

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XV.

"She dropped sweet blessings as she went,
It was her happiness to bless,
And so her soul grew large, not less,
By loaning graces God had lent."

"Miss Ware," said Illione Mortimer, one morning, about a fortnight after her entrance into the school, "will you be so kind as to walk with me after breakfast?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied that damsel, delighted that her company should have been solicited by the favorite; "but I shall quarrel with you first for not calling me Virginia, or Ginnie."

"Pray don't," was the smiling response; "I will do better in future."

"Well, then, I will wait until the next time that you offend. So remember!" and she raised her hand playfully.

Half an hour later they were in the open air. The earth had flung off the Night's embrace, and the sun was quaffing his morning nectar from her thousand cups. June had come with roses laid around her fair, sweet brow, and clusters of the Hawthorne dropping from her jeweled fingers.

The two girls walked on laughing and chatting gaily. The breezes that kissed their lips were freighted with balm, and a gush of melody encircled them. At last Illione said:

"Why, see, we have traveled quite a distance!"

"I should think so. Are you not tired?"

"A little. Let us sit down on this knoll and rest; then we will turn our steps homeward. Virginia," she added, after her companion had complied with her request, "do you know why I asked you to come out with me?"

"No; unless it is because my society is very agreeable," she replied, with a laugh, then continued more seriously: "To tell you the truth, I was somewhat surprised at the invitation, as I had an idea that you preferred Beatrice and Threissa to any of us."

"I love you all," was the gentle response; "but you, particularly at this time, because I see that you are unhappy."

"Indeed!" A slight sneer crept into the tone. "You are very observing; but do you always experience a greater affection for those that are in trouble?"

"Yes; do you not?"

"No; I can't say that I do," was the candid answer. "On the contrary, I am wicked enough, sometimes, to rejoice at their misfortunes, especially if I think that they deserve whatever has befallen them."

"Oh, Ginnie!" and the soft, twilight eyes opened wide with wonder.

"Oh! I know that I am perfectly awful; but it is so, nevertheless."

A pause ensued. Then Virginia said, the cloud in her face deepening and darkening as she spoke:

"So you thought that I was feeling bad about something?"

Illione was gathering buttresses with which the ground was carpeted; so, in blissful unconsciousness of the impending tempest, she replied:

"Yes; I knew it here"—laying her hand upon her heart—"then I began to observe you, to see if I could tell the cause. I noticed that you never joined in any games, although I knew by the girls' urging that you did once. Your moods are very variable, and all your cheerfulness is assumed."

This was touching the haughty maiden upon a tender point, and she turned, fiercely, exclaiming, in quick, excited tones:

"I should like to know what business you have to be prying into my affairs? You had better"—here her voice failed her. The dumb, appealing look upon that lovely face, turned away her wrath, and dropping her head upon her hands, she burst into tears.

Instantly a pair of soft arms stole around her neck, and a sweet, rosy cheek was laid against her wet one.

"Whoever dared to approach the proud Virginia Ware in that way before? Oh, Love! thou art like the sun. Ice melts beneath thy warm rays."

Presently the weeping girl looked up, and while a smile lit up her face, like a rainbow after a shower, she said:

"You have fairly conquered me, darling, and I will tell you what I haven't had the moral courage to confess in the right quarter. You know Miss Stanley?"

"Yes; isn't she good? I love her dearly!"

"And so do I; yet anybody would not think that I did by my conduct. Well, the day before you came, she was hearing the first class in ancient history, consisting of Threissa, Beatrice, Louise Sawyer, Laura Gardner, Nelly Green, and myself. It so happened that some of my lessons troubled me before I went out, so that I was in a very bad humor, which was not improved at all by both Laura and Nellie getting above me. I accused her of partiality, and she commanded me to be silent. By this time I was worked into a furious passion; all my bad blood was at the surface, and I said—well, never mind what, it was that which I had no business to say. She turned as white as a sheet, and at once dismissed the class. Five minutes later the revulsion came, and I would have given anything to have recalled my

words. I expected that she would report me to Madame; and the next afternoon, when I was summoned up stairs to see your father, mother, and yourself, I supposed it was for that, as did also the other girls; but no, she has made no difference in her treatment of me, and her kindness and forbearance are the very worst punishment that she could inflict. Now what shall I do? If it was Miss Austin, or Miss Starkins, I shouldn't care a fig!"

"Oh, yes, you should!" said the little mentor. "Wrong is wrong, against whoever committed. Why don't you go to her and tell her how sorry you are, just as you have told me?"

The color flamed in the olive cheek.

"Oh! I could n't. I never asked anyone's pardon in my life."

"Well, that is no reason why you shouldn't now. Apologize to-day, after she has heard the lesson, before she dismisses the class, and I assure you that her heart will fairly sing in gladness; for depend upon it, you have made her very sorrowful."

Astonishment and wonder opened Virginia's dark eyes to their fullest extent.

"Why, Illione!" she exclaimed; "you certainly don't mean that I must ask her forgiveness before the girls?"

"To be sure. You say that you insulted her in their presence, so of course, you should make your acknowledgment in the same manner."

She sprang to her feet, with a quick, impatient movement.

"Well, it's no use talking then. I might possibly screw my courage up enough to tell her in private, that I was sorry; but the other is entirely out of the question."

Her companion sighed heavily. "I was like a sob welling up from her heart. The passionate, warm-hearted Southron heard it, although in her excitement, she had walked quite a distance away, and turning back, she clasped her in her arms, saying:

"There, there, darling; don't vex that gentle spirit any more about me—I am not worthy of it. I dare say that I shall weather this storm in some way, and come out all right. I don't know what has come over me lately, I didn't use to worry so about trifles."

"This is no trifle, Ginnie, dear; it is your good angel wrestling with your pride and self-will. If it does not conquer, it will veil its face in sadness; and the shining eyes gazed into vacancy, as though they saw the bright one bending over the wayward girl."

Virginia felt a strange awe creeping over her, and she thought a halo seemed to encircle the child's head, and she wondered if a seraph had not stooped to earth to wear awhile its mortal garments.

At last, Illione started from her reverie, exclaiming:

"Well, I suppose we must be retracing our steps. I guess we shall be able to settle this matter before we get to the Institute."

"You have more faith than I have," rejoined her companion, with a forced laugh. "As I told you before, I believe I could subdue myself enough to make a very decent apology, if I happened to be alone with her."

"But just consider the case, Ginnie. Do you think that your sense of justice would be appeased, and the load removed from your conscience by any such half-way measure as that? Such a course might satisfy some, but would it you?"

The haughty head drooped. Presently she looked up, saying, with considerable warmth:

"No, I don't think it would; but oh! Illione, you with your sweet, gentle disposition can never imagine what a terrible struggle I shall be obliged to undergo before I can make up my mind to do as you wish. The fire within blazes with increased fury at the very thought of such a humiliation."

"Well, let it burn until it has spent its strength, and cleared away the rubbish that obstructs your inner sight. Then you will call things by their right names."

"It is impossible! I will never humble myself thus!" she passionately cried.

"Yes you will. Your nature is too true, honest and upright to allow you to do otherwise," confidently replied her friend.

Virginia regarded her in wonder.

"Do you really think so?" she said, musingly.

"Certainly, I know it! Your home education, and the influences that you have thus far come in contact with, have not served to develop the best part of you; but now an angel's hand is troubling the waters of your soul, and your nature, that has suffered from the consuming of pride and selfishness, will be healed. Now I very well know that the medicine I have suggested is very bitter and unpleasant to that tempestuous spirit of yours; but depend upon it, it will leave a holy peace behind."

"I wonder where you learned all this?" was the abrupt exclamation.

The sunshine in her heart rippled over her lips in a sweet, musical laugh.

"That is neither here nor there," she said, archly. Please confine your attention to the subject in question. Let us have no side issues."

The maiden sighed.

"Oh, if I only could!"

"Say that you can and you will. True repentance never considers the amount of humiliation it has got to pass through; it only strives to atone for its fault."

"It is very easy to advise, but not so pleasant to practice," said Virginia, pettishly.

"I know it," calmly replied her friend; "but still I never counsel anyone to do anything that I have not the courage to do myself."

"Well, it is different with you; you haven't the pride, and the nervous, shrinking fear of what the girls will say, that I have."

"No; because I think if I please God and the angels, that is sufficient," was the sweet reply.

The dread thought of what would be the verdict of her mates upon her action seemed to con-jure up a dark vision to the maiden, and she went on, apparently not heeding her companion's last words.

"Oh! the curling lip, the scornful stare, and the whispered remarks will fairly madden me!"

"It was Illione's cheeks and eyes that glowed now, as she cried:

"And are you to be turned from the path of right by the sneers and taunts of a few weak-minded girls? I thought that noble blood flowed through your veins. I judged that you possessed a little of that courage and bravery of which martyrs were made. Tell me, was I mistaken?"

That was an appeal well calculated to fire Virginia with enthusiasm. She paused an instant, as though in deep thought, and then said, quietly, but with firm, compressed lips:

"I will let my acts speak for me," and the child's heart leaped gladly, for she knew that the victory was won.

"After all," continued the girl, more to herself than to her friend, "there are none that will sneer, without it is Louise and Laura."

"And they will honor you in their souls, however much their lips may jeer and taunt," was the quick reply; but here we are, and there is Miss Austin just ringing the bell."

That afternoon, as the first-class in ancient history was passing into the recitation-room, Illione looked up and endeavored to attract Virginia's eye; but that damsel studiously averted her head. They were out a much longer time than usual, and at last the signal for recess was given, and they had not made their appearance. Presently, however, the door opened, and Louise and Laura came in, apparently in great agitation. Illione was still sitting at her desk, and she heard the former say to the latter, as they passed her:

"Well, I declare! I never would have believed that of Virginia Ware—no, never. I did think that she had got a little spirit; but she has been with Beatrice Lascelle and her clique so much lately that she is n't like the same girl."

Laura's reply was just upon Illione, but she judged that it was something that coincided with her companion's views, as they then went out together, laughing loudly.

Again the door opened. This time to admit Virginia, Beatrice, and Threissa. The former walked quickly up to her little monitor, and putting her arms around her neck, whispered, while the glad tears flowed down her cheeks—

"It is all right now. Miss Stanley received my apology very kindly, and said that the past should all be forgotten."

Illione's response was to kiss her heartily, saying:

"I am so happy. The cloud on your face is all gone. Let us go into the play-ground now; there is time for one run before the bell rings."

In the hall they met the housekeeper with a cup in her hand. "Who is sick?" inquired the child.

"Miss Starkins has a very bad headache."

"Has she? that is too bad," and she looked longingly out into the bright sunshine, as though reviving some thought in her mind.

"I knew that she had n't been in school this afternoon," remarked Virginia, "because Threissa has heard her classes."

Illione sprang forward, crying:

"Dear Mrs. Brown! let me take that up to her. You have enough to do to attend to your own affairs, without looking after the sick. So give me the cup, please, and you see if she don't say that I am a capital nurse."

The worthy woman came back, and smilingly replied:

"Well, you may take it up if you'd just as soon. 'Tis as you say; I've got plenty to do, and I'm clean tired out going up and down them stairs. Bless her dear heart," she added, as the girl tripped away with a light step, "we've never had her equal in this air house afore. The young ones is gettin' kinder civilized sence she come. They used to bother me comin' to pieces; but massy on us, if I stay here a talkin' any longer that apple pie that I left in the oven will get burnt to a cinder, as sure as my name is Sally Brown."

Illione reached the sick room to find the sufferer tossing restlessly upon her bed, the flies holding an exasperating concert over her, while the sunshine lay yellow and broad upon the floor.

Quickly she drew the window shades, and then gave her her medicine, the winged singers in the meantime retiring in disgust from the darkened chamber.

How refreshingly cool the soft hands seemed to the throbbing temples. Back and forth over the hot head they traveled unwearyingly, until at last sleep came with her healing balm.

That evening, as she was preparing to go to walk, a little girl came up to her, and with tears on her cheeks, said:

"Oh, Miss Mortimer, if you would only find two or three hard places on my map for me, I should be ever so much obliged. Miss Stanley says if my lesson is n't perfect to-morrow, she shall put me in a lower class."

"Well, it will be no more than you deserve, Gerty Howard," exclaimed Threissa harshly; "you're a lazy little thing. Come, Illione, don't bother with her. You'll have as much as you can attend to if you listen to all such requests."

But her companion only laid aside her hat, and calling the weeping child to her, sat down with a kind smile to assist her.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Sweet thou you gray gleaming hall,
Where the deep, elm shadows fall!
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago."

Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone."

Vacation came, ushered in by July days, that brimmed with laughing sunshine, while their

burning brows were lazily fanned by the flower-scented breezes that floated dreamily over the valleys and swooned upon the hills.

Illione Mortimer, accompanied by Virginia Ware, now joined her parents at the seaside, while Beatrice and Threissa hastened to Ferndale, the beautiful summer retreat of Dr. Lascelle.

Quickly the weeks sped by, until refreshed both in body and mind the girls again assembled at Lebanon. During this time, a more advantageous situation in a neighboring State being offered to Miss Starkins, she wrote to Madame D'Orsay, tendering a resignation of the position which she had occupied in her establishment. That lady was far from being inconsolable thereat, as she felt that Threissa was fully competent to fill the vacancy. The latter, however, shrank back at first upon being informed of this new arrangement; not but what she felt equal to the task, but she feared that her young charges might protest against such a change, and not be inclined to yield her that obedience which it would be her duty to require of them. Her apprehensions were groundless, though, for they were too well trained to think of taking any decided stand against one of Madame's rules, and then again they much preferred Threissa to their former teacher; therefore the announcement of her appointment to that post was received with a glad shout, and with happy, beaming faces, they crowded around her to express their delight and satisfaction at the prospect of having her for an instructress. This reception, so different from what she had anticipated, affected her almost to tears, and she inwardly vowed to be faithful to the trust.

Weeks passed, during which she learned patience and forbearance, while there was a manifest improvement among her scholars, both with regard to lessons and deportment.

Louise Sawyer and Laura Gardner not having returned this term, there was no one to sow dissensions among them, therefore everything glided smoothly and happily on, and Madame secretly congratulated herself upon the inestimable treasure that she possessed in her orphan charge.

In spite of the new duties that now claimed a large portion of her time and attention, the indefatigable Threissa still maintained her rank as head of the school, and Beatrice laughingly declared, that it was as useless to compete with her now as it had been before her labors were thus greatly increased.

Weeks were lost in months. The bright, gorgeous tints of Autumn faded into sombre hues; the golden haze that had slept on the hill-tops disappeared; the painted leaves on tree and shrub fluttered sadly to the ground, and soon the quick, firm step of Winter was pressed upon their withered, shrinking forms.

"Girls," exclaimed Illione Mortimer to Threissa and Beatrice, one night after they had retired to their room, which they still occupied in common, "this evening's mail brought me a letter from my mother, and what do you suppose she says?"

"I don't imagine that it would be very difficult to tell," replied Miss Lascelle, with a smile, "considering that it is a missive from a fond parent to a loved child."

"Of course I had no intention of referring to messages addressed particularly to myself," she returned, laughing, and shaking her head. "This concerns you two."

"Us? Well, I was never good at guessing," said Threissa, with a grimace, "so do pray enlighten us at once. You have aroused my curiosity, and that is insatiable."

Illione smiled.

"I will not keep you in suspense, then. She tells me to invite you to accompany me home, as I have written so much about you that she feels almost acquainted with you; and it would give her much pleasure to have you spend the Christmas Holidays at Moss-Side. She adds, that I must, if need be, exert my utmost powers of persuasion to induce you to accept of the invitation. Now I hope that there will be no necessity for that last clause, but that you will go with me without any urging."

"Thank you," rejoined both of the girls, evidently surprised at the message.

"But what do you say? will you go?" and Illione tapped her tiny foot impatiently.

"We cannot make up our minds at once," quietly replied Beatrice. "Allow us time to think of it. In a few days I will write to my parents, and if they do not make any objection, then, perhaps, you will have your wish. There, go to bed now, darling," and she unwound the white clinging arms from her neck, and put her from her, leaving a kiss upon the rosybud mouth.

She flew to Threissa:

"What is your answer?"

"Well, if Madame consents, and Beatrice goes, I assure you that I could n't ask for anything better. Does that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly. I can go to sleep now, and have pleasant dreams. Only three weeks, and then I shall see dear, lovely Moss-Side and all the servants. Papa and mamma are coming after me, you know. Oh! if you two are going to studying, I must n't speak another word; so good night."

"The Fates are certainly propitious!" laughingly exclaimed Illione, a fortnight later, when a letter came from Dr. and Mrs. Lascelle, signifying their willingness to trust to their daughter's judgment, and giving her full permission to act as she thought best with regard to the proposed visit; and the same morning, Madame—after a week's deliberation—had graciously remarked that she had no objections to Threissa's accepting Mrs. Mortimer's kind invitation, if she so desired. Thus the matter was all happily arranged, to the great satisfaction and delight of the three friends.

The days now passed with lagging feet to the impatient scholars. Nearly all were looking eagerly forward to a joyful meeting with dear ones. Illione was extremely fearful that something might happen, to detain her parents, so that they would not arrive in season for the exhibition, and into such a fever of anxious excitement had

she wrought herself, that when she entered the reception rooms, on that memorable evening, all beheld their loved faces amid the throng of spectators, it was with difficulty that she suppressed a shout of joy.

The exercises passed off with their usual eclat. Threissa, Beatrice, and Virginia Ware particularly distinguishing themselves. The former, to her great astonishment, was made the happy recipient of a gold pencil and pen, with a volume of poems presented by her pupils as testimonials of their affectionate regard.

No sooner was the signal given for dismissal than Illione flew to her father's arms. He clasped her in a fond embrace, and then holding her from him, gazed earnestly into her face, saying:

"My darling, this northern climate certainly agrees with you. You are looking much better than you did last summer. I don't think I ever saw you with a more beautiful color."

She laughed.

"It is all artificial, dear papa; the effects of the excitement that I have been undergoing. 'It will soon pass away, and then I shall be pale enough.'"

"But, my pet, you have been well and happy here, have you not?" The tone was full of anxiety.

"Oh, yes! I have been nicely, so far as my health was concerned, and they are all so kind; but sometimes I have had such a terrible, dreary, home-sick feeling, when I did so long to see you all, and dear, lovely Moss-Side, that it seemed as if my heart would break."

"Poor child! why didn't you tell us that you were suffering so? I would have sent after you immediately had I known it. You always wrote so cheerfully that we had no idea but what you were perfectly contented."

"Why, you see, Beatrice said that I must be brave, and not trouble you with complaints, as you probably thought that this was the best place for me, or you would not have brought me here. She always noticed when I was feeling particularly bad, and in one way or another always contrived to comfort me. Oh! she is a treasure! Beatrice is. But where is my sweet, beautiful Mamma! I don't see her anywhere."

"She is out there by the door, darling. Madame seems to be telling her something; but she does n't appear to be much interested, and her eyes persist in wandering this way."

"Oh, yes! she is looking at us, now. I will go to her, I guess, for I don't believe that she will be able to get released at present," and smiling and nodding, she kissed her hand to her, and then sliding from her father's embrace, she moved away, while he watched the gleam of her golden hair, and the flutter of her white dress, as she pushed her way through the crowd, with such a fire of love and pride blazing in his dark eye that it lit up his whole countenance.

Suddenly his face changed. Some deadly fear seemed to spread its black wings over him. Lo! these boding words, whispered as it seemed to him, in his very ear, had hurled him from the exultant, towering heights on which he stood, into the valley of terror and humiliation:

"Oh! Reginald Mortimer! hast thou raised up another idol in thy heart, to crumble into dust? Remember, the measure of my vengeance is not yet full!" this was what the voice said, and it sounded to his guilty, stricken soul like the toll of doom.

"Have pity! Oh! have pity, spirit, fiend, or demon, whatever thou art!" he groaned in agony.

"For one year thou hast relieved me of thy presence. I had hoped it was to last forever."

The low, weird laugh responded.

Suddenly a soothing calm fell over him, and in his excitement he even fancied that the air was stirred by angel's wings.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice, whose rich, pure cadence thrilled him. "I thought that you appeared faint, therefore I have taken the liberty to bring you a glass of water."

He looked up; a young girl stood before him. This was the power, then, that had thrown that tranquillizing influence over him. Surely one glance at the holy sweetness of that face, and at the great, earnest eyes, might bring peace to any troubled soul.

"I am extremely obliged to you," he replied, taking the goblet from her hand, and draining it at a single draught.

"Would you like some more?" she inquired, with a smile.

"No, that is sufficient, thank you. I am better, now; quite well, in fact. You are Miss Lascelle, I believe," he continued, more from a desire to detain her near him, than from a wish to commence a conversation.

"Yes, sir," she briefly returned, and with a polite courtesy, she hastened away.

He gazed after her slight, graceful form until it was lost to view.

"Well, I am glad that she is going home with us," he soliloquized. "I do n't wonder that Illione—the darling—is so much infatuated with her. There is a strange fascination about her, and it may be that heaven has sent her to free me from the awful curse which, for fourteen, long, weary years, has hung like a dark pall over my spirit, poisoning all the fountains of joy from which I have dared to drink."

Oh! Hope! thou art, indeed, a glorious messenger of light! What should we poor, despairing mortals do, or be, without thee?"

A few days later, a carriage whirled into the avenue at Moss-Side, with a sweet voice sang:

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore."

"Welcome back, mams! Glad to see your blessed face again, miss! Has ye fetched Miss Ione?" was shouted from a score of throats, as the vehicle drew up to the verandah.

"High dere she be! I see de chile!" cried one little ducky. "Ean, Jake! or you'll ootch it! There comes Auntie Phyllis!" exclaimed another diminutive specimen of humanity, as an aged negress came down the steps, administering cuffs right and left, with—

"Is dis de way to welcome young mams' home,

you unmannerly nigs? What you 'speak do strange ladies tink? Clar out, now, every one o' you! You is nuff to try the patience of Job!"

They slunk away like whipped curs. With stately tread, she approached the carriage, and the next instant Illione was in her arms.

"Oh! honey! I could die this minute, dead I could!" cried the faithful creature, clasping her convulsively to her heart, while the tears rolled down her withered cheeks.

"Oh! no, you could n't, either," replied the girl, kissing her, fondly, "what should I ever do without you, dear old Mammy."

"Sure nuff, chile! I neber tinked o' dat. It am my 'pinion dat dere am no pussin in the vernal world' dat kin take de care o' you dat ole Phyllis kin. Bless the Lord, darlin'! you am come back wid de same sunny smile on your face dat dere was 'fore. Day didn't freeze you up den, did dey, up to dat air Norf pole?"

"Oh, no indeed, nuntty!" was the merry response, accompanied by a silvery laugh, that was caught up and echoed far and near.

"Illione," called her father, "I know that Mammy's claims are not to be ignored, but have you eyes for no one else? Here are other friends impatient to speak with you."

At these words she looked up and beheld a lady and gentleman standing in the portico, smiling down upon her. With a glad cry she sprang toward them, exclaiming:

"Oh, do pray excuse me, dear Aunt Eva, and you, too, Uncle Arthur, for not perceiving you before! This is, indeed, a happy surprise. How very kind of you to ride over on purpose to welcome us home."

"I was beginning to fear that you would not think so, but rather consider us in the light of intruders," laughingly replied the lady, as she caught her in a fond embrace. "Do you know that I was really getting quite jealous of Phyllis, especially when I saw the kisses that you were so lavishly bestowing upon her?"

"Oh, nuntty, were you afraid there would n't be enough left for you? I assure you that I have an abundant stock."

"Well, come and give me some then, you monkey!" said her uncle, holding out his arms.

She looked up with an arch smile, as she inquired:

"Have you any other pretty pet names to call me?"

"Yes, any quantity. Come here this minute, before I forget them all."

"Thank you, Uncle Hamilton, I am very well where I am."

He made up a face at her.

"You little rogue! the ladies never used to give me the mitten in that style."

She laughed merrily.

"I am thinking they did, or else you would never have got Aunt Eva."

"Why, how is that?"

"Oh, I expect you had received so many rebuffs, and wore such a disconsolate puz in consequence, that her tender heart was moved with compassion; and you ought to thank her every day of your life for her kindness in saving you from becoming an old, disagreeable bachelor. I am sure I feel very grateful to her for giving me such a dear, generous, teasing uncle."

"Saucy child!" he cried, snatching her up and covering the rosy, dimpled mouth with kisses. "I don't know what I should do with you if you belonged to me. It is as Phyllis says, you have returned with the same sunny smile and witching ways with which you went away."

"Arthur! Arthur!" exclaimed his sister-in-law; "you will spoil her with your absurd flattery;" but the fondness that shone in her eyes, plainly indicated that she did not consider that there was much danger.

"Mamma," said Illione, gravely, "I thought that I was warranted not to spoil."

There was a general laugh at this, and when the uproar had a little subsided, Mr. Hamilton said:

"My pet, there is one here whom you have not yet seen, nor even inquired after."

"Who is it?" she asked, with a wondering look.

Even while the words trembled on her lips, a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age stepped to her side, saying:

"Am I remembered now, little cousin?"

There was no mistaking the glow of delight that irradiated her countenance, as taking his hand in both of hers, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Eugene! this is indeed a pleasure that I did not expect. I have no welcome for you in words, because surprise and joy have quite deprived me of speech," she added with charming naïveté.

He appeared perfectly satisfied with the greeting that her beautiful eyes and flushed cheeks had given him; and taking her arm he led her into the house followed by the rest of the party.

"This, then, is Moss-Side," said Threissa, after she and Beatrice had been shown to their rooms, to prepare for dinner.

"So it seems," quietly replied her companion; "and a beautiful place it is, too; but I perceive such unspeakable admiration looking out of your eyes, and written all over your face, that I feel it my duty to tell you that I shall certainly be very much inclined to quarrel with you, if you allow it to contest the claims or usurp the place of my beloved Fernside."

"No fear of that," was the laughing response; "but now I am not surprised that Illione loves her home so fondly. What a rambling, antique house, and yet so grand and stately! It reminds me of those old feudal castles that we read of."

Just then there came a rap on the door, and their friend entered.

"What! dressed already!" she exclaimed; "I thought I should get the start of you. You see mamma has given you a chamber and sitting-room together; she thought you would prefer it to being separated."

They both assured her that they did.

"I was so glad to find uncle and aunt here," she went on. "They are going to stop through the holidays. Oh, we shall have such fun! Mamma says I may invite Virginia Ware and her two brothers, Cecil and Adelbert, to come and stay also. The boys will be company for Eugene, you know. Oh, won't we have grand times?" and she danced around the room in perfect ecstasy.

"But, Illione," said Threissa, "I never knew until to-day that you had a cousin."

"Oh, didn't you? Well, he isn't really and truly my cousin, although I call him so. He is Uncle Arthur's nephew and adopted son, and he and Aunt Eva love him just as well as if he was their own child. His true father and mother died when he was a little boy. There goes mamma's bell, I guess she wants to see me," and away she ran.

"Now I should like to know what you mean by that peculiar smile," exclaimed Beatrice, as soon as the door closed after the golden curls.

"I declare, I do believe that I shall be under the painful necessity of wearing a veil all the time," laughed her friend; "especially if my thoughts will persist in writing themselves over my face. Either you are particularly observing, or my countenance is particularly treacherous. Now which is it?"

"A little of both, I guess; but you are forgetting to answer my question."

"Oh, no, I am not. Have patience, and I will enlighten you very soon. I was thinking that in a few years Eugene Hamilton would become something more than either cousin or brother to our lovely Illione."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I must say, Threissa, that without a single exception, you are the most inveterate match-maker that it was ever my fortune to meet. This supposition, however, is not quite as absurd as that one in reference to Edgar and myself."

"What! disbelieving, are you?" rejoined her companion, with the most perfect good-humor.

"Well, if Mr. Lewis does n't propose for your hand, nor our sweet friend become engaged to her uncle's nephew, then I will never again attempt to prophesy. I object, though, to that inappropriate term which you have seen fit to apply to me, for the reason that I have a lively horror of all such persons; and I never intend to make or break a match. Sometimes I seem to have a glimpse into the future, for one instant only, and then I am left to wonder and speculate."

"Did you ever read your own fate?" inquired her listener, dryly.

"No; that appears to be a sealed book; but"—just then the bell rang for dinner, interrupting their conversation for that time.

What golden, glad days followed. With what swift wings the joy-brimmed hours flew. For years Moss-Side had not been so cheerful. With what mind glee the old hall caught up the music of merry voices, and echoed them back. What grand games the spacious drawing-rooms witnessed. What quaint hiding-places the winding passages with their sliding panels afforded.

What curious eyes and eager fingers explored each nook and cranny, plunging into chests and closets, and drawing thence the time-honored robes of other generations. With what shouts of laughter did they adorn each other with the faded finery, and then descend in mock solemnity for the inspection of their elders. One evening when they came down in their trailing velvets and rustling brocades, with the fire-light throwing grotesque figures over them, Reginald Mortimer stared vacantly at them, muttering some incoherent words, and then sank half-fainting into his chair. Did he think that he beheld a vision of the olden time? Ay, may be! After that he seldom noticed Threissa. Was it because she was a foundling? Perhaps!

But, oh, the rides that they took—glorious, exhilarating rides—over pleasant roads, down into dark ravines, by babbling brooks and through long stretches of woodland. Still they all loved the twilight hour the best, when they gathered in the West parlor, while the fires of day smoldered low upon the hearthstone of the night, and Threissa seated herself at the piano with cunning fingers wove the magic spell around their souls, that bore them into the presence of the Infinite.

At such times Reginald Mortimer's grave face softened, and the peace and happiness of other days covered him as with a garment; but, alas! the old haunting terror would come back to stare at him through the purple shadows, and the chilling laugh that was for his ear only, would sound 'mid sweetest melodies. So the gentle Ida with prayers and tears, watched and wondered at the strange barrier that separated her husband from her.

Beatrice and Threissa were great favorites with old Phyllis. Still her master's child was the darling of her heart, and she would sagely shake her head and mutter to her daughter Lulu:

"Dem ladies am berry nice, honey; but den dey can't tink ter pare wid our Miss Yone. If eber an angel come down from heben, it am dat chile. So dere!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BANNER OF THE BRAVE.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

Lift, lift on high the standard!
Sons of the brave and free!
The standard of our fathers—
True flag of liberty!

Bought with their precious heart-blood,
To our best love bequeathed;
Guard well the trust, tho' crowns of fire
Around our brows are wreathed.

CHORUS.—Hail, glorious type of freedom!
Hail, banner of the brave!
The patriot's hope—forever
Triumphant thou shalt wave.

Shades of departed heroes,
Baptize us with the power—
The godlike power ye wielded
In danger's darkest hour.

'Tis ours! 'tis ours! inspiring
Our hearts with living flame,
Our arms to dare what MEN may dare,
In freedom's sacred name.

CHORUS, etc.

Hark! hark! the war-trump sounding!
Brothers in arms, we come!
Our battle-cry is "Duty!"
Be duty nobly done.

Unsheath the sword of justice!
Welcome the conflict's rage!
On, on to victory or death!
A holy war we wage.

CHORUS, etc.

Amid the strife and carnage
Of war's dread thunder roll,
One deep, still voice is breathing
New life through every soul;

One name each pulse-beat quickening—
Our country's noblest son—
Not dead—he lives in patriot's hearts—
Immortal Washington!

CHORUS, etc.

Then lift on high the standard!
Sons of the brave and free!
The standard of our fathers—
True flag of liberty!

God of our Fathers, hear us;
Our cause, our work is thine;
Be with us in the conflict-hour,
Our rock, our shield divine.

CHORUS.—Bless thou this type of freedom—
This banner of the brave;
The patriot's hope—forever
Triumphant bid it wave!

La Salle, Ill.

At a whist table a spectator noticing that a lady, who was one of the players, seemed rather unusually sober, remarked that, judging by her looks, she must be playing a losing game. "What!" said a witty gentleman present, "must a lady always smile to be winning?"

The degrees shorten as we proceed from the lower to the higher latitudes; the years shorten in like manner as we pass onward through life.

As a general thing, men are more competent to teach than women, in routine; out of routine, women are the surest teachers.

Original Essays.

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

Persons who have credited the equal rights principle are prepared to fairly consider the intricate and exciting subject of marriage, which now agitates the people of this country. To all it will be useful to look over the teachings of history upon it. Just before the dawn of our present civilization, eight centuries ago, the Mahometans and Christians are found occupying lands adjacent to each other, and intermingling in commerce and war, with the rights of men and women to their persons and property about the same, except in the marriage relation; the Mahometans having many wives and few brothers, the Christians one wife and many brothers. Or, to change the figure, the first had many women in a harem or brothel for the use of one man, while among the second, one man had one woman to himself, and assisted in keeping a harem where every man and woman had an equal right to visit.

At that distant period there was little difference in the information and civilization of the two sects; if any, the Mahometans had the advantage. After these centuries of experience the Christians have so far surpassed the others in intelligence, civilization, and science, that the Mahometans' plan may be condemned as a failure, and needs no further trial. These experiences have established the principle, that the nearer we come to equality, the greater is our progress. The family and its attendant, the brothel, give character to the present Christian civilization. These two institutions have grown with its growth and increased with its numbers, and are equally the laws of the land—if the common law principles are applied—because they have been practiced so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Large numbers of kings, queens, lords, ladies, presidents, cabinet ministers, bishops, and other clergy, and lay, common men and women, rich and poor, high and low, have participated equally in fostering these institutions. The brothel has been pronounced necessary by judges on their benches and legislators in their seats; and the natural children of the rich, and the bastards of the poor—as they are called—have been honored with the highest positions in government and society, and have proved themselves equal, in every respect, to others; some think superior. To effect a reform of the abuses of these systems, Christians have applied the most shameful epithets and cruel treatment that they could devise, to the poor afflicted mother and her helpless infant. The result of this course has been to fill the country with the greatest number of infanticides that ever cursed any country in any age, and has entered and blackened the family circle as well as the brothel, and rendered miserable the lives of married as well as unmarried women.

If Spiritualists and reformers are accused of every other misdemeanor and crime, let it never be truthfully said of them that they joined the Christians in heaping odium upon a poor mother in her great work of giving character and form to her child. It must be remembered that the mother makes more enduring impressions on her child before it is born than after, and the want of sympathy and care has driven many mothers to desperation—and, if their children live, they become the desperadoes of the land. This makes the duty of reformers plain; they must unite to put down crime as they did in the days of the Reformation, and reason together on questions of morality. If it requires a thirty years' war to stop these Christian crimes, the quicker we begin the better.

Mothers must have good, comfortable homes, where they can make themselves happy and useful, and be shielded from the storm of reproaches and abuse often heaped upon them. This will insure happy and useful children. To make such homes, community must tax itself, or impose a special tax upon those persons who prefer, by their practice, the brothel system to the family, or raise the funds by both these means.

Every person who refuses to provide as good homes and living for mothers and children as they do for fathers, should join the Christians. It is fitting that the party which commenced its career of abominations in this country by hanging women for opinion's sake, should end it in causing, by their cruelties, the most wide-spread and wicked system of infant murders that ever cursed any age or country. And may it be the last American party that shall call for the blood of innocence to appease the pride and arrogance of its devotees, and the anger and revenge of its imaginary God. Christians often say they cannot think a good thought or do a good deed. It would be equally safe for them to affirm that they never tried.

Let us unite to establish justice among the people, and "overcome evil with good" works, principles, laws, and institutions.

Milwaukee, Wis.

MATERNITY—THE PAINFUL SIDE.

BY I. T. LLOYD.

A "false education" is "stereotyped ignorance." I would not willingly think ill of my fellow-men. I am loth to attribute their bad acts to willful perversity. It is more agreeable to attribute their actions to some other and better motive. I believe that the most of men would do a good deed in preference to a bad one, particularly where the former involved no greater personal inconvenience than the latter. I think that the majority would rather see a fellow-being happy than otherwise, especially one to whom there existed a strong attachment. I think that the common man would not willingly subject the intended mother of this ideal babe to the pains and torture of excessive and unwelcome maternity.

But the children of our race are taught from their infancy that the little symbols of their budding manhood and womanhood are but marks of infamy—tokens of unpardonable disgrace or incurable depravity—and that all allusion to them is shamefully vulgar and deservingly vile. And the earliest fitting opportunity is eagerly seized by the well-meaning parents to warn the imprudent questioners, in a few of the shortest and sharpest words in the vocabulary, never again to be guilty of such rashness and indecency. And all this is done by the parents through an erroneous conception of duty—they meaning all the while simply to enforce rules of strict and wholesome propriety.

Thus the final quietus is duly pronounced upon all future questioning; and the result is, the youth of our land and race approach the "happy" hour of their willing banishment into dual hermitage, as ignorant of themselves and of each other, and of the natural laws that govern their new relations, as their remotest barbarian ancestry. Hence, knowing nothing of the boundary that marks the true limit to their impulses and emotions, passions and actions, they are continually straying far out upon the borders of transgression, and falling victims to the sorest and most crushing

accidents of life. From time to time we see the mother journeying far down into the "valley of the shadow of death," and, from the deep gloom of that dark wilderness of pain, leading forth another doomed mortal to his wretched estate! Men and angels, if you have tears to shed, and shed them not at such scenes as these, I envy not your hearts! Another being crowded into existence without a life charter! Another living suicide dragged upon the stage of action! Another soul incarcerated in its prison-house of clay! And our bright and sunny world teems with a thousand million accidents, baptised into the name of humanity. Oh! when will the people learn that a "false education" is "stereotyped ignorance," and that "false modesty" is forever "false morality!"

Now, in the name of these martyrs to ignorance, in the name of these victims of error, in the name of humanity, blind, ignorant, willful, passionate, depraved, diseased, despairing and dying, and by and through all these, protesting, "Let there be light!"

MATHEMATICAL.

BY EROS N.

Scarcely anything in the BANNER passes my attention, though, perhaps, I do not carefully read more than a very small portion of it. I see that you have for some time devoted a portion of a column to enigmas, puzzles, &c., for your younger readers, a feature that I find also interests even the older ones quite as much. I do not observe, however, that you have presented any mathematical subjects—perhaps you do not intend to. But however that may be, I am induced to address you upon matters of that kind, and before I arrive in *media res*, let me premise that I have wandered in by-paths of mathematical investigation, where there was no one to guide, unless, perhaps, I have been led on by those invisibles in whose behalf, for the interest of humanity, your paper is published. If I have been so led, I am unconscious of the fact, and am inclined, as most other persons would be, to attribute my progress and success in arriving at hitherto undiscovered results (such I believe them to be), simply by closely observing analogies, relations and coincidences which would, in all probability, have escaped ordinary observation.

My mathematical studies have principally been directed to the abstract mathematical properties and relations of triangles, and more particularly to right-angled triangles. To the mathematical student the results I have arrived at would be very interesting, showing, as they do, a harmonious relation and combination of principles, in which are blended a peculiar feature, the explanation of which would require several closely written pages of algebraic formulae and figures.

I will not attempt to lead you over the subject now, as it is one which, if you do not take an immediate interest in it, will be perplexing and uninteresting, or rather uninviting.

Let me present here an example, which may, if you please, be submitted through your columns for examination and a solution:

There is a Right-Angled Triangle expressed in whole numbers, the remarkable feature of which is, that the Base and Perpendicular differ only by a unit (1). It extends to eight places of figures. The first four figures, each, in the hypothesis Perpendicular and Base are here given. Required, the remaining figures:

Perpendicular (Given). Base (Required).

How many other Right-Angled Triangles having the same remarkable feature are there of a less number of figures? Answer—nine.

There are four series of Right-Angled Triangles, in each of which the difference between the Base and Perpendicular is 119. Required, the first triangle in each series.

Answer.

I submit these curious matters to you, because I think they are unknown to all persons but myself, and those to whom I have made them known; because, also, they involve principles (in combination) which may never before have been combined, and because I am curious to know if, in the investigations through which I have arrived at results which enable me to reproduce and vary not only the curious problems I have proposed, but also others equally curious and wonderful, but entirely dissimilar, they came through spiritual influx, or by the more ordinary operations of mind. I venture to say, however, that it is quite probable that no human mind, unaided by spiritual influx, will be likely to arrive at the principles which underlie my problems so as to satisfy their requirements.

Mohawk, N. Y., April 21, 1864.

SPIRITUALISM OF SCIENCE.

BY A. W. BENTON.

By the following extracts from Youman's late class-book of Chemistry, it will be seen that our beautiful Philosophy is being adopted by men of science, as well as by men of literature. On page sixth we read, "The old notion that the forces are separate and peculiar forms of imponderable matter, has given way to the idea that they are closely allied and mutually convertible forms of activity or motion in ordinary matter." Again, on page 175 we read, "The study of matter resolves itself into the study of forces. Inert objects, as they appear to the eye of sense, are replaced by activities revealed to the eye of intellect. The conceptions of gross, corrupt, brute matter are passing away with the prejudices of the past, and in place of a dead, material world, we have a living organism of spiritual energies. The progress of our knowledge of forces has shown that the same intelligible and beautiful principles which we have found in the inorganic world, extend also to the organized kingdom. It is now considered that as the plant absorbs matter from the surrounding world, so it also absorbs force, and as it changes and assimilates that matter into organized and vital forms, so it also assimilates or converts surrounding forces into organized or vital force."

Here seems to be a little ambiguity of words, which shows how strongly old ideas and modes of expression cling to a man. He speaks of the plant as something independent of and superior to the matter and force which constitute the plant. He speaks of the plant as absorbing and changing matter and force, whereas, the plant is but the result of force acting on inorganic matter; the force is as much vital in the soil, as in the plant; only in the plant force has clothed itself with an organism through which is manifested those peculiar modes of action called vital force. Modern science teaches that matter and force are never separated—that all matter has inherent force, and that all force has inherent intelligence; that force and intelligence are never separated.

Here we have Theology in a nut-shell. Word it as they may, Intelligent Force is what all men mean by God; and science beautifully demonstrates his Universality, Omnipotence and Omniscience.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit Manifestations.

Your valuable paper comes to me through the instrumentality of kind friends at home, I being a private in the service of our country's cause of freedom. It is a true source of light and spiritual sustenance to me. In a late number of the BANNER I saw an article about mediums suffering from the diseases by which spirits passed away who come in contact with them. From a sense of duty to the cause of humanity, I ask your permission to lay before your readers the following facts, which came within the scope of my experience through my acquaintance with the science of mesmerism, while I was on a furlough with my friends in Philadelphia, and by which I hope to throw some light on this subject.

An especial mission of my two mediumistic friends appears to be the enlightenment of undeveloped spirits, who are brought around by a band of philanthropic spirit-friends. On Friday, March 18, one of the mediums complained of pain in her side. In the evening she was entranced by a soldier, who seemed to suffer much pain from his wounds. He thought he was still lying in the hospital; said it was so hard to have to die away from home and friends, and longed to see his mother once more before his death. With much argument and persuasion I endeavored to convince him that he had left his form, and was now speaking to us through the organism of a woman; but still he could not realize his condition. He had been shot in the arm, and it was broken; he thought he could not move it, and feared it would have to be amputated. I told him I could relieve him of his pain, and proceeded to make passes over the medium's arm; then I bid him to move it. He found with astonishment that his arm was sound. In like manner I relieved him of the effects of the wound in his side. He thanked me very much, and thought he would soon be able to go home to see his mother. Then, I said, "Now I have relieved you of your pain, I can also throw a light around you by which you will be enabled to see your condition. I made a few passes over the perceptive organs of the medium, and the Spirit exclaimed: "I see light! There lies my inanimate body. Oh, what a horrid sight it is. I see it was not fit to live in any more. Oh, here I see my mother." He then talked affectionately to her, and related to her the circumstances of his death, and inquired about some relatives, etc. The spirit went away relieved and thankful. Also the medium was relieved of her pain.

This class of media often suffer much; yet how beautiful is their mission. They come in contact with the unhappy, the downcast and unfortunate, and by the healing balm of sympathy impart consolation and happiness. They bear the suffering of the poor spirit, who goes on its way rejoicing, and blesses the angels being through whom it gained relief. These are the redeemers, like Jesus of Nazareth—of those the ancient prophet sung. But they ought not to labor alone; a positive psychological operator should accompany them to throw off the burden of which they relieve the suffering spirit. The suffering of the mind affects the body, and the suffering of the body affects the mind. Thus, an undeveloped and unenlightened spirit, suffering the effects of the disease by which it passed away, when coming in magnetic rapport with the organism of the medium affects it with its pain. A man who does not direct his mind to spiritual things in earth-life, when passing away enters spirit-life deficient in his spiritual perceptions; consequently, gropes in darkness, does not realize his condition, and when being brought to control a medium, will imagine himself suffering in his own body. Now, as electricity is the agent by which all external impressions are carried to the mind through the nerves of sensation, as long as it is in connection with that electric battery, the human body, and as by the direction of that nervous fluid psychological impressions can be produced, it is evident that, if a disembodied mind can be brought into the same relation of magnetic connection with that body, it can also be impressed with the same psychological effects.

We may aid the spirit in its progression by telling it of the glorious truths that we have perceived; but a skeptical mind will not believe; it must be made to see for itself.

I had another interesting experience in a private circle, on Monday, March 21st. The spirit of a fallen female had manifested itself through the same medium a few weeks ago, and had given vent to her feelings of misery and despair in her condition of darkness. She came again this evening, and although somewhat relieved, she expressed but little hope, but dwelt in remorse and self-condemnation. A friend strove earnestly to elevate her spirit with the beautiful doctrine of progression; but all efforts were in vain, she could not free herself from the icy grasp of despair, and said: "There is no hope for one who has led such a life of sin; I deserve to be condemned, and to be forever thrust out into darkness, with no claim for sympathy. Oh! I can never expect to gain that condition of happiness where my mother is, whom I have so deeply grieved." "My friend," I said, "it is a law of nature that all, no matter how deeply fallen, should ultimately gain light and happiness. Now, I can produce a psychological effect upon your medium, throwing a magnetic light around you, by which you will be enabled to see the path of progression that is laid out for you to pursue in order to gain the light of truth. This is what you have been brought here for—to be enlightened." Making passes over the perceptive organs of the medium, I said, "Do not doubt me! After a while she exclaimed: "I see a ray of light in the distance! I see around me; there is an open door, through which the sunlight streams. Around me are many who are striving to gain the entrance; yet there are many more who are still so enveloped in darkness that they cannot perceive it. I will strive to enter it, too. There is hope; I feel lighter." I replied, "You have seen the path that is laid out before you; the more you go onward and upward, the more you acquire knowledge and wisdom; you will gain happiness."

Hope that my poor testimony may induce other more efficient minds to throw light on this subject, I am, sincerely, yours for truth and progress.

PHILIP SOMMERS, 27th N. Y. Battery, Camp Berry, Washington, D. C., March 28.

Cured by Laying On of Hands.

Among the very many cases of cures by spirit-influence that have come to my personal knowledge, I will mention one, that of a little boy, by laying on of hands—or using the same means that were used in days of old. The little sufferer was a grandson of the narrator. He is now four years of age, and for two years of his life suffered intensely with his eyes. When a year and a half old he was taken with the measles, which disease affected his eyes, making him nearly blind. He continued to grow worse until one eye became entirely blind, and he could only see with the other when in a darkened room. Thus he suffered for about two years. All the physicians in our place gave it as their opinion that he would lose the

sight of his eyes, which had been closed for three months.

At this time the child's mother changed her place of residence to an adjoining town. A lady in that neighborhood seeing the little sufferer one day, was impressed that by laying her hands on the child he would be able to open his eyes. She accordingly made passes over him with her hands, and breathed on his eyes, repeating the operation every morning for one week. His eyes are now perfectly well.

If you wish for names or dates, they will be cheerfully given. A. BATES, Homer, N. Y., April 12.

Spiritual Unfolding.

We have received a communication from Mr. L. G. Russell, of Portland, Me., relating some very interesting incidents connected with the illness and death of a youth of thirteen, at Lyman, in that State.

The departed is a son of Hiram and Eliza Waterhouse. Some time previous to his sickness he told his friends that he had but a short time to live on earth. Subsequently he had some conversation with his parents respecting the diphtheria, which was then prevailing to a considerable extent in that locality, and remarked to them that he thought it had already become seated in his throat, and that if his surmises were true he should not survive its attacks. On the Wednesday following he attended the funeral of one of his cousins—this being the third successive Wednesday on which there had been a funeral—and, as he stood by while earth was being thrown upon earth, he asked those present whose body would be brought to be buried the next Wednesday. No one replying, he told them that it would be his own, and pointed out to them the spot he wished to be his grave. That night he was taken sick, and the most dangerous symptoms of diphtheria manifested themselves. The calmness and resignation which had marked his conduct at the grave still remained with him. On the morning of the following Sabbath he told his mother that he had had a view of his spirit-home, which he described as shining as bright as gold. He saw a great company, and heard singing indescribably beautiful. He also recognized among the throng of spirits, a sister and two cousins, all of whom had passed on within a few weeks previous. While relating this, he reached forth his arms as if to clasp some one. Again, while his parents were conversing, he raised his hands and fixed his eyes as if looking upon some object above him, and asked them to listen that they might hear the same music that sounded in his ears, and manifested great surprise that they could not, for it was so real to him he could scarcely realize that it was not equally so to others present.

About nine o'clock of the day he died he told his parents, who were near him, that he should live until just twenty-eight minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon. On being asked how he knew it, he said he saw an angel standing at the foot of his bed, who told him that he would die at that time. He then made arrangements for his funeral, selecting the text, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," also hymns to be sung. At noon he became quite comfortable, so much so that the physician thought he might live for several days. At about half-past four o'clock he said he would undress for the last time, and at five o'clock laid down. On account of his comfortable condition no one supposed him to be near his death. But suddenly he looked up, and bringing his hands down upon his breast, he said, "Father, it is not myself that is dying, it is only this worn out body. I am going to live in a higher state, and to be with those who have gone before me." He then kindly bid his parents and brothers good-by, told them it would not be long before they would all meet again, and at twenty-eight minutes past five—just the time which the angel had named—his spirit winged its flight to the home of the blessed.

These facts occurred in a Baptist family that had no knowledge of Spiritualism, and for this reason present themselves as much stronger evidence than they otherwise would, of the truth of the ability of some of those in the earth-form to become cognizant of the spirit-world. Disbelievers in spirit phenomena allege that, when they are told of such things, they do not occur—it is only the action of a highly wrought imagination. But here we have an instance—and it is only one of a thousand—in which imagination had no plea for introducing itself. Nothing was known by this young man, or by those around him, of Spiritualism. What occurred was, therefore, purely the natural results of his unfolded condition.

A few weeks since a bright and promising child was sick at New Bedford, who, during the last few days of his earth-life gave equally strong evidence that he saw and conversed with his friends in the spirit-world. Incidents like these serve to confirm the faith of Spiritualists, and are the most convincing proofs of the truth of their belief. There may be deception among those who have been educated to dissemble, and have grown old in the art; but when those who have never known anything but honesty of purpose and of action, when little children, those prototypes of heaven, lie out their conversations with the Unseen, and describe the beauties of a world beyond, who shall doubt that these things are so?

Spiritualism in Old York, Pa.

Thinking that the many readers of the "BANNER" would be pleased to hear from this Ancient Borough, (once in the possession of the rebel general, Early,) I therefore send you a few lines in relation to what is passing in this place. There have been a few earnest believers here for the last ten years, but their number did not increase, apparently, until within the past few months. There is now quite a feeling in favor of Spiritualism. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, spoke three evenings to large and appreciative audiences. The subjects for discussion were invariably given by the audience. Every person that heard her could not help speaking favorably of her, for the very able manner in which the subjects were treated, and the eloquence displayed in the delivery of the lectures. In fact the audience were pleased beyond measure, without any exception whatever. How could they help but be pleased? Such grand and noble ideas, profound reasoning and deep truths were uttered through her, that furnished souls drank them in with a good relish. Mrs. H. will be a great benefit to our "beautiful philosophy" wherever she goes. I hope the friends of the cause everywhere will procure her services to lecture for them. They will never regret having done so. Truly yours, for progression, JACOB L. KUEHN.

York, Penn., April 21.

All diseases that drain the system of blood, matter, serum, or nerve-power, must in time affect both sight, and hearing, and memory, and it has often surprised us to find people of intelligence unsuspecting of this great physiological truth.—Dr. Dizon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SOLILOQUY OF AN ATHEIST.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I plead no miracle to raise
Me to you skies when life has fled;
When I have threaded life's dim maze
I shall be dead—I shall be dead!
Dead, like the flower last autumn smote.
Dead, like the birds my grandfathers heard;
Gone, like a name in water wrote,
Gone—all but a remembered word.

Which, maybe, for a time will wake
Sweet memories from some cherished friend;
Then like a wafted on a lake
Vanish, forever at an end.
The cloud which draped the setting sun
Xestreen, is now that cloud no more.
The laughing waves are dead, which ran
At morn to greet the shell-straw shore.

Last spring a morning-glory climbed
To wreath the blossoms on your tower.
An hour ago sweet music chimed;
It died, not different from the flower.
The pretty lamb I loved so well,
Died where that field is brightest green.
He feeds that dainty lily-bell,
And gives those leaves their glossy sheen.

Nature I love! she gave me birth;
She is not partial in her plan;
She does not overlook all worth
To pet that selfish pigmy, man.
What is he that she should depart
For him from her majestic march?
A creature with a faulty heart—
One stone in her triumphal arch.

The slave of passions mad and deep;
A cruel despot, forging chains—
To make his brothers toil, and weep,
And lower creatures writhe in pains.
What is there, if there were a God
To give him favor in his sight?
'T were best he bear the hated rod,
And sink to an unending night.

I shrink not from this common fate;
I've none to charge with cruel ruth.
I wait for selfish hearts to prate,
And rest upon the soul of Truth!
Yet I am weak; I freely own
That mystic yearnings and regret,
Come sometimes, like a faneled inoan,
And tell me life is mythic yet.

I care not for my shadowed heart—
It may as well go down to dust:
'T is formed to ache, and love, and smart,
And hear from fate each cruel thrust;
But when I saw my Julia die,
So splendid in her loveliness,
I felt how dead and deep a dye
Sits on an Atheist's distress.

One hour she was all life and light,
The next like marble, still and cold;
One hour her eyes leapt glad and bright,
The next no thought, no feeling told;
One hour her lips were warm and red,
The next like faded rose-leaves, pale;
One hour on me they balm-drops shed,
They never after told one tale.

It was so sudden!—such a shock
As vessels hear when angry tides
Dash them upon some hidden rock,
With no true light, no help, no guides.
I almost saw a something flee,
So great the change—so brief the time;
And yet I know it could not be;
Love's bells rang that delusive chime!

And she is gone! A thing that was—
A jewel gleaming on my heart
Dissolved, torn off by Nature's laws,
Though of my very self a part.
I must not murmur, though I may
Wish love as changeful as decay.
It lives through change to taunt and slay
The life whose joys are torn away.

That little locket hanging there
Shrines one fixed shadow which she cast
When she was beautiful and fair,
And not the ashes of the Past!
Strange! Does that golden treasure move?
A little tremor and a rock!
It swings! my eyes will not disprove,
Now, like the pendulum of a clock!

What is it moves that picture so,
Where it was hanging still as rest?
Oh! many things I do not know.
It comes, it comes and seeks my breast;
It presses on my throbbing heart;
It struck it not a hair amiss!
Bound, bound with joy, oh happy heart!
My Julia lives! she speaks in this!

A DANISH LEGEND.—Dying went to a distant island and took a handsome girl to wife. They lived together seven years, and she presented him with seven children. Then death came into the country and carried off the wife, so fresh and so rosy. Dying went to a distant island, married another girl, and brought her home. But this one was unkind and hard-hearted. When she entered her husband's house the seven children wept, and were anxious. She repulsed them with her foot. She gave them neither beer nor bread, and told them, "You shall sleep on straw, with nothing to cover you." She extinguished the great torches, and said, "You shall remain in darkness."

The children wept very late into the night. Their mother heard them, where she lay under the earth. "O God," she cried, "that I could go and see my little children!" She prayed and prayed till she obtained permission to go and see her little children, on condition that, at cock-crow she would leave them. So the poor mother raised herself on her weary legs, and climbed over the stone wall of the burial-ground. She traversed the village, and the dogs howled as they heard her pass. She reached the door of her former dwelling; her eldest daughter was standing there.

"What are you doing here, my child?" she asked. "How are your brothers and sisters?" "You are a fine grand lady, but you are not my darling mother. My mother's cheeks were white and red, whilst you are as pale as death."

"And how can I be white and red, after reposing so long in my coffin?" she asked. "The children were there with tears on their cheeks. She took one and combed it, smoothed the hair of another, and caressed a third and a fourth. She took the fifth in her arms and opened her bosom to it. Then, calling her eldest daughter, "Go and tell Dying to come here," she said, "When Dying came, she spoke to him angrily. 'I left you beer and bread, and my children are hungry and thirsty. I left you blue cushions and coverlets, and my children sleep on naked straw. I left you tall flambeaux, and my children are in darkness. If you often make me thus return by night, misfortune will come of it.' At this the mother-in-law exclaimed, 'Henceforward I will be kind to your children.' And from that day, whenever the husband and wife heard the dogs growl, they gave the children beer and bread, and when they heard them howl and bark, they went and hid themselves lest they should see the dead woman come back again.—All the Year Round.

The false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world. He contrives so to address his companions as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse and make them feel excluded.

Correspondence.

U. Clark's Itinerant Etchings.

Spring memories—The pioneer of New England—Public workers—The Convention movement—Omens.

As the warm sunshine of Spring shimmers over the landscape, and unseals the rivulets rippling with the melody of nature's songsters, the soul, sensitive with emotions, becomes warmed by old memories and associations, and blossoms out with the life of new hopes and sympathies. Those murmuring brooks bring to mind the green banks along which our childhood sported in halcyon glee, and all life was radiant with rainbows of promise, and roseate hopes and loves wove around our brows the amaranthine wreaths of joy. Those birds fluting their melody over fields and through woodland bowers, seem to come back like the messengers of memory, and they echo the voices of beloved ones passed into the perennial spring-time, or gone, we know not where, to become lost amid the multitudes jostling each other in the great marts of the world. The children on yonder lawn remind us of the children once sporting with us, and the grey-haired father and mother now waiting in silence for the unseen messenger to open the door of that angel-home where the last wanderer of earth shall be gathered in the great family circle of the celestial Father. Those early flowers putting forth their tender petals ere yet the summer sun shines warm and full, are symbols of early hopes and affections long since blasted amid the fierce realities of an outer world. The soft breezes fanning our brows come with whisperings of the past, and sighs and sobs are borne away on the breeze like the echoes of departed years. Yonder is the same rippling stream, the same glassy lake, the same old ocean, the same landscape, the same hill-tops and mountains, the same blue heavens, and the same sun on which we gazed during many a spring-time long, long years ago; yet all seems changed, all unreal, all prophetic only of that land

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Oh, life! oh, world! we exclaim, and then we lapse back into the wild whirlpool of the multitude, and wait for some great and unknown change to come and unlock the great arena of being.

However much these reflections may smack of the novelette, I believe they are legitimate to all men and women who retain any of the primal freshness of life's earliest aspirations and affections, and who have not grown morbid or misanthropic. Talk as we may of the dignity of manhood, and the need of a stoical philosophy, and the foolishness of sentimentalism, for one I pray that I may never grow too old or stolid to feel the same warm sympathies and emotions which gushed over the boyhood and youth of earlier years. I pity the man whose experiences have been such as to crush out all the sentiment and romance which color the landscape of life with the hopes and hues of heaven.

A new era seems opening in our modern spiritual dispensation. Though my labors, since the last Etchings in the BANNER, have been limited to within a circle of sixty or seventy miles from Boston, I have noted signs of progress more encouraging than any hitherto made manifest. Three Sundays' labor in old Taunton, Mass., now a city, and a three days' meeting with Moses Hull, Mrs. Chappell, and Miss Martha L. Beck with, called out a band of devoted men and women sure to succeed in rallying a host around the celestial standard of the age. In visiting Cape Ann, Gloucester, Rockport and Essex, I found the elements quickened anew, and earnest souls pledged to the work of spiritual regeneration. Mrs. Julia M. Friend, of Gloucester, is one of the most efficient working mediums on the Cape, and her modest presence and excellent mediumistic powers as a clairvoyant and a speaker, enable her to wield a good influence. Henry C. Wright, the veteran reformer and genial harmonizer, makes his home at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Friend. Mrs. Mayo is another good medium, in Gloucester, and we heard a young man spoken of in the same place, as giving promise of something very superior.

One Saturday afternoon, a few weeks ago, I was strongly impelled to visit Portsmouth, N. H., and the invisibles assured me that I was needed there the next day. I recalled the name of the venerable Enoch Bartlett, whom I had known as one of the leading friends in that city, and on my arrival in the city I inquired for him. I was told that he had passed on. I next learned that the friends had just engaged a hall for a year, and had announced meetings for Sunday, in hope that the spirits might send them a speaker. That night Bartlett communicated to a little circle, and said he had been after Uriah, and Uriah had come! Largely increasing meetings have been kept up ever since that Sunday. Moses Hull, Mrs. Mary Albertson, Miss Julia Hubbard and myself held a four days' meeting in Portsmouth during March, and a season of unusual refreshing was enjoyed. At the close, on the last evening, a band of thirty or forty friends held a select circle, which was attended with some incidents of peculiar interest. Through Mrs. Albertson, Bro. Hull was very impressively addressed and consecrated anew to the spiritual work by the venerable Wm. Miller, the father of Second Adventism from which Bro. Hull was converted to Spiritualism. Although Mrs. A. had never been clerically ordained, Bro. Hull confessed that she spoke as one having more authority than the Advent elders who had laid holy hands on him. The circle was closed by consecrating Miss Julia Hubbard to the work of spiritual evangelization. Miss Hubbard is a young woman, seventeen years old, with an organization peculiarly sensitive and susceptible to fine influences and brilliant inspirations. Though her education and advantages have been limited, and her manners are extremely natural and free from conventionalities, her style of speaking while under entrancing influence, is exceedingly chaste, forcible, eloquent and impressive; the tones and modulations of her voice, as well as the beauty and loftiness of her themes indicating the control of high intelligences. In the social circle she is easy and companionable while among congenial friends, though quite sensitive and shrinking at the approach of persons whose spheres are not in harmony with the purest and truest minds. Battling with the strongest opposition in social life, Miss Hubbard has suffered the severest ordeals, sometimes driven to the verge of distraction, and compelled to face discordant elements which no powers but those of the angel world could have overcome. Though she is still a young and trembling girl, yet with a heroism worthy of the true woman, she now stands out and is prepared to go forth on her angel mission. No female speaker at her age has given so much promise as she now gives, and if the impressions of those who understand her best are not wrong, she is destined to a mission of unusual brilliancy and the wisest usefulness.

Three lectures in Dover and two at Great Falls, N. H., called out good audiences, and revealed the interest at work among the people. In Great Falls I found the BANNER had twenty regular subscribers, owing to the zeal of our noble friend Coleman. Dr. O. D. Hamblet, eclectic, and one of the earliest and most remarkable clairvoyant mediums, is located here; and likewise Joseph E. Lord, a young speaker who gives hope of making an earnest and efficient public worker. While in this place I met several friends in from the surrounding towns, and they represented almost every rural village and neighborhood as in need of public spiritual laborers. In Portsmouth I met Mrs. S. C. Jewell, the remarkable blind medium, of Southampton, N. H. She is constantly thronged with visitors seeking clairvoyant examinations and spiritual treatment. The increase of spiritual physicians in every part of the country, and their success in the face of the regular medical profession, is an evidence of the fact that the people are fast losing confidence in old systems and are seeking for something new in behalf of the body as well as the soul. The only drawback in this line, is the extravagant and monopolizing claims set up by a few healing mediums, to the exclusion of the many humbler but equally efficient ones, and to the disappointment of numerous patients who are expecting sudden, marvelous and permanent cures which are seldom effected, notwithstanding a few extraordinary exceptional cases.

Wherever I have been of late, I find the great Convention movement has excited deep interest among believers. Three days' meetings seem called for in various localities, and wherever they have been held, new life has been kindled. The three days' meeting in Providence, R. I., regardless of unfavorable weather, seemed only a continuation of the great Boston Convention, though the only regular speakers in attendance were J. S. Loveland, inspired anew in the great work of reform; Moses Hull, with his new-born zeal flashing out incessant fire; the writer; and A. B. Whiting, fresh from the West, no longer the boy-medium, but the full-grown man, with his armor girded on anew, prepared for heroic service among the most sterling and eloquent apostles of the age.

An important mission is anticipated for the Convention to be held in Clinton Hall, New York, during the second week in May, and it is expected that a very large representation will go out from that great metropolis and spread anew the spirit with which our ranks are now being baptized. The spiritual world is opened afresh, and celestial armies are ringing a new rallying cry for a grand concert of action among Spiritualists. Let no believers now stand back idle and laggard, unless they would enroll themselves among the ranks of cowardly conservatism, and in selfish ease and indolence, cry out, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Let us heed heaven's rallying call amid the impending crises of our country, and better signs will soon begin to gleam above the horizon.

U. CLARK.

Banner Office, April 23d.

Notes from the West.

We left you months ago, with the promise of an occasional record of the journeyings we were making to the end of the world! Although we have been passing on ever since toward that grand ultimatum, we have been too busy, or too tired to transcribe our experience to paper. It is of "n'importe," I suppose, only as our friends may be looking to know of our destiny and doings through the BANNER. That they may know that we are living and doing, and still hold in sacred remembrance, we will give a brief report of the leading events of the intervening months, leaving the details which are ineffably written in one's book of Life, to be decyphered in the ages to come.

In October last, we left the pleasant field of labor in Wisconsin, and came to Northern Iowa, in fulfillment of some business interests. After adjusting those interests, we turned our face eastward, thinking, in time, to retrace our steps to our starting-point—the Atlantic coast. After leaving our testimony in behalf of the progressive movements of the day in the form of four discourses to the good people of Mitchell, we left them to digest the matter as well as their conservatism would permit, and passed on to Frederickburg and West Union, and addressed the people in those places in two discourses in each place, and came on, intending to cross the river before winter and find our work on the Wisconsin side.

We stopped in Monona, Clayton Co., and being obliged to wait there an hour or two for the stage, (the cars run through there now,) to beguile the time we called on one Bro. Palmer, of spiritualistic notoriety. He invited us cordially to stop a few days, and address the people in that place, saying that the river was impassable, and would be for some days. So we revoked the decision of going over on the other side, and addressed the community, in four discourses.

The day after our arrival, Bro. Palmer remarked that he knew we were coming, for an "angel of the Lord," or some spirit-friend had so announced it two months before, and he had said to his family that a large woman from Massachusetts was coming there, and would talk to the people. Though a stranger previous to our coming, they offered me the hospitalities of their home for the winter, and invited my stay in that section. I accepted it, and have had a very busy and prosperous winter.

Wagner Township, Elkader, the county seat of Clayton County, Strawberry Point, invited my labors in speaking and giving examinations, and we spent several weeks in each place. The deepest interest pervaded those communities. All classes were awakened, and began to inquire the way out from the bondage of the past, to higher conditions of freedom for soul and body. If expressions had been called for, and people required to define their positions, as in the revivals of the day, we could have counted on our converts by hundreds; but as our mission is not so much to move people by an outside pressure, as to develop the strength that lies within them, we leave them after awakening and inviting them to higher ground, to make their way to those positions by their own effort, as they are able. We feel that one of the greatest attainments required of the progressive soul is to be able to stand alone, and to go alone, unsupported by any band of brotherhood, or organization, or church—to stand, or to go by one's interior strength, rather than be dragged, or assisted by an outside power. People have so long leaned on leaders and churches, that they seem quite in the fog when they come into the progressive beliefs of the day, to find there are no churches to join. They inquire at once, "Where is your Church? Have you no organization for us? When thrown back on their own endeavors, they feel, for a time, an abatement of their zeal, until they see the good and greatness of being superior to churches or organizations—of being able to stand all alone in the world—to see through one's own eyes the needs of the human race—to prescribe one's own duty and sphere of work—and to go out and do it, unsupported and unpaid by any organization whatever. It is easy enough to do one's work when it is defined for us, and given to us, and we are paid for it by Church or State; but to find it by our talent—to do it, and to get our pay out of it, is quite another thing—especially for a woman!

Well, after our labors in the section alluded to, we returned to Monona, our temporary home, and after a short rest, commenced another tour that would bring us back to Monona in about six weeks. Hardly was our first stopping place, where we had a pleasant visit of a week, mostly in the family of D. Dickerson, Esq., whose home has been open for the earliest pioneers of the New Gospel to the present. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, I think, was the first to break the ice of conservatism in that place. We found here C. Sanford, M. D., quietly living, and doing his duty as village physician. We remembered, his name as one of the earliest speakers, or stars, in the horizon of the New Era. Although, like many others, he subsided into private life for a time, we hope he will rise again to gladden and enlighten the many who have heard his voice and been blessed by his words in days past.

D. Dickerson. May we be forgiven if we take too great freedom in making of his name, but we shall yet "Look for his footprints in the world, and listen to his voice amid the confusion of its tongues," for we feel that talents like his should be employed in harmonizing the distracted elements of human society at its present juncture, and we hope he may feel called to such work.

We passed on to Frankville, and addressed its people in the little village in three discourses; had a good interest and full houses. From thence we have come to this nice little town, Waukon, and have spoken two evenings in their beautiful court-house, and am stopping at the house of our young brother, John Topfiff, one of the progressive minds of the place.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR.

We feel that the war is a great institution!—the greatest instituted since the world began. It involves all things, and runs through all things. None need go from home to see the war. It is waged in every domestic circle, by every fireside. Those who like its "pomp and circumstance," its glidings and trappings, can be gratified by looking on its most external forms as ultimatum on the battle-grounds of the South; but those who see the spirit of things, discern the war in all the combinations of the day—for are we not living in the dawn of a New Era?—an era in which higher, greater truths are being developed to man than at any preceding age? These truths introduce new standards which innovate upon the old, and bring a conflict, or war. These new standards are being developed in art, science, politics, morals, religion—everything; hence the conflict, or war, runs into every department of life, and we all are fighting in this war; some in one department, and some in another; some choose their positions on the most external plane, where the war is waged with shells and shot, while others work more interiorly, with spiritual weapons. There is order and method in the whole, though only confusion is apparent to the superficial eye. Sublime truths are daily arriving at in the progress of the war. The war illustrates truth, and brings it to our comprehension, as nothing else could do as well. God-speed the war and its glorious results.

NANCY R. GORE.

Waukon, Iowa, April 9, 1864.

Among the Mountains.

Your BANNERS are floating amid the "Granite Hills" of my native state. Their benign influences impart a spiritual ray to my soul. We see familiar names, and familiar faces and images we have never forgotten are conjured up by the magic spell of memory. We listen again to the joyous laugh, and feel the pressure of each friendly hand, as if we parted but yesterday. We left Westmoreland in February, to sow seeds of testimony in the Green Mountain State. We hope they have taken root, and ere long we may realize the pleasure of seeing the flowers and partake of the fruits. We greeted some earnest and devout Spiritualists, receiving a warm welcome and invitations to visit them again this year. The money and articles of intrinsic value presented for my services, with the fervent "God bless you!" were received with grateful emotion. "Coosa," my faithful "page," seems to be a favorite with those who attend my circles. Last month we returned to the quiet residence of Mrs. D. Clark. Here my mother's love sheds its blessed light! We all miss the presence of sister Helen who remains in Calicoes, N. Y. "Witch-Hazel" (her little girl) is flying about my room, blithe as the birds of Spring. She frequently says, "Auntie, I wish the spiritual folks would let my mamma stay at home." This day we plucked two bright blossoms from a plant called Ear-drop—my brother's treasure. These jewels are hanging in the ears of Remembrance, sacred ornaments, tokens of this cultivation. We attended a sugar party held in this neighborhood. Ate honey with lawful members of the United Fraternity, in bonds of sweet communion, extending our sincere thanks to our host, with a respectful reverence for this stately maples from which it was extracted.

My gratitude is enclosed, in this message, for the inmates of the "Wanders Home," for their loving kindness and the roses from their bridal rose-bush, received this afternoon—a pleasant surprise, surely. We are having a snow-storm in good earnest. Everything in this region wears the aspect of winter. May the flowers of prosperity bloom brightly on your path of life, giving joy that you are permitted to live and take a part in a reformation upon which Heaven smiles and will look with approbation.

BARBARA ALLEN.

Westmoreland, N. H., April 14, 1864.

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. G. Clark, Moses Hull, U. Clark, L. K. Cooley, 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. Storer, C. A. Hayden, J. W. Edwards, C. Partridge, Dr. H. F. Gardner, A. B. Newton, Dr. R. T. Hallock, S. B. Brittan, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. E. 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.

To meet expenses, the small fee of five cents will be taken at the door in the morning and afternoon, and ten cents in the evening.

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. Peobles, 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.

Washington Correspondence.

Having been for many years an occasional resident in this city, and a co-partner in the various reform movements which have been instituted, I of course am deeply interested in the social, political and spiritual condition of things here. I take great pleasure in noting the change which is so rapidly coming over the general aspect of affairs, particularly in the free, outspoken sentiments on moral and religious subjects. Much of this is undoubtedly owing to the progressive ideas which the teaching of Spiritualism imparts. There are now several excellent mediums in the city, doing good work both in private and public, and the representative minds here assembled are fast taking hold of the beautiful truths given by the angels. Truly there is a great diversity of mediunistic power in our midst, and many are working in silence and obscurity, in dark and adverse elements, working out their missions of love, yet to be revealed in glorious light. Gladly would we make mention of these, only that the public gaze at the present time might retard rather than aid them in their work for humanity. Some of the old veterans in the reform ranks, whose names are already household words, will pardon us in a more outspoken freedom.

We have been favored with several excellent mediums. Mr. Newton, Mr. Foster and Mrs. Hyzer have each given the good cause a great impetus, and in this connection we would not overlook our friend and co-worker, the beautiful and philosophical exponent of the Harmonical Faith—Thomas Gales Forster. Through the efforts of such as these Spiritualism is becoming popularized, and has got "a local habitation and a name;" it is now talked of in boarding houses and in hotels, as well as in the private circle of Spiritualists. The first regular meetings were commenced here over a year ago, by Mrs. Smith of Boston, and afterwards kept up by Father Beeson—recommended by our revered friend Pierpont during the fall, and followed by A. E. Newton, who gave a series of seven or eight lectures, drawing crowded houses, and giving so clear and profound an elucidation of the subject, that our meetings from that time may date their firm establishment. Mrs. Hyzer is now with us, speaking to delighted and highly appreciative audiences. The BANNER OF LIGHT is doing well its work among us. Father Beeson (*firm and true to the cause of right and humanity, through evil and through good report*) has been here for the last eighteen months, faithfully and zealously devoting himself to his mission in behalf of the Indians; and now, after long years of unrequited toil, has at last succeeded in getting his measures before Congress in a practical form, with a fair prospect of their ultimate adoption. Few men have been so true to their trust for the poor and the oppressed. He has sown in tears, we believe, to reap in joy. Dr. Tuggles is helping along in many specialties the good cause of truth and progress, and at the same time devoting himself most assiduously to the duties of his profession, the demands of which, from the high estimation in which he is held as a physician and surgeon, are extremely arduous.

Truly the world moves; and in connection with this thought comes before me the honored name of George Thompson, who, thirty years ago, was indignantly frowned upon by press and people, and in the name of Christianity, persecuted and driven from our shores with threats of violence, and proclaimed in the public prints as a "foreign renegade and incendiary." To-day he electrifies a continent; and our nation "delights to do him honor." Memorable occasion! beautiful and inspiring spectacle! to behold him side by side with our venerable Pierpont, upon the speakers' stand in our Congressional Hall, and there presented to a brilliant and crowded assembly. How the eloquence and truth of the great liberator now comes home to the hearts of the people, commanding a nation's gratitude, a nation's praise. Who can fail to mark the grand strides of progress we are making, when upon the same platform only a few days before, Father Beeson made his plea for the poor Indians, equally earnest and pathetic as George Thompson for the negro? Who can doubt that in the end the right will come uppermost, "and truth bear away the victory?"

PROGRESS.

Concert of Action among Spiritualists.

The people of Granville, N. Y., have been favored with a visit from Henry C. Wright, the friend of humanity—one of the veterans in the "army of the Lord" to fight the battles of freedom for all men, black or white. Truth finds in him a fearless advocate and a firm supporter, error no chance for compromise. Immortality an ever present reality is one of his favorite themes. Long may he live to stir the minds of the people by reminding them of their various relations to each other.

The subject of organization was talked over, and suggestions made as to the time when, and place where, the great National Convention of Spiritualists should take place to discuss the question of organization. The time spoken of was the last of August or the first of September, or thereabouts, and Buffalo, N. Y., as being the most central place for the people of the great West and East to join hands, heads and hearts, to prepare the way for a system, which will be unfolded in due time, to bless the people of the earth.

Friends of the East, West, North and South, let us think upon and discuss this question, at home and abroad, so as to give it a thorough investigation, and, as opportunity may occur, also in the various conventions called prior to the national one. When that is convened, let us see what will grow out from the agitation of the subject. Let us see whether it can be made a practical reality or not, in the present condition of the people. A system will be unfolded, sooner or later, that will embrace in its folds Church and State, for the object of the two should be one and the same, i. e., THE ELEVATION OF INDIVIDUAL MAN AND WOMAN. They should ever be helps to each other, and work harmoniously together for the one great object—the unfolding of mankind.

Men organize for destructive purposes, and effectually carry out their designs, regardless of self or sufferings of the most horrible character; no sacrifice is too great for them to make—wives, families and friends are counted as nothing in the balance when war calls for organization. Can we not unite so as to forever preclude the necessity of war on our part?

Very few have any conception of organization in a highly unfolded condition of society. We have no power to conceive the beneficial results of a truly harmonious system, where order reigns. Mankind need much unfolding to appreciate and enter into a system where the interest of one is the interest of the whole, or vice versa. But an organization may be formed and entered into, which will pave the way for a higher. We want a system comprehensive, simple in its rules and regulations, and suited to the needs of the people.

It is possible when the child Organization is born it will have to be cradled in a manger. Its birth-place will not be amid the bustle of a National Convention, but he or she who gives birth to a system which shall bless the people, must feel

the demands of the age, comprehend the wants and needs, and also have the ability to supply the desired document, which will embody principle, and cause the minds of earth to acknowledge its practical utility. Let the deepest thinkers, wisest heads and truest hearts strive to unfold a plan, or system, which shall stand the criticism of the people, and command them through its superior merits to adopt the same for a basis of concerted action, to introduce more of Peace, Love, Wisdom and Harmony. Who shall give birth to a system so vast and comprehensive in its designs? Surely none but those who try. Let each mind do its best, and let us see the result in the future.

GEORGE F. BAKER.

Granville, N. Y., April 14.

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

Banner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Bondage of Debt.

The nation has long stood in need of a sound, equitable, and well established Bankrupt Law. It used to be thought, and is so thought even now by many persons in the agricultural districts of the country, that it was a disgrace, outright and irreparable, for a man to fall in business. It was thus in his face that he was a dishonest man, of course, or he never would be in such a predicament. We have ourselves heard the assertion many and many a time. The hide-bound, unsympathetic, and entirely illiberal minds that are guilty of entertaining such narrow sentiments, deserve nothing better than to be overtaken with misfortune, that they may by the means learn liberality and charity. It is a fact, too, that such persons generally cry loudest themselves for relief when they once get into trouble. Being tyrannical in prosperity, like all other tyrants they are the starveling beggars for mercy when they find themselves once down.

There are to-day at least one hundred thousand good business men standing at the door of Congress and begging to have the manacles knocked from their wrists, so as to be at liberty once more to embark in business, support and educate their families, resume their rightful places in society, and help discharge those duties of citizenship from which their misfortunes now debar them utterly. Because a man has failed in business, ought he to be thrown into abject slavery by the State—into a slavery whence there is no hope of emerging even with the most patient waiting? Has the State any right thus to say that the faculties and powers of a large and very valuable class of its citizens shall never again be brought into active service? Can any form of slavery be thought of, that is possible to be more grinding, soul-destraining, and thoroughly, because spiritually, tyrannical than this?

A contemporary puts the case of this unhappy class of men with wonderful force and point, in the following manner:

"These men, to-day, are bound and manacled hand and foot. They cannot move an inch without suspecting a sheriff at their heels. They cannot earn a dollar without the fidelity of its being snatched away by some heartless, soulless creditor. They rise a foot, only to fall a fathom. They put forth strength, only to see their weakness demonstrated. They toil in sorrow to earn their bread, and then eat it with sighing and tears. They are not convicted thieves, forgers, burglars, or murderers. In the main, they are honest, well-meaning men. They have failings, and who has not? They have made mistakes, but not such as are worthy either of death or life-punishment. They have families dependent upon them for support, must they also be afflicted? They have beloved children, yearning for their father's deliverance and aid, and must they grow up uneducated? They have aspirations to be useful, and must these noble feelings be choked and quenched? What, we ask, is to be done with such a host of men? We want their help in paying our enormous taxes. We want them to shoulder a part of our national burdens. We want them cheerful workers by our side. We want them free, as we are, to act once more according to their own conviction of duty."

But the result of the existing laws on the subject is to keep this valuable class of men under forever—never to give them a chance to rise again and clear themselves—and to practically disgrace them for having been guilty of mistakes, and misjudgments, and misfortunes. It is all wrong, and very cruel; nothing could be more unchristian, if uncivilized.

All other civilized nations have a general Bankrupt Law on their statute-books. They understand full well that their best, their most enterprising and energetic citizens are the very ones most liable to misfortune in business, for it is by taking risks that they have exposed themselves to disaster. Hence they realize that they cannot afford to lose the active services of so valuable a class of citizens, who turn the big wheel of business for the whole community, spread and fill the sails of commerce, inaugurate national life, and keep the streams of trade and intercommunication constantly open. Why are we willing to be behind other nations in a matter of prime importance like this? We profess to take much more thought for progressive ideas than other nations, and yet we hold persistently in the rear in this respect. We profess to be philanthropic and humanitarian, yet we sit content and see thousands of our very best and noblest fellow citizens shackled with a law which works nothing like safety and nothing but harm, and are not ready to lift a hand to release them from their bondage. We must perforce look at this subject from a higher point of vision, and take a broader view of the whole of it. Else we shall be set down as not so very far above barbarians as we suppose we are to-day really classed.

John B. Gough.

The name of this gentleman has become world-wide, and deservedly so, as he has done more for humanity than many of far greater pretensions. We always love to hear him speak—this great apostle of temperance—and it gives us pleasure to announce to our thousands of readers that he is to lecture at the Music Hall on the evening of May 4th. Don't miss hearing him.

General Banks in Louisiana.

Our favorite Massachusetts General seems to have met with hard fortune, out in Louisiana, although he finally wrung victory out of apparent defeat, and saved his army from the ruin which at one time seemed to impend. He marched his forces from Natchitoches to Sabine Cross Roads, where he fought an unfortunate battle with the rebels under Kirby Smith, on the 8th of April; he then fell back to Pleasant Hill in the night, and on the 9th skirmished and finally fought a severe battle with the whole rebel army, this time routing them with severe loss. But he deemed it prudent himself to fall back after fighting the battle, to obtain supplies from the Red River, as well as to put himself in communication with the fleet of Admiral Porter. The rebels were too severely punished to pursue, or to offer him any disturbance on his retreat of thirty-five miles. Their slaughter is described as having surpassed almost everything of the sort since the war began, so sudden and overwhelming was the fire of the musketry and cannon against the advancing rebel columns. But Banks is reported to have lost at least thirty-five hundred men by his expedition; and this is a severe loss to a little army like the one which he commanded. It is said that he should have waited to be aided by the advancing armies from three other directions, that were to form a part of the plan of operations in this campaign; and his conduct is criticised as unskillful and unskillful—a point which we certainly should not undertake to decide, with the present limited facilities for forming a judgment. There are troops enough in that region to drive every rebel out; and we hope it will be done very shortly, too.

The New York City Convention—Notice to Speakers and others.

The managers of the New York Spiritualist Convention request those who are interested in the order of the meetings, to be in attendance on the first morning, Wednesday, May 11th, at ten o'clock. Those who are not otherwise provided, are referred to the Revere House, conducted on the European plan, located near Clinton Hall, corner of Broadway and Houston streets. Mr. A. B. Turner number 97, St. Mark's Place, near the Hall, can accommodate several speakers with private boarding, at a reasonable rate. Friends in the city who wish to take visitors, or boarders, are requested to report at the Hall on the first morning. The conditions of city life are such, however, that the managers of the Convention wish it distinctly understood that they assume no responsibility in regard to accommodating visitors. Clinton Hall is in the Mercantile Library Building, Eighth street, between Broadway and Fourth Avenue, just below Union Square and above Grace Church, and can be easily found. New Yorkers are manifesting great interest in the Convention. Charles Partridge, the veteran editor and proprietor of the old Spiritual Telegraph, writing one of the committee, says: "I am more and more impressed with the necessity of unfolding and disseminating the distinctive features of Spiritualism, as a means of guiding men and governments in divine order, and of saving souls from sin and misery. I shall be present, and, if needed, will speak and otherwise participate in the Convention." Quite a large delegation is expected from Boston and other parts of New England, as well as from the Empire State and the West.

Rebel Advantages.

What seem to us now to be successes gained by the rebels, are, after all, only attempts to divert our attention from the great points of the opening campaign, and to divide our forces just at the moment when their concentration by Gen. Grant is likely to bring the rebellion to the last test of its existence. What they have gained, or accomplished in Tennessee and North Carolina and West Louisiana, may be flouted by them in our faces for a time, as if they were victories of a decisive character; but it is none the less true, for all that, that just so soon as Gen. Grant beats the grand army of Lee, and sets the flag of the nation upon the State House of Richmond, all these minor advantages pass for nothing, and it is as if nothing had been done by them. The truth is, it is not occupation of territory merely that is going to end this rebellion, but the actual defeat and destruction of the rebel armies, and the prostration of their power in the field.

Vagabond Children.

The stories of the London Poor, who subsist in the streets and alleys, nobody knows how, are fully paralleled by like stories of the youthful vagrants and heathen of New York. It is evident that the only way to save society from the curse which this vicious element is able to inflict upon it in good time, is to perform a work of prevention; to pull up the weeds by the roots, before they shall have gone to seed. The Children's Aid Society of that city is doing a great deal of good in this way. It picks up these children in the streets, finds them in lodgings at its Lodging Houses, keeps them washed and clean, helps to find work for them, and at length supplies them with good homes where honest service secures to them a livelihood and some sort of an education. The vagabond children of ten years ago in New York were the young men rioters and fiends of the riots of last summer. There is no way to suppress vice save to nip it in the bud.

Spiritual National Convention.

At the late Convention held in this city, a resolution was passed recommending a National Convention of Spiritualists, to convene during the summer in the West. A Committee was also appointed to carry out the purposes of the resolution. Dr. H. F. Gardner was Chairman, and H. B. Storer Secretary of the Committee. They issued a circular inviting an expression of opinion from Spiritualists all over the country, as to the best time and place for holding said Convention; and in compliance with that request, a large number have written to them on the subject. We are now informed by the Chairman, that the majority designate Chicago, Illinois, as the most eligible point for holding the Convention, and the Committee have accordingly settled upon that place, and August as the time, the day to be fixed upon hereafter.

The Great Fair.

Of all the Sanitary Fairs yet held in this country, that in New York was chiefly to be held in remembrance. It is estimated that its receipts may amount even to twelve hundred thousand dollars, while its expenses run up to three hundred thousand dollars. This would leave a remainder of nearly a million dollars clear profit for the benefit of the soldiers. But this proportion of three hundred thousand dollars is much higher than it ought to be in this case. It is at the rate of twenty-five per cent; while the fair at Brooklyn, which netted four hundred thousand dollars, cost no more than six per cent. This is a very great difference. Much of these expenses are needless, if not wicked.

Judge Edmunds on Spiritualism.

The London Spiritualist Magazine for April contains a very interesting article from Judge J. W. Edmunds, of New York, on the subject of the phenomena of Spiritualism. It commences by saying, "The real marvel of the phenomena is that human mind moves without mortal contact and displays intelligence, and that an intelligence which can read, write and cipher, can speak in many tongues, and can read our secret thoughts. Whence comes that intelligence? Is the question. The presence of an intelligence is easily ascertainable. But the neophyte says, 'How know I that it is not my own mind that either generates the thought I perceive or is read by this intelligence and communicated through the medium?'" This question the Judge answers, by saying that thoughts come which were never in the inquirer's mind, nor in the medium's either, nor in that of any mortal present; and then goes on to justify his assertion by facts and illustrations, clearly elucidating what he means. He closes his article by allusion to the moral nature of the doctrines promulgated by Spiritualism, and to the important revelations to man of a future life, reminding the English reviewers that they entirely overlook these two vital points in their criticisms. He says:

"I have observed the past year, that several of your statelier order of Reviews have given some attention to the subject in their review of Home's *Incidents*. I perceive that they confine their attention mainly to the physical phase of the phenomena, and deny or question simply because they do not know. I do not wonder at their unbelief without knowledge, for the manifestations are mainly so merely personal in their character, that it is not possible for any testimony from another to convey the vivid idea of reality. Thus, I know whether I am touched or not—I know whether I see or not; but it is quite impracticable for me to carry to another the vivid idea of reality which I have. And they who cannot give due weight to human testimony are to be pitied—that is all! But there is one subject on which these reviewers could safely have touched, if they would, and that is the moral nature of the doctrines which Spiritualism promulgates.

I have had frequent occasion to assert, that the tendency of these doctrines was to the most exalted private and public virtue. I have challenged contradiction—I repeat the challenge; and I know that every candid mind must answer in the affirmative, if not in the language of the late Chancellor of South Carolina: 'The teachings in your publications, as emanating from the spirits, indicate a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections toward God, in the highest degree holy and spiritual. In these respects there are, in my opinion, no writings extant more unexceptionable.'

So, too, they might have said something about this great end and object of spirit-communion to which I have referred. When persons of education set down 'to cram' for the occasion of such a review, and to write an essay upon a subject which now occupies so much of the attention of the civilized world, it is possible that they could have waded through so many volumes and never alighted upon the idea. It stands out as the great end in view, and yet these reviewers ignore its very existence.

Why was this? Surely, nothing can be more important to man than a revelation of a future life, so full and ample that he may understand how to prepare for it. It could not have been intentional, and it can be accounted for only on the supposition that they, like the writer of 'Mary Magdalen,' were too intent on the means to be mindful of the end.

Let us be warned by their example! Let us never be unmindful of this great end of the work before us! Let us remember that the advantages enjoyed by us, who have been blessed with evidence enough to believe, and the privileges bestowed upon us, are that we may perform the duty of all knowledge—that, namely, of the future beyond the grave."

Miss Sprague's Poems.

The forthcoming volume of poems from the pen of the late gifted inspirational writer and lecturer, Miss A. W. Sprague, is in press and will be issued about the middle of May. We have not time this week to notice the work further than to give a list of its contents. Among them will be found some of the finest poems extant: Introductory Remarks. The Poet—Scenes 1, 2, 3 and 4. Miscellaneous Poems—The People; The Soldier's Shroud; Emancipation in the District of Columbia; The American Eagle; Tempter and Tempted; Let all the Saints be glad in Heaven: The Stoic Soul's Defiance; The Chant of the Soul; The Real Prayer; The Ruined Church; Beautiful Sleep; Into the Depths of Hades; Slime on the Coward Souls; Endure; Wendell Phillips; The Coming Time; The Trial; They tell me Thou art Beautiful; Serenade: Good Night; "Ye have done it unto me"; Bury me under the Greenwood Tree; The Morning Land; Devotion; Waiting at the Gate; The Soul of Song; Take me Home; Who are the Beautiful; Hark to the Waves that roll: Mountains. Early Poems—The Dying Warrior; The Wanderer's Return; The Days of Old; Dark Hours; Musings; The Ship; A Voice from France; Thoughts on Leaving Home; The Mourner; Disease; To a Bunch of Violets in my Sick Room; They bid me nerve my Drooping Soul; Sing to Me; To my Sister on her Eighteenth Birthday; Lament of the Jewish Captives; Address of Henry Fourth to his Army; To One who called me Ungrateful; Despair; "Suffer, yet be Strong"; Recovery from Sickness; "Only for one"; Lines written in a School-room; Songs from Spirit-Land; Morning; The Angel's Visit.

[Original.]

BURY ME UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Bury me, friends, where the flowers shall wave,
In each coming Spring, above my grave!
Where the earliest birds their songs shall sing,
And the lark toward heaven its flight shall wing.
Bury me under the greenwood tree!
'T is the only place of rest for me.

"I could not sleep in the dark, cold tomb—
I should pine in its mould, its damp and gloom!"

Bury me, friends, where the violets grow,
Where close at my feet the brook shall flow,
Where the soft winds whisper among the bowers,
And the mosses sleep with the brightest flowers.
Bury me under the greenwood tree!
'T is the only place of rest for me.

Come, when the flowers are in earliest bloom,
Come when the earliest spring-birds, come!
Come when the leaves are fresh on the trees,
And they softly sigh to the summer breeze.
Then every flower like my eye shall seem,
The song of the bird, like my life's first dream;
While the whispers aloft in the leafy tree,
Shall all seem voices that come from me.

And do not weep for the dust that's laid
In the dim, cathedral, forest shade.
Think of me only as truly blest—
That I've found at last my promised rest!
Bury me deep in the forest lone,
Where only of Nature I'll hear the tone,
Where the foot of man has seldom trod—
Bury me there, alone with God!

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, trance speaker, will occupy the desk again next Sunday, in Lyceum Hall, in this city. She is a popular lecturer.

The President's Policy as to Slavery.

The letter which we print below was written by President Lincoln to Col. A. G. Hodges, senior editor of the Frankfort Commonwealth, of Frankfort, Ky. That gentleman accompanied Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon when they visited the President to adjust the differences respecting the enrolment in Kentucky. A letter from Governor Bramlette, dated April 22d, speaks in the warmest terms of the manner in which he and his companions were received, and of the efforts made by the President to meet all reasonable demands in a spirit of accommodation. At the close of the interview Mr. Lincoln took occasion to explain his position on the general subject of slavery in its relations to the war, and upon the suggestion of Col. Hodges that his views were greatly mistaken, reduced his remarks to writing. No unprejudiced mind can peruse this straightforward exposition of views on so momentous a subject, without feeling proud that we have such a man as Abraham Lincoln at the helm of the Ship of State.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,"

Washington, April 4.

A. G. HODGES, Esq., Frankfort, Ky.:
My Dear Sir—You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said, the other day, in your presence, to Gov. Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:

I am naturally an avowed abolitionist. Slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability, imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that Government—that Nation—of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?

By general law, life, limb and name must be protected; often a limb must be amputated to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I feel that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution, through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that to do better in my ability I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if I saved slavery or any minor matter I should permit the wreck of Government, Country and Constitution, all together. When, early in the war, Gen. Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When a little later, Gen. Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, Gen. Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come.

When, in March, and May, and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss; but of this I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it in our foreign relations; none in our home popular sentiment; none in our white military force—no loss by it, anyhow or anywhere. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen and laborers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no caviling. We have the men, and we could not have had them without the measure.

And now let any Unionist who complains of the measure, test himself, by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next that he is for taking these 130,000 men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be, but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his cause so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth. I add a word, which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this story I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whether it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, will he remove it with the sword? No, he will not. The South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God. Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN."

Charles H. Foster in Baltimore.

We learn that Mr. Foster is meeting with great success in Baltimore. Thomas Gales Forster is there also, lecturing on Sunday. The Baltimore Daily Gazette, in explaining the difference between the two, says:

"Thomas Gales Forster is the gentleman through whom a series of most eloquent discourses are being given every Sunday morning, evening at Seratoga Hall. He is what is termed a trance speaker—that is, while in an abnormal or unconscious state, his organs of speech are used by disembodied spirits, and lectures upon the laws of spirit-life, and our conditions beyond the grave are spoken.

Mr. Chas. H. Foster, the gentleman who is holding *seances* every day at Seratoga Hall, has been unfolded upon a totally different plane of mediumship. He is used by spirit not for the development of general principles, but for direct personal communications. The immediate friends of the investigator control his organism, produce their names in distinct letters upon his hand or arm, write their thoughts or desires through his hand, and talk with their mortal friends about matters of personal interest, through his lips."

Mrs. Farnham's New Book.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the demand for this work—"Woman and her Era"—is rapidly increasing. The publishers, A. J. Davis & Co., say that thus far they have been scarcely able to furnish the books fast enough to meet the demand. We keep the work for sale. For price, etc., see advertising columns of the BANNER.

Removal.

New York Spiritualists, and all others who may desire to attend, will bear in mind that Rev. Fred L. H. Willis, who has lectured at Clinton Hall for two months past most acceptably, will hereafter speak in Ebbitt Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Seats free.

Announcements.

Chas. A. Hayden speaks in Chelsea next Sunday; Mrs. Spence in Charlestown; Dr. Hamilton in Lowell; A. B. Whiting in Chicopee; Mrs. Bliss in Plymouth; Moses Hull in Worcester; Mrs. Rudd in North Easton; Mrs. Currier in Groveland.

L. K. Cooley speaks in Cambridgeport, May 8th and 16th; in Foxboro', May 22d.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond speaks the first two Sundays in June, in Stafford, Conn. Her address for the month of May will be Lawrence, Mass., care of J. C. Bowker.

New Publications.

WOMAN AND HER ERA. By Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham. 2 vols., 12mo. Published by A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.

This is a work of large scope, and discussing one of the gravest problems of modern times. It has been wrought out by the author, as she says, after the earnest thought of twenty-two years; and it shows the result of patient thinking, calm reflection, and sober contemplation. It is called by the Publishers "the greatest book on Woman extant;" and it strikes us as a truly remarkable production, likely to attain to a permanent reputation. A great deal remains to be said, and said over and over again, about the position, the needs, the rights, and the future of Woman; and Mrs. Farnham has taken up the subject from the very elements, and carried it forward to a point whither all candid and humane and inquiring minds will be glad to follow her. We cannot pretend to give in this place a schedule of the contents of these volumes; they cover too vast an area to be repeated. Suffice it, that the leading idea of Mrs. Farnham's work, which we must call a great work indeed, is that Woman is *inherently superior* to Man, and is so recognized by the voice of all life and literature. She treats her subject in a truly philosophic manner, discussing it in its several branches, and, after stating the general view of it, goes into a faithful consideration of the organic, the religious, and the historic arguments, and branches out into the broader and universal views which are sure to absorb the attention of the whole human family in due time.

People of over so conservative views need not fear to read with thoughtful attention a book which contains such generous, large and all-embracing thoughts as are contained within the limits of this work. It offers just what every person of enlightenment ought to be glad and eager to peruse. There is a tone about it that is not to be found in any of the many tracts which are written for some one of the specific points that are all embraced in this work. It is, in truth, the matured production of a genuine philosopher, of a patient observer, and a person of wide culture and habits of liberal thought. We need not be at the pains to commend it; it will be placed in the hands of every thoughtful philanthropist and progressive mind in the land.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION. From the standpoint of Fort Sumter to the capture of Roanoke Island. By Wm. M. Tinsley. Sixth edition. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This handsome volume, an epitome of the events of the present war, is from the same pen that wrote those popular juvenile books—"The Bobbin Boy," "The Farmer Boy," "The Printer Boy," &c., &c.—and will be found possessed of the same traits which made those volumes so popular. We need a history of this wicked rebellion, and particularly for the young; they can never go over the larger works which are being produced upon the same subject, and this one will serve to impress upon their minds—so that the impression shall not be eradicated—the continuous events of this terrible war.

Besides having been written for the capacity of youth, this history is equally well adapted to the wants of families; it will come in use admirably on the family centre table, and prove quite as entertaining as more pretentious volumes, and at the same time it costs not more than one fourth what any other history of the war costs. We esteem the work to be accurate in respect to its dates and statements, and discover that the sources of the writer's authority are as good as are to be had by any other author. The narrative is stirring, the scenes and incidents skillfully and impressively chosen, and the arrangement made with a view as well to effect as to permanent interest and value. We do not wonder to find this book already in the enjoyment of a sixth edition.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM: OR EMANCIPATION FROM MENTAL AND PHYSICAL BONDAGE. By Chas. T. Woodruff. Sinclair, Tinsley, agent for authors: New York.

This modest little book is the earnest testimony of an inquiring spirit, in favor of a more perfect emancipation from intellectual bondage, as well, too, as from the servitude under which the body of man labors. If it shall assist even one truth-seeking mind in taking another step forward into the light, we do not doubt that the heart of the author will feel fully repaid.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR MAY.—Hon. Robert J. Walker has another of his very able and interesting articles on "American Finances and Resources," which will command the attention of all who feel a deep interest in the welfare of our country. All the articles in this number of the Continental are from able pens, and are subjects of general interest, as will be seen by the following table of contents:—American Finances and Resources. By Hon. Robert J. Walker. *Æneid.* Our Domestic Relations; or, How to Treat the Rebel States. By Charles Russell. The Mound Builder. By January Searle. A Universal Language. By S. P. Andrews. A Summer's Night. By Count S. Krasinski. Translated by Prof. Podbielski. The English Press. By Nicholas Rowe, London. The House in the Lane. By V. Townsend. Music a Science. By Lucia D. Pyschowska. Thought. By Virginia Vaughan. The War a Contest for Ideas. By Henry Everett Russell. Hints to the American Farmer. Aphorisms. By Rev. Asa Cotton. The Wild Azules. By E. W. C. A Pair of Stockings. Literary Notices. Editor's Table.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MAY.—The contents of this number are from the pens of Robert Browning, Bayard Taylor, Donald G. Mitchell, T. B. Read, J. G. Palfrey, Charles Sprague, T. W. Parsons, Mrs. Stowe, Harriet E. Prescott, D. A. Wasson and John Weiss, with the following titles: A Cruise on Lake Ladoga; Wet-Weather Work; The Reapers Dream; The New England Revolution of the Seventeenth Century; Some Account of the Early Life of an Old Bachelor; The Snow-Man; The Gold Fields of Nova Scotia; Life on the Sea Islands; Gold Hair; California as a Vine-land; To a Young Girl Dying; The Rim; Types; House and Home Papers; Reënlisted; The Presidential Election; Reviews and Literary Notices.

PARLOR THEATRICALS: or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment. Boston: O. Thacher, 13 Court street. Price 25 cents.

This little work is well calculated to while away a dull evening by harmless and innocent amusement. It contains acting proverbs, dramatic characters or drawing-room pantomimes, musical burlesques, tableaux, vivants, etc., illustrated with descriptive engravings and diagrams. Parlor theatricals sometimes have a tendency to stimulate the faculties, engender wit, and develop and exercise the mental functions.

THE OUTCASTS; or, the Brand of Society. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Boston: O. Thacher, 13 Court street. Price 75 cents.

The above is the title of one of the last novels by this popular author. So eagerly are her works caught up by the novel-reading public, that it is only necessary to announce them as fast as they appear to insure readers.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS: Being a history of the administration of the Department of the Gulf in the year 1862. With an account of the capture of New Orleans, and a sketch of the previous career of the General, civil and military. By James Parton. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. Boston: For sale by Mason & Hamlin, 276 Washington street. People's edition. Price 75 cents.

The above title fully indicates the contents of the work. The author has the reputation of being one of the best biographers in the English language. His lives of Jackson, Burr and Franklin are national works, and have received the highest commendations of the press, both at home and abroad. In this work he has done himself equal credit. It is a popular people's edition, and is offered at the low price of 75 cents—very cheap for so large a work, and so neatly printed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Out of Prison, from Graves & Young, Boston; The Sabbath School Chestnuts, from No. 13 Cornhill; United States Christian Commission for the Army and Navy—Report for 1863.

Correspondence in Brief.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Our readers will remember the answers given to several sealed letters received by D. B. Hale, Esq., from his son in the spirit world, and published in the Hartford Times last February, which we afterwards transferred to our columns. They gave such tests and unmistakable proofs of spirit identity, that great interest was awakened on the subject. Mr. Hale, in forwarding us another letter to be answered, says: "I have received numerous letters of inquiry regarding the communication from my son, Howard F. Hale, from different parts of the country. * * * Many have been induced to send sealed letters, and some have sought more 'light' through your 'Banner.' I am most pleased to see an increasing interest manifested, and hope many more may be brought 'from darkness to light.'"

Spiritual Progress in Lowell.

N. S. Greenleaf, under date of April 25th, says: "Our glorious cause has never been in better condition in Lowell than it is at the present time. The Children's Lyceum is a perfect success, and the work goes bravely on. People are being compelled to give the subject of Spiritualism some thought—and to give thought, and investigate, is the sure way to become convinced. The BANNER is a welcome visitor each week that we could not well do without."

Wm. K. Ripley.

We have received a long letter from T. J. Porter, of Portland, Me., in which he speaks of the above named earnest co-worker in the spiritual ranks in the highest terms of commendation. Having had a long acquaintance with him, he knows him to be a gentleman free from all immoral taint, and as a lecturer, one of the ablest and best in the field, besides being a most excellent psychometrical test medium, or reader of character. Mr. Ripley was one of the pioneers in the lecturing field in Maine, where he has done good work. He has been laboring with much success in the State of New York this winter, and is now speaking in Williamstown, Conn. We are pleased to learn that he is appreciated wherever he goes.

From Clyde, Ohio.

Mrs. Bradley Fuller, under date of April 19th, says:

"The car of progress is still moving on, and we, as Spiritualists, are moving along with it. We have for the past year had regular meetings every four weeks. Brother Barham has spoken for us, but thinking that a change would be better, as it would call out more to have a change of speaker, we have re-elected a hall, and extend an invitation to speakers passing this way to give us a call, or inform us of their intended movements, as we shall depend on different ones to fill the call here for lectures. Brother Whipple spoke for us last Sunday, and gave two very interesting discourses. He is always welcome here, as his mind is well stored with much useful knowledge. Mrs. S. E. Warner is to be here the second Sunday in May. We cannot do without the BANNER, so here is the money for another year."

The Banner's New Dress.

W. K. Ripley, now lecturing in Connecticut, in a note to us, says he likes the appearance of the BANNER in its new dress, and will do all he can to increase its circulation. Thank you, brother. Such a resolve, practically carried out by a hundred or two of our friends, would do a vast amount of good in spreading the truths of Spiritualism.

The Patriotic Soldiers' Donation.

"We regret that our situation as soldiers in the field prevents us from being more liberal in sending you the useful for the support of the means used for the spread of the truth."

With the above sentence came six dollars and seventy-five cents for our free circles, and one dollar and twenty-five cents for six months' subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT, from John Gules, Morgan Phillips, Byron A. Straight, Lorenzo Phillips, and O. S. Allen, five patriotic, liberal-minded soldiers of the 112th New York Volunteers, now stationed at Jacksonville, Florida. These freedom-loving men—free from shackles and creeds—not only desire the light of truth in the camp, but do what they can to enable others to obtain it.

Miss Hardinge and Mr. Mansfield.

L. Armstrong, of Folsom, California, sends us an account of the successes which Miss Emma Hardinge and J. V. Mansfield are making with in the Golden State. Spiritualism is waking up the people to a realizing sense of its beauty and truth.

Mrs. Bond in Massachusetts.

From a note written by Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, the talented spiritual lecturer, dated North Easton, April 27th, we make the following extract: "During April I have lectured in Quincy, Taunton, and North Easton, to very good people, and good houses, considering the effort the storm-god has made the past month to reign and rule over the earth."

In the two first-named places, Spiritualism has grown strong enough to sustain itself against the assaults of the enemy, not only in moral strength, but pecuniarily. Here, however, it is in its infancy, therefore needs the sympathy and aid of lecturers who are willing to 'cast their bread upon the waters,' and wait patiently for the reward."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

G. F. B., GRANVILLE, N. Y.—We should be pleased to receive the Report you allude to. Thanks for your kind offer.

We have many essays and communications of much merit on file for publication. The writers are informed that their productions shall appear as fast as our space permits.

AN UNFORTUNATE PLACE.—The Island of Java must be a sad place to emigrate to. The deaths there, in 1862, from other than natural causes, were as follows: Drowned, 1,221; falling from trees, etc., 504; lightning, 306; tigers, 299; crocodiles, 174; snakes, 46; buffaloes, 6; rhinoceros, 4; suicide, 46; other accidents, 529; total, 3,214. In the little island of Singapore the deaths from tigers were very much exceeded in the same year.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT has our thanks for his kindly notice of the BANNER. May the BANNER live a thousand years, and always be as interesting and instructive as at the present time."

Miles Grant discusses Moses Hull in the last Crisis, and pronounces "more anon." We hope Moses will "make a note on it."

The grass is growing rapidly all over New England, and the birds are singing merrily, and all nature is preparing to dress herself up beautifully; while man is preparing to murder his fellow-man on a larger scale than ever. The day of judgment is indeed at hand, when the wheat is to be sifted from the chaff.

We desire a *carte de visite* of Elder Grant, of the World's Crisis, for our photograph album, as we think he will be a good Spiritualist one of these days.

The first American Revolution lasted seven years, and there is a pretty fair prospect, according to present indications, that the last revolution will also last seven years.

THE POLERAMA of Battle Scenes of the Rebellion, on exhibition at the Melodeon in this city, is meeting with good success. The heart is stirred with mingled emotions of admiration and pride as the canvas unrolls to view the thrilling battle scenes—admiration for the painting and pride for the noble and patriotic men who are engaged in the service of their country. "All should see this beautiful painting before it leaves the city."

We have received a batch of slips cut from the Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas, treating on the spiritual manifestations given by the Davenport Boys, which we shall notice further hereafter.

One of our esteemed correspondents, who has lately been on the sick list, thus quaintly writes: "The pretty landscape has been making a strong effort to get my body; but I am gaining it back slowly. If the blessed earth has a better right to it, however, than myself, I shall be content to let it go."

Labor is very scarce and dear in the Lake Superior region. So is butter.

A State Temperance Convention is called to meet at Boston on the 27th inst. Neal Dow will be here.

Mrs. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, delivered three lectures on Spiritualism, in this place—one last week and two this week. The lecturer is a trance medium, and she handled her subjects with more than ordinary ability, exhibiting fluency of speech and eloquence in delivery. She commanded the close attention of her audience throughout each discourse.—*York Pennsylvanian.*

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—The Round Table poets think Longfellow is "small beer," but a French critic, in the *Revue Nouvelle* of Paris, describes him as the "golden gate into the rich domain of Anglo-Saxon poetry."

A cargo of molasses was sold in New Haven, a few days ago, for ninety-seven cents per gallon—the highest price since the war of 1812, when it ran up as high as one dollar and fifty cents.

A lady who had been recently married came late to church one day, and entered as the congregation were rising from prayer. "La," said she curtseying, "don't get up on my account."

Massachusetts paid \$2,750 on gold plate, at the rate of 50 cents per ounce troy, which is more than was paid by all the other States, New York paying but \$824, while California paid but \$1. For silver plate, Maine paid \$846 69; New Hampshire, \$683 82; Vermont, \$192 67; Massachusetts, \$19,243 13; Rhode Island, \$3,675 97; Connecticut, \$283 43; New York, \$53,024 05; and so on to Kansas, which only paid \$8 10.

Music is the only earthly bliss that the imaginations of men have transferred to heaven.

It is idle to talk of drowning care; we do but sharpen the sting of the scorpion we enury within us.

A French officer said that when his troops were on the march, he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules.

The Prince of Prussia is by trade a printer. According to ancient usage in Prussia, all the princes of the royal family must learn a trade. The Prince Frederick William learned the trade of a compositor, at the office of Mr. Hauel, at Berlin.

"Order is heaven's first law," regularity is nature's great rule; hence regularity in eating, sleeping and exercise, has a very large share in securing a long and healthful life.

EDDIE'S BLUNDER.—Eddie was up for exhibition one afternoon, and was being enticed by his admiring friends: "Who was put into the fiery furnace?" asked his father. "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," was the answer after some assistance. "Who put them in?" Eddie's face brightened this time, and with all the boldness of one who was sure that he was right, cried out: "Little Johnny Green."

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.

COFFEE DRINKERS.—HAYWARD'S CELEBRATED PREPARED Mocha COFFEE. The best, cheapest, most nutritious and healthful coffee in the market. Try it, and you will use no other. Orders by mail or express will receive prompt attention. A. S. HAYWARD, 223 Fulton street, New York.

"SNOW'S PENS."—All persons who want the BEST PENS in market, can get a package containing 144 good pens, with fine, medium, or round points for rapid writing, for ONE DOLLAR. Sent by mail. J. Y. SNOW, 130 Grand street New York, (near Broadway.)

VOLUNTEERS, READ THIS.—For the derangement of the system, Change of Diet, Wounds, Sores, Bruises and Eruptions, to which every Volunteer is liable, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and sure as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, thoroughly tested in the Crimean and Italian Campaigns. Price 30 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.00 per box or bottle. May 7.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, WAITING AND TEST MEDIUM, No. 7 Indiana street. Hours—9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms—\$1.00. May 7.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 50 School Street, next door East of Parker House.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE BIBLE:

A DISCOURSE, DELIVERED BY THE SPIRIT OF PROFESSOR EDGAR C. DAYTON, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS GALES PORTER, AT SARATOGA HALL, BALTIMORE, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 31, 1864. This very interesting pamphlet is for sale at this office. Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents. May 7.

CUDJO'S CAVE!

CUDJOS CAVE.

THE GREAT NOVEL OF THE DAY!

AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF AMERICAN NOVELS!

EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED WITH THE BOOK!

ALL REVIEWS AND ALL CRITICS

PRAISE IT, (Whatever their Creed or whatever their Politics.)

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLE OF BINDING!

The New York Tribune says:

"The materials of this story are taken from events which occurred in Tennessee soon after the breaking out of the rebellion. . . . The incidents of the plot are wrought up into a narrative of stirring interest, the dialogue is lively and spirited, and the various personages who take part in its action produce an impression of positive and often strongly marked individuality. Although founded on the temporary duration of an exceptional period, the story will retain a durable hold on public interest by reason of its earnestness, vitality, and truth to Nature."

Godey's Lady's Book says:

"Mr. Trowbridge has already gained a celebrity by his writings. The last work will give him a wider reputation. The scene is laid in Tennessee, in the beginning of the war excitement, and gives terrible pictures of the stormy passions of men and the sad scenes enacted. . . . The descriptions of natural scenery are vivid, and often beautiful and noble characters and lovely works of mery are brought out on the dark canvas of civil war."

The Independent, Wilmington, Ill., says:

"CUDJO'S CAVE.—This is the title of the most interesting novel published in a long time, and is having an immense circulation. . . . It possesses the power to enchain the reader from the first line to the end, and is written with marked ability, in a most masterly manner."

The Continental Magazine for April, says:

"We believe Mr. Trowbridge has achieved a real success in his Cudjo. The plot is well conceived and sustained, and the interest never flags from the first page to the last. There is no dull reading in this book."

Peterson's Magazine for April, says:

"In 'Cudjo's Cave' Mr. Trowbridge has even excelled his former works."

The New York Independent says that

"'Neighbor Jackwood,' by the same author, is a powerful story; that the same masterly humor and the same felicity of description which appears in all Mr. Trowbridge's writings is here; that as a drama, 'Cudjo's Cave' would produce a thrilling effect. . . . The general effect of this book must be excellent. The facts it employs are terrible, it is true, but they will not be questioned in the face of myriads more terrible by far. The spirit of justice and humanity breathes from every page. The cause of Emancipation, of the Negro, and of the White Man, finds a powerful auxiliary in Cudjo's Cave."

The New York Evening Post says:

"Mr. Trowbridge is a well-known contributor to the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, but in this volume he essays the task of a novel writer, founding his story on the incidents of the Rebellion in East Tennessee. . . . The incidents are grouped with excellent effect, and the interest in the story is sustained to the close. The sketches of border warfare are peculiarly vivid."

The New York Daily News (Fernando Wood's paper) says of Cudjo's Cave:

"This is one of the most exciting novels which we have ever read. . . . We know of no work of the kind that has produced a more powerful impression upon us; and to judge by its success, the opinion we entertain of this novel has been shared by the public."

The Wide World (Boston) says:

"Probably no book that has been printed of late years has had so great a sale, and been so universally popular, and well received by the public, as 'Cudjo's Cave.' It combines more of the essential qualities that go to make up a 'real good book' than any work we have read in a long time."

The Boston Traveller says:

"Mr. Trowbridge's last work, 'Cudjo's Cave,' is worthy the well established reputation of that very able writer, and justifies the warm reception which it has met from all classes of readers. . . . If there be any who have not yet read this very clever book, we recommend them no longer to deny themselves so great an enjoyment as that which proceeds from an acquaintance with its lively pages."

The Publishers are receiving daily hundreds of similar testimonials to the above, in favor of this

REMARKABLE BOOK.

Elegant 12mo. Over 800 pages. Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents. For sale at this office.

April 30. WILLIAM WHITE & CO.

HISTORY

FIRST COUNCIL OF NICE, A. D. 325.

BY DEAN DUFFLY.

THIS work upon the First Council of a good deal of research, and at the same time gives the author to be a scholar of varied learning. It will be found a very convenient manual for those desirous to investigate the transactions of the early Councils. The work is given up in a very handsome style.—*New England Historical and Genealogical Register.* "Fifth Ave., N. Y. Price 75 cents, postage 12 cents. For sale by HICKS, M. & B. 100 Broadway street." April 30.

FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL.

THIS MEDICINE is of long tried efficacy for correcting all disorders incident to the female sex. That the afflicted may feel assured that this Cordial is of great value and worthy their confidence—not one of those secret compounds purposed to destroy healthy action—and a few testimonials from physicians, whom all favoring the Eclectic and Reformed Practice of Medicine respect.

Dr. WILLIAM C. GREGG, formerly Professor in the Worcester Medical College, and President of the Eclectic Medical Society, Mass., speaks of it in the following terms:

"I have used the Female Strengthening Cordial, similar to that prepared by Dr. GEO. W. SWETT, 100 Hanover street, and regard it as one of the best medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KISS, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Doctors, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial. I owe much of my success in midwifery to the use of this Medicine."

The following from Dr. FAY is well worthy your notice:

"As a general remedy for Female Complaints, this 'Cordial' is a very valuable one, but by the Professor it is esteemed more highly for its good results during Confinement in relieving the great suffering attendant upon childbirth. I acknowledge with Dr. Smith that much of my success in midwifery is due to the use of this medicine. It strengthens both mother and child. In such cases I follow the directions of Prof. King, by allowing my patients to use it a few weeks previous to confinement, as by the energy it imparts to the uterine nervous system the labor will be very much facilitated, and removes the cramps which many females are liable to in women, if the knew the great value of the Strengthening Cordial, would fall to use it."

I have received numerous testimonials from different parts of the country where used. Knowing the good it is capable of doing, I will warrant every bottle of my 'Cordial' to be satisfactory in its results.

The following symptoms indicate those affections in which the Female Strengthening Cordial is especially indicated: Indisposition to Exertion, Weakness, Unsteadiness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alternate Chills, and Flushing of Heart, Draggish Sensation at the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching About the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance, Derangement of the Stomach and Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.

It is a specific remedy in all Uterine Diseases, Chlorosis, or Green Sickness, Irregularity, Painfulness, Profuse or Suppressed Catamenial Discharges, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Scirrhus or Ulceration of the Uterus, &c., &c.

No better Tonic can possibly be put up than this, and none less likely to do harm, as it is composed wholly of vegetable agents, and such as we have known to be valuable, and have used for many years.

Price for Single Bottles, \$1.00; Six Bottles for \$5.00. Should your Druggist not have it, send directly to us, and when six bottles are ordered, we will settle Express charges.

Be sure and get that prepared at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 100 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON. April 30.—GEO. W. SWETT, PROPRIETOR.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS!

PHYSICIANS have hitherto been unable to prescribe with certainty for the relief of affection, coming under the general name of

NERVOUSNESS!

Nervous diseases have been considered almost helpless! Profoundly of OPTIC, VALERIAN, and a host of other products of the vegetable kingdom, together with poisonous mineral solutions, have alone been relied on. Convulsions, Piles, and other injuries of the human system, have been the result of the discovery of Dr. Dodd's Nervine, which has been put into the Medical Profession, by whom it is extensively used, but being put up with special reference to the popular demand for a REMEDY, NERVE'S REMEDY, is sold by respectable Druggists generally, within the reach of all.

DODD'S NERVINE

IS A POSITIVE BLESSING to Nervous sufferers. It allays all irritation, and, like codon, promotes all the processes of the system, thus equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose—calms the agitated mind—quiets the bounding pulse and swelling vessels, and repairs the waste of the vital force. It contains no OPIUM or other narcotic, neither poisonous mineral or herb. It is ALWAYS safe and ALWAYS successful.

Sold by DELA MARNI, 14 Broadway street, and by Druggists everywhere. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 39 Hanover street, Boston, Wholesale Agents. Price one dollar per bottle. April 16.

The Great Indian Catarrh Remedy

WAS obtained from the celebrated Indian MEDICINE MAN of the NENEA TRIBE, who was renowned for his remarkable cures of Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, and other diseases of the urinary system. He has cured thousands of afflicted with this most annoying and disgusting disease, which first comes with a cold in the head, and is taken little or no notice of until it assumes a chronic form, and is then denominated Catarrh.

The most experienced and progressive physicians have failed as yet to discover a permanent cure for this disease, and the result is that the afflicted suffer from it for years, and are often rendered incurable. This remedy, which has been used for centuries, and is taken little or no notice of until it assumes a chronic form, and is then denominated Catarrh.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER is taken from the Spirit of the Lord, who name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Daniel McLaughlin, to his wife, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter Mason, son of Capt. Wm. C. Mason, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Co. A; Olive Ann Lawrence, to her mother, in New Orleans, Tenn.; Ben Page, to his friends, in Washington, D. C.; Mary Graham, of St. Louis, Mo., to her brother, Thomas.

Thursday, April 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Alderman, to his father, James Alderman, of Baltimore, Md.; Annie, daughter of General Langstreet; Elbridge Tyler, to his brother, Thomas, in Massachusetts.

Monday, April 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Samuel Collet, to his friends at the South; Charles Hears, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died April 17th, in New Orleans, to Hannah Hears, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Annie M. Jones, to her mother, Mary Jones; Bill Arnold, to friends in Bountiful, Mo.; July Knott, to her mother and father, in California.

Tuesday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Hill, to Mr. Wm. Giddens, of Savannah; William E. Pringle, to his friends in Massachusetts; William C. Cullen, to his mother and sister Clara, in this city.

Thursday, April 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert J. Koenig, to his friends at Boston; Long Island; Jacob Tower, of Wilmington, N. C., to his two sons, Jacob and John, in the Confederate Army; Rebecca Jones, to her mother, Col. Thomas Jones, of East Tennessee; Martha Ann Davis, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Caroline Taylor, to her father, Lieut. Col. Taylor; Joe Moody, to his friends, in South America; Mahan, Willie Lincoln, to his parents, Lucy Holmes, of Providence, and Elizabeth, a nurse.

Tuesday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Abby Kent, to Mr. White; Lizzie Sheldon, to Charles Sheldon, in Alabama; Andrew Corbett, to his friends, in New York; and in the Hotel Army, Frederick Fenwick, to his father and mother, in Savannah, Ga.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, reverently and devoutly do we gather up the aspirations of these, thy mortal children, and bear them away unto the court of eternal justice, that they may there be molded into star-gems that shall grace their crown in the future. Oh, Spirit of the present hour, with glad thanksgiving we lift our souls to thee, and we would tune the harp of our being anew unto thy praise. Oh, our God, need we ask that thou wilt shower down innumerable blessings on these thy children? They have gathered here to-day to learn of truth; and grant, oh Spirit of Truth, that the flowers of truth alone may bloom in their pathway. May naught of error spring up in their path; may all the shadows of night pass away, and they henceforth revel in the glad sunshine of truth. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we lift our souls to thee, asking for light; for wisdom; for those glories that alone can satisfy the soul. We have abdicated our own spirit-home; we have entered the gloomy prison-house of mortality, that we may minister to the necessities of thine earthly children and do thy will. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we know that the blessing is sure to follow. Though the cross be heavy and Calvary's mount be steep, yet the blessing is more glorious, oh, our Father, than we dare ask for. Oh, our Father, may the white Dove of Peace fold her wings perpetually on the bosoms of these thy children. May no storms of discord and despair cause them to fear that they are forsaken by the angels. May they at all times lift their eyes upward and outward; onward, forever onward, and though the whole world lie in conflict, and darkness be within and without, may their souls preserve their harmony intact. And unto thee, oh, Jehovah, we will ascribe endless praises. April 7.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The audience are now requested to propound their inquiries without delay.

QUESTION.—I should like to ask whether fasting contributes to spiritual development? and if so, in what way does it promote it?

ANSWER.—Yes; fasting does oftentimes contribute to spiritual development, for it cuts asunder many little threads that bind the spirit to the flesh, thus enabling the spirit to understand things of more importance to it in a future state, or assisting it to come into more direct rapport with its own spirit-home.

Q.—What threads are those that connect spirit with the flesh?

A.—They are both magnetic and electric.

Q.—Does the presence of food in the stomach interrupt the flow of the magnetic and electric elements?

A.—Yes, sometimes. That, however, depends very much upon the quantity and quality of food introduced.

Q.—Explain the cause why a person has the sensation of pain in the hand or arm when it is cut off and healed perfectly?

A.—Simply because the physical hand or arm alone has been amputated, and not the spiritual hand or arm.

Q.—Also, what can be done to prevent pain, if anything?

A.—Nothing.

Q.—May not the limb be put into a certain position—an unconstrained one—so as to lessen the amount of suffering or pain?

A.—No; we cannot believe that that would make any particular difference with the spiritual limb. It should be remembered that pain comes always through the spiritual. All joy, all sorrow, everything that can by any possibility appeal to the physical senses, belong to the spiritual. If it were not for the spirit, there could be no pleasure nor pain. Now, then, the taking away of a physical member would by no means prove that the pain experienced would cease, but it would prove that the pain would continue. Inasmuch as pain is of spiritual origin, you are to suppose that it would linger with the spirit and not be transferred to the physical member as you suppose.

Q.—A friend writes to me that his wife is prostrated and thrown into fainting-fits during a thunder storm. Will you please explain the philosophy of this, and prescribe a remedy if possible?

A.—The philosophy is simply this: The body is doubtless possessed of powerful electric forces, and when the atmosphere is more than ordinarily charged with electricity, there is more or less confusion of the nervous forces of the individual. In order to restore harmony, or to equalize those forces, it is necessary to introduce the magnetic element at such times, particularly by means of mesmerism. Place the individual, at such times, in the hands of a powerful mesmeriser, and our word for it, the electrical forces will soon return to their former equilibrium.

Q.—I wrote him that I thought it best to isolate his wife at such times. Was it proper?

A.—It was proper, and that would effect a certain amount of good.

Q.—I supposed that the body parted with its natural amount of electricity during a thunder storm, and that this deficiency induced fainting?

A.—No; fainting is caused by a superabundance of the electrical forces in the system of the individual. In the case spoken of, the loss of the magnetic element might, and doubtless did, induce fainting. Now, then, the proper remedy would be to introduce the magnetic element into the system of the individual who has fainted, thus supplying the loss of the same to that body.

Q.—Can magnetism be supplied in any other way except through mesmerism?

A.—No, we think not.

Q.—The influence just made a distinction between electricity and magnetism. Please explain the difference.

A.—One belongs to heat, fire, light; the other to the opposite; each necessary to the other, the great balancing powers of all life.

Q.—Is the magnetic force allied to the cold or the heat?

A.—To the heat.

Q.—That attracts?

A.—Yes.

Q.—The other repels?

A.—Not necessarily; sometimes the electric element repels, sometimes it attracts.

Q.—Then in the treatment of disease magnetism should always be used?

A.—Not always; that depends upon the character of the disease of the individual who is suffering. Some are more benefited by the application of the electric element than the magnetic.

Q.—Will the intelligence please explain the physiological cause of fainting?

A.—Medical men tell us that it is caused by the blood receding and filling up the large arteries around the heart.

Q.—How does that act upon the soul of the individual so as to induce fainting?

A.—Precisely after the manner that fright acts upon the soul. For instance, suppose you were riding in a train of cars and suddenly they were overturned down an embankment. Now at the first approach of danger, your spirit would instinctively take its flight, would retire from the sensuous realm, and leave you unconscious. Do you understand?

Q.—What do you mean by instinctively?

A.—By virtue of a conscious law pervading spirit, and attending the body also. Now spirit, by its clairvoyant power, can look into the future and perceive the danger that is in store for it, and knows precisely what to do.

Now, though you in the external, or outward nature, may not receive any intimation of the danger that awaits you, yet the spirit does, and when it comes you find the spirit is ready to meet it. If spirit were to retain entire possession of the physical body in times of danger, then the result would be death, violent separation. But in order to overcome that, the spirit leaves, or quietly retires from outer life, always, if possible, keeping up its connection with that body.

Q.—If the spirit retained its full control over the body in times of danger, the result would be death, by virtue of the less resistance of spirit to danger?

S.—Yes, that is one of the points, certainly.

Q.—The inanimate matter is not conscious of coming danger, or injury, while the spirit is; and it withdraws itself from the physical, leaving the body, that is not to put forth any resistance, to encounter the danger, and so pass unharmed.

S.—Yes, that is the idea your speaker wishes to convey.

Q.—A person sees filmy forms or clouds about him, and is told that they are his spirit-friends. How is he to know it, to learn it?

A.—By applying himself closely to the study of the things of the other life; by shutting out, if possible, the condition of things of mortality, and by entering it may be by prayer and reflection, the spirit realm. Then these things that seem to be so unreal, that you cannot recognize, will speedily take on that real life that is necessary in order to appeal to your outward senses. The spirit, in consequence of its close relationship to its mortal surroundings, is unable to perceive the things of the spirit through human senses. But as you are able to lift yourselves, for the time being, out of the mortal, and dwell, for the moment, in the immortal—this you can do—then you shall realize in all the fullness of truth, that these things are not fancies, but stern realities.

Q.—In the outward progress of life is there a change similar to the one which we call death?

A.—We believe there is another change similar to death, in future life. When you shall have outlived all your earthly tendencies, as a spirit, when you shall have outlived your human individuality, then you will pass on to a higher condition of being; there will be another change fully equal to that you call death.

Life is made up of degrees. You take them on continually. You pass out of one degree of being and enter another, and so it will be throughout all the future. Do not suppose, when you enter the spirit world as a disembodied spirit, that your labors are finished, that your journey is ended. Oh, by no means! Life is ever onward, and you're all buds and blossoms upon this mighty tree. You must follow out the law of your being to the letter. There is no such thing as retrogression in the mighty code of human law.

Q.—I wished to know whether life was continuous, as from childhood to manhood, in spirit life, or whether that progression was on the principle of what Swedenborg terms the discreet degree? I do not know as you understand me.

A.—Yes, we do comprehend you. Again we say, when you shall pass out of your human individualities, then, we believe, you will pass through a change similar to that of death. We can follow you no further, having ourselves never passed through that experience.

Q.—By the phrase, "when you shall pass out of your human individuality," do you mean to include the possibility of outliving our identity as humans?

A.—No, certainly not. You are all a two-fold individuality. One belongs to the human, and is the result of education, of your surroundings; the other belongs to the divine, and is in no other way controlled by the human. Now, when you have outlived that individuality that is born of human law, and hear no more the sounds of human law, then you will enter fully upon the divine, and will have outlived your human individuality, and will, doubtless, return no more to earth as humans.

Q.—Does the controlling spirit possess its human identity?

A.—To a very great extent, most certainly; else your speaker could not be attracted to earth and earthly conditions, as an individual.

Q.—Do you mean to say, then, that a spirit in the spirit-world outlives the ability to entrance a medium?

A.—No, certainly not; but it does outlive the power to identify itself as a human, through the medium.

Q.—That is, you mean to say it loses all power to return to earth?

A.—No, not exactly that; but it passes so far above earthly conditions that it cannot personally itself as it was when in the flesh.

Q.—Does it lose all recollection of its human antecedents?

A.—No, for memory with the spirit is eternal.

Q.—Does it extend to all acts and deeds?

A.—All may be recalled to mind by the taking on of similar conditions existing at the time those acts were performed.

Q.—How long does remorse exist in the spirit form?

A.—As long as memory exists; but it does not exist in that dark, unhappy form, such as you understand it to be in mortality. You remember it as one of the by-gones of your existence, not perhaps with regret, but you will be able to use it as one of the great lessons of life, for good, not for evil. Ask the fair being at your side. She, doubtless, could lift your spirit high in the realm of truth, and unfold to you greater beauties, diviner joys than your spirit is able to unfold. April 7.

Lieut. Hamilton Burgess.

I am seeking for a passage home; will you be kind enough to give me the correct directions? [You have to give us your thoughts in the shape of identification, and then we shall print what you say. You must give your age, time of death, &c.] May I ask, do your letters ever cross the lines? [We think they do.]

Well, I would like to send some intelligence to my friends in Alabama, if I can do so. I was Hamilton Burgess; age, thirty-eight; residence, Montgomery, Alabama. I was lieutenant in the 5th Alabama, Company G. Now, sir, what can you do for me? [We shall print what you say, and then you must trust to its reaching your friends.]

I have a wife and children in Montgomery, or near there. I have a brother still in the army. I have a sister at the North. I have learned, since coming to the spirit world, that her husband is an officer in the Federal army, and I learned, also, that we fought against each other in the battle in which I fell. A pretty state of things!

I do not know anything about this spiritual business; would like to, though. I do not know whether my friends here know anything about it; presume they do not. It may be well for me to ask that Theodore Perkins—that's his name—should meet me at one of these places where I can speak, or my sister Sarah. I do not know as they know anything about this, but it's no harm to ask.

[Do you know where your sister resides at the North?] Yes, sir; that is to say, I suppose I know, although I've not heard from her for over two years; but she lived in Buffalo, New York, when I last heard from her. Well, be kind enough to inform her that I fell at Gettysburg; that I am just as well persuaded as I was before death, that our cause is as near right as yours, and I'm not at all sorry that I took the course I did when here, and were I living on the earth again, I should pursue the same course. I'm very anxious to return and settle up pecuniary matters, but I'm aware that this is no place to speak of domestic concerns.

[A gentleman present asked, "Were you acquainted with Mr. Torrington, of Montgomery?"] What was his business? A lawyer. [Do you remember his first name?] No, I cannot; I had no personal acquaintance with the gentleman, but I think I remember the name. Good-day, sir. April 7.

William J. Creighton.

Good-day, sir, I promised my mother if I—if I had any truth in these things, I'd come to some place where I would be a stranger, and send her some word. I promised to come and tell her whether my brother George was living or dead, and if he was living, tell where he was. For a long time I could not tell where George was, but I found out he was living; but I could not get near enough to see where he was, until just a little while ago.

I lived in Frankfort, Kentucky. My name was William J. Creighton; my father's name, William Creighton. I was twelve years old, and have been in the spirit-world little less than two years. I promised to come back right off, but it took me all this time to find out where George is; and if my mother will send a letter to him at Nevada City, California, he'll get it. And the reason that my mother's not heard from him is, because he's had—from what I think I can learn—a good deal of hard luck; and he's—he's been in positions that he wouldn't want her to know anything about. So he's kept silent; but it's all right now; and if my mother will direct a letter to him at Nevada City, he'll get it.

My father, tell my mother, is well. She heard he was sick down South, and a prisoner; but he ain't a prisoner, and isn't sick, and hasn't been sick, and she'll soon learn that he has n't.

I can't tell much about my new place here. It's different from what I thought it would be; but I'm very happy. And please to tell my mother that I shouldn't study for the ministry here. She said if I had lived, that I should study for the ministry. I never thought I should like to be a minister before I died, and I'm sure I'm alive, and my mother need n't feel that I've lost anything by dying before I was matured, as she says, or because I didn't live to realize her certain wishes concerning me. It's all right soon as you get to the spirit-world. On earth you sometimes have to do things you have n't any taste for; and here you are always consulted before you do anything. Nobody forces you into things you don't want to become; nobody tells you anything unless you ask them, and then there's plenty of folks ready to constitute themselves teachers.

I don't know, sir, what I did die with. I was taken sick—had sort of a fever; was out of my head some; or to three days, and I rather suspect I went out then; do not know, but think I had some kind of a fever. I suppose you'd like to know.

Oh, tell my mother that my little deaf and dumb sister is in the spirit-world. She was deaf and dumb in earth-life. She lived to be seven years old there; never spoke. She's not deaf and dumb now, for she's free in the spirit-world; and if my mother desires proof, any proof that these things are true, let her commune with her. She'll give her silent facts no one else could, and talk with her just as she used to.

Good-by, sir. You must call upon somebody else for pay. Don't forget to tell my mother to send a letter to my brother George, at Nevada City, California. [What is your mother's given name?] Elizabeth. [Have you any more sisters or brothers?] No, sir, she has n't any left.

John Phillips.

What day of the month is it? The 7th of April? [Yes; April, 1864.] Well, if you'll just be kind enough to say to my folks in the body, that I've gone out of the body, went out yesterday, I'll be

glad to have you. [Do you know the time you went out yesterday?] Ha? Well, it was about sundown—just about dark.

I had a pretty tough wound, else I'd never been taken; had my foot cut off—lacked off, rather. [Your foot?] Yes; got wounded in the foot—wounded in the arm, too; but that got well; but my foot didn't, and I guess they took a jack-knife and cut it off—looked like one. Well, that sort of weakened my system, which kind of gradually gave way to it, and I pegged out yesterday morning. [You said last night.] Well, I entered the spirit-world this morning; woke up this morning; last I knew here was about sundown. After that I was conscious part of the time. I want in the spirit-world, and was not exactly unconscious; you know I was in a sort of half-way state. [When did you wake to entire consciousness?] In the spirit-world, just about three or four hours ago.

Oh, I know all about this, you see, although folks don't—my folks don't. But you'll be good enough to say in your paper that John Phillips is dead—he belonged to the 7th Maine—will you? And that he's in pretty good trim to talk to his folks. When I get the ropes learnt better, I'll come and pay you in some way or other.

[Where did you leave your body?] Where did I leave it? Well, I expect, sir, I left it in Richmond; a pretty good place, considering all things. Kind of hard fare you got there. Yes, sir; I left it there in rebel hands in Richmond, and you know they take first rate care of the remains of Yankees! [No, we can't say that we do.] Well, I know it, if you don't. They take care to shove 'em out of sight almost before they get through breathing. But 'twasn't so with me. I've no fault to find myself, for somehow or other I got better treatment than most of the others, and I will send 'em a vote of thanks for the same. [That's kind.] Don't suppose you will carry it in person, will you? [Not in person.]

Well, they have a queer way of finding out things down there. I heard more news when I was lying flat on my back, about your northern army than I heard all the time I was in it. Now that's a fact; you may not believe it, but it's so. They always contrive to get plenty of news, good, genuine news, too—no spurious article; and they know pretty well how to move, 'cause they do n't move in the dark. You're too easy with 'em. You catch one of 'em here on this side, and you give 'em a stick of molasses candy, and tell 'em to travel. After they get a pocket full of news, then they'll travel fast enough. They make their brags of it; yes, they make their brags of it down South. They get across your lines, stop long enough to furnish themselves with all the information they care to get, and then they go home and brag about it.

Well, what are you about, anyway? Conquering rebellion, I suppose. Well, I did what I could toward it when here. I lost my body; now I'm ready to lose anything I've got to lose on the other side.

Good-by, Colonel. [“Was Phillips the name you enlisted under in Maine?” asked a gentleman.] Yes, sir. [“No middle name?”] No, sir. Ah, I shut one of your kind that sail under false colors. [Do you wish us to direct a paper to any of your friends?] No; they'll get it without any trouble. You see I know what I'm about. I traveled on this road before I went out. [Give the name of the town you were born in?] I was born in Saco, Maine. [What was your business as?] A carpenter. I could build you just as nice a house as the next one. [Won't you give us a description of yourself? What was the color of your hair?] About like that chap's. [Referring to the Chairman.] How high are you? [Chairman—About five feet seven inches.] I can go an inch better than that; I was little more than five feet eight inches—not one of your round kids, but thin. Color of my eyes, some said they were blue, but I always called them grey, grey, sir. Well, Colonel, good-by to you. April 7.

Mary E. Reid.

I've only lived in this new world four months—only four months. I can hardly realize that I am forever separated from my friends on earth.

About six months since, I left my mother in New York, took my little child and went to New Orleans, to meet my husband. I'd been there but a short time when I took sick, and in less than one week I left them.

What I wish to do is this: to open communication with my husband—with my mother. The former has no belief in the immortality of the soul. The latter is rigidly sectarian; but despite of these obstacles, I am determined to persevere, until the time shall come when I shall be owned and loved as I was when I possessed my own body.

I was twenty-three years of age. My mother's family in all numbered six. Five of us are in the spirit-world; one is in Texas. Please to say that Mary E. Reid is anxious to commune with the friend's she's left on earth. If they will give her the privilege, she will be sure to give them the proof that will be entirely satisfactory. Farewell sir. April 7.

SING ME TO SLEEP.

BY D. HELEN.

Sing me to sleep with some plaintive strain,
Oh! sing me to sleep, I pray!
For barbed with a cruel and haunting pain,
Are the thoughts that flit through my weary brain,
When I close my eyes, to-day.

Draw down the folds of the curtain, first,
And shut out the sunbeams' glare;
Through a rift in the clouds they brightly burst—
But for other light is my spirit's thirst—
Its silent, passionate prayer.

For the light of a far-off life I pine—
A life that in all these years,
Mid the sombre and tangled web of mine,
In a gleaming thread has been wont to shine,
Like a rainbow-smile through tears.

Many a time have I sadly thought
How vacant my soul had been,
For that fullness of life it had vaguely sought,
In the hour of its utmost need was brought
And silently woven in.

And its subtle zest I know will stay,
Though Time-waves over it roll,
And my being thrill with its gentle sway,
That seems to have drifted so far away,
Is blent with my inmost soul.

But I miss a voice I loved to hear,
And a footstep on the stair,
And the eyes that beamed with a kindly cheer;
Oh! these outward things had grown strangely dear,
And needful as light and air.

Then sing the songs that I love the best;
My thoughts in their flow will glide,
And may lose for awhile their wild unrest,
In some sweet dream sent like an angel-guest,
As they float on Sleep's lithe tide.

Spiritualism in Western Michigan.

During a recent trip to, and sojourn in, the West, it was most cheering to realize the wide-spread and rapid growth of these principles and truths that are to become a mountain of light to the way-weary traveler. The BANNER is happy to find scattering its wholesome and life-giving rays over many a fireside circle, and its fruits were manifested by an appreciation of progressive principles, rarely to be met in the Eastern States.

In the rich and fertile soil of the West many of the best speakers have sowed their good seed. Among them I would mention Mrs. Kutz, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Uriah Clark, Warren Chase and A. B. Whiting, who are held in high esteem, and always receive a hearty welcome. But more recently, and for the last year, Mrs. Lovina Heath has labored exclusively in that field, and has done much to more firmly establish the teachings of those who have preceded her. Being an inspirational speaker of high order, she has stricken the manacles from and has opened the prison doors to many a creed-bound spirit. The immortals seem to have the most perfect control of her organism, and are enabled to send home the great truths of the times with a telling power on her hearers.

Mrs. Heath, as a medium, possesses rare capacities, having a variety of gifts not often found with the same individual. While lecturing is her principal sphere of action, yet as a test medium, a clairvoyant, in the healing of the sick, and in the delineation of character, she has few superiors. Having completed her appointed labors in the West, Mrs. H. returns to her home—Lockport—though somewhat weary in body, yet with her spiritual strength renewed. After a brief repose she will go East, where she will continue her labors in healing, and in proclaiming the truths of the Gospel as recorded in the great book of Nature. The times call for laborers. The general disintegration now going on with the great mass of mind, makes it a season most favorable to the scattering of those truths, which will take root and grow until all earth shall become radiant and beautiful with light divine. MAMON C. LACY.

West Carlton, April 5.

Spiritualism and Scientific Truth.

Nearly a year ago Warren Chase was lecturing in this place. At the close of his labors he mentioned the "BANNER OF LIGHT," told its mission, &c., and said he would receive subscriptions from any one who wished to have it visit them.

I had never seen it, but wished to know more of the Spiritual Philosophy before I accepted or condemned. Therefore I subscribed for the BANNER for one year. The result is soon told: The first two or three numbers contained lectures from Theodore Parker, through Cora L. V. Hatch. They were to my mind, exactly, except that they led me upward further than I had ever been before. I felt that the first three numbers paid me for the year's subscription. I have since examined Spiritualism pretty thoroughly. I find its philosophy to be beautiful. Its tendency is the elevation of humanity. I find the object and aims of Spiritualism is HAPPINESS. To attain this, it directs us to "Obey the laws of God."

Man must obey all the Laws of God, the Physical, Organic, Mental, and the Moral.

Nearly all religious sects have overlooked this grand truth, and have taught that perfect happiness can be obtained by simply obeying the moral law. And even in carrying this out they do not take a scientific basis. Nay, they scorn the word science in connection with morality.

The glory of Spiritualism is, it forces scientific truth. It safely lays its foundation in Psychology and Phenology; then, as it rears its superstructure, let it work in all truth—all religious truth, all truth found in the acknowledged sciences, and all truth gained by human observation which has not, as yet, been classified into science.

There is a grandeur about such a religion as this, of which the theological world never dreamed. When Religion encompasses all truth, and strives for the advancement of all, the star of humanity will be gloriously in the ascendant, and man, while yet upon the earth, shall have a foretaste of heaven. S. C. C.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Obituaries.

Departed to the Spirit-World, from Kelley's Island, Ohio, on Monday, March 21, 1864, Mrs. Ann, wife of our venerable brother and friend, Darius Kelley, in the 74th year of her age.

When a mother gives up her mortal body, she leaves a void of many mansions; when she gathers the wealth of her love into her garment-house, and departs from the mortal home, she leaves a void of many mansions; when she gathers the wealth of her love into her garment-house, and departs from the mortal home, she leaves

Mediums in Boston.

HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as
a headquarters for the successful treatment of diseases of

therefore for the successful treatment of diseases of
very class, under DR. MAIN'S personal supervision
Patients will be attended at their homes as before; those
residing board at the Institute will please send notice two or
three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.
OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose
a check of \$1.00 as a guarantee of payment, and the address

1.00, a box of nuts, a return postage stamp, and the address faintly written, and state sex and age.

☞ Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.
A liberal discount made to the trade. If May 7.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,
MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,
292 Washington Street, Boston.
TREATMENT OF BODY, MIND, AND

Dr. SPIRIT, embracing the laying on of hands; Diagnosis of Disease; Advice; Remedies; Delicateness of Character; Description of Interior Development, Surroundings, Latent Powers, etc.

Mr. L. has had remarkable success in the communication of *Vital Magnetism or Life Substance*, under the effect of which *Improvement or Recovery of Health is Sure*. While it heals the Body, it also energizes and expands the Mind, hastening by many years the possession of those Superior Powers that lie dormant within.

Jan. 2.

MRS. D. COLLIER

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,
No. 8 Pine Street, Boston,
CONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as Spirit Physicians control her. The sick can be cured; miracles are being wrought through her daily. She is continually benefiting suffering humanity. Examinations free. Call and

ASTROLOGY AND-MEDICINE. DR. LIS-
TELL, No. 25 LOWELL STREET, Boston, Mass., can be con-
 sulted by mail. A few questions answered for fifty cents, cur-

to come, 51, married, healthy, all ailments cured and for twenty years to come, 51, married, healthy, all ailments cured, 65; gentlemen, for time of birth wanted. Medicine and experience, full directions. The Doctor has resided eighteen years in Boston. All confidential. 3m Apl. 2.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings

Removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennett street), Boston.
March 12. 6m*

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and
Healing Medium, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street), Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 m., and 1 to 5 p. m. Will visit the sick at their homes, or attend funerals if requested. Residence, 3 EMERSON STREET, Somerville. 15 May 7.

MRS. H. P. OSBORN, Independent Clairvoyant and Psychometric Medium, has taken rooms at No. 14 Kneeland street, a few doors from Washington street, and will resume her sittings for tests and examinations. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 5 p. m. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. 4w April 16.

DR. BENJ. H. CRANDON, Electric and Mes-

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant Physician.
Trance Speaker and Writing Medium, No. 24 1-2 WINTER
STREET, Boston, Mass. If March 26.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant, Chiropractor, Trance Medium, at No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street), Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6, Wednesdays excepted. 12
May 7

MRS. SARAH R. SCOTT, Healing, Developing and Test Medium, and Electrician. SHAWMUT AVENUE Roxbury. Fourth house beyond Oak street. 3m^o Feb. 20.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Clairvoyant Physician
at home from 4 to 9 o'clock p. m.; No. 13 DAVIS STREET
Boston. May 7.

MRS. LIZZIE WETHERBEE, Healing Medium
at No. 1 McLEAN COURT, Boston. Hours from
o'clock a. m. to 12 m.; 2 o'clock till 5 p. m. No medicines given.
April 16. 4w

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Trance and Person-
ating Medium, No. 140 Court street, Boston. Hours from
10 to 12 and 1 to 5. 3m April 16.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WAR-
RENT STREET, Boston, Mass. 3m March 5.

C. C. YORK, Clairvoyant Physician, Charles-
ton, S. C. 3m March 5.

MISS G. HALL, Clairvoyant and Writing Medium, No. 3 Kirkland street, Boston. 5w* April 16.

MADAME GALE, 65 Nashua Street, continues to heal the sick, and answer questions on business. 4w* April 23.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that she will visit her patients, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character, a peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future.

life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.
Everything of a private character kept STRICTLY AS SE-
cret. For Written Declaration of Character, \$1.00.
Address, MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
March 26. tf Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin

WITHOUT GIVING MEDICINE OR CAUSING PAIN.
DR. J. R. NEWTON,
 Union House, - - - Springfield, Mass.
DR. NEWTON invites all who are not well able to pay
 "without money or price." Diseases that are consid-
 erable, are frequently restored in a few minutes.
 March 19. 18

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
MRS. C. W. HALE,
 At the earnest request of many friends, has opened a
 Circulating Library of Spiritual and Miscellaneous Books.

-AT-

No. 931 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TERMS for Books, Five or Ten Cents per week, according to value.

Reference or security will be required for the safe return of all books loaned.

It is intended to keep all the works on Modern Spiritualism. Those who desire the **BANNER OF LIGHT** and **HERALD OF PROGRESS** will do so for 25c.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A Consumptive Cured.

assumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die of Consumption, and he was induced to try it, and thus of benefiting his fellow sufferers. He will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing the directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness,

irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

NOTE. The writer will please state the name of the paper in which this advertisement is in.

Address, CRADDOCK & CO.,
June 27. 1y 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONS diseased, who will send their photographs, or a plain unadorned one, can receive a perfect diagnosis of their condition through our private lady physician, who, except her fee of 82 and postage-stamp, has a most gratifying demonstration of Spirit Love, and this is invaluable to the patient—a benign spirit power I could now believe reliable.

WM. R. PRINCE.

April 16.—3m. Flushing, (Long Island) N. Y.

AT THE OLD STAND,
No. 654 WASHINGTON STREET, may be procured a variety of pure and fresh Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Extracts, Patent and Popular Medicines, together with all articles usually found in *any* Drug Store.
A liberal discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clergy and Retail Dealers.

NORWEGIAN CORN.
EARLY eight-row yellow Corn that will ripen in six or eight weeks from the time it is planted. Ears from nine inches in length, depending upon the strength of the soil. On the receipt of 25 cents, will forward enough to plant one hundred hills.
 H. B. MANN.

April 16. Burlington,

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIK
Hancock House, Court Square
BOSTON.

WM. F. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL, W
Burlington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, 1

MISS ADELAIDE R. SAWYER,
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 March 19. NO. 9 BUSSEY PLACE, BOSTON.

BOOKS IN BRANDON, VERMONT.
 I KEEP CONSTANTLY FOR SALE all Spiritual and

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12. | Formatory Works which are advertised in the BARR
Liont. March 19. of MILO O. MO

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address 120 1-2 East 20th st., New York City.

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

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUDED.

The lovely days of May had come, and the woods were full of flowers, and the air with their sweet fragrance. The soft breeze came from the south, and banks of white clouds floated over the paths of the heavens. It seemed as if every one must be glad and strong, just as nature was beautiful and full of life. But Will had grown weaker day by day, until at last his tired body could no longer hold his spirit, and they placed it under the willow trees and covered it with beautiful flowers, and then they called him dead. But it was only his body that died, for his spirit had grown brighter and more beautiful day by day.

He gladly started on the beautiful journey that he had talked so much of, for he knew that he should only lay down his sick body, and live again in the freshness of a new spring-time. He used often to say, "I talk as if I were going away, but I will be nearer to you than ever, for my spiritual life cannot be far from those I love." Tim held him in his strong arms when he died, and closed his eyes tenderly and kissed his forehead. May and Lucy wept bitterly for many days, for how could they help it? They missed so much his cheerful smile and his loving words, that they could not yet think of him except as lost to them.

One day they three walked down to Diamond Lake. It looked so peaceful that Lucy said it seemed to her like Will's beautiful spirit; it reflected the fresh budding maples and the delicate birches, and on its borders the tender blossoms seemed bending to kiss their reflection. "I have been thinking," said May, "of what Will told us about our lives. You know he said we could bless him although we could not see him, and that all our good deeds would give him joy."

"Yes," said Tim, "and that must be so; for do you not remember how the angel at the golden fountain told you, May, that all your acts and thoughts became pictures on her spirit, giving her joy or sorrow?"

"Oh," said Lucy, "if I could be sure this was so, I would not shed another tear for Will, but I would try by some good acts to bless his life. I remember that he told me that all I did to bless the world would bless him, but what can I do?"

"Why, Lucy, do you not know," said Tim, "what God meant you to do when he gave you so beautiful a gift? He wants us all to use our talents, and you know you can paint beautiful pictures, and teach us all some sweet lesson by them. But if we want really to do good, we must not be anxious to do that which shall bless ourselves alone, but that which shall benefit others. You know the history of that great painter who showed how hideous evil was, and how beautiful was goodness, till his paintings became better preachers than sermons."

"And I," said May, "must beautify Will's spirit-life in some way."

"Tim did not answer May, for he was thinking how gladly he would show her a beautiful path of love and usefulness beside his own."

From this day Lucy and May stopped weeping for Will, and began to seek to bless him. They went to a city together, and Lucy tried to weave all her best and purest thoughts into pictures, so that he who looked upon them should think of some holy, sweet thing. She painted little children gathering flowers, while a beautiful spirit was dropping more beautiful ones on their heads. She painted an angel hearing gifts of beauty to poor suffering children, and an old man that resembled Mr. Derby, who found that every silver dime he gave to the needy turned into a flower, so that his pathway was strewn with beauty.

May hunted out the sick and suffering, and ministered unto them. She clothed the poor, and taught them; and in all that she did she thought how pleased Will would be. She was so sure that he knew of all that she did, that she used to ask him to help her and to show her what to do. Often she felt a loving presence near her, and she called it her guardian angel, Will.

"Tim all this time was his crown of patience, and toiled and studied, and found his happiness in deeds of kindness and love. He, too, felt sure that in blessing others and in doing good he was adding to Will's happiness. After a time, with industry and skill, he made his farm valuable, and he tore down the old cottage and built a pleasant house in its place. He was so much respected by all the people of the country, that he had many offices of trust given to him, and he was consulted by all the people in affairs of importance. The words of the angel to May had proved true; for his life of love and goodness had transformed his face into a nobler beauty, and no one thought of calling him homely.

A glad, merry Christmas had come again, and May and Lucy were at home. It is four years since Will celebrated the day in doing good deeds of kindness and love, and May and Tim—as they have been planning to do what Will would have liked—have begun to feel that Will would be very glad to know that they are determined to work together, and show their love for each other, and their love for the world; and so they promise to marry, and go to Tim's new house to live, and to strive, in their united lives, to find the best and truest way to heaven.

"We can only find it," said Tim, "by living it. Heaven cannot be a far-away place; it must be in our spirits. Do you remember, May, how Will's face lighted up with joy, just before he died? I am sure he saw something beautiful and radiant, and it must have been the angels and their gifts. Now, if heaven is so near as that, I am sure we can live in it all the time, if we only draw by our love the good and loving about us."

"Sometimes it seems to me," said May, "that Will is as near to us as we are to each other. I think I hear his happy voice telling me about the pleasant things in the world where he is, and the way he tries to make us happy. The other day I thought I saw beautiful flowers—roses and violets—all about us, and as they fell we all laughed with delight, though we did not know what we were laughing at."

"Oh, May!" said Tim, "we will never forget what power we have to bless others. Only think, while we are making others happy, we are blessing ourselves and giving joy to heaven."

One evening as Tim and May sat in their new home, and the evening shadows were creeping in, while the fire-light danced upon the wall, they thought they heard sweet music.

"I know what that means," said Tim, "it is Will's song, and he is calling for some one of us."

"Yes," said May, "and it is for Lucy; she will go when the Spring comes. Did you notice how her eyes gleamed when she was last here? She will follow Will on his beautiful journey, and you and I shall be left to do their work and our own."

"Well, if it must be," said Tim, "let us be glad; for Lucy would rather join Will than to stay here." This was true; the song was what people call a warning; but it was only the beautiful voice of love. It was the spirit, speaking and telling what was to be. In the spring time when Lucy's spirit was finding the same path of beauty that Will traveled, Tim and May sent him messages of love, and begged her to prepare the places for them, where they could all live together as they used to, and be glad and happy.

She faded as the flowers fade, yet they never called her dead, for her spirit had gone home to Will. Thus the Golden Fountain of love was flowing in the hearts of Will and Lucy, and of Tim and May. They each placed lovely pictures thereon, and Heaven was near to earth and earth near to Heaven.

Each one of us has a Golden Fountain that reflects what we do and think and feel. It is our spirits, and the pictures we put thereon give delight or sorrow, just as they are lovely or unlovely.

Puzzle.

The name by which I am usually called, contains only four letters. Take away the last and I become an inhabitant of the sea, and can live on nothing but fish. Take away my two last, and fish cannot exist in name without me. Take away my first, and I can exist nowhere but at a tavern. Take away my first and two last, and I am the greatest egotist in the universe. A. H.

Answer to enigma by E. W. and L. B. P.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

SARAH I. CARPENTER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A letter was sent to you several weeks since, which the post returned. In it a desire was expressed to hear from you, according to your proposal. You will pardon, therefore, the delay.

Charles Partridge, the Spiritualist, and the New York Fair.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the name of Charles Partridge, one of the earliest, most prominent and influential Spiritualists, and the proprietor and one of the editors of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, the great pioneer paper of modern Spiritualism. It will gladden the hearts of thousands of friends abroad, to know that Mr. Partridge is still fervent in the glorious work of his early espousal. The following from the New York Tribune will speak for itself:

REJECTED BOOKS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:—SIR—Having tried in vain, as this statement will show, to get my proffered donation to the Metropolitan Fair accepted, I wish to make the facts known, hoping to find sympathy somewhere in the management of this great fair which will correct the wrongs complained of; and I know that our generous heart of this free-thinking people will condemn the exercise of sectarian prejudices by any committee, and all attempts to dictate to the people what books they shall or shall not buy and read.

I quote the following from the printed circular sent to me and others, soliciting donations: "We apply to you in the interest of no party—to all shades of opinion we are strangers. The miner, the naturalist, the man of science, the traveler, can each send something that can at the very least be converted into a blanket that will warm and may save from death some one soldier. Every one who can produce anything that has money value is invited to give," etc.

In response to this solicitation, I called on Mr. Fletcher Harper, Chairman of the Publishers' and Booksellers' Committee, and proposed to donate to the fair three hundred dollars worth of books and three hundred dollars worth of matches. He referred me to the Ladies' Committee, No. 2 Great Jones street, where I called and made known my wish to donate books and matches to the fair. The ladies referred me to Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, No. 11 West Fifty-eighth street. I called on Mrs. H. on March 23, and informed her that I called by direction of the Committee, No. 2 Great Jones street—that I wished to donate to the fair several hundred volumes of bound books, by different authors, valued at three hundred dollars, and also three hundred dollars worth of matches. Mrs. H. made several inquiries about the matches, to which I replied that they were the ordinary offensive brimstone matches; on the contrary, they were very superior, and free from deleterious and offensive fumes, and were water-proof parlor matches, without sulphur, put up in round wood boxes, and then in paper packages of one dozen each, convenient for purchasers to carry away in their pockets; price fifteen cents per dozen.

She inquired the character of the books, to which I replied they were bound volumes of different authors, and that many of them related to Spiritualism. Mrs. H. at once exclaimed that she did not believe in Spiritualism, and would not receive them, nor the matches, either. To this I replied that she and her associates on the Committee were the only authority that I was informed of who would receive books, and I thought it not compatible with their position as a Committee, to reject any books which were lawful merchandise, and ordinarily sold; and especially for the reason that they did not believe in the facts and theories inculcated. Finally, she consented to submit my proposed donations to the Committee, and inform me by letter the next day, but added, that she did not think any one of the Committee believed in Spiritualism, or would consent to receive the books. I did not hear from the Committee, and on the 25th of March, I sent to Mrs. H. the following note:

"Mrs. Hoffman and associate Committee for the Metropolitan Fair, I have not received your promised answer, whether upon reflection your objections to the spiritualistic character of the books I offered to donate to the Fair have been modified so as to receive them, neither your consent to receive the matches also offered. Please inform me, and oblige yours respectfully, CHARLES PARTRIDGE, No. 26 West Fifth street."

In the evening of the 26th of March, I received the following brief note:

"The Book Committee decline receiving the Spiritualist books and matches offered by Mr. Partridge, March 25, 1864."

I then offered the matches to the Committee on Drugs and Perfumery, who cheerfully accepted them, and I sent the following communication to the Committee:

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1864.

Mrs. OGDEN HOFFMAN, and associates, Publishers and Booksellers' Com. for the Met. Fair:—

I did not expect such a letter from you (without signature) as the one before me, under date of March 25, in reply to mine of the same date, declining to receive my proffered donations. Your circular sent to me solicits contributions of "anything which will furnish the means of succoring our National camps and hospitals," and you were appointed to carry out this purpose. How then can it be your province to reject any lawful merchandise? and especially on the ground stated by Mrs. Hoffman, viz., "That she did not believe in Spiritualism (the subject treated by most of the books), neither did she think any lady on the Committee believed in it, or would consent to receive books on that subject." I shall be sorry to learn that the Committee for this great public demonstration of love and loyalty, to a just cause, and to patriotic soldiers, have been selected with reference to their religious sentiments, or that the same overbearing, self-righteous, dictatorial spirit prevails in their councils as that which caused the war. It seems to me to be quite out of order for any Committee for this Fair, to attempt to exercise inquisitorial predilections, or sectarian bigotry, or dictation, as to what

books the people may or may not buy and read. It may be profitable to inform you that the people's efforts to this noble enterprise, do not need the sanction of any Committee, church, or not, for their glorification, but for the eradication of sick and suffering humanity. Since you have expressed your prejudices against Spiritualism so strongly, by word and by act, I may be justified in saying to you, that it only exposes your ignorance or want of candor, and in support of this I ask you to reconsider your faith in the competitive meager historical account of Spiritualism in past ages, and your want of faith in the living demonstrations and the testimony of 3,000,000 of people, who are subjects of spiritual experiences in our own age. Can sectarian prejudices stoop to greater folly than to preach and pray that people may believe in a future life, and at the same time deny these tangible evidences, or that there is any evidence of it whatsoever? We can say to you as was said to skeptics of olden times, "Come and see." I have succeeded in getting my proffered donation to you of three hundred dollars' worth of water-proof Parlor Matches, accepted cheerfully by the Committee on Apothecaries and Perfumery, and I will relieve you from further consideration of them. But you are the proper Committee for Books, and I must ask you to reverse your decision in declining to receive from me a donation to the Fair of from three hundred to five hundred dollars' worth of books, and try to have them sold, or if you have conscientious scruples about selling them, but will assign them a place, and allow me, or some one I may appoint to sell them, it will be satisfactory, and we promise shall be faithfully paid over to the Treasurer of the Fair.

In conclusion I will not embarrass the Committee by attaching any condition to my gifts, but will merely suggest that if the books are not all sold in the regular way (not by lottery or auction), I should like to have them distributed to our noble soldiers, or returned to me for such distribution.

Hoping the object of the Fair will be fully realized, and that every sick, wounded, and desponding soldier will be aided, comforted, and inspired thereby, I am, very respectfully yours, CHAS. PARTRIDGE.

To this letter I have received no reply. I am unwilling that the spirit body of my friends should be subjected to the indignity of having their books excluded from this Fair, and I trust this statement may meet the eye of some managers of this great enterprise, who are authorized, if there be any such, to correct this wrong. CHAS. PARTRIDGE.

To the People of Central Pa.

Brothers, sisters, friends, dissenters of whatever name or party: I am about to enter the field in your section as a humble worker in the cause of human emancipation from the thralldom of intolerance and oppression of every kind. In coming among you as I propose, I pledge myself to no sect or party, but simply ask of the people a candid hearing—a fraternal cooperation in my introductory lectures, and the brief hospitalities of your hearts and homes, which something tells me you will not deny. I am a trance speaker—a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy and Harmonical Dispensation, and for your kindness and generosity I propose to give you the unadulterated truths of my own experience, and the inspirations of which I am but the imperfect medium. Friends on the railroad line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and adjacent places, if you would have my services, please assist me in the dissemination of the new gospel.

My plan is, where there is no business organization to supply hall, etc., for traveling lecturers of our faith, to enlist the sympathies and influence of a sufficient number to open a hall, school-room, or church, as the case may be, at little or no expense, for the first or introductory lecture, which I make free to all, appealing to the audience at the close of my meeting for sufficient pecuniary aid to defray expenses. I then make another appointment, calling upon the audience to decide by vote in the affirmative or negative, and thus exercise their own freedom of choice. I may here say for the benefit of other lecturers on new soil, I find this plan to work admirably, and have never yet been expelled by a negative vote. This course, I feel, is fair to all parties; and I am pleased to record, that in places where the popular feeling has been largely against the new dispensation, and I found all dissenters therefrom, the utmost respect has been shown me, and the people have voluntarily offered me a room free, and most cheerfully paid my expenses, voting me in for successive meetings. I do hope to penetrate to many a quiet village, embosomed in the rich farming sections, and nestled away in the hills of the Key Stone State; and the little group of "two or three gathered together" in the name of truth and righteousness, I will not pass by whenever it is in my power to carry to them the angel tidings. I have an agency for some valuable works, and hope by this means to enlarge my sphere of usefulness.

I rejoice that after a long period of variable health, and weeks of severe illness, I may again join the army of modern apostles in the blessed work of evangelization, and thus contribute my mite to the general treasury of knowledge.

Most fraternally, M. J. WILCOXSON.

Address for three weeks, Hammononton, N. J. Hammononton, Atlantic Co., N. J., April 25.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar and three red postage stamps for each letter so answered. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT," 168 Washington street, Boston.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, at 2-1/2 and 4 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 12; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 19.

Chelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to B. H. Grandin, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged—Charles A. Hayden, May 8 and 22; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 15; H. B. Storor, June 5 and 12; N. S. Greenleaf, June 19 and 26.

Charlestown.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 12; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 19.

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Quincy.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodger's Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A.M. and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. A. Currier, May 8; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10-1/2 A. M. The following lectures are engaged to speak afternoon and evening—Dr. H. Hamilton, May 8; Mrs. C. P. Works, May 15 and 22; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, during June; Mrs. A. A. Currier, July 3 and 10; Miss Helen, July 17 and 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during September; Nellie J. Temple, during October, November and December; Charles A. Hayden, during January, February and March.

Chicago, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Music Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 o'clock in the afternoon. Speakers engaged—A. B. Whitling, during May; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during June.

Plymouth, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. A. Currier, May 8; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. A. Currier, May 8; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 22 and 29; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 5.

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South Eastern.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Emily R. Hall, May 8.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock. The meetings are free. Light Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway, are meetings every Sunday morning and evening at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

New York.—Hodworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock. The meetings are free. Light Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway, are meetings every Sunday morning and evening at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Seward's Hall, 43 9th street. Speakers engaged—L. J. Hall, during May, 8, 15, 22 and 29 and June 5, A. E. Sever, June 12, 19 and 26. Thomas C. Foster, during July.

Cincinnati, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Spiritualists." Meetings are held every Sunday morning and evening at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock. Regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10-1/2 and 12 o'clock.

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

THE quick exhaustion of the first edition of these beautiful Poems, and the rapid sale of the second, shows how well they are appreciated by the public. The peculiarly and highly mental of the Poems are admired by all intelligent and liberal minds. There had long been an earnest call for the republication in book form of the Poems given by the spirit of Love and Light, which could no longer be neglected, hence their appearance in this splendid volume. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

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PART XXX. The Spirit-Child (By "Jenny"); The Revelation; The Vision of Sorrowing; Compensation; The Eagle of Freedom; The Meeting of Sign and Word; Little Johnny; The Vision of Death; The Meeting of Sign and Word; Love and Light.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

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