

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

"For change must come to all,
And love of home is the terror!
Joy fills the heart to-day,
Yet grief may come to-morrow."

The two months of vacation sped by with swift feet, and when September's golden reign began, the girls came back to their studies. The weeks now glided peacefully and happily on in their quiet routine, until Autumn's crimson crown grew pale beneath the cold, white hand of Winter. At last there came one afternoon that was mild and balmy, full of the genial smiles of June, and it seemed as if the soft summer winds strayed back to linger for an instant amid the dear, familiar haunts, where they had sported through the long, sweet days that had fled never to return.

"Beatrice!" exclaimed Threissa, when school hours were over, "what do you say to a stroll in the direction of the cliff? We shall have plenty of time before tea; and it really seems a pity not to take advantage of this beautiful weather."

"I am entirely at your service," was the reply. "Indeed, I was about to make a similar proposal."

"Well, let us be off, then, as quickly as possible."

The path that they were soon traversing, was a favorite walk with the scholars. It wound among rocks, down into dark ravines, through groves of trees, until it came to a towering precipice that lifted its bald head against the sky, while the waters of the river bathed its feet. The view from the summit was magnificent, and hither wandering artists often came to sketch the scene.

On arriving at the spot, our two friends found that Edith Weston, Jessie Lee and Alice Brown were there before them.

"Oh, dear!" said Threissa in an undertone, "I did hope that we should be alone. This place loses half its charm in company. We do not wish to converse when we are feasting our souls upon a beautiful painting; that is why I am always awed into silence when I stand here. It seems as if some thrilling voice that fills all space cries out forever, 'Be still, and know that I am God!'"

"You have described my feelings exactly; and it may be that those three girls experience similar emotions. I think their being here need not conflict with our enjoyment."

"You are right; it need not. I was a little annoyed when I first saw them; but the tranquil influence of the scene, has already calmed my perturbed spirit. Let us sit down here."

Five, ten minutes slipped away. Beatrice at last turned from the glowing landscape to glance at her friend, and marking the rapt look on her face, wondered in what ideal land her thoughts were straying.

What a holy silence brooded in the air. It seemed as if heaven and earth were communing. The clouds that guarded the gates of the West, sighed long and heavily as they saw the lovely Day waiting to pass through, who, with a sweet-ray smile, gave them a parting token of remembrance. It was the mantle of purple and crimson and gold, which the sunbeams, with their nimble fingers, had woven for her through the long, precious hours. The river caught a little of its glory, and it laughed with joy, and murmured a farewell hymn.

Presently a feeling of uneasiness distracted Threissa's attention from the charming prospect, and turning her head, she beheld Edith bending over the cliff.

"Take care," she called, in alarm. "You should not go so near; you will certainly fall!"

"No danger," was gallantly returned. "I see some splendid asters that Jack Frost's desecrating hand has not touched, and I mean to have them, if it is a possible thing."

"Well, do be very careful. It would be a terrible affair if you should go over."

"Never fear for me," was shouted back. "I am one of the cautious kind."

"See," said Beatrice, "a star has climbed into the blue vault, and is flashing upon us a warning to return. Madame will not allow us to come out again very soon, if we are late at tea."

"Oh, you gross creature!" was the laughing response. "To think of your bringing me down from the sublime heights upon which I was standing, merely to contemplate such a commonplace idea as that!"

"It is a subject that calls for action, not for contemplation," rejoined her friends.

"I suppose so. Come, then."

They started to their feet at the same moment. The next instant a cry of mortal agony—a wild prayer for help—rose upon the affrighted air. Instinctively they turned in the direction of the sound, and caught a glimpse of Edith's flowing garments falling—falling; heard the dull, heavy thud with which she struck against the cruel rocks; saw the hungry waves open to clasp her in their embrace, and behold for one dread instant the white face, stamped with terror unspeakable, and then it disappeared, the long, shining hair leaving a trail of life in its wake.

Jessie Lee faint. Alice Brown sat as though carved in stone, and Threissa remained rooted to the spot, gazing with widely dilated eyes upon the waves that hid her lost friend, while Beatrice, only, retained her presence of mind.

"She will not rise in the same place," she thought. "The current is swift; it will carry her below."

Acting and thinking were almost simultaneous; and in an incredibly short space of time, she had darted down the hill, through the adjacent field to the waters' brink.

"Thank God! I am not too late!" was her involuntary exclamation, as she clutched Edith's robe, and with almost superhuman strength dragged her to the shore.

But, oh, that face! "I was white and rigid as marble, and yet calm and peaceful. The terror had fled, and a smile of ineffable sweetness was stamped upon the mouth. One hand still clasped the flowers that had tempted her to destruction, while the other held the earth that she had grasped in her frantic struggles to regain her foot-hold. The heart had ceased to beat. Death caught her ere she reached the waves; through that wound upon the temple life escaped."

Threissa had now joined her friend, and together they gazed upon the mysterious change that had fallen so suddenly over their bright, joyous schoolmate. Her voice, but half an hour before so merry and glad, would never again wake the echoes. Quickly she had folded her tent of Life, and joined the shadowy army upon the other shore.

"Can we not carry her to the next house?" said Beatrice, breaking the long, fearful silence.

Her companion shrunk back.

"No; I have not a particle of strength left. There is no necessity, either, as Jessie and Alice have gone to summon assistance."

It was a silent and mournful procession that wended its way to Madame D'Orsay's that night. Nature still chanted her evening orison, though; and the moon sailed on majestically through the sea of purple depth, while the stars swung their shining lamps in space.

Ah! we are but atoms in the great immensity; and although we may be crushed to earth by a mighty woe, and our hearts be breaking in slow agony, yet the world moves on with song and laughter, although with the simplicity of childhood we marvel that it can do so.

Edith's tragic fate had hung a veil of sadness and gloom over her companions. With blanched faces, hushed voices, and eyes blinded with tears, they spoke of her sweet disposition, gentle ways and kindly deeds; then memory stung them with regret, as they recalled times and seasons when they had stabbed her with harsh words, and they sighed that they had not been more loving and tender while she tarried with them.

Oh! the bitter wall with which the mother knelt by the side of her last-born—her darling! Her passionate caresses ruffled not the calm serenity of the dead face. The lips which had once clung to hers with convulsive warmth, now chilled her with their coldness. Such is life: to suffer and endure until the end.

The cliff was now shrouded by all the scholars, with the exception of Threissa. Some strange fascination seemed to draw her to the spot, and she sat there for hours in lonely meditation. Often from out the dark chambers of the Past she heard Edith's sad, prophetic words:

"If I believed in omens, I should think that I was going to die before Christmas."

She wondered now what shadow fell over her heart causing her to utter them; but the grave was silent; there came no response.

Still the weeks sped on in their swift flight, until the great exhibition was at hand; but never in the memory of Madame D'Orsay had the school worn such a quiet, sorrowful look. There was no enthusiasm, no eager rejoicings over the coming holidays, no merry shouts, and no peals of silvery laughter; for they all remembered that one glad, pleasant voice was now silent forevermore, and they gazed anxiously in each others' faces, and wondered who the Messenger would summon next.

It was a relief to all when the exercises were over. The fireworks were fearful, and the embraces more tender than usual when they separated.

At last Beatrice was en route for home, with Threissa by her side. What a cordial, almost tender reception the orphan received from Dr. and Mrs. Lascelle. Her heart swelled with emotion as she listened to their kindly welcome. She had rather dreaded to meet them, in spite of her friend's assurance that they would be pleased to see her; but now their manner relieved her of her apprehensions, and placed her at her ease.

The next few days were flooded with enjoyment; she moved in a continual whirl of glad excitement.

Christmas brought her an elegantly-bound volume of poems, a collection from the best authors, also a bracelet, the gift of Beatrice, composed of her hair, with her likeness in the clasp.

Astonished and delighted at being thus remembered, she could scarcely articulate her thanks.

"They are the first presents that I ever received at such a time," she said to Mrs. Lascelle, "and it seems so nice to think that there are some persons in the world that love me. I used to sigh when the girls came back to school, and displayed their gifts to each other in such glee; not that I envied their possession, but because my heart yearned, oh! so sadly, for the tender affection of which this was the expression."

"Poor, motherless child!" replied the lady, folding her arms about her, "I can sympathize with you, Threissa, because I have known all the horrors of the orphan's lot—experienced all the bitterness which only those can feel who are buffeted about at the mercy of the cruel world. Now, promise me, my dear, that you will come here when you are sorrowful and weary, longing for the shelter and protection of a home."

The girl's answer was to kiss her passionately, and then to hide her tearful face upon her shoulder; and thus Beatrice found them, when she came in search of her friend.

"I do not wonder that you are so good, now that I have seen your mother," remarked Threissa, as soon as they had passed from the room. "Indeed, it would have been a matter of surprise had you been otherwise."

"I excuse your flattery to me, in consideration of the neat compliment that you have bestowed upon her," was the laughing rejoinder.

From that hour a new feeling awoke in the orphan's heart, that was something akin to that which she would have experienced had the pure, tender love of a mother flooded her life with its holy sunshine.

Now, theatre, opera, ride, or promenade possessed not half the charm to her that a quiet conversation with Mrs. Lascelle did. That lady wondered sometimes at the decided preference which she manifested for her society, and the fondness that looked forth from those dark orbs thrilled her; yet she never suspected that she was the object of an intense affection that amounted almost to adoration.

Oh, starving hearts! the world denies you food, and when, forced on by hunger-cravings, you snatch at poison from the gutters, it laughs scornfully, and huris upon you the stone of condemnation.

"In three short days, we shall find ourselves transported back to Lebanon," said Threissa to her friend, one night after they had retired.

"Even so," was the response. "Are you glad or sorry?"

"What a question! I think that I can fancy the feelings of our first parents, when they were driven out of Eden."

Beatrice laughed.

"What a strange creature you are. Always extremely decided either one way or another; if you are not intensely miserable, you are infinitely happy."

"You are right. That's my nature. I never expect to experience the golden mean that belongs to calmer temperaments; yourself, for instance."

"I am confident that you might acquire it by cultivation; especially if you kept a little stronger curb upon that fiery, tempestuous spirit of yours. I tremble, sometimes, when I think of your future. God grant that your life may not prove a tragedy."

"I say amen to that, as I do not happen to have a taste for the awful, just now; besides, I don't think there is any danger for you know that I am to settle down into a dull, quiet routine, as teacher under Madame D'Orsay, and there was the slightest perceptible curl to the proud lip."

"Well, perhaps that may be the very best employment that a person of your nature could engage in."

"Thank you," was the sarcastic response, "only I do not happen to agree with you. I am satisfied that there will be times when that calm, stagnant life will almost madden me. There are moments, even now, when I fairly loathe the thought of being chained to that spot; but those are my dark moods, when I am displeased with myself and every body else. Change the subject now, please; it makes me blue."

"Well, how did you enjoy the concert this evening?"

"Very much. Only I did not fancy our escort, Mr. Lewis. I wish your father could have gone with us."

"So do I, for that matter; but is it possible that you do not like cousin Edgar?"

"It certainly is. I can't endure him. He fills me with disgust whenever he turns those trenchant eyes of his upon me. Some people would fear him, I suppose; I abhor him."

"Why, Threissa! I am astonished! Is there any necessity for such strong language?"

"I think so. In fact, I don't consider it half forcible enough."

"Remember that he is my cousin."

"I am not likely to forget it, although I should be glad to."

"Well, that is queer. I can't understand why you should have conceived such a violent antipathy against him."

"Neither can I, unless it is for the same reason that we regard a snake with aversion."

"Why, Threissa!" there was a touch of pain in her voice, "you make me shudder! Only think of comparing Edgar to that crawling reptile. Are you in earnest, or only trying to tease me?"

"I never was more serious in my life. Forgive me, if I have grieved you by expressing my sentiments so freely. I did not intend to let you know how unfavorably he had impressed me; but somehow I was surprised into it. One thing in particular that I very much dislike, is the authority that he seems to exercise over you."

"Why, darling, he has got in that way because I have relied upon him so much. You see he is the son of my father's only sister, and our house has always been to him a second home. I never had any brother or sisters, and he seemed to supply their places. He is eight years older than I am, and most young men of his age would prefer the society of the gay and fashionable belles to the company of a school-girl; but he does not seem to, as he is always at my service when I am at home, and no lady ever had a more devoted cavalier."

"Well, Beatrice, I can but smile at your simplicity. Did it never occur to you that you were an heiress, and ten times more beautiful than girls generally are? Were you really so blind as not to perceive that he had a motive in his attentions? Let me enlighten you, then. If it is possible, he intends to have you for a wife."

"Nonsense, Threissa! that is simply absurd. Why, he is my cousin, almost my brother. I could never marry him. I trust that you are mistaken, and a cold shiver ran through her frame."

"Well, believe it or not, now, just as you please. He will certainly solicit your hand, though. See if the future does not prove that my words are correct. I guess we have talked sufficiently for this time. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long!
So shalt thou make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

KINGSLEY.

To Madame D'Orsay's great joy, her pupils returned as gay and light-hearted as of old. She had feared that the tragedy of the last term might injure the reputation of her school; but, thanks to the healing powers of Time, and the volatile, rebounding spirits of childhood, her fears were groundless.

Do we flatter ourselves that we shall be missed when we pass from this rushing, seething vortex called "Life"? 'Tis a foolish conceit, then, for we leave no vacancy for the hurrying throng to wonder and speculate over; and save by a few, in whose hearts, perchance, our memory lingers green and fragrant, we are forgotten as much as though we never were.

It is not surprising, therefore, that nearly all the scholars, the majority of whom had been taught to associate everything that was dark and appalling with death and the grave, should push the thought of Edith from them as a subject too painful to contemplate. Miss Stanley, Beatrice, Threissa and Jessie Lee, however, remembered her as a sweet, fragile lily bud which the gardener had borne tenderly away from the clouds and biting blasts of earth.

Weeks were merged in months. Spring came again, melting the fetters on the brooks, and smiling happily as she listened to their glad songs of freedom.

One afternoon Miss Austin summoned the geometry class, and telling them that she would attend to their lesson in the morning, she dismissed them, saying as she did so:

"Miss Ware, Madame desires to see you in her private room. Immediately," she added, seeing that Virginia did not start.

The girl arose, tossed her head scornfully, and passed out. Her companions exchanged glances.

"I would not be in her shoes for anything," whispered Laura Gardner to Louise Sawyer. "Depend upon it, Miss Stanley has reported what she called her impudence yesterday. My! won't there be a storm?"

"Yes, very likely," was the response. "I should admire to be up there to hear it. Madame will be magnificent in her rage, and Glauco will resemble a small thunder-cloud."

They both laughed at this, and in the midst of their mirth Miss Austin said, in her clear, metallic tones:

"Young ladies, I very much fear that you will disturb your more studious neighbors. You can therefore finish your amusing conversation in the floor."

They started guiltily at this, and then, with an appearance of bravado, they took their books and walked into the centre of the room, Louise saying, with a grimace:

"We shan't get the medal for good conduct this term."

To which her companion replied, in the same low tone:

"Who wants it? I don't."

When the bell rang for intermission, the girls, instead of passing into the playground as was their custom, gathered together in groups, eagerly talking. Some discussed their own affairs, and others were equally busy over their neighbors'.

Suddenly the door opened, and in came Virginia. There was a general rush toward her.

"What did she say to you?" exclaimed one.

"Did you get an awful scolding?" cried another.

"Come away and tell me all about it," said Laura, drawing her arm within her own. "Oh, you must have had such fun!"

She shook them all off, and looked about her loftily.

"I can't see, for the life of me, what you mean by your questions. If you think that I was sent for to be reprimanded, you are very much mistaken."

"Your acting is matchless," said Louise, laughing; "but you can't deceive us so easily, Glauco, my dear. We know very well that you were summoned before Madame's august tribunal to answer to the charge of unparalleled impudence to her subordinate officer, Miss Stanley. Now confess that such was the case, and tell us all that passed on both sides, and what your sentence is."

"Why, your wisdom fairly astonishes me," she replied, with a sneer. "If you are such adepts at guessing, you surely do not need any assistance from me to puzzle the rest out," and she turned away with a haughty step.

"Depend upon it, she's received a tremendous lecture, or she would never be so cross," whispered Laura.

Just then Threissa entered.

"A new scholar, girls," she cried.

"Who? Where is she? What is her name?" they shouted, crowding around her.

"Why, didn't you know of it? I thought, to be sure, Virginia would have told you before this time, as she is acquainted with the parents, and Madame sent for her to come up and see them."

"Oh, that was what you were summoned for, then, was it?" said Nelly Green. "Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

She smiled sarcastically.

"I should if you had given me the chance; but you all took something else for granted, so I thought I would wait until you were ready to listen to my explanation."

"Well, fire away. We are all attention," said the elegant Eliza Wilhelmina.

Virginia turned upon her with a gesture of scorn, and then moved to the side of Beatrice, who had been a silent spectator of the whole scene.

The girls gathered around with eager, impatient looks.

"Come, tell us what you know of her, before Miss Austin rings that old bell," said Jessie Lee.

"Well, her name is Illione, and she is the only child of Reginald and Ida Mortimer. They own

the plantation next to papa's, and a beautiful place it is, too. They call it Moss-Side. I am not any acquainted with the girl, as she is several years younger than myself, and I hardly ever saw her before to-day. Her mother—she was a Cleveland before she was married—and my sister Adrienne used to be great friends, and they were among the first pupils that Madame D'Orsay had, after she opened her school here. That is the extent of my knowledge, I believe, as I have spent most of my vacations at the North, scarcely going home at all since my opening term here."

"Is Illione pretty?" inquired Alice Brown.

Virginia shrugged her shoulders.

"Tastes differ. Ask Threissa."

"What?" queried that damsel, coming forward, with a book in her hand.

"Do for pity's sake leave that everlasting studying," said Jessie Lee, pettishly. "We want you to tell us how the new scholar looks."

"Oh, I can inform you, and still go on with my lesson; but had n't you better wait until she comes into the room? Then you can see for yourselves."

"No; we want to know now. We will trust to your judgment."

"Well, I will paint her in a few words. A sunbeam has become entangled in her hair. Her eyes mirror all the splendor of the skies, and ripe, red strawberries have not a richer glow than her cheeks and lips."

"Good for Threissa!" shouted the fun-loving girls.

"A poetical description, truly," laughed Beatrice.

"I hope that you have n't flattered, in your enthusiasm," said Jessie, roguishly.

"I believe that I have not even done her justice. However, you can judge for yourself when Madame introduces her."

Confirmation came from an unexpected quarter. "I assure you that her beauty has not been exaggerated," exclaimed Virginia, earnestly. "She has the face of an angel."

"Well, it is something new for you to praise anybody's looks but your own," said Louise, maliciously. "What is going to happen? Oh, I know: it must be that the millennium is coming, and this is one of the extraordinary signs that is to usher it in."

Some of the girls laughed, but most of them frowned.

"For shame!" cried kind-hearted Nelly Green. "An unprovoked attack; therefore mean and cowardly," muttered Threissa indignantly, while the great eyes of Beatrice flashed scornful surprise. Miss Ware, however, from whom they all expected a passionate outburst, colored a little, but remained silent.

At this moment the door opened, and Madame entered, followed by a lady and gentleman.

"Surely, dear reader, we know those faces! Hast forgotten our old friend, Reginald Mortimer, and his wife, the beautiful Ida? Time's changing hand appears to have touched them lightly. His dark locks are thickly streaked with silver, though, yet there are the same laughing hazel eyes; but lo! even while we gaze a terror rises in them, flinging its shadow over his face, and chasing the smile from his lip. See! he starts at every sound. Surely, he has assumed woman's prerogative, and is afflicted with 'nerves,' or else Bianca's malediction rests on him still."

Thirteen years have detracted nothing from the sweet grace of his companion. Indeed, a more holy loveliness seems to have been wafted over her in their flight. That sorrow has not passed her by, her mourning habiliments proclaim; but that fair brow is furrowed by no ceaseless repinings, and the wings of her spirit are not shattered and broken by vain beatings against the iron bars of Fate. No; when the storm-cloud has darkened her horizon, she has meekly folded her white hands, and bowed her gentle head, and the heart-prayer has gone forth:

"Oh, Father! give me strength to bear. Let thy will, not mine, be done."

Ah, Reginald Mortimer! thou didst prophesy rightly when thou saidst that she would be the good angel of thy life!

"My dear Mrs. Mortimer!" said the delighted Madame, "I never imagined, when I numbered you among my pupils, that the day could come when you would do me the honor to commit a daughter to my charge. Did you?"

"No, I think not," she replied, with a smile and a blush; "but how natural everything looks here! You have made some alteration though, I see."

"Yes; we are obliged to keep step with modern improvements, or we should be stigmatized as old-fashioned, and lose patronage accordingly."

"Did you say that that young lady who gave us such exquisite music up stairs was a founding?" interposed Reginald.

"What, Threissa D'Artois?" Yes. She was adopted by a very dear friend of mine, who, upon her death-bed, exacted a promise from me to take charge of her. At the time that I bound myself, I supposed that she was poor Antoinette's own child; but I afterwards ascertained that such was not the case, although I am entirely ignorant of her parentage. She has talents of the highest order, and is the most brilliant scholar that I have, yet she is only fourteen."

"Poor creature! Nature seems, though, to have endeavored to make amends for her unfortunate birth by endowing her with a splendid intellect."

"I don't know," thoughtfully replied his wife; "it appears to me as if that would make her feel it all the more keenly."

"You are right," responded Madame D'Orsay. "It was particularly humiliating to her at first, but now I think that she has become reconciled in a measure, owing to the judicious counsel and tender friendship of a pupil who entered here a year ago."

"Indeed! I do believe that I can point out the one," said Mrs. Mortimer, with animation. "Is n't it that girl yonder, with the dark curling hair, and breadth of brow, and great innocent eyes?"

"You have divined correctly," was the smiling

reply. "She is the daughter of Dr. Lascelle, of New York."

"Ah! I have heard of him," said the gentleman. "He has acquired a great reputation as a physician. But come, wife, we must be going if we wish to take the next train."

"What is so soon? Well, we must go back and bid Illione good-by. Poor child! I expect that she has been taking advantage of our absence to indulge in a fit of weeping. Strange how that sweet young lady fascinates me! I should go away feeling perfectly easy about my darling, if she would only promise to take her under her protection."

"Rest assured that your daughter will captivate us all, if she has been so fortunate as to inherit her mother's disposition, as well as looks," rejoined Madame, with a profound courtesy.

"Thank you," said Mr. Mortimer, bowing politely, his face lighting up with one of his rare, beautiful smiles. "I felicitate myself that such is the case," and taking possession of the little hand that lay so confidently upon his arm, he led his laughing, blushing wife out.

The scholars looked at each other when the door had closed upon the three.

"Well," exclaimed Beatrice, drawing a long breath, "wasn't she lovely? I could scarcely keep my eyes off of her when I was up stairs, and now it seems as if all of our sunshine had followed her out."

Beatrice said nothing; some strange feeling was stirring in her heart, and words fluttered away from her lips.

"I think that her husband was perfectly splendid," remarked the roguish Jessie, "and I'll never get married unless I find a man that looks just like him."

They all laughed at this, and then Miss Austin came in, and motioned them to their seats.

That evening, somewhat to their surprise, Madame informed Beatrice and Theresia that the stranger would occupy a bed in their room, as all the vacancies were filled.

At first they felt a little annoyed at having their privacy thus intruded upon, but a few hours spent in Illione's society quite reconciled them to the change.

The next morning Beatrice entered the school-room very early, intending to devote the time in which she usually walked to the solution of a difficult problem, that had troubled her much the day before. Scarcely had she fastened her mind upon it, when the new scholar came in, and apparently without observing her, seated herself at her desk, and began to listlessly turn over her books. Five minutes passed, and then she was again interrupted, now by the loud, coarse voice of Eliza Colton, and looking up, she perceived that that young lady had planted herself before the stranger in such a way as to prevent her egress, and was clearing her throat preparatory to catechizing.

"Black is amazin' becoming to you," she commenced; "who are you a-wearin' it for?"

"For my brothers," was the reply.

"You don't say so! When did they die?"

"Last Christmas."

"What! both together?"

"Within a week of each other," and here the vexed listener heard a smothered sob—but Eliza Wilhelmina was merciless.

"The holidays must have been awful dull, then, I should have thought. What ailed 'um?"

"Scarlet fever."

"How old were they?"

"Ten and eight."

"Ah! they had grown to some bigness then? Was their names as queer and hifalutin' as yours?"

"They were called Reginald and Arthur."

"Humph! them's kinder decent. Well, as near as I can find out, you're a kinder of an allin', sickly family?"

"Please go away," said the sweet voice, almost choked by tears.

"I shan't till I get ready, Miss Yaller Hair. Well, now, I never! if you aint a bawlin' just 'cause I axed you a few civil questions! Oh, my! afore I'd be such a baby! Don't you think your ma looks kinder droopin'? I do n't believe she'll live long."

From a feeling of proud reserve, Beatrice had hesitated to interfere; but now she could bear no more. With a quick, light step she crossed the floor, and ere Eliza Wilhelmina was aware of any one's approach, she found herself caught in a strong grasp, and whirled around to confront a pair of flashing eyes.

The girl uttered a howl of pain.

The new comer loosened her hold, saying, while a smile softened her stern face:

"I did not mean to extract any such music as that from you, but I did intend to put a stop to your torturing of this poor child. Now take yourself out of the room, and be very careful how you trouble her in future, unless you want your conduct reported to Madame."

If there was any person of whom the brazen-faced damsel stood particularly in awe, it was the lady in question; so without speaking a word, she beat a hasty retreat.

Beatrice now turned her attention to the weeping Illione, whom she soon soothed by gentle words and fond caresses, and then she went back to her desk to finish her problem.

A few days passed, and the lovely stranger seemed in a fair way of becoming the pet of the whole household. She was not particularly brilliant as a scholar, and often came up with imperfect lessons; but even Miss Austin could not find it in her heart to chide, as she looked into the sweet face, and met the dumb appeal of those deep, tender eyes.

To Miss Starkins—poor, frozen Miss Starkins, whom the girls all abominated—she came as a bright sunbeam. Soon that lady began to warm and expand beneath her genial influence, until her tormentors laughingly declared that it must be she had got some good in her, although it was so little that no one but Illione could ever have found it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Methodist Protestant.

A person, says the Paris Sport, who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, recently complained in M. Auber's presence how hard it was that people should grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

THE MAY-DAY WALK.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

Come, children, put your bonnets on,
Your bonnets made of gingham,
And get your baskets from the loft—
Mind, don't forget to bring 'em.
Among the dry autumnal leaves
The winds of May are playing,
So, children, put your bonnets on,
And let us go a Maying.

The snow-white caps and icy frills
Have left old Bassett's mountain,
And Spring has broke the frosty bands
Of every rill and fountain.
On every tree in Thatchwood Grove
The Summer birds are singing,
And all around by Ripple Brook
The meadow grass is springing.

We'll trace the stream by David's mill,
Beneath the oaks and birches,
That nod through all the summer-time
To little trout and perches;
Then cross the cedar bridge below,
And take the old cart-way,
For that is edged with flowers, you know,
Through all the month of May.

I always loved this rural walk,
From early childhood hours,
For here I learned to worship God,
With little birds and flowers;
And in each dell and shady grove,
From dewy morn till even,
I talked with angel visitants,
And learned the way to heaven.

Then, children, leave your books and play,
And come with me a while;
I'm going to throw the man away,
And be again a child;
For I do n't like the ways of men,
With all their formal graces:
Give me the natural truth, that speaks
From little children's faces!

I will not bow to Fashion's shrine,
Nor list to her applause—
I'd rather read from Nature's books,
And study Nature's laws.
Then let us take the gifts she brings
From our good Father's hand,
Where children love, and flowers bloom,
Up in the Better Land.

We'll worship 'mid these rural scenes
That God to us has given,
And breathe the pure, untainted air,
Fresh from the upper heaven,
And strive through all the walks of life,
Love's labors to increase:
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace."

But, children, we must hasten home,
The woods are dim before us,
The dampness of the twilight hours
Is slowly creeping o'er us.
See, now, in yonder miller's cot
The lights begin to gladden;
Then let us go and tell our tales,
Where mothers' eyes can listen.

Thatchwood Cottage.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

BY C. B. P.

Says Rawlinson, in his note to Herodotus, "It is only recently that the darkness which has so long enveloped the history of the Chaldeans has been cleared up, but we are now able to present a tolerably clear account of them. The Chaldeans, then, appear to have been a branch of the great Hamite race of Akkad, which inhabited Babylonia from the earliest times. With this race originated the art of writing, the building of cities, the institution of a religious system, and the cultivation of all science, and of astronomy in particular."

In view of this, what are we to do with the American Lord-theology, with its inferior race of Ham, and its "cursed be Canaan" of the Lord? The Biblical civilization of America needs deep subsolving by the plov of some Mr. Buckle, for it has been very superficial, as well as narrow. Though we might, contrary to Mr. Buckle, receive the doctrine of diversity of races, it does not appear to us that it is doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly, to enslave Ham, even though God's Word in old Jewry may have a bearing in that direction. Though Rawlinson does his utmost to bolster up the old Word, yet he is obliged to admit that while the "astronomical Canon," with the inscriptions in the late discoveries, agree "with a perfect and exact agreement," there is some halting in the old Jewry Word of God, a failing to come up to time in the comparison. This would be but of little account in a human point of view, where allowance could be made for distant dates, but in God's Word it makes a rent difficult to be darned; for if the Word comes to us in shreds and patches, by sewing new cloth there to the rent is made worse. If we allow the Word its proper status along the ancient landmarks, it is then valuable in its bearings upon the contemporary Words of Gentiledom, and may be considered as of equal worth. But our pulpitary are assuming rather too much when they teach as the infallible Word of God the stories and dark sayings of the Bible in their mystical relations to the ancient Nature-worship. Calmet, who is Orthodox church authority, says: "The Eastern people are generally not very exact in matters of history; and their traditions are not always to be depended upon." Yet Calmet, throughout his Biblical Dictionary, did receive stories as wonderful as any related of Mother Goose. Nor is the new Dictionary of Smith of much better stamp, though issued under the auspices of England's greatest learning. It is simply the galvanic presence of the old crustacean, the upheavals of the old petrifications, fashioned in a new dress, as if this should suffice to rejuvenate the old skeletons thus invested—another attempt to garnish the old sepulchres into a new resurrection. It won't do, gentlemen. The present age must be of the spirit, and not of the old letter. What Rawlinson says of the "civilization of the Assyrians," has too much its counterpart in the instructions of to-day. He says, "The heavy incubus of a learned language lay upon all those who desired to devote themselves to scientific pursuits, and, owing to this, knowledge tended to become the exclusive possession of a priest-class, which did not aim at progress, but was satisfied to hand on the traditions of former ages." Not much in advance of this is our religious knowledge of to-day, when we take as the word of God the contemporary plane of teaching of old Assyria, however mod-

fied through Hebrew media. The old life, and not its shell, must lead us to the wisdom above what is written in the letter. Only as we can get through all this dark covering can we rehabilitate the ancient truth. Its manifestation of the Spirit, or Word, was fleshed and unfleshed as in the way of the modern spiritual unfolding, including, also, in its way of life, the functional of all Nature. All matter quick and bursting into birth was personated in symbolic names, as the significant way of creation by the Lords or Gods wrought through the floral, animal and astral manifestations. What to the modern mind is of familiar science, was anciently of the Lord, and marvelous in our eyes. The "Lord" and "Law" of being were the same, and one expression is as good as the other, if rightly understood in the relation. This relation we shall show on the future page.

It was the usual mode in old time to put almost everything into a symbolical dress, "believing it to be the most proper method of explaining religion, and that it was a help to memory," hence the excessive fondness for allegories and mystical theologies are well enough in their place, but not exactly the Word of God, as in the letter of our pulpitary and Sunday Schools.

Some of the stories in God's Word have quite a natural aspect, as when the children of Israel grew tired of manna, the Lord sent them quails. Says Volney, in his "New Researches on Ancient History," "This fact of natural history is unaltered: there are still every year two flights of quails in that desert and in Egypt. One of those flights takes place in the middle of September, when the quails, dreading winter, quit Europe to go to Africa and Arabia; the other toward the end of February, when the quails return to Europe in search of the abundance of the fine season." So, too, according to Josephus, the miraculous manna continued to fall from heaven even in his day. Thus the angel's food which dried away the soul of the children of Israel, as well as the seasoning of quails, presented a very simple miracle of the Lord.

So, too, of the miraculous years in old Jewry. "Among the ancients," says Pliny, "the year had very different lengths from what we now give it. Some counted summer for one year, and winter for another. Others, like the Arcadians, composed the year of three months; others, like the Egyptians, had years of one month."

Thus we shall find some of the patriarchal ages made up of Egyptian years. Suppose Methuselah died at eighty; multiply this by twelve, and we get the Egyptian years, with its miracle of nine hundred and sixty. Some very pretty sums in arithmetic might be prepared for the Sunday Schools in old theologies, by presenting numerous simple relations in the order of the *reductio ad absurdum* of miracle. Indeed, this has been the usual course in the Sunday School and pulpitary in teaching the young idea how to shoot. The Hebrews themselves appear to have been of Chaldean origin, though they learnt many of their lessons from Egypt. The first chapters of the Bible were distinctly taken from the older Chaldean Cosmogonies, as per Volney's "Researches," and by inference, in the quotation we make from Rawlinson in the beginning of this "Glimpse."

The English researcher, however, is very careful how he lays his hands on the cob-house ark of the church theologies, lest in attempting to steady it, the fate of Uzzah should await him in the *odium theologum*, or "anger of the Lord." He does the best he can, however, in this direction, whether from educational proclivities or interest in maintaining the old order of things, so that when heaven shows that Ezekiel falls in prophecy, Rawlinson carefully steadies the ark by citing Jeremiah to the rescue of Ezekiel, and says "that we cannot question the fact without denying the inspiration of the prophet, and by implication that of Scripture generally." * * * though Kenrick, like Heeren, supposes that prophecy can remain unfulfilled.

This is very tender treatment of the old ark, for it will not now stand the jostling as when "the oxen shook it," "upon a new cart," "along the way to Zion," and God smote Uzzah," because he came up to the help of the Lord against the shaking. It is impossible to say how much or how little is of clear, prophetic truth in the ancient oracles. Paul admitted that of "prophecies, they shall fail." That is, they may not prove infallible. "For we know in part, and we prophecy in part," and Hebrew prophets were in no exception to the general rule. Hulda was at fault in God's love, and both Jeremiah and Ezekiel declared that the Lord deceived in prophecy; but it must needs appear that Rawlinson be tender-footed as he steps upon the threshold of the old arkdom of our churches, yet in "Evidences" and in "Dictionary," he dares to speak more freely than many of his compeers.

Berosus, a Chaldean priest of the astronomical initiations, of admitted authority in early Chaldean history, of which he was a setter-forth or compiler, has that earliest account of a deluge, of which the Bible relation is a copy. "Thus," says Volney, "the history of Noah, of the deluge and the ark, is a history entirely Chaldean; that is to say, the chapters 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 are taken from the sacred legends of the priests of that nation, at an epoch infinitely remote. It is much to be regretted that the Book of Berosus has not been handed down to us, (excepting a few quotations,) but it appears that the piety of the first Christians having considered it dangerous, they suppressed it at an early period."

It is indeed to be regretted that this minister of the Chaldean Word, like the wizards of Nob should have been put out of the land. However, the disembodying of the Babylonian monuments affords us some clue to the Word in that direction, and a study of the celestial maps will show the connection between the older Chaldean and the later Word of Jewry. These, with Egypt, and all the regions round about, as discovered, blended with the apparition of the spirit-land, largely reveal the most ancient route from the Euphrates to the Jordan, in the exodus of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldeans.

Volney, in copying Polyhistor's relation from Chaldean monuments, says, "These texts furnish matter for a volume of commentaries; let us confine ourselves to the remarks most necessary for every man of common sense; both accounts (in Chaldean and Jewish Bibles) are a tissue of physical and moral impossibilities; but here plain, good sense will not do; one must be initiated in the astrological doctrine of the ancients, to guess at this kind of enigma, and to know that, in general, all the deluges mentioned by Jews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Indians, as having destroyed the world under Ogyges, Imachas, Deucalion, Xisutheros, Saravriata, are one and the same physical-astronomical event, which is still repeated every year, and all the marvelous of which consists in the metaphorical language employed to express it."

In this language the great circle of the Heavens is called Mundus, the Circle in Sanscrit; the Orbis of the Latin is synonymous with it. The revolution of this circle by the sun, composing the year of twelve months, was called *orbis*, the world, the celestial circle. Consequently, every twelve

months, the world ended and the world began again; the world was destroyed and the world was renewed. The epoch of this remarkable event varied according to the people and their custom of beginning the year at once, of the solstices, or equinoxes; in Egypt, it was at the summer solstice. At this epoch the Nile gave the first symptoms of its overflowing, and in forty days the waters covered all the land of Egypt, to the height of fifteen cubits. It was—as it still is—an ocean, a deluge.

"The most remarkable difference between the Chaldean and Hebrew account, is, that the first preserves its astrologico-mythological character, while the second is directed toward a moral sense and purpose. In fact, according to the Hebrew—of which we have given but an extract, the text containing more than an hundred verses—the human race having been perverted, giants descended from the angels of God, and the daughters of men committing all kinds of violence, God repents his creation of man; he converses with himself, &c., deliberates and adopts the violent resolution of exterminating all that breathes. * * * Then makes a covenant and invents the rainbow; all this intermingling with repetitions and contradictions. For instance, the rain lasted forty days, the waters swelled one hundred and fifty days; a wind blew and the rain ceased, &c., &c. * * *

"Is not all this account a moral drama, a lesson of conduct given to the people by a religious legislation, a priest? In this point of view it might be attributed to Moses; but the noun plural, *Elahim*, the Gods, wrongly translated in the singular, God, is irreconcilable with that unity which Moses makes the basis of his theology. The God of Moses is *Jehovah*; it is the only name found in his laws, and in the writings of his pure disciples, such as Jeremiah. Why is this expression, *Elahim*, the Gods, so often and almost exclusively found in Genesis? Because of the monuments being Chaldean, and because in the Chaldean system, as in most Asiatic theologies, it is not a single God who created; they were the Gods, his ministers, his angels, and especially the deacons and geni of the twelve months, who created each a part of the world, (the circle of the year.) When the high priest, Hilkiah borrowed this cosmogony, he did not dare to change its fundamental expression, which was, perhaps, adopted by the Hebrews, since their intercourse with the Syrians; it is even possible he added nothing of his own to the text, although the pure animals, (according to the law) and the number seven, indicate a Jewish writer, more so, as the name of *Jahowh* is introduced into it."

"Long before Hilkiah, Greece had the apoloque of Zou-piter initiated against the giants, and against a criminal generation, announcing the end of the world, drowning the earth with torrents precipitated from the cataracts of heaven." In this old theology of Chaldean and Egyptian origin of remote antiquity, we find the basis of mysteries and initiations. "It was in these mysteries that the science of astrology assumed a moral character, which every day altered the physical meaning of its hieroglyphical paintings," etc. To this we may add the mesmero-spiritualism in trance, oracle and seerdom.

"According to the Hebrews, after the deluge, *Noah* cultivates the ground, plants the vine; there in he is *Osiris* and *Bacchus*, both of whom are the Sun in the constellation of *Arcturus*, or *Bootes*, which after the fall of the Nile announced in the flat country the time for sowing," etc. From this Biblical astrology, we have Noah getting drunk, cursing Ham, and thus furnishing the Lord-theology for Columbia, which Joel Barlow, or some other seer, saw

"The Queen of the world and child of the skies." But it would appear that this child of the skies, or Queen of heaven, in the Lord-theology of Ham, has fallen, somewhat like Lucifer, from its first estate. It is not very flattering to the progress of the intellect, however, that the slaveholding Christianity of to-day, basing itself on the old astrologies, binds the Church to the same as of God's Word. Let us hope that there may yet be progress in our ministry of the Church astrologies, and that they will not forever so interpret the ancient stars as to make them bind all sorts of chains upon living humanity.

Volney supposes Abraham to have been a fictitious personage—an allegory from the old astrologies, the same as Hermes, when analyzed, is but the personified genius; at one time, as the star *Syrius*; at another, of the planet *Mercury*. * * * It is not, therefore, surprising that Abraham, a Chaldean King, Patriarch and Astrologer, when analyzed in his actions and character, should prove to be only the genius of a star or planet. * * * The identity of Saturn, Zerouan and Abraham, becomes evident. Abraham is named *Zerouan Zerban*, rich in gold; Saturn was king of the golden age. Abraham is called *Zarhour* and *Zarman*, decrepit old man; Saturn, in the Greek legends, is an old man, the emblem of time, which his planet measures by the slowest motion and longest career of all the planets. They have given this old man the habitual character of his age; he is represented as covetous, fond of gold, and hoarding it up; they have also given him the *scythe*, because he mows down all creatures, and puts to death all he gives life to; for this reason, from time immemorial, the Arabians and Persians called him the Angel of Death, *Ezracl*; but *Israel* among the Phenicians was the name of Saturn, and as the stars had their intermarriages, Abraham married his close of kin. "His wife, *Sarah*, was primitively called *Iskhah*, meaning beautiful, and beauty, and in the fragment of Sanchoniathian, Saturn espouses the beauty her father sent to seduce him. In fine, the primitive name of *Abram* means *Saturn*; for it is composed of two words, *Ab-ram*, signifying father of elevation, and in Hebrew, as in Arabian, that is the manner of expressing the superlative, very elevated—very high; like Saturn, the most elevated, the remotest of the planets."

The author then proceeds to unriddle the stories of *Iskhah* and *Jacob* according to the physical and moral aspects presented in the old astro-theologies of personified constellations, including "Adam, Eve, and their serpent," whose astrological character is of incontestable evidence. On the mythology of Adam and Eve, he says: "In fact, take a celestial sphere, painted after the manner of the ancients, divide it by the circle of the horizon into two halves; the upper one, the heaven of summer, heaven of light, of heat, of abundance, the Kingdom of Osiris, God of all good; the other half shall be the inferior heaven, (infernes) the heaven of winter, the seat of darkness, of privations, of sufferings, the Kingdom of Typhon, God of all evil. To the West, and toward the autumnal equinox, the scene offers a constellation represented by a man holding a scythe, a laborer, who every evening descends lower and lower in the inferior heaven, and seems to be expelled from the heaven of light; after him comes a woman holding a branch of fruit pleasant to the eyes and good for food; she also descends every evening, and seems to push on the man, and cause his fall; under them is the great serpent, a constellation characteristic of the mud of winter, the *Python* of the Greeks, the Ahirman of the Persians, whose epithet in Hebrew is Crown. Not far from them is the ship attributed at one

time to *Isis*, at another to *Jason*, to *Noah*, etc.; and at one side is *Pegasus*, a winged genius, holding a flaming sword in his hand, as if to threaten; here are all the characters in the drama of Adam and Eve, which was common to the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Persians, but which was modified according to times and circumstances. Among the Egyptians, this woman, the *Virgin* of the Zodiac, was *Isis*, mother of the *little Horns*, that is of the sun of winter, which, weak and languishing like a child, spends six months in the inferior sphere, to reappear at the vernal equinox, vanquisher of Typhon and his giants. It is remarkable that in the history of *Isis*, *Taurus* appears as the equinoctial sign, whereas among the Persians, it is *Aries*, or the *Lamb*, under which emblem the God-Sun comes to repair the evils of the world; hence we may infer that the version of the Persians is posterior to the twenty-first century before our era, in which *Aries* became the equinoctial sign, whilst the Egyptian version can and ought to ascend nearly to four thousand two hundred years, at which period *Taurus* became the sign of the vernal equinox."

"The Jewish author, who continually suppresses every trace of idolatry, and substitutes a moral sense for the astrological one, has here retrenched several details; but he has preserved a circumstance which forms a new link between him and the Egyptian and Persian version, when he makes God, cursing the serpent, to say, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; her offspring shall bruise thy head.' This offspring is the infant that in the old celestial spheres the *Virgin* (*Isis*, *Eve*), carried in her arms, and whose history, misunderstood, is become so celebrated in the world. The reader who desires further details on this subject, will find them fully demonstrated in 'Dupuis's' work, under the articles *Apocalypse* and *Christian Religion*."

Mr. Volney then proceeds to trace the four Genesiacal rivers, to take also the bearings of the tree of knowledge and tree of life, the *Ignum vite* of the *Apocalypse*, and known and read of the ancient "wise men from the East" in their riddles, dark sayings, allegories, or parables. We refer for larger details to the "Researches," where it may be seen that much of "God's Word" may yet be read in the celestial heavens by the aid of astro-theological maps. By a proper use of the old combination keys of the kingdoms of heaven and of earth, the old holy of holies may be entered by any scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven to bring out its treasures, old and new, as when the Lord or Sun was in *Taurus* before Abraham came forth from *Uz* of the Chaldees, or in the newer treasures when *Aries*, or the *Ram*, became the Lord of the ascendant. In the constellation of the Fishes, we find the significance of the *Dagon*-God of the Philistines, who was so severely stumped by the Lord God of Israel.

Finally, our author shows that "Genesis is not a book peculiar to the Jews, but a monument originally and almost entirely Chaldean, in which the high priest Hilkiah (620 B. C.) made some alterations dictated by the spirit of his nation, and adapted to the purpose he had in view, that the pretended antediluvian and postdiluvian chronology, so improbable, and even so absurd, is not, till the times of Moses, anything more than an allegorical fiction of ancient astrologers, whose enigmatical language, like that of the modern alchemist, first led into error the superstitious vulgar, and afterwards, in process of time, the learned themselves, who had lost the key of the enigmas and secret doctrines."

Now these old Biblical stories, seen in the light of their conceptions and revelations, are often amusing as well as instructive, though they often take the astrological mode of enforcing moral and religious life, or of presenting history. The children of Israel, like other children, must have their Madame Goose, who was a mother in Israel of greatest renown, and though Abraham was *Ab-Ram*, or father Ram, the same as Jupiter Ammon; though a personage in Job was of the kindred of Ram, and Moses went ramward in the passover and otherwise; so, too, Mother Goose, in her Word, says:

"As I was going to Derby, all on a winter's day,
I met the fattest ram, sir, that ever was fed on;
This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before,
And between the horns of this ram, sir, you might turn a coach and four."

Now who could ever doubt this literal Word, as told by Aunt Hannah in the nursery? The more wonderful the Ram, the more we believed on him. To doubt was to be damned; and when we afterwards tackled a representative of this kind to a sled, though we were not exactly one of the "high ones on high" in the circuit of the heavens, yet not even the constellated Ram, the patriarch of the flock, who came out of *Uz* of the Chaldees, could more majestically have trotted his course than his emblem on earth, the Lord of the ascendant as Leader-up of our sled.

About the same time an elder brother harnessed a young heifer to his sled, and truly, she proved as intractable as the ancient "backsliding heifer of Israel," whom the children wanted as a Leader-up out of Egypt; for no sooner was she harnessed in the way she should go, than she shot off like young *Pluton* in the chariot of the Sun, or like *Elijah*, in similar chariot, with the horses thereof, and the sons and the prophets sought him three days, "lost peradventure the spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley." Not even the Philistines could have plowed with the modern heifer as a way to the initiation of Samson's mysteries. The harness and the sled were soon stranded. Whether the modern charioteer put his trust in the Lord till the breaching broke, and then give all up for lost, we did not seek to know; but on the part of the beholders, there rung out a shout of laughter beyond the volume of *Sarah*, when she laughed in the Lord's face, and equal to that of the Homeric Gods, when "inextinguished laughter rent the skies."

Now the Mother Goose of the Bible was fit entertainment for the children of Israel, "as shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground." Who, then, so infidel, or unbelieving, as to call in question the letter of the Word as manifested in the old nurseries, where each "bright, particular star" had a genealogy, an infancy, youth, middle and old age? What matters a question of chronology, where a thousand years are as one day? Do you hesitate to believe that Mother Goose went "to Derby all on a winter's day," because, if she went in the sign of the Ram, it must have been March? But we can make good the chronology of the venerable Mother by the mere mention that she made that journey in the "old style" of reckoning, when February was allowed to poach on the domain of the broad-headed ram—the constellated *Agnus Dei*—between whose horns *Elijah* could turn his coach and four. Thus are the Scriptures of mother Goose, as we learnt them from Aunt Hannah, adjusted in their chronology to the times and seasons, and shown to possess "the sincere milk of the Word," ready to flow if you tap it in the right as-

So, too, the Word in Esop, and in the Hebrew Scriptures, where the Gentle children and the children of Israel are taught to incline their ears to a parable, with open mouth and shut eyes,

a beautiful bouquet of flowers was left on the door steps, and unknown powers rang the bell. After a few days, splendid combinations of flowers were carried in through the open window of the second story; and that kind of manifestation continued until over thirty bouquets were placed in the house, and many of them directed to be given to some of the neighbors. I refrain from telling most of the wonders performed by invisible and unknown powers. The friends in Charlestown will relate the incidents to those who may be curious.

L. K. COONLEY.

A Spiritual Magazine.

Often wondering why the Spiritualists of America did not possess an organ commensurate with their pecuniary, literary, philosophical, and spiritual wealth—a thoroughly able and complete publication, which should be, in its peculiar field, even more acceptable than the *Atlantic*, the *Examiner*, or the *North American Review* in their respective departments—I hail with joy even the hint, incidentally expressed in your paper of last week, indicating that our want in this particular will be met, that such a Magazine will soon be established. A constantly growing necessity is felt for a channel of communication which shall be, in every respect, a credit to those it represents, as well as to the literature, the spirit, and the progress of the age; an organ where the most thoughtful minds of this country and of Europe can confidently look for, and receive, at all times, a more perfect and therefore satisfactory exposition, a more clearly defined rationale of our distinctive philosophy, than is now capable of being furnished by any single publication.

In the direction of popular newspapers for the people, the *BANNER* and *HEALD* are all we can reasonably expect. Both have done, are doing, and will continue to do a mighty work; they cannot be dispensed with; they are gloriously fulfilling their mission, and it is not right to ask them to labor beyond their province—to do the work of another and a higher character. In the event of a new, superior, first-class Monthly Journal or Magazine being issued, these papers would be all the more needed.

While there are no reasons why we should not possess such an embodiment of our facts and our faith, there are many reasons, each important and all-sufficient, why we should.

We need a beacon-light shining from the highest promontory, to aid all mariners sailing this way. We need one common literary centre, from which can radiate the mental illuminations of our best minds. We need an exponent adaptive to the highest intelligence of our times. While the tendency of the age runs to intellect, to the outer rather than to the inner, to the perceptive instead of the intuitive—while the undue cultivation of the intellect—no need a press in the hands of the intellectually and spiritually wise, which shall evenly guide those who are so unfortunately one-sided as to be capable of seeing only in one direction. Concentrating our material, intellectual, and spiritual forces in an organ representing all the ablest writers and public workers in the great field of progress, the diffused power of Spiritualism might be gathered, and through pure, positive intent and directness, made red hot with practical good.

"In union there is strength" is as true of spirituality as of materiality. So, possessing all the means, we only need some one or more executive minds to organize and adjust the forces.

Beginning, let them call to their aid the united talent of our worthiest, ablest, most advanced thinkers, writers, and public workers in the spiritual ranks—and not be altogether confined to this class either. For well known is it, that some of the very first, and many of the most brilliant minds in this country, while not fully accepting spiritual teachings, as commonly understood, are, nevertheless, prompted by the very spirit, the *animus* of Spiritualism itself: witness Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Whitier, Curtis, Wasson Conway—the Judge as well as the clergyman. With such a class—and they can be as readily obtained for a *Spiritual Magazine* as for any other—added to the goodly number of those who have been prominently identified with the cause from the outset, and are still, to-day, more or less intimately connected with it, as seers, prophets, preachers, and poets, as expounders and illuminators, as constructors and instructors, we might, by right, challenge the homage of the world. We need a Magazine which shall be the worthy *omnium gatherum* of the best and brightest thoughts of men like Jackson Davis, Harris, Tuttle, Prof. Britton, Prof. Denton, Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Tallmadge and Boardman, Tiffany, Loveland, Pardee, Gales Forster and Peabody, Finney, Chase, Partridge, Newton, Epes Seargent, Trowbridge and Peckham, with Rev. Messrs. Pierpont, Putnam and Ballou, Doctors Hallock, Randolph and Child, H. T. and A. B., Henry C. Wright and Moses Hull. Balancing these, we have Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Willard Goodrich, Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Cuppy, Mrs. Hyzer, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Willis, Cora Hatch, Corn Wilburn, Emma Hardinge, Emma Tuttle, Lizzie Doten, Jane Jackson, and scores of others of both sexes. Such a Magazine, with such contributors, would naturally draw to itself, and harmoniously combine the highest practical, scientific, and philosophical in Spiritualism: would unite all the merits of the spiritual press in this country with the *Spiritual Reviews* of France, and the *Spiritual Magazine* of London. It would, by necessity, demand, command, and receive the respectful attention of thousands who have not yet learned what is meant or taught by Spiritualism—thousands who as yet know nothing of its principles or its philosophy.

New energies and new agencies being demanded, they must and will be forthcoming. To be prepared, however, is one half the victory. How invaluable, when the bugle note is sounded, to have an arsenal wherein all the appliances of spiritual warfare are ready forged, waiting use! Henceforth we ought to act more on the offensive—less on the defensive; thrust as well as parry; attack as well as defend. Let the law of reciprocity have full and healthy exercise; make our out-go correspond to our in-come; give as well as receive; be aggressive and progressive. We have a large army, well drilled by education, profoundly rich in experience, invincible as exhaustless in inspiration. Give all this aggregated power a favorable channel through which to flow, and a current more majestic and irresistible than Niagara will force itself through the land, and from land to land, from continent to continent. A moral avalanche, it will overwhelm whoever and whatever attempts to subvert it. The philosophical *Cleuro* but expressed the common sense, observation, and experience of mankind, in saying, "As the scales of the balance must give way to the weight that presses it down, so the mind must, of necessity, to demonstration."

Throughout the land, to-day, there is an awakening interest in spiritual matters. As never before have the power and wisdom of the immortals been so manifest. Divine light and heat are no longer to be successfully resisted. An overbrooding, directing power, as never before, is palpably felt and acknowledged, constraining and restraining us for purposes beyond and above our control. Our advancement in every department of life—in forms of thought and modes of action, without precedent or parallel—is but an incentive for yet greater progress. The foundations of the deep have been loosened. The opening heavens have partially revealed their glory. The auspicious aid vouchsafed by the angel-world will soon usher in the dawn of a more golden jubilee.

Prepared to gracefully accept our lot and labor in the present, as in the opening of the New Era, we desire to be fully armed, ready and willing at all times to battle valiantly as we may, for Universal Liberty, Justice, and Harmony, panoplied in the divine attributes of Love, Truth and Wisdom.

G. A. B.

Washington, April 15, 1864.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

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; the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is a true catholic and progressive, tending to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine*.

The Epoch of Liberty.

It is worth something to live in times like these. Sluggards and clods, men without sympathies, and men who are overruled by their timidity, all time-serving, shuffling, evasive and apologetic men prefer that their day should have come some time after all this present str and turmoil was finally over, and they could lug their appetites and passions closer to themselves than ever, and live a sort of chimney-corner life, engrossed in selfishness and buried up spiritually in inactivity and sloth.

The present is but the child of the past. It has come out of the years, and brings all their experience along with it. It is a concentration into a living focus of all the bright rays that are the resultants of the wisdom of the century. When we look around and try to realize where we are to-day, and what we are doing, we are more than ever impressed with the fact of our helplessness in the midst of circumstances and events; we realize in a large degree how little we have had to do with bringing ourselves into our present situation, and that some higher powers have persistently ruled above our heads. Few of us all would have chosen this state of conflict into which we now find ourselves plunged; it is much more probable that we should have preferred peace and ease to troubles like these; but are we not used like instruments in the hands of superior powers, to be compelled to perform what we never should do from choice, and to profit by the very compulsion which we should have avoided? This is all a process with which we have had nothing to do, other than yield ourselves as willing and obedient instruments in the hands of powers which it is our highest duty to obey.

While the tendency of events is clearly toward the larger liberty and the profounder enjoyment of all, he must be more and more than a slave who does not care to live to participate in the events of the epoch. America is in the death-struggle of freedom, the scowling demon of slavery having taken her by the throat. One or the other must finally prevail. If we live long enough, we shall live to see freedom the law everywhere on this Continent, stimulating to development and growth on all sides. Four millions of what were but yesterday domestic slaves will emerge from the bondage which they and we together thought little likely to end in our day, but which we believed would have to be destroyed by themselves if by anybody. The spirit of justice, however, is alive, whether it appears to us to sleep for a time or not; there is no putting off a final settlement with its demands. As the white race on this Continent enslaved and held in slavery this large body of ignorant blacks, denying them those most ordinary privileges whose enjoyment would have been the first sure condition of their amelioration, so the final release of these blacks and their descendants is to come, not through any direct action of their own, but through a war waged between white men who are determined on one side to release them, and, on the other, to keep them enslaved. And even while we shudder and grow heated with speechless indignation over such cold-blooded massacres, of the black man as rebels were guilty of at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, and recently at Fort Pillow, we may rightfully consider that these barbarities are employed as the very means of drawing forth our active sympathies for him, and arraying ourselves in sterner lines than ever for his defence and protection. All these evils work for good; if we will not go of ourselves, then we will be spurred; if we will not see, then we shall be made to see.

Nor is this part of the world the only one that in this day illustrates the spirit of progress and liberty. The Czar has already released some forty millions of serfs from a life-long bondage, and but recently he has bestowed the generous gift of freedom on millions more in Poland. The interested ones declare the latter will not accept it, but will rather live as the slaves of their accustomed lords. We will credit it when we have it from the peasants themselves. No creature, however humble or debased, ever yet refused the boon of liberty; least of all, those in whom the spark of intelligence and the fire of love can be kindled. The Czar may, we admit, have a mere motive of policy in this act of his; but its result will be all the same for the great cause of liberty. France, too, is carefully nurturing the seeds of a freer government than Europe has yet seen on the Continent, though Napoleon may not be working altogether to that end. Hungary is stirring for its own independence still. And, in fact, all Europe feels the internal throes of those thoughts which are everywhere waiting to put themselves forth in the form of deeds.

We shall see more accomplished now, and greater advances made in a year's brief time, than was once done in a half century. All this preparatory thought of men has not been for nothing. All this patient brooding over the wants of mankind has not been to no end. Causes never fail to produce effects. What men have been steadily thinking about for so many years, that they are now carrying out as fast as they can in action. The conditions at last have come around right for the crystallization of thoughts in deeds. The world has

waited for this day, and not waited in vain. Though it be ushered in with tumults and confusions, with conflict and war, with destruction and apparent anarchy, it is not less obedience to that divine law which educates final good out of just these inexplicable means. We have hardly begun to suffer yet what we are to suffer as a nation; but our purification as a people will far more than compensate at last for all.

Our Free Circle Room—Its Purpose and Its Use.

The great interest manifested in our circles of late, the limited means of accommodation, and the promise of friends to aid us, induced us to enlarge our circle room, which has just been done at considerable expense. We can now accommodate an audience of one hundred and fifty persons. The seats are free to all who may attend. This we wish distinctly understood. Those who feel so disposed, however, may donate whatever sums they think proper, in aid of the great work entrusted to our care.

The following message, given at our request, explains itself. It was spoken, through the mediumship of Mr. Crowell, by Dr. Rufus Kirtledge, the chief guide of the Spirit Circle at which the messages are given that we print from time to time in the *BANNER*:

Our Friends in Mortal—You desire us to say something in relation to this beautiful place you have fitted up for our use. You would know what we think of your efforts to please, and you would that humanity around you should, through us, also know what we, your spirit-friends, think of this, their Temple of Worship. You would have us speak of its purpose and its use. We will speak first of its purpose.

We are often asked the question, through your many correspondents in mortal, why those of a low and uncultivated intellect are permitted to enter and desecrate so fair a temple; why they whose only mission in mortal seems to have been crime, are permitted to mingle with your loved ones. Oh, weak, short-sighted mortals!—the purpose for which we gather within these walls is that we may draw here every son and every daughter, however clouded with sorrow or stained with crime their spirits may be; to call not only the loved and beautiful, but the unloved and deformed; to listen not only to the tales of joyful thanksgiving that come from souls surcharged with gratitude for blessings they have received in earth-life, but to listen to the earnest supplication, to the sincere prayer of those who desire to cast off their burden of sin; who desire to be made objects worthy of your love; to call up from their long slumbers those whose earthly lives closed with crime, and whose only monuments are erected in the hearts of those who survived, and upon their written ignominy and shame.

Oh, ye mortals—we declare unto you that these once were tender babes, that these once were prattling children; their mothers loved them, and in them their fathers found joy; but the hard, stern, cold realities of mortality proved too much for their spirits, and they are, to-day—if not objects of your pity, they certainly are of ours. We believe, then, that, except we call the low and outcast, the down-trodden and oppressed of every age, of every land, of every condition, the purpose for which this room was created will be a useless one. We desire those of our friends in mortal, who would debar those in darkness that would enter here, to know that except they come, that except they receive a welcome, except their darkness be removed, these, our friends must suffer. No matter how intelligent, no matter how beautiful, no matter how much cause for happiness they may have, while suffering is in their midst and darkness pervades their presence, their joys must be less, their happiness incomplete. This much for the purpose.

The use: We can only say that we believe that in raising humanity out of darkness into light, by placing before them their true condition—whatever may have been their past condition, whatever may have been their propensities—we believe they will become better, nobler, higher in the moral and intellectual scale of being, better fitted to enter upon the joys and realities of a spiritual life. And as we know that humanity can never be wise or happy without a true knowledge of the relationship it sustains to the objective world, and more especially to their God, so we do fully understand the necessity of removing all that tends to darken the intellect or limit the comprehensive power of the human soul while in the mortal.

The use, then, to which this room will be put, is the removing of every vestige of superstition, clearing away of every cloud that obscures the human vision, removing of all dark traditions of the past, and placing in their stead only beautiful temples of divine thought, where every human soul may worship undisturbed, and from out the windows of which they may gaze upon the beauties of Nature, and learn to harmonize with all that surrounds them; learn to recognize and love the governing power of Nature. And as we believe this to be the noblest, grandest use to which this, or any other room may be placed, so we throw wide open the doors of this, our Temple of God, and invite all, every son and every daughter of humanity, whether in the mortal or out, to come—to come freely, to come without fear, assuring them that here they may find peace, rest and joy for the weary soul, quiet for the disturbed spirit.

The War on Spiritualism by the Pope.

It is encouraging to the friends of human progress, spiritual unfoldment and freedom of thought, to note the rapid strides that Spiritualism is making all over the world. The war which the Pope of Rome has inaugurated against it, fully indicates the progress Spiritualism is making in Europe. Catholic France is all alive with the new doctrine. Bishops and priests are exerting their utmost to stem the current which is likely to sweep them away in its onward roll. New spiritual publications are starting up in various parts of the country. In Holland, too, a spiritual publication has just been issued, so fast are the disciples of the new faith increasing. Upon this subject William Howitt has an able article in the *London Spiritual Magazine* for April, which we have transferred to our columns. As it is especially interesting, and covers the whole ground, we invite the attention of our readers to it.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

This extraordinary medium for physical manifestations, who has been holding seances in this vicinity during the winter, with complete success, has gone to Taunton, where skeptics and believers have had an opportunity to test her wonderful medium powers. After her engagement there, she returns to the home of her parents in Maine. For the present her address will be at this office.

Individual Virtue.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

The Hull and Grant Discussion.

The last four nights of the discussion between Elder Miles Grant and Moses Hull, which came off at Lynn, Mass., were exceedingly interesting. The heavy snow kept many from attending who would have been pleased to have been present, yet the audiences were large and very attentive. The discussion has failed to make Adventists, but on the other hand, some who had never before seen the beauty and truth of Spiritualism, now see that it is that for which their thirsty souls have long been panting.

Elder Grant took the position that the phenomena were all true, but that they were the work of devils. The floodgates of the infernal world have been opened upon us, and we are left without the power of resisting, only as we throw ourselves back upon the Bible. But one would think, from hearing his speeches, that throwing ourselves upon the "Word of God" always meant no more nor less than taking the interpretation of the Bible as given by Elder Grant. To prove that his Satanic Majesty was the "prime mover" in the great spiritual field, the Elder undertook to find failures in spiritual predictions, contradictions in their doctrines, and descent upon the moral character of the media; but he was not posted. The documents he produced were too old, and had been refuted too often; they did not have the desired effect. "The man Moses" seemed perfectly at home. He proved that the reports concerning mediums were generally false; that mediums were accused of no more than were the Christians of the first century; that if mediums were guilty of all the charges brought against them, their characters would even then compare favorably with the ancient prophets, who were "light and treacherous persons," who "erred through strong drink," who were "profane persons," "committed adultery, and walked in lies," "divined for money," and when their visions failed, even accused the Lord of deceiving them.

Elder Grant found no "gain from this quarter," and hence retreated back to the subject of debate, viz: the immortality of the soul. His arguments were nothing new; they were the same old ones which he had advanced an hundred times before, and which, for aught we know, have been as often refuted. One thing we feel safe in predicting: that is, that the Elder will not soon use the same arguments again. Some of them he certainly must renounce, and we hope the time is not far in the future when they will all be renounced, and the Elder will be one of the most zealous advocates of Spiritualism. Elder Grant is one of the oldest opponents of Spiritualism, and therefore one who is the most sure to see his error and ground the weapons of his warfare. He even now is learning that it is "hard to kick against the pricks."

The Fort Pillow Massacre.

We have to record as brutal, inhuman, barbarous and shocking a massacre by rebel troops as can be found anywhere on the page of history. Burning Algerines in caves by French officers was not more cruel. The old story of the Black Hole of Calcutta is actually a relief to this one about Fort Pillow. Out of a garrison of six hundred men, some three hundred of whom were negro soldiers, the rebels slaughtered four hundred outright, and wounded and rendered helpless the remainder. The negroes and negro commanders were butchered like so many sheep. Even after their surrender, after the officers had thrown away their swords, and the soldiers were helpless and a good part of them wounded, all asking for quarter, the rebels drove and thrust at them with bayonets and swords, killing them while helpless, and suppliant, and begging for mercy. Such a scene is not often witnessed in a warfare between two parts of a nominally Christian nation.

The President was at the inauguration of the Baltimore Fair, where he made allusion to the matter. He declared that, if it should be found that the butchery had really taken place at Fort Pillow as described, he would consider it his solemn duty to retaliate amply upon the rebels, although he could not then decide upon the most proper mode of applying the *lex talionis*.

The Metropolitan Fair.

About a million of dollars was the result of the great Fair in New York. It is a noble contribution of the people to the needs and comfort of the suffering soldiers. The Government is doing all it can, and as fast as it can, in aid of the soldiers who may be wounded in the field or brought into the hospitals; but the Sanitary Commission comes in, like an angel, to do what the Government cannot, and sooner than Government can do it, too. A million of dollars at a single fair! And in a time of actual war! It ought to move the civilized world with admiration. We deserve, at least, some other name than *sordid*, when such gifts as this one are recorded to the credit of the nation.

Miss Johnson in Lyceum Hall.

Miss Susie A. Johnson is engaged to lecture in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next. She has not spoken here for some five or six years, with one exception, and that was before the late Convention, and then gave very general satisfaction. She has lectured during the last ten years in most of the principal cities and towns in the Union.

Moses Hull.

This gentleman has closed a course of eight eloquent and able lectures before the Society of Spiritualists in this city. He speaks in Portland Sunday, May 1st, and then starts for the West, speaking all along on his route home.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Hatch is lecturing in Brooklyn, N. Y., to good audiences. Her fine inspirational discourses are well appreciated by the seekers after spiritual truths. We have the reports of several on hand, which will be published in future issues of the *BANNER*.

The Davenport Brothers.

Are to be at Cooper Institute, New York, on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., and hold seances there for a limited season.

Announcements.

Mrs. Spence speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; Charles A. Hayden in Chelsea; Miss Lizzie Doten in Quincy; Ezra H. Heywood in Lowell; A. B. Whiting in Chicopee; Mrs. E. A. Bliss in Plymouth; Mrs. Chappell in Worcester; Moses Hull in Portland.

Dr. L. K. Coonley will lecture in Cambridgeport, Washington Hall, Main street, afternoon and evening, the 1st and 8th of May, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

James M. Allen, trance speaker and inspirational writer, designing to spend the coming season in Maine, would be pleased to hear from those desiring his services, immediately, directing to East Bridgewater, Mass. Will lecture, when desired, on the Universal Alphabet, the Spiritual Congress, Health Reform, or Dress Reform.

New Publications.

LIFE AMONG THE ANGELS. In a series of communications from the spirit-world. Published by W. E. Dunn and N. A. Durham, Duquoin, Ill. 12 mo., 357 pp., price \$1.50.

Every one more or less feels an earnest desire to know more of the life beyond the veil, and with avidity grasps at whatever appears that can give light on this all-important subject. The various imaginings respecting the future life are vague and unsatisfactory, based as they often are upon the predominant conceptions of objects in which happiness is found in the mortal state, while the false teachings of theology give form and shape to others still more vague and far less truthful. There are almost as many different conceptions as there are minds to receive them, thus the question is being constantly asked, "Who can tell us of the great hereafter?" We answer, Give heed to the teachings from the angel-world, listen to the voices of the mighty host who have passed on to that land to which we are all bound, as they come back and in love and sympathy seek to give us the knowledge our souls are yearning to obtain. In the work before us, we have in detail the observations and experiences of one who has passed many years in that country, from which the Church teaches us no traveler can return. Had this same traveler returned to us from a tour of observation in the Old World, and given us his experiences and the knowledge he had gained, they would have been accepted as truth, and been believed. Why, then, should not the same credence be awarded to his account of the spirit-world?

In a volume of over three hundred and fifty pages, a spirit portrays "Life Among the Angels" in a pleasant, easy and familiar style, and with the vividness of a close observer, minutely detailing all that transpired within his view as he passed from one sphere to another, accompanied by his guides, beginning with his first entrance, many years ago, down to May, 1862. Some of the descriptions given by the spirit, as new wonders burst upon his sight, are of a startling and thrilling nature. In those regions of light and intelligence nothing appeared dark or inexplicable, but everything that presented itself to observation was clearly apprehended and understood as to its nature and the purpose it serves: information was imparted mentally that elucidated and explained everything.

These experiences in spirit-life were given in a series of communications through the mediumship of Mr. W. E. Dunn, and taken down at the time by Dr. N. A. Durham, at a circle consisting of these two gentlemen and Mrs. Koyas, a highly respectable lady, the daughter of the spirit communicating, in the quiet little town of Duquoin, Illinois.

The work is divided into two parts: the first gives a description of the life of the spirit from the moment of its entrance into the world of spirits—both of infants and adults—its social state, the beauty of its character, the sweetness of its temper, the harmony and love which prevail in every circle, as well as, also, as the employments, amusements and inventions which were observed as the spirit passed through the various spheres, together with word-pictures of the numerous edifices, curiosities, scenery, etc., conveying a good idea of at least a part of the kingdom where happy spirits "most do congregate."

The second part relates to the sad and miserable condition of the inhabitants of the unhappy regions. This part of the work is in striking contrast with the first part, yet of the deepest interest to the human family, as it teaches the importance of living in conformity with the laws of Nature and of God while dwellers on the earth.

This work is a valuable accession to spiritual literature. A charm and interest runs through its pages rarely surpassed in works of this class. To the believer in the Spiritual Philosophy it will be read and studied with pleasure and profit. The investigator and liberal-minded truth-seeker will find much in its pages to open their minds to the reception of more light and spiritual knowledge. We earnestly commend it to all. We hope the publishers will make arrangements to have it for sale in all parts of the country.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May contains thirty-eight articles and forty-three embellishments, which clearly show that the publisher of this old and favorite monthly is determined to keep up its good reputation. A. Williams & Co. have it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR MAY.—This magazine is fast growing in public favor. This number is beautifully embellished with engravings and fashion-plates, and is well filled with very choice reading matter. A. Williams, 100 Washington street.

"Three Heart Offerings."

A few weeks ago we noticed an exquisite musical gem by A. B. Whiting, entitled "Lena de L'Orme," which, it appears, was only the first part of the trio, for we have now before us the other two, making a beautiful bouquet of spiritual flowers, which the author very appropriately names "Heart Offerings." These last two, "By the side of the murmuring stream," and "Touch the lute gently," are beautiful and fitting companions for the charming "Lena de L'Orme." These sweet, touching melodies are sure to become popular favorites wherever sung. They are published uniform, with elegantly engraved title pages, by H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Read the "New Music" advertisement for further information. It seems that Bro. Whiting's inspirational gifts are not wholly confined to the lecturing field, for the Muses have been "holding court" with him of late, much to the delight of the music-loving world.

Cudjoe's Cave.

This popular novel is having a great sale. In another column will be found opinions of the press on the merits of the work. In a note from Secretary Chase to the publishers, who asked permission to publish what he said about the work, he says:

GENTLEMEN—You may use the sentence about "Cudjoe's Cave" which I wrote to Mr. Trowbridge. The book merits higher praise, and I have heard it more highly praised by discerning judges.

Yours very truly, S. P. CHASE.
Washington, March 28, 1864.

The following is the paragraph alluded to above:

"The inflamed condition of my right eye has prevented my reading or writing much lately. Cudjoe's Cave I could not help reading, however. It interested and impressed me profoundly."

Coffee.

The high price of this favorite beverage has taxed the ingenuity of man to find a substitute which would be equally as good and far less expensive. We have tried Hayward & Co.'s preparation, and find it an excellent article. It appears to be entirely free from any injurious mixture, is nutritious, healthy, and has a flavor equal to pure coffee. In these times of high prices, it is worth the experiment of trying. Many who have done so like it about as well as the real article. It can be procured by the wholesale at their store, 223 Fulton street, New York.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Spiritual Magazine.

A correspondent writing from Vermont, under date of April 17th, says:

"Never before was there such a demand for spiritual publications; and I am glad to notice that the Old World is waking up so as to start periods of their own. As you listed in the last BANNER of starting a Spiritual Monthly, allow me to say I think it would be a good plan. Why cannot we support one—and one, too, that would take the lead in literature? We have the talent, and the world is beginning to feel it, and to be enlightened thereby."

A correspondent at Rhode Island also writes encouragingly, favoring the project of a Spiritual Monthly, and so does one writing from Cincinnati, Ohio.

More Help is Still the Cry.

From Marameton, Bourbon county, Kansas, a correspondent writes:

"Your paper comes to us, and is read and then loaned to the neighbors, shedding its light and glorious truths for the benefit of many in this part of the country. We need a test medium here. Also a lecturer that will elucidate the glorious truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. There are a few noble souls amongst us, who are stemming the current of Orthodoxy, and are willing to have their names go out to the world, as being to the progressive class."

Mediums in New Orleans.

In answer to an inquiry if there were any mediums in New Orleans, Dr. L. K. Conoley says, in a note to us:

"The winter of 1860 I spent in New Orleans. The best healing medium residing there then was 'Valmore,' a colored man, living in the French part—easily found. I have not my memoranda with me, but by calling on Mr. Train, a lawyer, near Jackson square, N. O. Falger, Magazine street, or Wallace Brice, many good mediums may be found."

A Voice from Illinois.

A. McFarland writes as follows from Geneseo, Ill.:

"Spiritualism is on the increase in this region. We have had the Davenport Boys and Jennie Lord here this fall and winter, which stirred up and greatly agitated the dry bones of Old Theology, and supplied a want, with their musical and physical manifestations, that was much needed in the West."

We have engaged J. M. Peebles to lecture for us on Sunday, the first of May, and Warren Chase on Sunday, the 22d of May; and I have heard many say that there is none they would delight more to hear once again in the West, than Mrs. Spence, the great pioneer and prairie plow, who went tearing through the tough soil of Old Theology, and sowing in its stead the beautiful, harmonious, and progressive truths of the Spiritual Philosophy."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"We desire our friends who may have occasion from time to time to prepare obituary notices for these columns, to be as brief as is consistent with propriety. Sometimes these notices come to us so lengthy and so crudely prepared, that we are compelled to apply the pruning-knife. This the friends dislike. A little more conciseness will obviate the difficulty. Remember also, that the editor has not time to write or correct obituaries."

If any of our subscribers have spare copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 27th, No. 23, Vol. 14, they will confer a favor by sending them to this office.

We feel just like recommending our friends who want to be dealt fairly by, to call on A. F. DeWitt, merchant tailor, 921 Washington street, where they will find a choice stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods; also, French, English and American cloths, which he will sell on fair terms, and make to order in the best style of workmanship."

A correspondent in Baltimore wishes to know the address of Miss Nellie J. Temple, the lecturer. Will she furnish us with the desired information?

"PAUL BEFORE AGRIPIA."—In Childs & Jenk's Art Gallery, 127 Tremont street, can be seen, free of charge, Rothermel's splendid picture of Paul before Agrippa. It belongs to a gentleman in Philadelphia, who loaned it, at the solicitation of Edward Everett, for a free exhibition to our citizens. The great painting of the "Martyrs" was executed by the same artist. There are a dozen or more figures to be seen—those of the King, Governor and Bernice, being the most prominent—all remarkably expressive and life-like. "Mrs. Agrippa is a beauty," we heard a lady exclaim, as she looked admiringly on the canvas. It is a very fine and interesting illustration of Biblical history, and well worth a study.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life by transporting garden sauce from Staten Island to New York in a small sail-boat. Now he is considered worth \$20,000,000.

The American Nail Company, which has a patent by which it is claimed all sizes of nails can be made at one quarter the cost of the ordinary mode, has just started in Boston with a capital of \$250,000 in \$100 shares.

When children who are born with silver spoons in their mouths grow up, there is seldom anything of them left but the spoons.

Do not fail to read the poetic gem entitled, "THE MAY-DAY WALK," by Cousin Benja, on our second page. The children, we know, will be delighted with it, and the old 'uns, too.

"HER GRAVE," by S. B. Keach, is also full of the true poetic ring.

SPRING.

Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

Maple sugar is said to be very plenty this year—vastly exceeding the yield of previous years. The crop has been estimated at 25,000,000 pounds, which, at fifteen cents per pound, foots up \$3,750,000.

Something for our English readers of *secech* proclivities to ponder over—There are ninety-five Savings Banks in Massachusetts, having, in the aggregate, deposits to the amount of \$37,000,000—placed there in small sums by poor people. Put this in your pipe, and smoke it, ye growlers of the London Times.

Renan and his book are "catching it" hot and heavy from all parts of Roman Catholicism, of course.

If any of our friends should be so unfortunate as to get involved in trouble to an extent requiring legal counsel—which we hope they never will—we recommend them to secure the services of D. F. CRANE, attorney and counselor at law, 23 Court street.

Coming from the pulpit, after a sermon, a popular minister observed to his favorite deacon—"Deacon, I'm very tired." "Indeed," replied the deacon, "then you know how to pity us."

THE COLORED SCHOOLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

There are now eight schools for colored persons in successful operation in New Orleans, and, although they have been established but nine months, the largest proportion of the scholars are well advanced in the common English branches—some so far as to be able to enter stores as clerks. The scholars are clean and well behaved. Their teachers all express themselves highly encouraged at the progress which is being made. The children are found to learn very rapidly. They number about eighteen hundred. There are in Louisiana about forty schools for colored persons, and when the schools in the various school districts are established, the number will reach at least one hundred.

The following epitaph is copied from a stone in Corsely Churchyard, England:

"Once ruddy and plump,
Though now a cold lump,
Lies honest Joe Clump.
Who wished to his neighbors no evil;
Although by death's thump,
He's laid out in a lump,
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er death and the Devil."

PARKER FRATERNITY ANNIVERSARY.

The sixth anniversary of this Association was celebrated on Tuesday evening, April 19th, at their rooms on Washington street. A very large company was present, and the exercises were of unusual interest. Samuel B. Noyes sang several songs in excellent style. An address was made by the President, Charles F. Fitz, which was followed by an original poem by Rufus Leighton, entitled, "Potomac River—1863." Addresses were also made by Rev. S. R. Calhoun, of Marblehead, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Rev. J. M. Manning. A collation was served in the refectory, and a social dance followed. It was a delightful occasion to all present. Mr. Leighton's poem was a creditable effusion, and gracefully recited by Charles H. Brainard, Esq.

Regularity in eating, sleeping, and exercise, has a very large share in securing a long and healthful life. Printers of daily newspapers will please take notice.

A clergyman or justice of the peace accomplishes great results by "putting that and that together."

A spirit is abroad which spurns
The authority of priests and creeds;
From Nature truthful lessons learns,
And follows where her teaching leads.
A glorious nature it will reach,
And all its senses leave behind;
Where fearless thought and honest speech,
Will prove the manhood of the mind.

The high price of butter, which places it beyond the reach of poor families, is caused by a ring of speculators who have been shipping vast quantities to Europe to pay for imported gewgaws, until the stock is nearly exhausted. Here is a specimen of the rich tramping upon the rights of the poor, in one article of food alone, which should open the eyes of the workmen everywhere, and induce them to form associations for their own mutual protection against such abuses. If they do not speedily move in this matter, nearly everything they eat, drink, and wear, will go into the speculators' hands, and be by them peddled out at fabulous prices.

GRAND HISTORICAL POLEMONIA OF THE WAR.—This magnificent work of art, which occupied two years in the execution, consisting of seven large paintings of the principal battle scenes of the rebellion, will be placed on exhibition at the Melodeon, on the evening of April 26th. This great work has elicited high encomiums from the press of London.

Innumerable robbers infest Rome at the present time; so much so, that the troops of the Pope have to go to escort to the *jeu de boules*, while going to and returning from their grand halls; but such men as Home are expelled from the Papal city by the authorities for minding their own business! So it would seem "His Holiness" allows robbers to remain, while he expels honest men who differ from him in religious matters.

A piece of bread soaked in vinegar and applied to a corn on the foot, on going to bed at night, and bound with a piece of oil-cloth, will remove the corn after two or three applications.

ONWARD.

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn,
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less Noyenthe in the urn
Of Memory, than Despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs has decided it to be inexpedient to take any action on the House resolution in regard to Mexico at present.

Garibaldi arrived at Southampton on the 3d inst., and was enthusiastically received.

The telegraph last week informed us that the Red River Expedition had been repulsed, with great loss; but subsequent news reversed the picture. Instead of the rebels whipping our forces, Gen. Banks had repulsed the enemy. Loss large on both sides.

Bethel Lympus, Vt.

Spiritual meetings are largely on the increase in Vermont, as well as in every other State. In Bethel meetings are now held regularly, and our friend Austin E. Simmons, one of the best men and ablest lecturers in the field, is to speak there the first Sunday of each month for the coming season.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
L. J. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—We shall be obliged to tell you to "hold on" for the present. Our space is not illimitable, you know.

C. W., LASALLE, ILL.—Letters received. Cannot give the lady any encouragement at present.

T. C., PITTSBURG, PA.—We know of no opening such as you suggest at present. Should we hear of one, we will at once notify you.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meeting in Uncle Seth's new hall, in Greensboro', Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of next May. All who wish to be co-workers in human elevation are cordially invited to be present. Dr. Cooper, of Ohio, and Mrs. Mary Thomas Clark, of Williamsport, Ind., are engaged as speakers. Bro. Peebles, of Michigan, is also expected, as well as many others. Ample provisions will be made for the accommodation of all from a distance, free of charge.

By order of Committee, I. H. HILL.

Bread-Ticket Fund.

We have established at this office a Bread-Ticket Fund, for the express purpose of aiding the destitute poor. Those who feel inclined to cooperate with us in this laudable enterprise, are requested to send their mite to us. A registry of all moneys sent us for this purpose will be carefully kept, and the amounts duly acknowledged.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

A. Glasgow, St. Johns, N. B., 30c; Eliza Dutton, Johnson's Run, Cal., \$1.00; A. B. Simonds, South Charlestown, N. H., 25c; H. M. Bouton, Washington, D. C., 30c; Harriet H. Cowee, South Gardner, Mass., 30c; B. H. Carter, Litchfield, Mich., 50c; Chas. Crane, Hyde Park, Vt., 25c; H. Farnham, Westfield, O., 50c; J. M. Melvin, Grand Blanc, Mich., 50c; Peter H. Burwell, Romo Centro, Mich., 50c; Franklin Sharpe, Springfield, Ill., 1.00; James McLean, Bucyrus, O., 25c; Jonathan Matteson, Courtland Station, Ill., 25c; James Lyon, Hebron, O., 50c; James S. McClean, Kane, Ill., 50c; John A. Well, Port Huron, Mich., 50c; Oliver Austin, Berkshires, Vt., 25c; A. Friend, Greenville, Ill., 25c; A. M. Middlebrook, Vergennes, Vt., 1.00; John Hackley, Seely Creek, N. Y., 50c; H. B. Moore, Canterbury, N. H., 50c; F. F. L. Boyle, St. Louis, Mo., 20c; J. R. Durfee, Carbondale, Penn., 50c; Mrs. R. Collins, Boston, Mass., 1.00; Benj. Teasdale, Alton, Ill., 50c; J. G. Flek, Battle Creek, Mich., 25c; A. Friend, Boston, Mass., 50c; T. H. Morse, Plainfield, N. J., 50c; A. Friend, Boston, 20c; A. Friend, Methuen, Mass., 50c; A. Friend, Chelsea, Mass., 50c; J. N. Gale, Portland, Oregon, 50c; John W. Pulsifer, Lowell, Mass., 50c; Asa Skinner, Greensburg, Ind., 25c; A. Friend, Newton, Mass., 1.00; Friends at Circle Room, 60c; Kate Dunham, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1.00; Roxanna Tibbels, Munroe, Wis., 50c; Edgar Gregory, Lockport, N. Y., 50c; A. Friend, Boston, 20c; A. Friend, Boston, 25c; J. Easton, Farmington, Mass., 50c; R. S. Lamson, Laroy, N. Y., 50c; Widow Hannah Griffin, Lodi, O., 1.00; Alfred Sawyer, Lodi, O., 1.00; Mrs. A. Tyrrel, Orwell Hill, Penn., 50c; A. Friend, Boston, 1.00; A. Friend, West Eaton, Maine, 50c; John McLean, Waukon, Iowa, 50c; W. P. James, Sunderland, Vt., 1.00; Mayflower, (a spirit), 50c; Lucy K. Hensley, Golden City, Cal., 50c; Mrs. I. B. Waugh, Bordenstown, N. J., 50c; Giles Spencer, East Greenwich, R. I., 50c; C. A. L. Noyonset, Mass., 50c; Friends at Circle Room, 50c; Henry Turner, Louisville, Ky., 50c; A. Friend, 1.00; E. Andrews, Albany, N. Y., 1.00; J. Condit Baldwin, Brandy Station, Va., 20c; E. H. Parker, 1.00; Jas. McLellan, Jr., San Jose, Cal., 30c; F. U. Coffin, Ashland, O., 50c; R. M. Bouton, Washington, D. C., 50c; B. H. Hill, Chicopee, Mass., 1.00; Friends at Circle Room, 50c; Thomas M. Jenkins, New York City, 1.00; A. B. Armstrong, Dorset, Vt., 50c; A. Friend, Fitchburg, Mass., 20c; J. S. Boston, Mass., 20c; J. S. H., Boston, 1.00; Mrs. M. D. Barber, West Andover, O., 1.00; S. McAfee, Kenosha, Wis., 50c; G. B. Stone, Chardon, O., 50c; W. L. West, Mongaup, N. Y., 1.00.

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Three Days' Spiritualist Convention at Clinton Hall New York.

In accordance with the announcement made at the late Boston Convention, a three days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Clinton Hall, New York, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 11th, 12th and 13th, 1864.

Among the speakers engaged to participate, are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, A. B. Whiting, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Moses Hull, U. Clark, L. K. Conoley, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Henry C. Wright, Dr. A. B. Child, C. H. Crowell, H. P. Fairfield, and Miss Martha L. Beckwith.

Among those invited and expected, are Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, H. B. Storck, C. A. Ely, J. W. Edmon, S. C. Partridge, Dr. H. E. Gardner, E. Newton, Dr. R. T. Hallcock, S. B. Brittan, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. E. A. Bliss, F. L. H. Willis, and Dr. H. T. Child.

A cordial invitation is extended to all speakers who can come and work in harmony on the broad platform of Spiritualism.

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