliness. She was a blonde of the purest type. Curly of shining gold shaded the calm, white brow. Eyes of sapphire lustre were veiled by long, heavy lashes. The cheeks had stolen the blush of the wild rose, while the parted lips were glowing with life's high wine. This was the picture before which all the others faded.

She was leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman, and as they approached, Reginald became impressed with the idea that somewhere in his travels he had met with her companion. He was not surprised, therefore, when that person extended his hand, saying:

"Well, really, my young friend, this is indeed an agreeable meeting."

"Mr. Cleveland! is it possible?"

"Well, yes, I should think so. You see I wanted to see a little of the world as well as yourself. My daughter Ida, Mr. Mortimer. My dear, you remember your old playmate, do you not?"

"So that beautiful creature is Ida Cleveland?" muttered Reginald, as he bade his friends adieu, after accompanying them to their hotel. "Heavens! what haven't I lost? Would to God that I could blot out the last year of my life; but no, it stretches back, dark and dreary, with the record of my blind folly written in characters of fire upon it. I cannot hope to carry on this deception much longer. Soon the truth will come out, and then I shall be avoided by my present associates, and my name, if ever uttered, will be spoken in tones of contemptuous pity, or with a derisive laugh. On the other hand, had I only listened to the voice of reason, honor, happiness and prosperity, together with the love of this peerless one, might now be mine. Oh! how great the contrast between what is and what might have been. Away, ye mocking, jeering fancies! Why do ye gloat over my misery, by portraying what is now impossible?"

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! the wildest, the fiercest despair,
That wrings that cry—half curse, half prayer—
From her maddened soul in its deathlike plight,
Martyred, out there in the summer night!"

Spring came again in her glad array, crowning the earth with a diadem of green, and chanting her sweet anthem of the resurrection. Alas! there were no bursting buds and thrilling songs of joy and mirth for poor Bianca. Bleak desolation, and driving storms of hail and sleet were fit emblems of the life she now led.

"Oh, Reginald! where are you?" she moaned one morning, as she sat gazing sadly from the windows. "I have watched and waited until my heart has grown faint and sick, and yet you come not. Great God! and am I then deserted? Oh! terrible, crushing thought; and yet it may be true, for two long weary months have passed since I beheld him. 'Twas then he spoke those cruel words that smote me with their fiery darts, searing my brain; but all that would be forgotten if he were only here with the sunlight of his smile, and his fond caresses. Oh! how I long for a sight of his dear features. Once my soul feasted sumptuously upon his love and affection, but now it is starving, starving, for it cannot feed on husks. Oh! my husband! does not memory, with sternest visage, rise up and sting your perjured soul?"

Then, as if to relieve her bursting heart, she seated herself before the piano, but her fingers evoked only dirges. It was a wild and saddening strain, wailing of pleasures passed, that withered like the summer flowers of love, cold and dead, that tears of mortal agony strove in vain to

awaken. For half an hour she played, until the very air seemed to sob and shiver, and then she left the instrument, and began to restlessly pace the floor. Suddenly she paused, and her face lighted.

"It may be that he is ill," she mused, "and even now calling my name in tenderest accents, while I am heaping reproaches upon him. I will walk out, and perhaps I may meet him, or hear something that will inform me of his welfare."

Hastily donning her street attire, she passed in to the open air, and wended her way to the crowded thoroughfare.

On she went, scarcely knowing or caring whither. Was it some blind instinct that guided her steps? Suddenly a carriage rolled by. What was there in that that struck every vestige of color from her face and lit the fires of madness in her eyes? Only this: The vehicle contained two occupants—her husband and a lady of marvelous beauty. She had noted his proud, happy look as he bent forward to speak to his companion, and the pleased interest with which she listened. 'Twas only a glance, but in that glance hope shrieked and died.

Then as if to leave not a doubt in her mind, she heard one gentleman remark to another:

"Ah! did you observe young Mortimer and Miss Cleveland? That will prove a match, and no mistake. I have seen them riding together every day, for the last fortnight. Well, they are a fine couple, and I wish them joy. I understand that she is an American and a native of his own State; and if Virginia has any more like her, I should n't object to her furnishing me with a bride."

Every word rung like a knell in Bianca's ear. Slowly she retraced her steps. A grey pallor had settled over her face and her straining eyes were fixed on vacancy. The calmness of despair was on the surface, but underneath, a boiling, surging lava tide merged her whole being. Henceforth, gentle showers or soft dews were alike powerless to quicken bloom and verdure into life.

Mechanically she moved on. Presently she paused and pressed her hand to her brow.

"Ah, yes, I see!" she murmured. "His sister's letter spoke of Ida Cleveland. This must be the one. Ah, it was because she was coming that they did not want him to return home. Now he has met her, and her beauty has enthralled him, and I am forgotten; or if remembered, it is only to curse the bond that binds me to him. Oh, merciful Father, let me die! I have lived to behold my worst fears realized, now grant me oblivion! The grave would prove a soft pillow for this aching head, and perhaps Death—good angel—would take this load of pain from my throbbing heart."

She entered her dwelling, laughing wildly.

"Annette," she called to her astonished servant, "have you made my shroud yet, and prepared the elegant wreath of nightshade for my hair? I shall want them to-night, for my husband is to marry a lovely lady, and I am to dance at the wedding. Oh, there will be a gay revel. After that I am to give my hand to Neptune, and he will bear me down, far down beneath the emerald wave, to a coral cave furnished with dead men's bones. Ha! ha! a right royal palace, is it not? and I shall be Queen of the sea-nymphs."

"Dear heart," thought the faithful maid, as she strove to calm the excited creature. "I wonder how it happens that she should come home in this state. I'll warrant that that rascal has been up to some deviltry or other, that she's got wind of. Now, of all times, too, when she needs his love and care. Poor darling! I am afraid she won't live till morning, and that smooth-tongued villain will go scot free, although God knows he's killed her. Well, he'll have a piece of my mind, any way, and I reckon I shall feel relieved after it."

Having now succeeded in inducing her mistress to recline upon a couch, she went out and sent a messenger for a physician.

That night the angels chanted exultingly together. For lo! a bud of promise had lifted its tiny head in the garden of earth. Another bark was launched upon the ocean of life. An immortal soul was ushered into being.

Bianca, turning her face from the dark billows of Death, clasped her child to her heart, feeling that God had remembered her in the midst of her desolation, and sent a comforter.

A week passed. One morning as Annette sat washing and dressing the infant—the mother being asleep in the next room—the door suddenly opened, and Reginald entered.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, coming forward with an appearance of interest, "what is it? A girl or a boy?"

"A girl, sir," replied the servant, with an ominous compression of the lips.

He bent down and gazed into the dark face that lay upon her lap, and then drew back with an expression of disgust.

"What a homely little creature!" he said, with a sigh of regret.

"It is as good as you deserve," rejoined the maid, whose wrath had reached the boiling point. "A pretty man you are, to leave your wife in such a condition as that, and never come near her to find out whether she lived or died."

"Why, Annette! what ails you? I did not intend to be gone so long when I left, but my business unavoidably detained me."

"Business! A likely story! but you can't gammon me in that way. Gallivanting ladies around, more like. Ah, you see that I happen to know of some of your fine doings. My mistress went out one day, and it seems she saw you riding with some one, and she came home raving mad, and that same night this child was born—a premature birth, and it is a wonder that they both survived it. So instead of grumbling because the little thing is n't handsome, you ought to get right down on your knees, and thank God that he not only spared your wife, but gave you a daughter."

"Silence!" thundered Mortimer, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment in being thus addressed. "Your impudence is unparalleled. Another time that you undertake to lecture your

bettors, you will receive your wages and an abrupt dismissal," and he stalked into the next room.

"Bettors, indeed!" muttered Annette, "that ain't you, with all your fine airs."

Bianca lay so quiet and still, that for an instant it seemed like death to the conscience-stricken husband. She looked so pale and wan that pity moved his heart, and he bent down and kissed her. Alas! no other emotion thrilled him, not even when she smiled in her sleep, and murmured his name, oh, so tenderly! She did not awaken, and presently he turned and left the house.

Three weeks dragged slowly by, and one morning, as the young mother sat by the window caressing her babe, Annette entered, her face glowing with excitement.

"Oh! ma'am!" she began, "you remember that beautiful marble villa, that you admire so much. Well, there's to be a grand party there to-night, that will surpass everything of the kind that has been given this season. Such great preparations as they are making! The grounds will look splendid. Just like enchanted land, for all the world!"

Her mistress smiled at her enthusiasm, but did not betray much interest in her tidings, so the kind-hearted girl went out again, muttering:

"Dear me! that I should ever live to see that proud spirit so broken! She used to be so bright and merry, and now nothing rouses her. I declare it makes me shiver to see her so calm and quiet like, with that sad look on her face;" and brushing a tear from her eye, she turned to her work.

Bianca sat very still after the door closed. Gradually a thoughtful expression stole over her countenance, as if she were meditating upon some project that had suddenly presented itself before her.

"Yes, I will do it!" she soliloquized. "There is no other way, and I must know the truth. This suspense is killing me. They will certainly be there; I will watch them and satisfy myself of his faithfulness, and then leave his roof forever; but my bitterest curse shall cling to him, a blight so deep and deadly that peace shall never dwell with him more. Ha! ha!" she added, with a mocking laugh, "I have no fears but what I can play my part and defy detection; and by my soul, I'll tell the dainty lady such a fortune as shall make her very lips whiten."

Oh, how the hours dragged that day! It seemed as if the sun looked in and smiled in derision upon her, and the birds sang their gayest notes, like demons jeering at her misery. At twilight she said to her maid, with an air of quiet determination:

"Annette, about nine o'clock I am going out for a little while, and I wish you to sit by the baby while I am gone; although I presume that she will not require any attention, as she will probably sleep during the time."

"Oh, Mrs. Mortimer!" exclaimed the girl in open-mouthed wonder. "You will certainly catch your death. This evening air will be very bad for you. If you want to walk, why not wait until morning, then it will do you good; besides, it isn't safe for you to be out alone."

"I believe that I did not ask your advice," replied her mistress, in her most freezing tone. "Another time do not offer it until it is required. I choose to go at the hour I have stated, and I am not at all fearful of being molested."

Night drew her veil of radiant stars above the sleeping earth. Lo! there were sounds of joy in a mansion grand. Regal jewels flashed, gorgeous robes glauced, and bright eyes laughed in gladness and mirth. Out on the lawn gliding forms moved to the music beat, and hearts that neither knew grief nor care grew proudly exultant at beauty's smile. In the shady walks and airy groves voices murmured soft and low, and the fountains chimed their glad perfume, and the flowers swung their censurs of perfume in the air.

Down one of the many paths that led to the river, came Reginald Mortimer, and leaning on his arm—her red lips wreathed with smiles, and her shining tresses floating in the breeze—was Ida Cleveland.

Very lovely she looked in her robe of white, with the sweet nurslings of Spring resting lightly on her golden curls. Truth was throned on that pure brow, and goodness beamed from the azure eyes.

A mossy rosebud in her belt became detached and fell to the ground. Her companion picked it up, saying:

"Suppose I claim this. Will you make me a present of it?"

She laughed.

"You can have it if you wish, although it is hardly worth keeping."

His brow clouded.

"I wish that you would n't speak in that tone. Here, take it. I don't want it, unless you can give it to me with the full knowledge that I shall cherish it as the most precious thing I've got, and gazing at it shall gather hope and courage to ask you some day for a greater boon."

"You are very particular," she said, and the white lids crept down to hide the tremulous joy that his words had evoked in the lustreous orbs, while the color flamed in her cheeks.

He watched her anxiously, and then smiled triumphantly, as with a frankness and a sweet, shy grace peculiarly her own, she laid the flower in his hand.

"Thank you, darling! you have made me very happy," and he bent down as if to snatch a kiss from the tempting lips; but at that instant the shrubbery parted, and a woman in the garb of a gipsy approached them.

A vague terror caused the maiden to shrink closer to her companion, while he whispered:

"It is some wandering Bohemian, probably. Likely she has been attracted by the lights and music, and thinks it a favorable opportunity to pursue her particular trade and reap a rich harvest."

The new comer had been regarding them with a fixed look, and now she said, in a deep, but strangely musical voice: "Would the lady be pleased to have her fortune told?"

"I suppose the Fates will not reveal themselves unless your palm is crossed with gold!" laughed Reginald.

"Oh, yes, they will. You see the moon is in a favorable quarter, to-night; and the honor of taking the hand of so fair a creature is compensation in itself."

"Upon my word, you understand the use of your tongue. Ida, did you ever receive a prettier compliment than that?"

She laughed, shook her head archly, and then turned her attention to the woman, who was already studying the lines on her palm.

For several minutes the silence was unbroken, and then the weird stranger raised her head, and as the girl met the gaze of those great, burning, unfathomable eyes, the very blood chilled in her veins.

"Well, what do you see?" queried Reginald, impatiently.

"That which is almost unlawful for me to utter," she replied, in a thrilling, sepulchral tone. "I behold a marriage altar, but 'tis draped in black. The air is thick with woe, and spirit-voices cry 'beware!' and, lady, as you value your eternal happiness, listen to the warning. The one that has called that soft bloom to your cheek, and kindled that tender love-light in your eye, is false and fickle as the changing wind. He has guided other feet, as trusting as your own, over the same path that you are traveling, and now has left them 'mid the black billows of despair. If you wed with him, your heart shall weep tears of blood, and canker shall eat deep into your soul. A curse clings to his garments, that shall follow him even into the Valley of Shadows; and its withering blight shall be cast over you. Now lift the forbidden cup to your lips if you dare," and she flung the jeweled handkerchief from her.

Her solemn earnestness inspired her auditors with a shivering awe. The young man's cheek blanched in spite of his stern self-control, while his companion, with a low moan, sank fainting upon the greensward. That sight recalled his scattered senses, and he sprang to her side, crying:

"Ida, dearest; my own darling, look up! Do not let that mummy affect you; it is all a farce. She cannot read the future." Then turning to the woman he angrily exclaimed, "what do you mean by terrifying the lady in this manner? Begone! or I will give you over to the authorities."

"It is well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new,"

she sang tauntingly.

With a muttered exclamation he dashed toward her, but she eluded his grasp, and raising her right hand called out:

"It is all a farce, then, is it, Reginald Mortimer? Well, God grant that it may soon become a tragedy. May the direst malediction that mortal lips can frame rest upon you. This is my farewell!" and with a wild, unearthly, hollow laugh she fled into the darkness.

"Oh, heavens! that must have been Bianca," he groaned, a cold shudder running through his frame. "What madness possessed her to come here, I wonder? How awfully she spoke. Her words thrill me yet; but I am foolish to remember them; they were only jealous ravings. Luckily I am not superstitious, or I might attach more importance to them than they deserve. I hope Ida's suspicions are not aroused; anyway, I trust I can allay them if they are," and with a smile and a jest that contrasted painfully with his pallid face, he returned to his fair companion.

In the mean time Bianca—for it was she—knelt in her frenzied anguish by the river-side. The fierce simoon of sorrow rushed madly over her soul, and gazing down into the bright, dimpling water, the temptation assailed her to flee life's goal; but the mother-love in her heart was mightier than those dark promptings; so after a time she arose and sped to her darling.

Entering the house, she found the weary maid asleep upon the lounge. With stealthy tread she glided into the next room, and bent over the couch of her slumbering infant.

"Oh, baby! you are all that is left me now," she murmured, her voice full of tears. "Even the All-Pitying has forgotten his miserable child. Come, my precious treasure! I am going forth like Hagar, into the wilderness. Better the cold sod and a crust of bread, than to live longer on his bounty. Curses on him! Oh, baby! my dagger almost sheathed itself in his coward heart, but the thought that he was thy father restrained me. Oh, that thy mother should have brought thee into the world to receive such an inheritance as this; but remember, my darling, that it was his hand that branded thy brow with shame." Then lifting the little one in her arms, she wrapped a shawl around her and passed out.

Annette stirred uneasily in her sleep, and was dimly conscious that a dark shadow flitted by her, and that a door closed; then she wandered back again into dream-land, while Bianca darted off into the blackness of the midnight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

BY J. G. SAGE.

Come, listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come, listen to me for a spell!
Let that terrible dumb
For a moment be dumb
For your uncle is going to tell
What he's got to say.

A youth who loved liquor too well,
A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
Ere he began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest!

The temperance plan is the best,
One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
He went to a tavern, one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"

What your aunt would entitle a "fright."
The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The viper but he—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl,
"How they crawl!
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up,
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physiced and bled;
And I read
Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad—
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

TO MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Dear sister of my spirit,
I have heard thy wailing low,
Stealing from mid the Northern hills—
A very throb of woe,
As, trembling, bending, writhing
Beneath affliction's rod,
Thy spirit feels it may not be
Submissive to its God.

But through this seeming weakness,
Reading thine inmost soul,
I see the angel purity,
Which hath thee in control;
We see the broken surface
Of the mountain streamlet's bed,
The plainer when that streamlet flows
From a pure fountain-head.

We know the inmost anguish
Of each mortal is his own—
That each with truth may say he treads
Life's wine-press all alone.
But just as well we know that God
Tries every human heart,
Till in Truth's resurrection
All share a conscious part.

Though oft I've deemed the "children
Of the mountains" suffer more
In the refining fire which brings
The treasure from the ore,
God's compensation whispers,
"Thou earnest!—thou shouldst know
That every trial corresponds
To strength to bear the woe!"

And when from out life's furnace
Each new-born soul shall rise,
Reflecting in its mirror depths
The glory of the skies,
No earthly cloud shall longer veil
Our Father's "golden sun,"
And we shall feel our chastened wills
With "His dear will" made one.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb., 1864.

Original Essays.

THE LIGHT OF THE COMING AGES.

BY J. M. ALLEN.

The world moves slowly. Time has brought man to his present position, and time will carry him far beyond it. Thus it is. The ages of the past have been fraught with discord, tumult and woe. The ages of the future will be fraught with joy, harmony and quietness. Not until man has passed through his initiatory unfoldment will he become ready for the full influx of spirit-light. Partial now as is his development, he cannot be flooded with divine influxes. The avenues of his soul are not yet opened sufficiently. He has so long been a child, that the stature of full manhood cannot in a moment be attained. The dwarfed soul cannot comprehend the fullness of healthful maturity; neither can the stunted life of humanity all at once be nourished into beautiful symmetry. The completeness of life is wanting; the full harmony of life is not yet attained. Why is the life of the present less harmonious than is desirable to loving minds? What is lacking? Who or what is responsible? These are questions worthy of answers. Are these conditions always to remain? Is there no remedy? What is it? How is the development of the human soul to be consummated? What are the means to be put in operation? Who are the prime movers in the great game of human life? These are also questions of serious import, and worthy of our consideration. Let us briefly direct our thoughts to the all-important topic of human destiny, and the means to be employed for its achievement.

There are many agencies employed by divine workers for the amelioration of human conditions. Among the most potent of these are childhood-infusions of spiritual tendencies, given direct from the angel-world by spirit-cultivators. These influences are most powerful, because they reach the latent elements of life, as they lie hidden in plastic souls just emerged from the darkness of pre-natalism. It is then that the powers are easily molded. It is then that life is most susceptible of change of direction. The child may be enlightened into an appreciation of the beautiful and lovely, the pure and the true; or it may be distorted into an unseemly mass of false development, misdirected desire and low ambition. It is in childhood that the powers are most easily trained. The infusion of habits of thought and action it is the province of spirit-cultivators to accomplish; and in the times of the coming dispensation the powers of childhood are to be acted upon in an especial manner. Not through external appliances is this to be done—not through processes of cramming and fettering the soul by false standards and modes of application, is this to be accomplished. The world needs something else than a *b c* distortion of childish intellects.

The first development of human powers after infancy is the stunting process of acquirement of a falsely-constructed Alphabet. This is looked upon by the world at large as the most necessary step next succeeding the prattling of early childhood. As soon as the infantile conditions have passed away, there commences an instilling of certain dogmas of the spelling-book. *A-b, ab*, is thought to be necessary for the child's harmonious growth, and all the intricacies of the most bunglesome of systems are straightway forced upon the attention of the weak and undeveloped child-mind. Thus the little one, in attempting to comprehend too much, becomes confused and weakened. Its powers, not assisted, not strengthened, but confused and shackled by such an unphilosophical method of development, refuse to exercise themselves in a legitimate manner upon more comprehensive subjects afterwards presented. Thus the human powers suffer great deterioration from the very beginning of external culture.

The life-principle is weak in childhood—at least in power of manifestation. Feeble at first, it becomes less and less possible for the child, trained as in the ordinary school, to exhibit any decided strength of mind without violation of the laws of health. Thus, again, the loss of moral impetus is a source of diminished progression of humanity. There is scarcely a soul but has been checked in its outward demonstrations by false processes of education, not the least injurious of which is the present foundation of literary culture, known as *Orthography*. The time must come when men will be content to acquire knowledge in harmonious and natural ways.

The world little thinks at the present time that in a few short years the present systems of education will be entirely overthrown. But so it is. The mission of Spiritualism is to elaborate just and beautiful systems of soul-culture, by which humanity may rise to its true plane of development. The mission of the present age of Spiritualism is to supply the foundation of all scholastic attainments

(this in the external), and next to bring the world upon the plane of spirituality, through the recognition of the spiritual forces now operating, whose head and source is the *Spiritual Congress*.

With the foundation supplied, just and liberal systems of education may be reared, not wanting in beauty, naturalness or comprehensiveness. With the *Spiritual Congress* recognized by the whole world as the legitimate source of earthly authority, the march of progress will be rapid beyond present comprehension. Governments will be unified, the peoples consolidated, languages merged to oneness, and the whole world of regenerated nationalities and individualities be happy in the conscious communion of angels.

The true foundation of literary culture is and must be a *philosophical Alphabet*, whose provisions are such that the peculiarities of speech are accurately represented to the eye. All the elementary sounds of human speech must be provided for, else the scheme is defective. Every shade of character must be indicated, all the relations of the sounds to each other, and the gradual unfoldment of a true system of Phonics be shown clearly by the configuration and other characteristics of the element-representatives, or letters. No sound must be omitted. Each must be provided with a representative.

No system of Ethics, Metaphysics or Religion has ever been devised, so absurd, illiberal, uncouth and defective as the present systems of Orthography. This is especially true of English Orthography, which in a vast majority of cases is entirely inadequate to the correct representation of the spoken word.

Thus the first work for Spiritualists to do, in the reconstruction of society conditions on earth, is to provide a new system of sound-representation. Until this is done, the foundation is wanting of the Grand Temple of Truth, in which the future denizens of earth are to worship. Until this is done, mankind must still grope in the darkness of unphilosophical instruction. Let the world be utilized in theory by the practical adoption in America of the *Universal Alphabet*. Other nations will "fall in" in due time, in the "grand march" of humanity toward the goal of perfection; and as time rolls on, the glories of a true system of soul-culture be revealed from the angel-world, as far eclipsing the crude un-systems of the present day as light, darkness.

Oh that the world might be rejuvenated in a moment! Would that the fires of Wisdom might be made to burn with the brilliancy of Celestial Perfection over all the fair lands of earth with a few short years of effort. But time is necessary. The slow-moving car of progress will require centuries for the reaching of the goal of Harmony Universal; and even then the world has only commenced its onward march. The dawning of Wisdom from the celestial spheres is upon us, oh brothers and sisters of the nineteenth century. The world stands waiting, wondering. What shall we do, that the infusion of Love and Wisdom from the shining realms above be not checked in the future as in the past? Supply the foundation of literary culture. Adopt the *Universal Alphabet*, oh Spiritualists of America and the world! The *Spiritual Congress* waits for this, or it shall begin its work of culture.

The glories of the future are too resplendent for our vision. Let us turn from them to the practical duties of the present hour. Recognize the *Spiritual Congress*. Adopt the *Universal Alphabet*. East Bridgewater, Mass., March 9, 1864.

"GOD IS LOVE."

The God of Nature, and the God all should adore is a God of love. All his works are governed by the laws of love. The many blessings with which we are surrounded, he extends to us in love, and he also teaches us in the great book of Nature, which is so widely diffused round about us, and from which we all get the knowledge of the true light, that he is a God of love; for if we would only study this book with his earnest desire to understand its teachings, every leaf, every page would unfold a new light, which would not only lead our minds to the Creator, but would elevate them far above the dark, troubled waters of this life to that shining light above, where all is governed by the great law of love; and he would have us govern all our actions by the same great law. Oh, there is naught in this great and beautiful book that does not teach us that God is love. The smallest flower at our feet teaches us this, for it perfumes the air all around with its fragrance, while it lifts its tiny head toward God in praise; its very brightness seems to say, God is love. Then the little warbler, as he tunes his throat to give forth his morning song, sings, God is love. Then we should strive to understand these teachings which surround us in everyday life, and also govern our motives by them, if we would have our lives bright and happy, and all live in unity here; for while there is so much strife, envy, jealousy and hypocrisy dwelling among us, all will be disunion, war and bloodshed. But when we are governed by right, our actions by love, as God designed. Then all will be happiness on earth. Then will spirits have performed their mission among the people of earth. Then will the Millennium have dawned, and all will be perfect, and all can see and talk with spirits face to face. Oh, happy thought, God is love.

A. V. G.

THOMAS STARR KING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The great work laid upon his two-score years in done, and well done. If we drop our tears Who loved him as few men were ever loved. We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan With him whose life stands rounded and approved In the full growth and stature of a man. Mingle, oh, bells, along your Western slope; With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope! Wave cheerily still, oh, banner, half-way down, From thousand-masted bay and steeped town! Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell That the brave sower sowed his ripened grain. Oh, East and West, oh, morn and sunset twain No more forever!—has he lived in vain Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

An Opinion.

As there are so many expressing their opinions through the mediumship of the *BANNER* on the "All Right" question, will you allow me, Mr. Editor, to ventilate mine through the same channel? Whatever is, is right, and whatever is, is wrong. Both sides of the question are equally true; everything is right to its condition, and wrong to all others. It is right for a serpent to crawl on its belly, for a horse to go on all fours, for a man to walk erect, for one man to be a Hindoo, another a Catholic, another a Presbyterian, another a Spiritualist, and for me to believe that spirit and matter is an interchanging principle, the same thing in different conditions operating through all forms. All are right to their conditions, and wrong to all others. Where there is a perfect equilibrium of forces, all is right; the destruction of it makes all wrong.

Westfield, N. Y.

The Meeting in Behalf of the Indians.

HELD IN U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In response to a call for a meeting on the 9th inst., in the Hall of the U. S. House of Representatives, in behalf of the Indians, a very respectable number of persons assembled.

The meeting was organized by the election of the Rev. A. V. H. Powell, late of New York, as Chairman, and L. F. Peaslee, as Secretary. In the absence of Gov. John Ross and Dr. Steeck, the Rev. Mr. Jones—long a missionary among the Cherokees—took the floor, and gave a detailed statement of the deplorable and almost starving condition of this unhappy people, suffering both at the hands of the rebels and the Union troops. Their fields are laid waste, their cattle carried off, and they left in the most destitute condition. The women and children were driven to pick up the grains of corn and oats left after feeding the Union horses.

Gov. Ross is now in Philadelphia, asking from that philanthropic city, relief and sympathy in behalf of this suffering and much injured people—ruined by their fidelity to the Union.

The Rev. Mr. Jones was followed by Father Beeson, who stated that in 1861, three Commissioners were appointed by the Government to visit the Indian country, and to examine into and report upon their treatment and condition. Their names are Judge Wattles, of Kansas, Judge Day, of Minnesota, and Dr. White, of Oregon. Their reports, which are of a most startling character in relation to the frauds practiced upon the red man, are not, as yet, for some cause, permitted to come before the public. Upon this Father Beeson spoke with much earnestness, and hoped these facts would soon come out, together with ample testimony now on hand, that this doubly wronged and oppressed people might receive from the hands of this nation what the plainest dictates of common justice and humanity demand.

Judge Day followed, and read a portion of the pastoral address of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, charging upon disloyal persons, and the mismanagement of Government Agents, the terrible outbreak in that State. Judge Day also gave a brief sketch of his visit among the various tribes of the Northwest. The imposition and robbery constantly practiced upon the Indians. He specified several individual cases coming within his personal observation; and when he thought upon these things, he trembled at the fearful account we have yet to settle with our red brothers. He dilated upon the way Indian Agents become suddenly rich on small salaries, and urged that now was the time to examine into the condition of the Indians—that there was great mismanagement and great injustice somewhere; and what he most earnestly desired was, that a true statement of the facts might come before the whole country, which could not fail to arouse a moral majesty of power that would never slumber until the rights of the Indians are respected.

After which Father Beeson rose, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF FATHER BEESON.

Mr. Chairman—I rise with pleasure, because I feel a confidence that the place and purpose for which we are assembled will give inspiration and success to the efforts which this meeting will call forth. We have met, sir, to give expression to a proper Christian sentiment in behalf of the Indians, who live under the control of our Government. And in order to understand the subject clearly, we will consider it under three heads: 1st, What is implied by a proper expression of Christian sentiment. 2d, In what way can the expression be made a practical benefit to the Indians, and to the country at large. 3d, Reasons for the immediate adoption of the measures which are proposed.

By a proper Christian sentiment, we understand something in perfect harmony with the precepts and example of Jesus Christ. If he taught truth, purity, love and justice, then Christians should manifest in all things the same traits to their fellow man. If Christ became poor to make man rich, then Christians should part with their treasure to make glad the poor and desolate. If Christ manifested a patience and a love that never tired, so Christians should exercise a forbearance and a charity that never falter, and which is without partiality, for God is no respecter of persons. I am fully aware, Mr. Chairman, that in presenting those propositions which are taught in every Sabbath-School, and more or less from every pulpit, and from every press in the land, that they are regarded as divine truths by every Christian throughout the world. And yet nothing is more notorious than that while these propositions are held as true in theory, they are not applied in practice. And hence the first principles of the doctrines of Christ, enjoined in the "love of our neighbor," "in doing as we would be done unto," "in forgiving, that we may be forgiven," and in letting our light so shine that the poor Indians may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven, are ignored, and not thought as being Christian duties which we owe to the Indians the same as to any other race of mankind.

There is, Mr. Chairman, a very prevalent opinion that the Government, and the churches, have done all that reasonably can be done for the civilization and protection of the aboriginal race within the limits of our States and Territories, and it is supposed that the fact of their rapid decrease is a proof that it is a decree of God, or a fixed destiny, that the Indian race should perish from the earth. Many, even good people, believe that because Missionaries have given them Bibles, sermons, and prayers, and that inasmuch as they do not forthwith become Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or church-going of some kind, that they are therefore Pagans and reprobates. A very eminent clergyman said to me only a few days since, that Government should give to each Indian head of the family, eighty acres of land, and make him cultivate it, or let him starve, or else kill him.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman, it has been my good fortune to have an opportunity to observe and to study Indian character and habits from their own standpoint, and the conviction which I feel is the reverse of that which is so commonly entertained. I cannot look upon the Indian as being naturally obtuse in intellect, or more savage in his nature than mankind in general. I believe that if any given member of our own race had been subjected to the same treatment and surroundings as the Indians have been, there would be the same restlessness and lack of industry and thrift manifested in one race, as much as in the other.

I further believe, that when unperturbed by contact with the pioneers of our so-called Christian civilization, that they are not only a religious people, having a belief in the Good Spirit as saving to them as the cultivated nations of the world, but that they also possess some of the finest traits which make man noble and great. It is a well known fact, that many persons who have been raised amidst the industry and refinement of civ-

lized life, adopt the home and habits of the Indian. They feel the superior charm of a forest life over the artificial conventionalisms of the city throng. To them the music of the murmuring brook, the song of the birds, the beauty of foliage and flowers, and the sounds of the grand old mountains and rivers, and green hills and fertile valleys teeming with game, and fish and fruit, are far preferred to the noise, bustle and splendor, and poverty which abound where churches and palaces, prisons and pauper-houses are the most numerous.

The wild Indian cannot see any advantage in the change of conditions, and the attempt, therefore to force them into the reception of creeds, and the adoption of modes of life for which Nature and education have rendered them incapable, is at once inhuman and unchristian.

History tells us that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were eight hundred years in contact with Roman civilization before they made any progress in arts and sciences; and for the Indians to jump in a day, or in a generation, from the savage to the civilized being, is an impossibility. The fact of their almost entire extinction from our Eastern and Middle States, while they still predominate in the South and Central America, and in Mexico, is proof positive that this forcing process on the part of our people, is the real cause of their fading away from our midst; for it is as unreasonable to expect the flower and the fruit to bloom and to ripen under the dark shades of the forest, where the life-giving light and warmth of the sun can never reach them, as to expect the Indians to compete with the white man without commercial or fraternal relationship, or human sympathy, or civil protection from the communities that surround them; and more especially when, instead of this they are for the most part surrounded and overwhelmed by influences which would deprave and destroy the best specimens of humanity which live on the earth.

There is then a great meaning, a grand significance in the purpose contemplated by this meeting to-night. It is not merely to express regret for the past wrongs which the Indians have suffered—neither is it to propose any measures of a nature that will prove a mere experiment and a failure, like so many that have already been tried. But it is, sir, to give such a proper expression of Christian sentiment, that will recognize them as men and brothers, and their nation as one of the distinct families of nations of the earth, entitled to respect and perpetuity, precisely the same as any other nation which God has formed.

Having shown in what a proper expression of Christian sentiment consists, I now come to the second proposition to show in what way this expression can be made, so as to be of practical benefit both to the Indian and our nation at large. The first thing to be done is a hearty and spontaneous resolve by the people that the Indians shall have their rights, shall have justice, shall have protection, and for this purpose I beg leave to offer the following as an expression of that resolve:

1 Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed by this meeting, to wait upon the President of the United States, with a memorial to the effect that he issue a proclamation for a general amnesty, to all the Indian tribes who have been guilty of offenses against the Government and people of the United States, as early as possible after receiving this notice.

2 Resolved, That the Secretary of the Interior, and members of the Senate and House of Representatives, with a memorial signed by the Chairman and Secretaries of this meeting, asking that a special Joint Committee be appointed to carry out the instructions contained in a Resolution which was offered by the Hon. H. Maynard, and unanimously adopted on the 5th of December, 1862, instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to ascertain the cause of Indian difficulties, to inquire whether traders and agents defrauded the Indians, whether the treaties were complied with, and whether the settlers respected their rights, or whether they had any cause whatever for complaint against the people and Government of the United States.

3 Resolved, That the Joint Committee, when appointed, make special inquiry whether Gen. Sully and Gen. Sibley in the Southwest, and Gen. Carlton in New Mexico, did or did not go beyond their orders in the slaughter of defenceless Indians.

4 Resolved, That Committees be appointed by this meeting to act under the authority of the President of the United States, in calling four great Indian Councils—one in the country of the Cherokees, one in the most central place, for the convenience of the Northwest tribes, one in New Mexico, and one in Washington Territory.

5 Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, no treaties should be made, and no money for any purpose whatever should be appropriated on Indian accounts, except what is necessary for their subsistence, until after the Councils have been held, and their conditions and needs fully understood.

6 Resolved, That a Treasurer be appointed, and subscriptions solicited so that the Commissioners may be sustained by the people, and go to the proposed Indian Councils, accompanied by such persons as will carry the best fraternal feeling of our race for the Indians, and also to counsel with the Indians as to the practicality of associating themselves into four branches of our United Confederation, for mutual support and improvement in art and science, and in commerce, under the administration of their own laws and government, subject only to the United States as a friendly, dependent ally, having a Secretary of the Indian Department at Washington, instead of the Indian Bureau as at present.

Mr. Chairman—The Resolutions which I have just read, are the result of close and mature observation and study, and I need only offer a simple statement of a few facts, by way of argument for their unanimous adoption.

About one year ago a lady lecturer addressed a large audience in the lecture-room of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, in the course of which she spoke of the Indians of Minnesota as being no better than wolves and wildcats. And in a letter which she wrote for publication in the newspapers of that state, she says that while she "was urging the right of the people to hunt and shoot, and to set poison-baits to kill the Indians, the same as they would rattle-snakes or panthers, the audience applauded so loud and long that it seemed as though they hardly knew how to stop." And in another letter, which appeared in the St. Cloud Democrat of February 26, 1864, she gives an account of how the lecture-room was obtained for her use. After stating that the entire delegation from Minnesota (a full dozen) had tried, and for various reasons had failed to obtain a place for her to speak in, at last, (to use her own language) "the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the United States Senate, came to me to know why I had not lectured in the lecture-room of his church, after he had gone personally to the trustees and obtained their consent."

Now, Mr. Chairman, I do not wish to do injustice to the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the Senate of the United States. I do not believe that he intended to give his countenance to sentiments so barbarous and diabolical. But the fact that such sentiments were uttered and went forth all over the country, seemingly under the auspices of himself and his church, to the great injury of the poor Indians, and to the debasement of public morals by the outrages which they encouraged, and the fact that he has made no public explanation or denial to the contrary, leaves the impression that he really did endorse and patronize a war of extermination, with all the horrors which such a war involves.

I am sorry, Mr. Chairman, that Dr. Sunderland is not here, to unite with us in the expression of a more Christian sentiment. I am sorry, sir, that all the pastors of this city who were invited for this purpose are not here.

It is but just to the Indian and to humanity at large and to national honor, that such wicked and cruel sentiments should be counteracted by as high authority as that which made them current. One whole year, sir, have these sentiments of blood and crime desolated our borders and hardened the hearts of our people, until, reckless of all decency and of shame, the officials in the state of Minnesota publish in their daily papers, a standing offer of two hundred dollars for each Indian warrior which had assassinated a murder on their own domains, and one of their papers affirms that the Indians have no right whatever to the soil they occupy, or to an existence among civilized

people. And whether the chaplain of the United States Senate intended it or not, these facts stare us in the face, telling us on every hand that the soil, reddened by the blood of slaughtered Indians, like the blood of Abel, cries to Heaven for vengeance. And now, sir, it is for this audience and for this nation to be saved (if saved at all) by saving others, by the expression of sentiments practically carried out in harmony with the teaching of him who is the Savior of the world.

But some will ask, "Are the proposed measures practicable, and will it pay?" I answer, in regard to the first question, that nothing is required but what our people are doing all the time. There is not a philanthropic institution, there is not a bank or a railroad, or an association for any good purpose, but what has been established by means similar to that we have proposed; so that it is certain if there is a will, there is a way.

But will it pay? I answer by asking, "Does it pay to build churches and school houses? and to sustain pastors and religious teachers? and to print Bibles and tracts under present conditions?" If it does, then we affirm it will pay incalculably better when the protection of our Indian neighbor is ranked among the list of Christian duties. For until that is done, our children and youth know that their rulers and teachers live in violation of the command to love our neighbor, and they soon become callous to moral obligations in general. And so long as the Indians are kept as the hapless victims for lust and avarice and all ungodliness, the reaction upon our people, stifles the good, moral influence of all our learning and all our religion.

I again ask, does it pay to send missionaries to the Isles of the sea and to the ends of the earth? Then how much better would it pay to surround the ignorant at home with good examples and with all the necessary conditions for protection and elevation. Whereas, so long as the Indians are left to starvation and to perish through neglect, it seems in vain for us to instruct the world in the great principles of love and mercy.

But aside from any considerations of a religious nature, it will pay far better to cultivate peace and friendship with the aborigines, who possess a native-born love of the soil, and are more interested in its defence than foreign emigrants, and they are also better adapted (under proper encouragement) to develop its most valuable staple products. This is manifest from a careful examination of the habits and attainments of many tribes. We learn from the published Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1864, that the Territory of Arizona has been in the possession of the United States during the last fifteen years, and that it has cost the Government three million dollars annually in campaigns against the Indians in that Territory, and that notwithstanding this enormous expenditure to subdue the Indians, they have captured during the last three years, five hundred thousand sheep, and five thousand horses and mules and cattle, besides a vast amount of other property, and the destruction of many of our citizens.

The first American Indian Agent who went among these Indians, reports of them that they are too far advanced in civilization to be called Indians; that they raise vast herds of horses and cattle and sheep, and all the common products of the farm, and that they live in villages, under a well-organized government; and notwithstanding all this, they have been abused and crushed, as though they had no rights which the white American should regard.

The traitor Marney, about four years ago, came to New York as a self-declared representative from Arizona, and in a public lecture which he gave before the Historical Society in that city, spoke of these Indians (the Navajos) as "savages that must be either fed or killed," for our people were rapidly taking possession of their fertile valleys. It seems the killing process was adopted, for a letter was afterwards published, in which it said that in a campaign of a few weeks, our troops had slaughtered five thousand of their sheep, eight hundred of their horses and cattle, and burnt down a thousand of their houses, and destroyed hundreds of Indians. And the Indian Agent for New Mexico reports that there has been the most cruel and unjust war of extermination against them carried on this last summer. The Indians say that they have never suffered so much in all the records of their history as at this time; that the misery and terror of their people is beyond conception; for the Military Commander of that district, not content with bringing soldiers from California and New Mexico, has set the Apaches and the Pueblos to war upon them and to kill them.

Mr. Chairman, it is difficult to find words strong enough to point out the folly and the suicidal policy which has been practiced toward these people, and it may well be said, if there had been no negro slavery, the oppression of the Indians alone is sufficient to bring upon our nation all the tribulations that are now upon us, and I can see no way to save either ourselves or the remnants of the Indian race but by a proper expression of Christian sentiment; and instead of the expenditure of millions to repel and destroy the natives of the land, they would soon form flourishing communities and marts of trade, and become a source of strength and a glory to the country. Similar results would come from fair dealing with all the tribes; so that the plan we have proposed is not only practical, but it will pay.

The above Resolutions were unanimously adopted, and a Committee, in accordance with instructions therein contained, appointed to wait upon the President with a memorial, and also to present a memorial to members of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Chairman now rose, and said he must be permitted to offer a word of explanation for the Rev. Dr. Sumner, who was not here to speak for himself, and that was that he (the Chairman) should sincerely regret to have anything go out from this meeting that might be construed to the prejudice of that eminent brother, whose known reputation was that of broad philanthropy, and sympathy with the oppressed everywhere.

The meeting then adjourned.

L. F. PEASLEE, Secretary.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The English language must appear "fearfully and wonderfully made" to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said, "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a flock of sheep was called a flock. And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, a host of porpoises is called a school, and a school of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of warships is called a fleet, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentle-folks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular public.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit Manifestation.

Great truths often lie hidden beneath the veil of mystery. These require thinking and progressive minds to penetrate that veil, and bring them forth to light. And facts, illustrative of these truths, are required to convince not only the skeptical, but earnest and enlightened inquirers. One fact, among many others which has occurred in my own life, particularly illustrative of the truth and beauty of Spiritualism, I will give you.

I was seated one evening in our home at Hickory Hill, thinking deeply about my prospects in the future—no work on hand, and not the least prospect of obtaining any—when my hand was suddenly controlled to write these words: "Take thy staff and go wheresoever thy impressions shall lead thee, and we will conduct thee to where employment shall be obtained." I thought but little about this for nearly two weeks, when I was suddenly impressed to visit Philadelphia. My wife and myself determined then to visit a sister in the city, and see what would result from my impressions. We went to the house of a friend, C. Hambleton Everett, in the evening, before taking the cars for Philadelphia. While holding a circle there for spirit manifestations, I saw before me a picture, or map of a section of country that was entirely new to me, with the impression that it was the place where I could obtain employment. I saw it distinctly in all its parts—the public roads, water-courses, bridges, dwelling-houses, and a mill in which I could get work, the interior of which I particularly examined and described to my friends. This made a deep impression on my mind.

The next morning we went to the city, and started out in search of a spirit-medium, in the hope of obtaining some solution of this mystery. We found one who was an entire stranger to us. After being in her presence a short time, she told me the spirit of my father had spread that view before me, that he was unable to tell me where it was, but that he could and would direct me to it, if I would follow my impressions. This was such strong evidence to me, that I concluded to follow it. After arriving home, I got on my horse to start, not knowing which way to turn his head, but feeling assured that the spirit which spread that vision before me, and told me to "go wheresoever thy impressions shall lead thee," would direct me aright, I started, and took such roads as my impressions directed, passed through a part of country I had not seen before, and finally came to the place I had seen in my vision, about twenty-five miles from home. I stood almost dumbfounded. Here was everything just as had been presented to my view. The mill, and house close by, with a broken pane above the door, which was to designate the house I should enter to inquire for work. I entered, met the proprietor and told him my business. Imagine my feelings, if you can, when, to crown all, he told me I was just the man he wanted, that he wished one immediately to run his mill at least one year. With a heart filled with gratitude for this, the fulfillment of my vision, and the fair prospects of receiving a competency for the maintenance of my family, I entered upon my labors, removed my family in a short time, and, suffice it to say, that mutual satisfaction has been given, and that we are now doing well.

Downington, Pa.

[R. C. Smedley, M. D., West Chester, Pa., is well acquainted with Mr. Michener, and vouches for the truth of the above narration.]

Remarkable Cases of Healing.

Not being a believer in modern Spiritualism—in fact, I cannot say that I am a disbeliever, from the fact that I have not investigated it sufficient to receive or reject it—consequently will have but little to say in regard to its truth or falsity; but I am a constant reader of the BANNER, and find many truths in it. My object in writing you this article is this: I wish to say a word in regard to an old Spiritualist. I have reference to Dr. J. M. Ozier, of Olivesburg, Richland Co., Ohio, who styles himself a healing medium. I think it nothing more than due to him, for I believe him to be honest in his pretensions and business transactions. As I said before, he claims to be a healing medium, and never consults any of the old medical authors, and I am inclined to think that their is some truth in it, for his medicines and practice are so much different from all others, and he has taken cases which baffled the skill of the regulars, and has effected a cure.

I will give you two instances of his success, which came under my own observation. The first was a case of asthma, a case of twelve years' standing, being a boy of seventeen years. When he was taken in charge by Dr. Ozier, his weight was seventy pounds. I have often seen him turn black in the face in his effort to draw breath. His shoulders were thrown up almost to his ears; his chest protruded, and he had lost all relish for food, and had not laid in bed for twelve months. After having been treated by the healing medium for two months, he regained his health, and the last I heard from him he weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

The next case was one of rheumatism, of a boy twelve years of age. The boy had become very much reduced; his legs had become crooked, the muscles becoming contracted so that he could not straighten them. The treatment was by simply laying on of hands. Whenever the medium's hands would come in contact with any part of the patient, the muscles would fairly dance, and in a few days, after the boy was under his treatment, he would place the boy in another room, and by the medium moving his hand, the muscles would move as before. A perfect cure was effected in three weeks.

I could give many other cases, but deem it unnecessary, for what I have witnessed is sufficient to satisfy any mind that it is worthy of a trial.

Yours, R. D. S.

Jackson, Mich.

From the Springfield Republican.

Message from Edgar A. Poe.

If the "spiritual writing manifestations" are a delusion, they are getting to be something more—something approaching a very ingenious, persistent and unscrupulous attempt to palm an utter fraud upon the credulous, by men of rare power and genius. From recent developments in this quarter, we are led inevitably, by the plainest deductions of reason and common sense, to the conclusion that there is little or no self-deception in the matter. Either the manifestations are of the general nature that they claim to be, viz—those of other than incarnate intelligences, or they are the result of a studied deception, and guilty collusion, unequalled in the world's history.

The last number of the Spirit Messenger contains a message and a poem, purporting to have been dictated from the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. The poem, and the prose message introducing it, challenge attention at once, by their intrinsic literary merit, and by a marvelously close alliance to the style of versification, thought and genius of the author from whose spirit they are alleged to have emanated. They were communicated through the "writing medium," Lydia Fanny. We ask for these productions a close examination, by all who have

studied the erratic genius of Poe, who, whether good, bad or indifferent, as a writer, never had a parallel. We may over-rate these productions, yet while we are aware of certain blemishes in the measure, they appear to us to be steeped in the every spirit of Poe, whether they emanated from his spirit or not. The allusion to the "fair spirit-spasm," a phrase most felicitous in describing Poe's life of darkness; the "hideous but alluring fancies" in which he groined and on which he gloated, the incidental, hardly perceptible allusion to that one soul that haunted all his poems—the "Lost Lenore"—all tend to show that it is the work of a rare master of deception, a most thorough adept in art, or that it is precisely what it claims to be.

We present these productions without further comment, simply remarking that regarded as a curiosity in literature, we have not seen its equal in many a day.

"Listen to me and I will tell you of beautiful things—of thoughts both wild and tender, both soothing and tumultuous, which dwell in a human heart." A question which has moved the minds of millions is, "What is the end and aim of imagination?"—for what was it implanted in the human organization? What was my own? but a vortex rushing within itself, upon whose brink I could seem to stand and see what was being swallowed and reproduced—thorns, jagged rocks, beautiful flowers—all in the whirl of this ceaseless current merged.

O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit-spasm!
Wrought by unrelaxed passion,
In my heart,
Fancies, hideous, but alluring,
Love pure, but unenduring,
From time to time securing
Each a part.

Then embraced by seraph hands—
Drawn by tender, loving hands
From those treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair.
How my soul was waked to gladness
And east off the deadening sadness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there.

Then came dreams so soft and holy,
Over roses wandering slowly,
With sweet music stealing lowly
To my ear.
Hark! I hear—I hear her calling,
In tones no more of wailing,
But in dewy sweetness falling—
"Here—up here!"

Thanks, Great Heaven, I am stronger—
Slave to earthly lust no longer,
I am free,
O, this lightness! O, this brightness!
O, this pure and heavenly whiteness!
Away the gloom,
Freed from earth and sin forever,
Death can us no more discover,
Humbly thank Great God together,
Thou and me."

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGELS EVERYWHERE.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

In the deep and lonely forest,
Mid its dim and shadowy aisles,
Where man's footstep seldom wanders,
And the sunlight scarcely smiles—

In the deep and solemn silence
Of its voiceless solitude,
Walk the bright and blessed angels
From the Paradise of God.

On the blue, mysterious ocean,
When the trembling spirit shrinks
From the tempest's wild commotion,
Fearing lest the slender links

Which confine it to its casiot,
Should by one brief stroke be riven.
Even there, upon the billows,
Walk those messengers of heaven,

By their gentle presence bringing
Peace to wanderers tempest-driven,
And with words of comfort cheering
Those who long with woe have striven.

In the poor and humble cottage,
Where God's lowly children dwell,
And to Him with trusting spirits
All their joys and sorrows tell;

There, too, from the realms of glory
Of com seraphs fair and bright,
Breathing words of peace and comfort,
Shedding rays of cheering light.

In the chamber of the dying,
By the bed of wasting pain,
Waiting till the struggling spirit
Shall cast off its earthly chain;

Gliding o'er the lonely pathway
Leading through the sombre tomb,
With bright beams of glory borrowed
From their own resplendent home,

Come the band of angel spirits,
Whom our Father in his love
Sends to guide us to the mansions
Which he has prepared above.

In each dark night of deep despair,
When no mortal ear is listening
To our spirit's anguished prayer—

In the hour of fierce temptation,
When the allied powers of sin
Are contending for the mastery
O'er the good which dwells within—

Still the angels hover round us,
Smiling on each victory won
O'er the syren powers of evil,
Weeping o'er the good undone.

Thus our earthly life is guarded
By their gentle ministry;
While they wait to be our convoy
To the blessed land on high;

Nor is their blest mission ended
When we reach the heavenly height,
And behold the shining portals
Open to that world of light.

But while years on years eternal,
Speed their round of love and joy,
Shall we learn of them, our teachers,
That sweet lore which ne'er doth cloy—

Till, at length, all pure and stainless,
We their perfect glory share—
Meet, that mansion to inhabit,
And their blessed name to wear.

Lecturers wanted in the West.

Mr. H. Linton, writing from Leland, La Salle Co., Ill., says: "If any lecturer should pass over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and could make it convenient to stop at Leland and give one or more lectures, I might be the means of doing much good. I could not warrant very much pay, but this much we will say, if they will accept of such accommodations as our humble dwelling affords, they shall be welcome as long as they stay."

If we are loved by those around us, we can easily bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar regions.

Correspondence.

Cottage Home.

Once more on leave of absence for a few days from my field of labor, I am enabled to rest under my own roof with my family all around me—except the one in the army, who is still on duty at Louisiana. The country here has not suffered by the severity of winter, as much as more western and south-western sections. The fruit and peach trees are hurt some; but the winter has been short and sharp—but little snow—and spring, with its birds and early flowers, has already come on, and in the March.

It has been quite healthy here compared to some sections I have visited. But one little incident which occurred a few rods from my house, is worthy of record, and as it is connected with health, I will relate it here as one of the signs of the times.

A little boy of less than nine years' residence in this world, left his body yesterday—which will be religiously consigned to its kindred earth to-morrow—and went to live with his mother among the angels. His mother died when he was but a few months old, and he has since been under the care of the aunt and uncle who took good care of him, not once neglecting his religious instruction. A few days before he died, and when he was quite well, he told the family he had seen his mother, and that she told him he was coming to live with her, but he did not want to go; he had rather stay with his aunt. He described the mother correctly—her hair, dress, etc., so they acknowledged he must have received correct information from some source, and although he told all, with religious honesty, their religion would not allow them to believe it was the spirit of his mother telling him the truth and calling him home to her.

These innovations of spirits into religious families of late, are becoming so common the sectarian walls are beginning to give way, and are many years they will be like Port Sumner, tenable only under ground. Michigan can be easily and readily regenerated out of orthodoxy by twenty or thirty able speakers and as many good test mediums; and it would have been before now, had it not been for the bugbear of free-love, which the sectarian devotees use unscrupulously, and the corrupt and sensual use as a cloak and shield to hide themselves, and keep off the searching scrutiny of spirits and mediums.

When the mask falls off, and Mrs. Grundy is obliged to show her face beside the abused reformers, we shall all see where the sore spot is, and why there has been so much croaking about free-love and free passion, as this is now the great stumbling-block, and the fabled Cerberus that lies at the gate to keep the honest seeker from walking the streets of the Celestial kingdom.

To-morrow I return to my post at Chicago, where our cause is on the ascending scale of progression.

WARREN CHASE.

Cottage Home, near Battle Creek, Mich., March 11.

A Silver Wedding.

Have you ever visited Rochester?—Rochester, city of churches, creeds and flour-mills, of canals and bridges, of broad streets and slippery sidewalks, of occasional sunshine and frequent storms, the proportion of the latter to the former being as seven to one? (Do the sailors on board of the Ohio still grumble about the seven water grog, as in days of yore? As Mrs. Nickleby would say, the weather reminded me of this.) Rochester being the birthplace of modern Spiritualism, I expected to find regular lectures, and a living interest in our beautiful faith. I was disappointed in my expectations; but I have found ardent believers, and true ones, too. And this brings me to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Butler, whose hospitality has been extended to every speaker who has ever visited this city. Their silver wedding was celebrated on Saturday, Feb. 13th. Invitations were extended to many parts of the free North. Many came, few remained at home. Detroit and Boston, Albany and Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia, Lockport, Syracuse, Amsterdam and Hamburg sent their representatives to this joyous festival. Each one brought a silver token of friendship. Singing, dancing and good cheer made minutes of hours. Time flew. Love ruled the hour. New friendships were made, old ones cemented more firmly, experiences compared, and each gave new strength to the other—strength to be loving and charitable to all—strength to bear all the ills (so-called) of this life that we may be prepared, when the angel calls, to go up higher, where broader fields of labor await us, where we may be unceasingly active that the kingdom may come on earth as it is in heaven.

K. A. W.

Rochester, N. Y., 1864.

Dedication in Quincy, etc.

I find myself in this granite town, surrounded with kind and loving friends, with hearts as strong in their purposes for Right and Truth as are the rocky hills around them. I have been here as a lecturer many times within the past four or five years, and always felt good when with them.

Mr. Clint Rogers, one of the pioneers of our cause, has bought a church, and had it neatly fitted up for use within the past few months, and on Thursday, March 3d, it was dedicated, not to Spiritualism or any other ism, but, thank God, to humanity and free speech! Had you been present to hear the remarks made on the occasion, you would have been satisfied that it was no mockery, for such thoughts as rolled forth from inspired lips were enough to rouse the combativeness of conservatism and old bigotry almost to resistance.

N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, made the opening speech, and, as usual, his true, aspiring soul caught the inspiration from the altar of Truth, which fell in sparkling thoughts of beauty. He was followed by the writer, who occupied some time, and then came Lizzie Doten, of whom I need only say she gave forth her rich thoughts with that deep, earnest tone that ever wins its way to human hearts. The music was good, and with the bright sunshine pouring in upon us live waves of spiritual truth, the morning exercises were closed.

In the evening, the first remarks were made through the organism of Mrs. A. P. Brown. Many beautiful thoughts were given. Then came forth the delicate form of Charlie Hayden, which became lit up with such living, burning inspiration, that it almost seemed as though he could not be mortal. His beautiful acknowledgment of his mother's love and guidance, though still embodied, brought tears to many eyes. May that mother's love continue to unfold his manhood, so that he may never prove false to other relations. Then came Mrs. A. M. Spence, with her battle-axe of Truth, giving utterance to such as her true soul dictated. Her remarks, followed with music, closed the services of dedicating the "Rogers Chapel" to the cause of Humanity and Free Speech. I hope that although that platform may be given to the use of conflicting thoughts, like contending armies meeting, the warfare thereof may be sustained with as much unity of feeling as pervaded our recent Convention in Boston. Then it will not become divided in itself, but will stand.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Quincy, Mass., March 3, 1864.

The Hiding Place.

With pleasure I hail the introduction of a consistent horseback dress for woman—one in which she can ride naturally, safely and comfortably. Long have I been wishing for time to speak on the subject, and exert some influence, if possible. Thanks to Miss Livingston, and all who by word or deed will aid in producing an appreciation of woman's needs, and proper methods of obtaining them. It is encouraging that a few are free to practice, a few more free to speak; and that an untraveled press can bear to the awakening world the harbingers of a whole harvest of liberties. It was ever necessary that women escort each other—that they take excursions for exercise, and business without the use of carriages, or the attendance of grooms; but modern conventionalities have almost excluded them from active pursuits, healthful recreations, and capacity to manage their limited affairs.

Now the demand for ventions hitherto deemed masculine being felt, the benefits of equestrian exercise and skill acknowledged, and a dress conducive thereto advocated, may we not hope the world will soon be able to see how costume is related to all labors and conditions of life? And seeing, will it not institute styles suited to the human form, and favorable to the highest development of every department of being?

For the riding-suit I would suggest that to recommend only the male attire, and that an expensive one of fixed cut and color would be aristocratic, and subversive of general advantage. A majority of those who would avail themselves of the privilege of riding, cannot afford egregious cashmeres and buff, fine blue, and broad gilt; and besides, a fashion should not be created. In all conscience, have we not suffered enough from conforming to others' tastes, especially from established modes, subject to the sway of "headquarters"? Let those who admire gilt and blue, and the hard, high hat, adopt them; we will say "all right"; but let the many who choose the tunic, the soft felt, beaver and velvet, wear them without receiving a prostrate sweep from the stove-pipes. We should learn to tolerate everything, while endeavoring to substitute the wholesome and good for the destructive and vicious. Sisters of one family, children of one God of Love, destined to one glorious goal, when shall we join hands and assist each other along earth's rugged pilgrimage?

A modification of the reform dress, generally termed Bloomer, may be appropriate on horseback. In warm weather, I think the short, close sack, or casque, preferable to the stiff coat; but let each consult her own taste, convenience and ability. Earnestly as I engage in the advocacy of a better dress for woman on all occasions, I invite none to copy my style, but to invent from an individual sense of fitness. Originality, not imitation, is my motto. If sister Cora would abbreviate the ponderous skirt only to the ankle, that is her privilege; sister Lida only half way to the knee, that is hers; but they will find the length so great as still to require the ugly "steal cage," with its tiresome friction against every surrounding object, and be led to exclaim, "Small reform." If I and Eva and Nina choose the full use of the knee, that most active joint in all the locomotive organs, others should countenance us as equally right, judicious and delicate. From experience in the use of all lengths below the knee, I am satisfied that every inch of skirt falling below is a great impediment. But let each escape the thrall of fashion as best she can, and act from the promptings of interior truth by such degrees as she may. If all would practice what they know of right, the world would be readily moved; but if reformers only ask for improvements, continuing to patronize customary evils, hard will be the task of the heroic few, and slowly will approach the era of health and harmony. To the attention of all I would commend the consistent remarks of Louise T. Whittier, in the BANNER of Jan. 10th. She has my cordial thanks for giving them to the public.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Spiritualism in Plymouth.

In these times of general revival, in regard to things pertaining to the spiritual, it is interesting to see now and then accounts from our neighbors, stating that they still live and are heeding more than ever before the call of the immortals. This seems to be the case just now. The efforts of the spiritual world are being concentrated for the purpose of giving to the mundane sphere that evidence which the soul craves, of its immortal existence. Hence the bonds of sectarianism are being broken; prejudice is giving way to investigation; indifference to intense interest.

Old Plymouth, like Lynn, Chelsea, East Boston, Randolph, Foxboro'—and almost every other place—is not behindhand. Large audiences meet upon every occasion of public worship, and the interest seems increasing.

We hold public lecture meetings about one half the time, and fill the remaining time with public circles, at which the manifestations are varied and interesting.

Among the laborers we have had recently, are Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, and Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Conn. Both of these are faithful laborers and good souls, well calculated to interest and instruct those who chance to enjoy the privilege of their ministrations. To all who have not heard, I take the liberty of introducing them as good practical speakers.

As brevity in communications is almost a virtue, I will close my remarks by wishing you success in your efforts to spread more light to the hungering multitude. For the spread of that religion destined to redeem a mistaken people,

I remain yours fraternally,

ICHABOD CARVER.

Plymouth, March, 20th, 1864.

From Iowa—Jennie Lord, etc.

James Thompson, writing from Davenport, Iowa, under date of March 8th, says, "If 'agitation of thought' be 'the beginning of wisdom,' then are we in for a large share, for the public have been considerably waked up by a visit from the Davenport Boys. Then we have had a visit lately from that truthful and really wonderful medium, Miss Jennie Lord, and although I am an old investigator, I am free to say that nothing I ever witnessed can surpass those manifestations.

Some of the most doubting skeptics of this city were present at several of her sances, and not one of them (and I have conversed with all since) but admits the entire truthfulness and genuineness of all the manifestations.

We have also had lectures this year from Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, and lately from Mrs. C. M. Stowe. We expect Warren Chase here some time before he goes East. So you see we are not only sub-soil plowing, but also planting in hope of a beautiful harvest of liberal sentiments and harmonious lives in the future."

Let us rather consider what we ought to do ourselves, than hearken after doings of others. The stories of our neighbors' errors tend but little to the reformation of our own.

Laying out of Hands.

Bleeding in the sick-room has been used as a remedial agent for plethoric disease in the physical body; and bleeding on the battle-field for plethoric disease in the moral man. Mineral and vegetable substances have been largely resorted to by man to correct the physical and moral ailments of the human world. Brimstone, saltpetre and charcoal—steel, iron and hemp, have been used as a remedy for bad morals; and aloe, squills and mercury for bad health. By these remedies few may have been cured and many may have been killed.

While the love of man is yet buried in the earthly world, these remedies are lawful, and man may lawfully be heedless, as he is, of the better and more sure remedies for his earthly maladies. These agencies which man has used for the cure of moral and physical disease have, in their effect, directly or indirectly, added sorrow to sorrow, and suffering to suffering—have nursed and nourished disease, and have hastened the exit of the soul from matter.

When the affections of man shall rise above the mineral kingdom, he will see better remedies for disease than he found there. When the affections of man shall rise above the vegetable kingdom, he will see better remedies still for disease than are found there. When man's affection shall be unfolded to reach out into the spiritual world, there he shall find a sure and certain remedy for all moral and physical diseases.

Two thousand years ago there was a man of spiritual birth, whose affections were above the mineral and vegetable world—more in the spiritual world. The touch of his hand would cure disease, both moral and physical; and the sign, he has said, shall follow those who believe on him, viz: "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

In the laying on of the hands of a well, upon a sick person, each of whom have some developed affection for spiritual things, there exists all the sure remedies for curable disease that mortals can command.

Every well person, who has more love for spiritual than for earthly things, has power and authority to lay hands on the sick and aid in their recovery. Disease is subtle, and the cause of disease is more subtle. All diseases, even contagious and epidemic, have origin in the spiritual world.

Magnetism is invisible, and its unequal distribution through the physical body may be the cause of all disease. Even contagion or malaria can take no hold of a person who has an equal and full flow of magnetism throughout the physical system. Break this equilibrium of magnetism, and through the break disease steps in; mend the break and disease steps out. Magnetism fills the air everywhere—and by healthy hands it may be thrown upon and into the human body of those who suffer sickness from its deranged and unequal supply, by which health may be restored again.

Those who are yet entirely in the affections of the mineral and vegetable world, will lawfully use mineral and vegetable remedies—will not see or believe in what Christ told the world about the recovery of the sick by the laying on of hands, and will be consequently less easily cured of disease by its application. The practical adoption of this saying and practice of Christ has been pushed aside, like all his deepest and holiest practices and utterances, because the world has not yet been ready for them. It is the spiritual Christ that, when recognized, shall reveal this occult remedy for disease that now lies hidden at the gate of every human soul—that lies within the reach of human hands everywhere where human beings are.

For those who love the spiritual world, let it be urged upon them all, men and women, to try the power of rubbing for the cure of any, of all kinds of curable sickness where it may be applied. Do this, and the result will add to your respect and love for the usefulness of this teaching of Christ. Try it first, when needed, in your own household, and with your own friends, and your reward shall be found in the result, if the work is faithfully done.

How negligent has the world been of this simple, practical, useful sign, that Christ has said shall follow a belief on him. But this negligence has been lawful to man's crude, early condition; to his love of earth and earthly things.

There is a class of men and women that have spontaneously risen up in the present time, at first despised and scorned of the world, called healing mediums, who have proven to thousands and tens of thousands the superiority of the remedial agency of laying on of hands, over that of drugs and medicines—over the mineral and vegetable medicines that have been inwardly and outwardly applied for centuries, in the past, to baffle the inroads and progress of disease upon humanity.

Facts, startling and almost miraculous, have come through the agency of healing mediums, that the world cannot gaudily nor authoritatively contradict, of innumerable cases of diseases, called by physicians incurable, that have been completely or partially healed. To long standing diseases, that have been declared fatal in the old way of practice, the agency of magnetism has thus far been chiefly applied, and a large majority of even such cases have been benefited or cured thereby. All diseases that may be cured by vegetable or mineral medicine, may be more easily cured by hand-fuls of magnetism from the hands of well persons, spiritually minded, thrown upon the sick.

In the gospel of Christ, this healing power, by or through the use of human hands, was originally propounded, and was signally set down as a sign of that splendid spiritual development which, through Christ, was first made manifest to this earth. No success of man in the pursuit of his own remedial devices has ever yet shown this teaching of Christ, false or impracticable; therefore let its truth be practically claimed and fearlessly heralded.

Homeopathy is a link in the chain of progress between allopathy and Christ; it came in its time and place to meet the demands of a spiritual advancement of human life that goes beyond the demands of the allopathic ages. Allopathic materialism has called it a phantasm, while its demands have been truly of an advanced grade of spiritual unfolding.

Many healing mediums have, to appearance, justly called indignation upon their own heads by using hand-fuls of magnetism and bottles of medicine together—by rubbing a little to do good, and by charging two dollars a bottle for medicine to do no good—while they are only making a bridge between the old and the new system of curing disease.

Mineral and vegetable medicines will go into disuse as the gospel of Christ begins to come into the practices of the world—as healing mediums become numerous. Christ was justly called a physician, and his theory and practice was wonderfully simple. His Pharmacopoeia contains a remedy for all human ills, and is simply the magnetism that is in every human hand. Healing mediums are practically the followers of Christ in regard to healing disease, and whether they know and speak

it in profession is of little consequence; the beautiful reality is to be seen in their generous deeds of love.

Take magnetism for a medicine, that is always everywhere wherever we may chance to be, and we shall have less pain, less suffering, and death will come to us in ripened age—as the ripened fruit falls, so will the physical body be laid down, and the freed soul, in the manhood of its earthly development, shall make its exit to the heavenly world.

A. B. C.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

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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.*

The Labor Question.

How to live—is of course the first thing to be attended to in living. The importance of the question may be known by simply recalling the fact that when a man first sees, or hears of another, he at once asks—"How does he get his living?" This business of getting one's living underlies all the other aims and pursuits, and even all the hopes and aspirations of mankind; save where, as in tropical regions, the earth offers man his food for the mere trouble of reaching out his hand, and the impulses of his spiritual nature grow laggard and lax to correspond.

The numerous "strikes," and other organized movements of the laboring classes in this country, which have taken place within the past two years, naturally attract the attention of philosophic minds to the great question involved in them. Labor is becoming to a greater degree than ever before its own master. And although it is more than likely that it will make many mistakes, and sad ones, too, before it has worked out its complex problem, it is undeniable that the general effect of its increasing self-control is to emancipate it from the bondage in which it has so long existed, and give it that place in the social scale to which its intelligence and power freely entitle it. Capital will never lose its relative place to labor; we do not expect that; it is too strong as an organization, and too necessary, also, for the great labor interests with which it is so closely related. There must be a re-creating of the old notions about these things. Labor will be relieved from the suspicion of being a self to Capital. The feudal notion will be dissipated; and man will stand up his own master under God, with his labor or his capital—whichever it may chance to be—at his own free disposal.

Yet we would not intentionally mislead the reader by representing that all this most desirable work was to be done in a day, or to be wrought by a miracle. Time must needs enter into this plan as a very necessary element of its consummation. There is much to be done, and to be endured, before that day finally dawns. The throes of the present time, however, are evidence that the desired work is going on.

Who pays the heavy burdens of to-day? Is it the man of capital? Nothing of the kind. It is now as it has been in all history—the laboring classes shoulder the loads. The Government is borrowing money. Many persons suppose that these loans come exclusively from the pockets of the rich, and the capitalists. It is an egregious mistake to think so. The men of capital do put their money in the hands of the Government, but they hold the nation itself as a pledge for its payment, and the regular payment of the interest of the loan every six months. Instead, therefore, of their sweating or bleeding for Government, the Government sweats and bleeds for them. They pay none of the charges of the war, in the sense in which the laboring classes pay them; they receive their interest, and that is about all. Now how does this operate upon the laboring man, and his interests? In this way: in consequence of the Government borrowing money to the extent it does, it runs so much in debt, and everybody knows what the effect of running in debt is. The country has to pay the interest of that debt, every six months. The currency becomes more plentiful in consequence of this very act of borrowing—and for no other principal reason—and with an expanded currency the price of gold goes up, and all the necessities of life advance also. And this advanced price of necessities is the very tax which the laboring man has to pay as his contribution toward the war. It comes out of him, at the last. The man of means can afford to pay the larger prices, for his money is earning money; Government is paying him, but exacting payment from the poor man.

Is there, then—we hear it asked—no way in which such a manifest inequality as this may be righted? Could not statesmen have devised, and can they not even now devise, some better and more equitable mode of raising the money necessary for carrying on the plans of government in this exigency—a mode which will leave labor free to add solid wealth and real power to the country, and lay the burdens on capital rather? Yes, there is a mode, and but one. Our public men have not pursued it hitherto, for no better reason than that they have lacked the courage to do so. The remedy is TAXATION; and that is the only remedy. At first blush, the laboring man will exclaim that that recourse would only bear the more heavily on himself; but it is in no sense so. When direct taxes are laid by a government, it is merely laying burdens on those who are able to bear them. Then, with the collection of money, instead of borrowing and borrowing, the Government has less need to issue paper currency—which is but evidence of debt, at best—and the currency being diminished in value, prices come down correspondingly; and of course the laborer is better able to pay for the necessities of life than ever, when his own wages are higher, as at the present day, the relation between earnings and expenditures being more equal. In other words, we pay as we go, so far as we can, and the money comes from the pockets of those who have it, as well as from the sweat of the laboring classes.

This is all a very simple statement of the case, and very easily understood; we only wish the mass of the people saw it in the same light. But it will have to be understood, and practiced on, too, before we shall put this great question of the

day in right shape, and the country will right itself again. Out of present necessities will grow much enlightenment; it is so always. Suffering alone educates us all. We grow and develop only by experience. We could wish that the day might come, and come soon, too, when labor shall at least be on a level with capital in the market of the world, and capital should stand only as the representative of labor—not as the representative of luck, or inheritance, or cunning. Until an adjustment of the relations between the two shall be effected on such a basis as this, we may expect to have these questions continually debated, and our social state the scene of continued complaint and suffering.

Self-Reliance.

Not to be dependent on every fitful blast of fortune; not to bend in utter discouragement beneath the discipline of adverse times; never to yield our sense of right at the mandate of any earthly necessity; nor to bow or cringe to the base idols of the world through any prompting of the weaknesses within, or the compelling voices from without; to be, and to remain sole sovereign of one's self; of the intellect consecrated to the highest, noblest uses; the heart bowed in allegiance to the loftiest, purest affections; the soul forever linked unto the beautiful and true, this is to be self-reliant; not arrogantly presumptuous, not vain-glorious and puffed up with vanity, nor selfishly engrossed. Self-reliance, in true spiritual parlance, means to rely and be sustained by those best faculties within the soul, that are reflections of the divine. It means, not boastfully to disclaim those indissoluble links of dependence that unite man to man, the Universe unto the Father and Mother-Heart of God; but it signifies the bestowal of freedom from the lesser attractions, the grosser inclinations, the unlawful ambitions, the paltry pride, and foolish assumptions of a superiority of wealth or station. To be self-reliant, is to rest in childlike and devout faith in the Supreme Love and Wisdom; is to smile at what men term fate, sweetly assured, amid all trials, of the nearness of the angel-world and its benign helpers. It is to believe in the efforts of the brain and hand for the amelioration of the world's wrongs; and with a pure and steadfast Will to pursue the attainment of spiritual excellence. Self-reliance is faith in the ultimate triumph of all good; it is hope for the boundless future, and the scope for immortal capacities. It is the whisper of the soul, claiming dominion over the things of sense; it is the eternal assurance of success; the voice of God within.

To be truly self-reliant is to lean upon a heavenly staff amid the trials and looming obstacles of life; to live in perpetual sunshine of the spirit, amid the terror-glooms of war, the battling of adverse hosts, visible, and intangible. It is to have one hand ever resting in a guiding angel's clasp; to be crowned with ananarth, though thorns pierce our weary feet. Especially on the recipients of the Spiritual Philosophy is the injunction laid, to cast aside the worldly trammels of fear and doubt; of pride, impatience, vanity, and all the puerile loves of lesser things; to strive for that blessed independence of thought and speech, and righteous action that proves individualization; a serene and perfect self-reliance.

Our Free Circles and Circle Room.

For several months past we have felt the necessity of enlarging the accommodations of our circle-room. Though the time for opening the circle has been at three o'clock, it has been the case that as early as half-past two the room has been completely filled. The consequence has been that at the time of commencing, nearly twice the number have been obliged to leave for want of room as have obtained even an entrance, to say nothing of a seat. This state of affairs has at times caused inharmonious among the audience. But enlargement would incur expense, and, battling as we then were with the hydra-headed monster, "Cost," in order to do our duty to the public, we could not see our way clear to add to our expenses, however much we required increased accommodations. Thus we thought a month ago. Since then the want, instead of diminishing, has increased, and the hundreds that come to our doors, seeking admittance but finding none, have compelled us to take a step in advance, and we are now greatly enlarging the circle-room, and have the satisfaction of saying that we shall have ample room in future for all who come.

As above intimated, this movement of ours greatly increases our expenses, but we doubt not that the same kind Providence that has hitherto guided and provided for us, will, through the willing hands impelled by the willing hearts of our friends on earth, provide for and protect us.

No one can fail to recognize in these circles a public benefit. We are constantly receiving letters showing how greatly they are appreciated. A letter now before us from a distinguished worker in the field, says: "Were I wealthy, you should certainly want for nothing to sustain these circles. The products of them feed the spiritual wants of hungry thousands."

The inhabitants of earth are famishing for spiritual food. From amid the ruins of the falling temple of Superstition they are groping their way out, and anxiously inquiring, "Who will show us any good?" We have established these circles for the purpose of answering this inquiry, and we ask the friends of truth to lend us a helping hand.

To Advertisers.

Thorough business men advertise in the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, because they are perfectly well aware that by so doing it doubly remunerates them in return. Still there are thousands who are desirous of extending their business, but yet have a very limited knowledge that they can do so to advantage by advertising. To such we would say, advertise your wares, goods, or merchandise of whatever nature, in these columns for three months, and if you do not say, at the expiration of that time, that your business has increased, that new customers have presented themselves, either in person or by letter, then we will not charge you a cent for inserting your advertisements. Our spot circulates in every State in the Union, the North American British Provinces, and in Europe, thus presenting superior facilities as an advertising medium.

Austria and Prussia.

These central continental States are busily seeking to strengthen themselves by an attempt at an alliance with Russia. They feel that their position before Europe on the Denmark question is very weak, and would fain make themselves good by other helps. They have invaded the territory of Denmark, which is in no sense in dispute, and opened a general European war without asking leave of any other power. On all sides they are beset. Poland awaits the opening of spring operations. Hungary is waiting to make a movement. Italy is at the back of both of them. France is all ready to step in and take forcible possession of the Rhine provinces. Germany is in a stew. And as for England, she seems content to let matters take their own course, glad if the tempest of war may break on the other side of the channel.

The Grant and Hull Discussion.

The great discussion between Rev. Miles Grant, Adventist, and Moses Hull, the late convert from Adventism to Spiritualism, came off in Lyceum Hall, Lynn, Mass., on the evenings of March 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th. As Elder Curry, the disputant in the late Boston controversy, was not deemed the ablest man among the Adventists, an eager interest was excited to hear Elder Grant, whose reputation as author of the *Crisis*, as a minister, and a controversialist, ranked him among the very greatest theological champions. The attendance on the first evening was about seven hundred, notwithstanding a small door-fee was taken to defray expenses. The question for discussion was: "Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communicating with the inhabitants of earth?" Mr. Hull affirming, and Mr. Grant denying. The speakers agreed to speak three times each evening, twenty minutes each time.

Mr. Hull's first argument for innate immortality was based on the universal aspirations and demands of man in all ages, and he very clearly demonstrated that all the needs and instincts of man, as well as those even of the whole brute creation, were anticipated and supplied by Deity. Then followed the modern Spiritual Phenomena; the argument based on the paternity of God and the brotherhood of the race; Bible facts and deductions compared with modern, and a variety of correlative evidences.

Mr. Grant took the usual Advent ground of non-immortality, admitting the modern phenomena, yet utterly ignoring the agency of departed human spirits, insisting on the agency of demons, and the psychological explanation of the phenomena. He regarded the spirits communicating through modern mediums, as forgers and counterfeiters, and not what they claimed to be. Mr. Hull clearly demonstrated that the identity of these spirits could be as certainly established as the identity of mortals in the form, and he gave a variety of facts in confirmation of this position.

The discussion throughout was conducted in the kindest and most fraternal spirit, without a single sentence from either speaker calculated to mar the harmony. The same spirit pervaded the audience. During the last two evenings, the hall was packed full; as many as one thousand hearers giving eager attention. The whole town seemed alive with spiritual interest, and the discussion cannot fail to do an immense amount of good in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism. Whether any of the Adventists, or Elder Grants were convicted or not, is not yet reported, though Mr. Hull told Mr. Grant that in ten years the two would be working side by side in the spiritual field. Let the work of agitation and progress go on at the present rate, and ten years will surely bring about unprecedented changes.

The Metropolitan Fair.

The great Metropolitan Fair, long-talked about, was opened under the most favorable and flattering auspices on Monday, March 28th. It is confidently expected that this Fair will yield more to the Sanitary Commission than any other yet held. Some venture to estimate the receipts as high as a million of dollars. It is an immense sum, but we are aware that it is no more than the people in and about New York are abundantly able to get together for so noble a cause, and at such a time. Never before did a nation take such generous care of the men who became sick and maimed in its service. There seems to be no end to the sympathy, or the means they offer with such freedom. If such a people fail, especially in so just and humane a cause, it will be because they do not pursue their aim from the highest motives. It cannot be but the blessing of heaven rests with us in all our endeavors after a more perfect national unity.

Moses Hull in Lyceum Hall.

Hundreds will hail with pleasure the announcement that Mr. Hull is to speak in this city the Sundays during April in Lyceum Hall. This will be his last course of lectures in this city for the present, as he starts for the West after the first Sunday in May, to fulfill numerous engagements. He has been in great demand since he came to New England as an advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, and determined to spread its light and beautiful truths wherever he went. Since his arrival here in February, he has spoken to large audiences every Sunday, and nearly every week-day evening, and has had two public discussions with Advent clergymen, which lasted four days each. Those who heard him in former days are more than ever anxious to hear him now, and learn why he left the Advent faith, and hear his reasons for adopting Spiritualism from a knowledge of its truthfulness.

The Weather-Wise Man.

Mr. E. Meriam ("E. M."), the long-time student of atmospheric changes and phenomena, died recently at Brooklyn, L. I., on the seventieth year of his age. He had amassed a fortune for himself, but employed it in the most benevolent uses, often depriving both himself and his family for the sake of benefiting others. As an instance of his self-sacrificing disposition, it is recorded that during the riots of last July in New York, Mr. Meriam's benevolent impulses led him to visit the scene of the outbreak, and he was set upon, knocked down, and savagely beaten while in the act of assisting a poor unfortunate victim who had been wounded in the riots. His loss will be severely regretted by a large circle of acquaintances, comprising all classes of his fellow-men, from the professional man and millionaire, to the poor laborer who has been the recipient of his kindness and sympathetic benevolence.

A Raid into Kentucky.

While Gen. Grant is perfecting his plans for a forward movement of all the armies of the Union so as to render the capture of Richmond speedy and certain, Morgan, the escaped rebel horse-thief, is said to be preparing for a raid on Kentucky on a grand scale, with intent to carry away with him just as many horses and mules, and as much miscellaneous truck from the rich Kentucky farms as he possibly can. That is no more than might be expected of him. He evidently means to go on another foraging expedition for the rebel armies, to see if he can supply them with the meat of various kinds which they have so long suffered for the want of. It may be, too, that this threatened raid will have an excellent effect in uniting the people of Kentucky, who have lately shown symptoms of restlessness because the Government is about to enrol the blacks of the State, along with the whites, for military service.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

The practical and common-sense discourses delivered by Mrs. Townsend on Sunday, March 20th, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, were very acceptable to the large audiences which assembled to listen to this favorite inspirational speaker. She will next Sunday address our friends in Waltham.

Do they Renounce Christianity?

The "Christian Register" of Dec. 10th appears with an article, "Undoing Work," wherein the writer declares that the chief labor of life is undoing work. "We, unimpaired of the sage maxim, 'He sure you are right, then go ahead,' in the rashness of ignorance, plunge headlong into the midst of affairs, so mired in one hour, or day, what requires months and years to undo. Hence, our life is mainly consumed in retracing our steps rather than going forward." Now we cannot quite subscribe to this, if we apprehend the author's meaning, for to us it seems as if all life was a making anew—a going forward—not an undoing, not a retrogression. Is not all life's experience needful and good, all tending upward? Yesterday's experience of want and pain, of joy and gladness, has taught us how to build better, how to live higher to-day. Yesterday was the stepping-stone of to-day, this day to the morrow. But the part of the article which we wish to consider is this—we give it in full, for to us it appears as a renunciation of Christianity:

"Another mistake we have to subvert at the North, is the extreme peace doctrine. We have preached, and lectured, and labored in every way to disgust our people with war, and all its appurtenances and preparations. There was no virtue like defencelessness—a kiss for a blow. Christianity consisted in lovingly permitting the wicked to do what they pleased. All this mistaken work we have now to undo!"

What a confession! 'Tis truly a complete and honest one; but is it not a sad one? They have "preached, lectured and labored" to disgust our people with war. They have preached and professed, "God is Love; love your enemies; feed and clothe your hungry and naked enemy; conquer your enemy with love; do not kill him." This they have preached in the name of Jesus, as his law, his spirit and power. Now all at once they repent of this, as a great mistake. How do they propose to undo this sad mistake? They tell plainly: by preaching and laboring to incite men to war, to fight and kill, to make them love it. They would preach, "God is a man of war;" "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth;" "hate your enemies;" "kill your enemies." But what are they practically doing in this? 'Tis very plain they are simply rejecting Christ, his law, his spirit and power, and going back to Moses, his law and power. "We have Moses and the prophets, but as for this fellow we know not from whence he is." We do not wonder at this sudden conversion of the Church from Christ to Moses, in the present great crisis, for according to its own confession, it had been preaching, and trying to live "that there was no virtue like defencelessness;" that "Christianity consisted in lovingly permitting the wicked to do what they pleased." If this has been the Christianity of the Church, what wonder that the spirit of the time has brought it to ridicule, and scattered it to the four winds, for to us such a Christianity seems only a denial of Christ, for it has the form of Christianity, but knows nothing of its power. Real Christianity, that is, the real truth and love of Christ, permeating the man, does not leave him defenceless, but arms him with a power a thousand times mightier to defend and conquer with, than swords or guns; so that he has no need to go back to Moses when the enemy threatens, saying, our Christ has left us defenceless, therefore, O Moses, give us of your arms, your defence in this hour of danger. Christ did not lovingly permit the wicked to do as they pleased, but he so wrought upon them with his love and kindness, that they pleased to follow him to do well, not ill. The real Christian has not need of brute force, swords and cannons, to restrain the wicked; but he is given another power—a "Neither do I condemn thee, god and sin no more" power, which makes haters lovers, enemies friends. This spirit and power the Register seems to know nothing of, or at least, passes it by as useless in work—good only for a profession. But all is well; for we think the Church in rejecting Christ and working under Moses, will experience in the misery and woe of war, enough to open its eyes to see that there is indeed a defence in love and kindness, a power also to conquer and bless all foes and enemies, so as to lift itself up out of the barbarism of war into the kingdom of Christ's love and truth. W. C.

Bread-Ticket Fund.

Through the aid of philanthropic friends, who have been enabled the past winter to supply many poor families with bread. The destitute ones are still calling on us for aid, and we feel disposed to do all our limited means will allow for the suffering poor, in these days of high prices for the necessities of life. But not being blessed with a surplus of this world's goods, we could not do as much as we desired to relieve them. We accordingly notified the philanthropic last week that we proposed to establish a Bread-Ticket Fund. Several responses have already been made to our appeal, for which the donors will receive the blessings of the angel-hosts. We shall issue tickets again immediately. Those disposed to cooperate with us in this philanthropic movement, are requested to address William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Exchange Papers.

Hundreds of our contemporaries send their journals to us, with the request that we "exchange." Their papers are of no use to us whatever; but if they are anxious to have the BANNER, they can be accommodated, without exchanging, by inserting in their respective journals our prospectus three times, and sending us marked copies containing it.

The National Convention.

We would call especial attention to the card of the Chairman of the Committee appointed to act upon the Resolutions passed at the late Convention of Spiritualists in this city, suggesting a National Convention of Spiritualists at some central point. It is an important movement, and should be acted upon at once.

The Creole Children.

The three beautiful creole children, Charley, Rebecca and Rosa, which Gen. Banks released from slavery in New Orleans, have been sent North to assist in appeals for aid in behalf of the Freedmen Schools in New Orleans. They are now in this city, in charge of the Rev. Mr. King. The various religious denominations are moving in the matter of furnishing material aid for an object so eminently worthy of their attention.

The Banner Wanted.

From St. Johns, Michigan, comes a cry for "Light! more light! Once more, greeting! I arrange conditions that you may have, where as yet your folds have not been unfurled. Finding my own soul oft refreshed by breezes wafted by you from the Summer-land, I feel a slight remuneration may be made by my enclosing the circle of recipients of so rich blessings. For although many are already fanned by your breezes, still you may regale thousands more. Please, therefore, in consideration of the enclosed sum, pay a weekly visit to this place."

ately to W.M. WHITE & CO.,
158 WASHINGTON STREET,
March 26. BOSTON, MASS.

LOST.
A SMALL JAPANESE CHARM, WITH GOLD CHAIN AT-
TACHED. It is particularly valuable to the owner as a
keepsake. A liberal reward will be paid on leaving it at this
Office. March 19,

Message Department.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to add us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

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.

Special Notice.

The Circles at the following messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, March 14.—Invocation: Spiritual Questions and Answers: Evelyn Tenney, to her friends, in New York; Johnnie Donahoe, to his father, James Donahoe, in the Army; James Davis, to his mother; Edward Smith, to his parents, in Maine, Ga.

Tuesday, March 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Captain Robert A. Gouger, to his wife, Alice; Pat Trainor, to James Trainor, of Boston; Eddie Carney, to his mother, in New York City.

Wednesday, March 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mattie Adams, to her brother, Edmund Adams, in the Army; James Delevan, to his brother and sister; Elvira B. Worthen, to her daughter, Lucy S. Worthen; Joseph Spenser, to his relatives, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Captain Wm. T. Thayer, to friends in Charleston, S. C.

Thursday, March 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: J. S. B. Priest, of Boston, to Harry W. Dyer, of No. 129 Wash. street, Boston; Charles L. Thur, to Edward Donald; Emily R. Browning, to her husband, in New York; L. Leavelle, body servant of Gen. Johnson, of the Confederate Army.

Friday, March 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Abbie H. Kent, of Boston; Clarence Bowen, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Josiah Bowen; Jennie Almsie, to her father, in London, Eng.

Invocation.

Father, Spirit, whose name is engraved upon the scroll of eternity, we worship thee to-day, not because thou art worshipped by all nations and all tongues, but because of the fullness of love within thy soul. Father, let thy peace fall upon these human hearts. Let it come to the mourner who has laid in the tomb his earthly hope. Let it come unto the nations who are trembling amid the deep thunders of war. Let it come to them in the voice of reason talking of thee. Let it come to down-trodden humanity, over which priestcraft has held potent sway. Let it come like soft sunlight, dispelling the gloom and lifting the soul nearer unto thee. And unto thee, our father, our God, be endless praises chanted. March 8.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to receive any questions, if the audience have any to propound.

CHAIRMAN.—Our correspondent, J. B. Hall, of Augusta, Me., sends us the following letter of inquiry: "Since I was in Boston in November, I have devoted considerable thought to the subject of the unconsciousness of spirits after death. The statement made by the controlling spirit of your circle, that some human beings remained in an unconscious state for hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years after death, was repugnant to me, because from my standpoint, such a proposition conflicts with the law of progression. I thought that the term 'unconsciousness' could not be used as we understand that term."

I desire to state some of the results of my investigations in this direction, which you are at liberty to read in your circle, if you choose, and your spirit friends can tell whether their experience has taught them the same lessons.

First, then, I conclude that every spirit sleeps when it first passes from the earth-life. The change is wearisome and the spirit rests in a sleep corresponding to our sleep in this life. But this sleep lasts but a short time—a few hours, usually—at the longest but a few days. Some awake almost instantly, when the change has been easy, while with others the change is more wearisome, and hence it takes longer to rest. Those with whom I have conversed upon this subject, inform me that they have never seen one whose resting sleep has lasted more than a few hours, as we measure time. Then all awake to a self-consciousness—a consciousness of life—but now comes a state which corresponds to your term unconsciousness, where the spirit seems to be unconscious of the change it has experienced. It sleeps—so to speak—it is asleep to reason and wisdom, and this state may, and probably does, continue days, weeks, months, years and even centuries, according to the development of the spirit, before it awakens to a full consciousness of its condition.

One would naturally suppose that spirits who when on earth inhabited coarse organizations—whose lives have been low, vulgar, and what the Church calls sinful, would be the ones who would remain longest in this state of darkness, if it may be called such; but such I feel is not the case. In such organizations, the spirit, on earth, lies dormant; it cannot make itself felt through the gross organization in which it is imprisoned; and hence, when its sleep of rest ends, it awakes at liberty to make full use of its spiritual intuitions. It is better to be ignorant than to be educated the wrong way, for those grope in darkness longest who have been most blindly led by the superstitions of the Church.

Have I made myself understood? I feel that this is perhaps what your spirit-friends meant when they said some human beings sleep in unconsciousness for ages; still they may not agree with my guides, and it will do no harm to have it discussed further, for really it is a very important topic in our Spiritual faith.

ANSWER.—The subject is one in which all must be more or less interested. As all are human and divine, so all must live in the human and the divine, or in other words, all must live out a mortal existence and a spiritual one also.

We believe that the soul, or the immortal principle—call it by whatever name you will—is never unconscious. If it could be unconscious at any time, then Deity could become unconscious and forget his duty. Unconsciousness is a term that can only be applied to the external being—to the manifestation of the soul, and not to the soul. You talk of being unconscious during the hours of sleep, but it is not so, for you are just as conscious during the hours of sleep as you are when awake. The spirit has only removed from the external world, that it may be more fully conscious in its internal being.

With regard to those persons who remain unconscious for a great length of time after death, we have this much to say. We have met, ourselves,

many, very many who are unconscious, in this spirit-world, of ever having experienced any change of state. If you tell them they have passed through death, they disbelieve you; if you tell them they are no longer inhabitants of the earth as physical beings, they will have no faith in your statement. Tell them there is no God filled with revenge toward his children, no heaven whose streets are paved with gold, no hell that is a literal lake of fire and brimstone, and they will shake their heads in doubt, for they are wedded to the past, and therefore must be unconscious in the present.

But do not confound the soul-principle with the manifestations of soul, for the soul is ever conscious, ever knows and thinks, ever exercises all its faculties. This must be so, else the soul is not immortal—is not a part of Deity; else we may expect that sometime we may pass into eternal unconsciousness.

We should be very glad to hear from the gentleman who has solicited information of us, any time when he shall feel disposed to address us. We are all learners in the great temple of life, and we can none of us learn too much wisdom. He may learn us—we may learn him.

CHAIRMAN.—Another correspondent, Mrs. M. J. F., sends us three questions upon the same subject, to submit to the intelligences that control at our circles, and requests us to publish the answers to the same in the BANNER.

FIRST QUESTION.—I saw it stated in the "Message Department" of the BANNER some time ago that some spirits remained unconscious for years after their departure from the physical. Will the spirit controlling tell us whether a person can prevent, during his earth-life, a state of unconsciousness in the spirit-world?

ANS.—Yes; wisdom overrules all else in the universe. Therefore if you are wise concerning things pertaining to your own being, you will build for yourself a dwelling in the spirit-world. If the spirit lives naturally, or manifests itself harmoniously through the physical form, when death comes by virtue of natural law, then there can be no long condition of unconsciousness, or that which is understood to be unconsciousness by our questioner, in the spirit-world. But he must remember that the creeds and false teachings of earth-life have a tendency to produce an abnormal manifestation of the spirit through the physical. Now nine-tenths of the Christians of your present day, who believe they are manifesting themselves normally through these human machines, instead of questioning the great God with regard to a future state, they question their priest, who can give them no light.

SECOND QUES.—Can their friends in the earth-life, by strongly desiring communion with them, shorten, or prevent that period of unconsciousness?

A.—Yes; for soul can ever telegraph to soul; it matters not where soul is located. If you earnestly desire your friends' return from the morning land, rest assured they will receive that call, and will answer it as soon as conditions are favorable.

Q.—It is said spirits are sometimes unconscious for a time after their entrance into the spirit-world. How are they situated and what are their surroundings?

A.—Their situations are as diverse as are their human conditions. One is situated according to the law of his being; another according to his—each one differing from every other one.

THIRD QUES.—Will the spirits oblige, by explaining the meaning of "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it now with you in my Father's kingdom?"

A.—This paragraph of divine history has been said to be the precise language of Jesus the Nazarene. You will pardon us if we question that point. Had you received the idea which Jesus meant to convey to his friends from his lips, in all its simplicity and purity, it would have been clothed in a different dress. It would have appealed to human sense in a different way from what it did appeal to their human sense. We believe that Jesus meant to convey to his friends, that he was soon to leave them; that he should no more commune in that manner with them, and that he should not commune with them again until he communed with them in a higher kingdom. We by no means believe that he made any reference to the fruit of the grape.

Commodore M. M. Perry.

On the 7th of February last, I had the good fortune to hold a brief conversation with some of my friends in the earth-life, who were then at Ningpo, Japan.

It may be well for me to state that they were merely novices in this spiritual theory. Learning that a person possessed of these powers was in the vicinity, to pass an idle hour away they went to his room, and sought to commune with the dead.

I do not know why I was attracted there except some one of the party were thinking of me. I presume that was the case. At all events I was present, controlled their medium, spoke to them with regard to their affairs, and requested one of the party to interest himself concerning a certain domestic arrangement of my own.

His reply was, "Commodore Perry, could I fully believe it is your spirit that speaks, I would not hesitate to comply with your request. Give me positive proof, and I will do what you ask me."

In order to furnish that positive proof, I am your guest to-day. I do not wish to speak further concerning that conversation, at this time and place. It is enough for the friends to know that I have given them proof which no candid mind would think of doubting. If they desire still further proof, I am ready to give it.

You will please say that this brief message purports to come from the spirit of M. M. Perry, Commodore in the United States Navy, to the friends he met on the 7th of February last, in Ningpo, Japan. March 8.

John Collins.

Faith, sir, I'm here without any sort of license. But I suppose, sir, as long as I'm here, it won't matter who I come for, when I'm here. Well, sir, what I mean by a license is, I had no special appointment to come, but since the gentleman was coming that I knew when I was in my body, and he in his body, too, I thought maybe he'd help me some, as he was always ready to help a poor fellow in the body when he could. [You refer to the Commodore?]

Yes, sir. I was fireman on board his Flag Ship, when he went out to open trade with Japan. I've been dead myself, in all about three years. Faith, I knew nothing about coming back—my name was John Collins—until I heard somehow or other, indirectly, that the Commodore was going to a place, to-day, where they were shelled across to the other side or earth again. I think, said I, "I'll shove myself in, anyway, if there's any kind of a time going on, for I know the Commodore will help me across; he always was ready to help a poor fellow, when in his body."

So I'm here, sir, to ask a favor of you myself, sir. I want to get into—what do you call it—with me brother. [Rapport.] Well, I want to tie a

knot between myself and me brother. [You want to identify yourself to him.] Yes; well, I'll try to do it.

My brother's name is Peter Collins, and he's in Cincinnati, Ohio. The last I knew about him—well, he was working for a pork merchant, and was doing very well.

I want to let him know that I can come back to earth, and then I want him to let me come and talk with him about me two sons. I got two sons here. They are young and need some advice just now, and have all along needed it; so I want to talk with him about them.

I don't know about—well, me wife. I've got no claim upon her, now, I suppose, for she's married again, and I'll not put myself in where I'm not wanted.

So I come to me brother, and I want him to go somewhere, and let me come and talk. Now, I'll tell him just the last conversation we ever held together. It was like this: I went to him to get him to let me have a sum of money. He says, "John, what's the use of my giving you the money; you'll drink it all up in less than six months, and then you'll be bader off than ever."

"Well," I says, "there's just one thing about it, I shall get what I want of you, or I shall go to sea again. I shall do me best to go away, for I'll not stay round here."

"Well," he says, "it seems to me, you'd better stay where you are and be content, and not be roving round here and there." I was, in all, away over two years, and during that time I went to more than one hundred and sixty ports, while on the Japan expedition; faith! more than that on the eastern coast of Asia. Well, when I come back I soon spend the money I have, ah, because I was not made up like himself, so as to keep money. So he refused to do that, and that's why I speak of our last conversation here.

Now, he knows very well, that there was no one else round, when we held that conversation, so I must come and tell myself, if it's told at all. That's it; you ask me to prove myself to me brother, and I think I have. Another thing—I lost me small finger on the left hand, on board ship. I have on me left arm, in ink, a picture of an anchor, a sailor's chest, and something what represents the figure-head on the Flag Ship. [There's no danger of your being mistaken for any one else.] No, sir, that's so.

Well, say John Collins comes here by the kindness of his commodore, and asks to talk with his brother, Peter Collins.

Sometime, sir, when I get something what I can pay you in, I'll square up. Good-day to you, sir, and a fair wind when you start for this port. March 8.

Nathan Willis.

Say that Nathan Willis, of Georgetown—[Massachusetts?—yes, died at Newbern, last night of inflammation of the bowels. I'll come again. March 8.

Eddie Stevens.

Tell my mother I got here. [Oh, yes.] I was Eddie Stevens, of Long Island. I got a sore throat and measles. I was most eight years old, and my mother is crying all the time since I went away. My father was killed in the war, and he's going to talk pretty soon. My sister what's lived in the spirit-land a long time, she did not want to come so much as I did. She do not know so much about it as I did.

I want my mother to go to Jane—she's the girl that used to live with us—and let me talk there. I can talk there, I know I can. I never tried, but I know I can. [Does your mother know where Jane resides?] Yes, sir. She knows where she is. You tell my mother I got all over my sore throat, only when I come here. I can't feel so well now; I don't feel so well now.

Tell her I should have died if she'd given me the medicine she wished she had. She thinks if she'd given me the medicine she'd have saved my life. She need not cry about it, because I should have died if I'd taken the medicine, just the same. Good-by, mister. March 8.

Invocation.

Almighty Principle, whose being all nations have vainly tried to understand, whose presence we feel, but whose life we may never read, we commit all our thoughts unto thy keeping; whether they are frail, or girded with strength, whether they are born of darkness or light, ignorance or wisdom, we commit them all unto thy keeping. That thou wilt lead us unto wisdom and love through thy ministering agents, we know. That thou wilt finally crown us with perfect love and wisdom, we also know. Therefore, through the feeble lips of Time we praise thee; and when again we shall tread Eternity's shores, there, also, we will we praise thee. March 10.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound their inquiries, if they have any to propound.

QUES.—Was Dr. Kane correct in his supposition, that an open sesquicent at the North Pole?

ANS.—Yes, positively yes.

Q.—What should constitute a true, natural, harmonious order, or state of society for man of the present age, more especially for the Anglo-Saxon race? Would the social system of Auguste Comte, of Paris, as now being gradually organized by Henry Edger of Thompson, Long Island, New York, approximate somewhere near to a true order of society? T. I. L.

A.—There can be no general standard erected for humanity. Each individual is called upon by the law of its own being to erect their own standard. As each individual is governed by a law peculiar to itself, it is also equally true that all cannot be governed by the same general standard. The human race are already beginning to understand the law of self, which is due to society, under which many individuals live, and divine law, under which all live. With regard to the society which our questioner speaks of, we have only this much to say: There is much harmony existing there, but there is not enough to insure permanency; and yet approximates to a higher standard. It is one of the higher steps human nature must take in a passage from the lower to the higher.

Q.—Will the intelligence please inform me who Melchisedek was, who was said to be without father, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abiding a priest continually?

A.—Pardon us if we doubt the personal existence of Melchisedek. Pardon us if we believe it was but a creation of fancy—a something which existed only in name, not in human intelligence.

Q.—Did Paul write the Epistle, or other persons?

So far as we are informed, we believe that Paul had not so much to do with writing the Epistle as others had. Certain portions of Biblical history have been truthfully rendered, but the majority

has been but imperfectly written. Pardon us, we know that there is in your Sacred Record a passage reading after this fashion: "Whoso taketh from, or addeth to, shall receive severe punishment." But we have outlived all fear. We tremble before no possibility of wrong. We look at Nature as Nature. We receive no record for truth, unless it bears within its interior life that which demonstrates it to be truth to us.

Q.—Will it be possible for a society to be formed so harmonious as to be permanent?

A.—The human being is gregarious by nature. Like the flocks upon the Western plains, individuals are attracted together. Certain minds are attracted to other minds, and others are repelled from them. But those who are attracted to each other, desire to found societies, churches, if you please. But as the intellect expands, the human grows in wisdom. They will perceive that although congregated, although they may bind themselves together in the external, yet in the internal they must be left ever free, for the soul recognizes liberty as its divine right, and ever must enjoy freedom. Therefore, so far as the internal is concerned, you will perceive that organizations and societies are of no avail. But so far as the external is concerned, they amount to much.

We have a few moments to spare, and would be glad to answer any other questions.

Q.—Will the intelligence tell us what that false religion was that all the world was to go out after, and which deceived the very elect?

A.—That false religion spoken of by the apostle, was doubtless that element which exists in every form of worship. There is always the true and the false, the spurious and the genuine. All the world seeks after truth, and all the world seeks for it through perverted sources. This is a necessity, because human life is human life, and cannot be perfection. You worship God imperfectly, because of the imperfection of human life. Religion is a mixture of the perfect and the imperfect, the human and the divine. You go out after the divine, and you go out after the human. The apostle called it a very bad name. He said it was a false religion, but who divinely understood it is only one of the false and imperfect conditions leading to the perfect. March 10.

Lieut. Richard L. Soule.

I was Lieutenant of the 4th South Carolina, Company A. I met wit' death on the battle-field of Gettysburg.

I know very little about your manner of receiving messages here. I do not know how much leniency I am to expect from you. [The same as all visitors receive. To make no difference.]

When this war first broke out, I left my business and went into the Confederate service from choice. I was born a southern soul, and of course was more or less impregnated with slavery. I felt that your abolition party had done much to injure our people, and had better crush them while we could, for they were growing more numerous, and we should live more to fear. Or rather I felt as most of my party did, that something must be done, and we ought as well break loose first as last. So I took p arms, sir, against the old Federal flag. You were it, I suppose, but if it floats over hell you must expect it'll get damaged. Beg your pardon; I meant no offense.

I would like that you be kind enough to say that Richard L. Soule desires to open correspondence with his friends in Savannah, Georgia. I would not have you understand that I entertain any ill-feeling toward you, for I do not. I know I am under great obligations in coming here, but I can but feel that you're at least quite as much at fault as we were.

I have a large circle of friends at the South, who, I suppose, mourn my death, as you would mourn the loss of some dear friend, and who doubtless would be very glad to hear from me if they knew such a privilege could be given them.

Had I ved in the body until the 5th of this present month—March, I believe it is—I should have been thirty-two years old. Am I desired to give any father proof? [You wish to identify yourself to your friends; so the more you give, the better. You need to give some circumstance that we could not know of.] How do you know anything of what I have related? [We do not know; but that is not always sufficient.] Well, if you will point out any way by which I can further identify myself, I will gladly do so. I can think of a number of things, but I do not know what to elect, with any certainty that it will answer the purpose. I can give you a description of myself, as I gave you my age. [We merely suggest these things for your benefit.] I understand, sir. Well, I'll describe myself—how I'll that do?—as I appeared here. [Very well.]

In height I was five feet six and one-half inches. My weight—well, generally from one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and fifty pounds, pretty stout, rather full, complexion like yours, brown hair, can't tell whether your eyes are blue or gray—mine are rather dark blue. I have no remarkable incidents to bring up in my life, for my life was rather commonplace—nothing extra connected with it. [You'd better give the names of the friends you'd like to speak with.] I would like, then, to speak with T. D. Soule, James Farley, Charlotte, Fanny and Louisa Soule. They are my own relatives. I could go on, and give you a list of two or three hundred. Good-day, sir. March 10.

Stephen T. R. Guild.

General post office for rebs, I take it. It don't make any difference, I suppose: the one who gets here first gets his letter through first. [Those who understand this thing generally succeed best.] Well, there's a good many that understand, Major, if you ever noticed it, and a good part are rebs, too. I tell you what it is: these are tactics are not so easily learnt. They're harder than Hardee's, I tell you.

Well, they say I'm dead; but I can't see it. I understand about losing my body and borrowing another; but the dead part, Major, I don't see. I had an idea that death was some sort of a—well, kind of a something we must fear; but when I come to die, I found it only a changing of bodies, that's all—losing one that belongs to the surface of your earth, and taking another that belongs above the earth. But 'tain't death, Major, after all.

Well, here I am, for the purpose of sending a letter to my friends. They have buried me, preached my funeral sermon, and some of 'em have sent me to heaven, and some of 'em have sent me to hell. Now, what am I to do, Major? You see, I've got to tear down all these Church walls, and then come out in as much of daylight as I can, and speak for myself, that's the way.

Well, sir, I suppose the first thing I'd better do is to give you my name—aint forgotten that, you see. Stephen T. R. Guild. I was born in Buffalo, New York, and I suppose I went out from that—just before—well, just before Richmond. You was n't there, were you? [No.] You'd seen live times, if you had been there, Major. You might have got popped out, as I did, before the work was done. Well, I didn't go out until the fun was most over. Let me see: I went on the morning of the seventh—the wind-up battle. Yes, sir; yes, sir; I belonged to the Fifth New York; was a pri-

vate, sir; just as good, for all that, as if I'd got up to be an officer.

Now you see, Major, I've got a mother, couple of sisters, a brother, and a good many other folks, that I should like to talk with. My good old mother is dead in Orthodoxy. One of my sisters married a Methodist preacher, so she's into Methodist, of course; and the other one is Orthodox, I suppose. [Do your relatives live in Buffalo?] My mother does; my sister—the one that married the Methodist preacher—is out in Ohio. [Did you join your regiment in Buffalo?] No, sir; I did n't. I went down to New York City. [Do you remember what company?] C. [Such facts will help friends to identify you.] Yes.

Now look here, Major: I don't know much about these things, but I shall soon, by coming here and learning the ropes, you know. But I've heard it said that there's chances for us to talk to our folks nearer home. [You can request them to give you an opportunity to speak at home.] Well, now, I'll ask the folks to let me come home and talk to them, and I'll knock that funeral sermon all to pieces. I was there and heard, and I could say "Amen" to some of it, and some I could say "That's a lie," for I wasn't what they said I was.

I'm a happy individual, and you can't make me sad, anyway; and bringing your old devil up before me, don't frighten me a bit. I never got frightened at anything but once in my life. Shall I tell you what it was, Major? [Yes.] Myself. I never see anything worse than myself, and I don't ever expect to. We are all bad enough, even the best of us, you know. We can find bad traits in us to make a devil for ourselves here, so that when we die we shan't need to go searching through a place called hell, not a bit of it. We can all find evil enough in ourselves to make a personal devil out of. I used to have that idea here, Major, when I was on the earth, and I've got it now.

Well, if the folks would be glad to talk with me at home, I should be glad to do so, and I'll be just as smooth as I know how to be. I suppose they'll tell you I used to drink. Well, I plead guilty to that charge; but I can't get drunk where there's nothing to drink, so I'll be pretty sure to come back sober to them.

Well, Major, I'll pay you, if you say so. [You will, we know, when the time comes.] Well, but I'm one that likes to pay as I go along. Just as you say, Major; if it's all right; I'm satisfied.

When I first see that reb here to-day, I thought I might have a little bit of a going-in, because it seemed to me, or he rather looked or rather acted as if he was getting ready for a fight. I suppose he thought he was going to get the cold shoulder, and he was going to brace himself up for a fight at the outset. But, you see, he met with smooth water, and would n't show his bad points. Ah, that's the way of them. But I won't find too much fault. Good-by, Major. March 10.

Rosanna Hills.

I have left two children on the earth. I am anxious for their welfare: that is why I am here. I went from Pennsylvania to California eight years ago. My name before marriage, Rosanna Endricks; my name after marriage, Rosanna Hills. I have two children, one six years of age, the other near four; I am anxious about them.

Since I learned where my children were, I've had a desire to come and speak with their earthly guardians. I thought perhaps I might. They are at San Juan, California. A gentleman who used to publish the Plaza County Gazette, who is in the spirit-world—he went there—he died before I did, helped me to come here. He knew something of this. He was a stranger; but we are glad to receive favors even from strangers.

I wish to commune with my husband, John Hills, if I can. I wish to tell him where I live. I wish to talk about the children. Tell him my mother has recently died in Pennsylvania, and she's left to me or my children property. Of this event my husband has no knowledge. I would wish that he bring the children to my friends in Pennsylvania, if possible.

I suppose I died of inflammation of the lungs; was not sick long; had no notice that I was going to die, so you see I left everything unsettled, went before I felt that I was ready. Farewell, sir. [Is your husband in California, at the same place?] Yes, sir. March 10.

Captain D. S. Day.

[Written.] My DEAR WIFE—I have ceased to be anxious to identify myself to the friends I have left on earth, for I know I shall sometime. I tried to make myself known to you through Mrs. M.—last month, but could not do as well as I wished. Tell my friend Captain F.—I shall send him returns as soon as I am able to.

Yours in spirit, CAPTAIN D. S. DAY, Gloucester, Mass.

THE COMING TIME.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

When men forget their love of gold,
And love their honor more;
When Truth is only current coin,
And counted o'er and o'er;
When men love Freedom for its sake—
For all as well as one—
And for the greatest good, their work
From day to day is done;
When men throw self aside, and live
For some great purpose high,
Then will the glorious Era come,
When none will fear to die.

Then will the human soul grow strong,
And wise, and grand, and free—
Shall rise the coming race, Oh, God,
A fitter type of Thee!

Then shall thy seal, and only Thine,
Be set on every brow;
Ay, none shall wear the mark of Cain,
As millions wear it now.
Then shall the Eden bloom again,
Then shall the angels stand,
And with new Adams and new Eves,
White-robed, walk hand in hand!

The Cause in Lowell, Mich.

In a note from H. B. Alden, we learn that Mrs. Heath, of Lockport, N. Y., who has been lecturing in Lowell for several months, has just closed her successful engagement and is coming East. He pays her a high compliment. He concludes his letter as follows: "As Brother Hull

of postage. A liberal discount made to the Trade.
Feb. 27. 8w*