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CONSTANCE IRETON; OR, MY UNCLE'S WARD.

BY MISS SARAH A. BOUTWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon, as the purple and ruby tints of sunset were melting into golden vapors, Constance and I returned to the house from the forest, where we had been gathering wild flowers, listening to the songs of the birds, and dreaming of the time when humanity should come, like little children, and, sitting at the feet of Nature, learn of her. We were met in the veranda by Uncle Robert.

"Well, young ladies," he said, in his arch way, "who do you think has done you the honor of calling upon you?"

"I am sure we can't imagine," we replied with one voice.

"Well, then, none other than Mrs. Howard Appleton and the renowned belle, her daughter."

"What! mother and Laura?" I cried, with dismay.

"Edna so, my dear. They regretted your absence very much, but could not wait your return, as they had several engagements, and were intending to start for Saratoga to-morrow."

"I was afraid that they had come after me," I said, drawing a deep breath.

"Come after you, Mayflower? I should like to see them get you! But I doubt whether they thought of you at all. On the contrary, they came for Constance."

"For me!" she exclaimed, in amazement. "What did they desire?"

"That you and I should accompany them to the Springs."

"What excuse did you make?"

"I merely said that you did not design to enter society before Christmas, at least. My sister then empowered me to invite you to become her guest the coming winter. I promised that I would execute her commission."

"Thank you; I will think of it. I have agreed to visit Florence Perry this fall, and the day that May goes back to school I shall start, if you have no objections."

He laughed, and then said, in a light, bantering tone:

"It will not make any difference whether I approve your plans or not, as long as you have them so fully prepared. But as for May's going back to Mrs. Stillman's, that's entirely out of the question. She will do as far as learning is concerned, and now she must enjoy herself."

"For shame, uncle," I replied, playfully; "as if I could ever know enough. I am intending to return to Woodville in two months. As I am now in the senior class, I hope to graduate by another year, and then I'll say farewell to school, but not to books."

"I declare, you are quite a little rebel. Constance, help me to convince this child that she will be much better off with us, than in that stupid academy."

"Must we always act according to pleasure, and never think what our duty is?" she gravely inquired.

"I stand rebuked," he smilingly replied. "Still, I can't bear to think of her as moping away from us."

"Oh, uncle, I shall not have any time for that. I presume I may be lonely sometimes, but then I shall have your letters, and that will be almost equal to seeing you, and I will prevent myself from becoming low-spirited by dreaming of the future."

"Well, it shall be as you say; only it frustrates my plans. I had arranged to go to Niagara in September. However, we will defer it until some other time."

"That would have been delightful; yet I do not regret my decision."

He smiled, and then looking at his watch, said:

"I had almost forgotten that I was intending to invite you to ride with me. I have ordered the new barouche to be brought to the door, and I should be exceedingly happy to behold you seated in it half an hour hence."

We thanked him, and then departed to prepare to accompany him.

Again I stood in the door academy at Woodville. There were some familiar faces, but nearly all were strangers. Among the first to greet me was Edna Graham, and the pleasure, I think, was mutual when Mrs. Stillman informed us that we were to share the same room. Still, much as I liked her, she could not occupy the place in my heart that Constance had, and I presume that she drew a like comparison between me and Florence Perry.

When we walked in our old favorite haunts, we spoke of the tender memories that clustered around each spot, and our hearts went forth tenderly after the friends whose voices would there never again wake the echoes.

I went quite often to see the Widow Brandon, for somehow it did me good to hear her eulogiums upon "the dear young lady," as she always called her.

Autumn, in her gorgeous robes, reigned. But one day she disappeared. None knew whither. Then winter, heir to her possessions, claimed the crown.

Now the time drew near in which my quarterly friend was to dawn upon the fashionable throng. My mother was to give a splendid soiree, and although I was not thus announced upon the cards of invitation, yet the world knew that Constance Iretton, the beautiful belle, was to be the attraction.

On that evening as I sat in my room, I pictured my father's mansion in one blaze of light. I heard the distant rumble of carriages, and knew that youth and beauty were crowding there. I beheld her as the moon outshining the stars, and moving through the elegant parlors in all her stately tranquillity, pure and unapproachable as Luna herself. Then the scene vanished, and I sat alone in the darkness.

In a few days I received a note from my uncle, written in the mocking, sarcastic tone that he sometimes used, and which I had never before noticed.

assumed. "Constance," he said, "is crowned by the admiring world. All the lesser luminaries have veiled their faces. Laura among the number. The latter appears very gloomy, however, and, if I am not mistaken, I should judge that a tempest was pending. So if you should happen to hear of a duel in high life, you need not be surprised, nor wonder who the principals are. I do not know whether it will be pistols and swords, or that small but very effective woman's weapon—the tongue. Mrs. Howard Appleton is in ecstasies that Mrs. Grundy is so well charmed."

After proceeding in the same strain for awhile, he added:

"Fling your books to the winds, my little Mayflower, and come home. That fiery head of yours will topple over if you put much more into it. Besides, I want you, my pet; we'll keep bachelor's hall together."

"Ah, uncle!" I said to myself, "my fingers ache for a twitch at that brown beard of yours, to repay you for making sport of my classical locks."

Enclosed was a line from his ward, penned in her usual kind and affectionate style, but with hardly an allusion to the party.

A week passed, and then I was astonished at receiving a letter from my mother.

"Miss Iretton is quite the fashion," she wrote. "I never saw a person make a greater sensation than she does. I suppose you are surprised that she excels your sister; but then Laura was not so 'new,' as she went into society considerable before she made her regular appearance, you know. I see now that it was a fatal mistake. I think Robert has cause to be proud of his ward. She is superb. One secret of her great success is her apparent indifference, but of course that is assumed. I hear that her aunt is very much vexed that she did not have the privilege of introducing her; but it was my place, being her guardian's sister. It is not every lady that has the good fortune to bring out two such attractions as your sister and friend. By the way, Constance tells me that you have improved very much. I am glad that you are of such a studious turn, for although you will never be remarkable for your beauty, you can be 'literary,' and that takes with some people."

Here I laid down the sheet to laugh. It was very evident that she was building castles in the air on my account. The idea of her being interested in my movements was extremely novel.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten one thing," she went on. "Perhaps you recollect that your uncle, Edward Stewart, residing in the East Indies, died about a year ago, and that his wife, my sister Alice, remained to settle up his affairs. Well, she arrived in yesterday's steamer. It seems Robert had written to her, inviting her to come and superintend his household, and chaperon Miss Iretton. I am very sorry, for I had intended to have that pleasure myself; but Robert always was very eccentric."

I did not remember much about this aunt, as I was very young when she left her native land to follow the fortunes of her chosen one. So with the thought, "I hope I shall like her," I folded my letters and turned to my studies.

The weeks sped on, and occasionally reports came from the brilliant circles in which Constance moved, telling of the gay life which she was leading, and the homage paid her, which she so coolly received.

One evening, as I sat in the school-room alone, listening to the merry laugh of the girls in the hall, some one opened the door, and presently Edna's voice called:

"May I are you here?"

"Yes," I replied. "Is anything the matter?"

"No; only I have been looking for you. I have news from home, and I thought that perhaps you might be interested; but if you prefer solitude, I will retire."

"Oh no! I am rather blue, I believe, and your society may help to drive the gloomy vapors away. You look cheerful enough, and maybe I shall catch the infection."

"You are tired, I know. I do think you are too devoted to your books. Well, now, I'll commence my story. I have just received a letter from my brother Harley. You see, whenever I have been home I have always expatiated upon the charms of Miss Iretton, especially during last summer's vacation, until they all laughed at me; but now I have my revenge. It seems she has been visiting at Mrs. Mendon's the past few weeks, and there my faithless brother met her. He goes into raptures over her queenly bearing and splendid face, and is almost intoxicated with delight because she danced with him twice. He says that she is the toast everywhere, and that she has the reputation of being a coquette; but he did not think that that was true, for she did not seem to encourage any of the numerous admirers that flocked around her, although Madame Buror has bestowed her hand upon several."

"She could never become such a soulless thing as to lure hearts into her grasp only to crush them," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Oh, I know that," replied Edna, eagerly; "there isn't a particle of the flirt in her composition. Only she is so fascinating they cannot resist the spell that she unconsciously casts about them, and I do not doubt but what the very absence of those little arts by which so many women conquer, lures them on."

"That may be, but there are some that are attracted by the golden bait, and curse their stars that their fond hopes of paying their tailor's bills are wrecked in that quarter."

My companion laughed merrily.

"You are inclined to be sarcastic," she said; "still you have represented one class that Harley says are hovering around her; but she reads them thoroughly, and the way she shows them up, with that clever mouth of hers, is decidedly rich. I shall be obliged to write to brother to steer his boat clear of the whirlpool, but, meanwhile, he will laugh at my warning until he, too, becomes involved."

"Oh," I carelessly responded, "how do you know but what there may be a mutual attachment? Perhaps after all he may become the favored one."

"No," she rejoined, "mistakenly. I love Harley, and think that he is fitted to mate with any person of my acquaintance, with the exception of Constance; but he never would 'make her' happy. He is quick tempered and overbearing. But I don't expect to see you very often. I must go to my room."

"You are very candid," I said, "and I am glad to hear that you are not in love with him."

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this. I guess your brother would not thank you for your remarks. I am sure I should not if I were he."

She laughed.

"No; I can imagine how he would look. He is a regular fire-brand when aroused. I should not say this to every one."

"Who do you think Constance will marry? The character, I mean," I inquired, curious to know her idea.

"She is surrounded now by fops, who whisper soft nothings in her ear, and they are so strong in their self-conceit, that they never dream, spite of her coldness, that she is disgusted. (Soon she will begin to attract the intelligent, and those that can talk, instead of dance, who now stand modestly back and worship at a distance. Then she will find the heart that beats in union with hers; one that can soar with her—not be a cloud to drag her into the valley.")

I laughed, and then said, lightly:

"Why, Edna, you are really eloquent. I do not believe she ever imagined that she had such an ardent admirer in you. I must tell her what a staunch supporter she has here."

She looked up with an expression of pain.

"Oh, do not for the world, May. I should be so mortified to have her know how I have riddled on."

"I do wish I had not said a word."

"You need not feel bad about it, for I shall not betray your confidence. You have only paid her the compliment of understanding her, and very few can do that."

A number of scholars now entered, and interrupted our conversation.

A change came over me. The weeks dragged slowly by, then came days of strange lassitude, and nights full of wakefulness. Finally I seemed to lose my hold on tangible things, and floated away on the sea of fancy. I remembered confused murmurs about me, of hurrying steps and anxious faces, and then followed a blank.

CHAPTER VIII.

One day I awoke with a bewildered start. I was in a strange room, but a figure seated by the window caused me to utter a glad cry. The next instant Constance bent above me.

"How came you here? Have I been sick? What's the matter?" I rapidly articulated.

"Hush, dearest; you have been very, very ill, and must not talk. When you are stronger I will tell you all about it. Go to sleep now."

I obeyed, clinging to her hand.

A week passed, during which, I lay in a sort of stupor, then I began to slowly gather up the threads of life, leaving the shore of the dark, dark river behind me. One morning I said to my friend:

"Come, tell me how I came here. I know I am at Mrs. Brandon's; but why did I not remain in the boarding-house? Could you not have taken care of me there, just as well?"

"Well, darling, you shall hear the whole story; but you must listen quietly and not speak. When you were first taken sick, they telegraphed to Mr. Lindsay, and he and I immediately obeyed the summons. When we arrived, the greatest consternation prevailed, as it was discovered that you had the brain fever, together with the small pox."

I recoiled, but she pressed her hand to my lips, waited an instant, and then continued:

"Mrs. Stillman, very naturally, was in an agony of terror lest her scholars should become aware of your situation and leave her. Luckily she had kept it secret from all but Miss Ray and Edna, those she knew she could rely upon. After being informed of the state of affairs, I lost no time in seeking Mrs. Brandon and explaining the case to her, and she offered to send Willa away and have you brought here. I then went back and consulted with Dr. Graves—an old physician that your uncle was acquainted with in Albany—and he thought that with the greatest care you might be removed. For days Death loitered at the door, disputing for his prey, and then turned and glided by on the other side."

"Oh, Constance! you risked life and beauty for my sake?"

"Perish beauty," she passionately replied, "if it ever keeps me from the bedside of a dying friend; as for life, in what nobler way could I lay it down?"

"But you have not surely nursed me all these long weeks alone?" I said, wistfully.

"Oh, no; your aunt Alice has been here all the time, and Mrs. Brandon has had her share, while Mr. Lindsay has been boarding at the hotel, coming down every day to inquire about you. The physician says that he may see you to-morrow. Then there is Edna Graham, she has presented herself here nearly every week, pleading to be allowed to help attend you, but of course I could not entertain the idea for a moment, as she is not very strong, and her friends would be almost distracted to lose her. It was feared at first that as she was your room-mate, she had caught the contagion, but their terror proved groundless."

"Are those all that came near me?" I murmured, with my heart in my eyes.

She read my thoughts, and bending down kissed me, as if to soften the blow, as she answered:

"All."

I laid my head back upon the pillow, and drew the clothes over my face, while the great hot tears coursed down my cheeks. So, my mother and sister had left me to the care of others, while I was battling with the Grim Destroyer. This poor widow upon whom I had no claim, had received me into her humble home, when the doors of my father's house I knew would have been closed against me. The picture was very dark, with no light shades. Then I thought of the fearless Constance. The Queen of Beauty had become my saving angel.

Just then I heard her voice, saying:

"May, do you feel like speaking with your aunt now?"

I nodded assent, and the next instant a sad, lovely face, with large, brown eyes looked into mine.

"Poor child!" she said, kissing me tenderly, "you have had a terrible struggle, but thank God it is over, and you still tarry with us."

"Perhaps it would have been just as well if I had fallen then," I replied bitterly. "You were very kind to come and take care of me, almost a stranger. I hope some day that I may be able to repay you. My

sickness has benefited me in one way, at least, for it has revealed my friends to me. Small pox is really a magical wand."

I saw Constance place her finger on her lip, and motion her away, so she stepped back without further remark. Then I fell to wondering if there was not about as much love in my mother's heart for my aunt, as in Laura's for me; but ere I had settled the matter satisfactorily, I was speeding away to dream-land in the chariot of Sleep.

When I returned from my journey, I found my gentle nurse seated by my side.

"Shall I be pitted much?" I inquired.

"No; I think not. Dr. Graves says that the disease sometimes leaves the complexion better than it finds it. I guess it will be so in your case."

"Then I can't look any worse than I did before," I said, laughing. "That is some consolation, is it not?"

But I perceive that you have had my beautiful red cheeks all shaved off."

"Yes, we were obliged to. I did not suppose that you would regret it very much. It has softened its tone now, and is growing out a dark auburn. Your sickness may make a beauty of you yet. Stranger things have happened."

"Oh, that's past praying for. But I really fear that you will be ill yet. You don't appear to leave me at all. It will certainly be too much for you."

"Oh, do not you be troubled about me. I am not so very devoted either, as you seem to imagine, for I walk out when you are asleep. My system is too firmly guarded for the enemy to get into the stronghold. Now I can't positively let you talk any more. I shall be dismissed for disobeying orders, if I am not careful."

The next day my uncle's bright, kind face bent over me.

"My little Mayflower," he said, "I am glad to see that you are better. I was very much afraid one while that you would never know me again. I hate to have you look so wilted; it does not seem as though you would ever revive in this place. I shall have you removed to 'Maple Grove' as soon as possible. I know that these breezes will bring you strength."

"I do not doubt it in the least," I replied; "I shall be so happy to get back there again; but then Mrs. Brandon has been very kind to discommode herself so much. Some would not have done it for love or money."

"That's a fact; but of course she would do anything for the preservation of her child, and then she seemed really attached to you."

"Ah! Constance has done for her and for me what one in a thousand would never have thought of. I owe my life to her, do I not?"

"Well, pet, I suppose that you do. Dr. Graves says that he could never have won you from the grave, had it not been for her tender care and untiring watchfulness. You kept calling for her in your delirium, and though you did not seem to recognize her, no hand like hers could soothe you, and no power charm away the pain equal to her touch. Ah, child, I do not think that you can realize the half that she has been to you."

"I believe I can," I responded, bitterly. "I know that she placed the world with its glitter and mirth—her life in its young promise, and her glorious bright beauty—beneath her feet that she might minister unto me, while my mother and sister deemed the sacrifice too great. If the 'King of Terrors' had judged by their conduct, he must indeed have thought that my life was worthless, but observing the noble creature that stood between him and me, in pity for her, he stayed his shaft."

"There, my darling, do not get excited. It is shameful, I know, but even if they had always been kind to you, they would not have had the moral courage to face this danger, and take the consequences; therefore, when you have occupied so small a portion of their hearts, you should not be surprised at their conduct."

"I know it. Only it is so different from what other girls are situated, that probably I feel the more. I suppose that God foresaw what would be my condition in the world, so he gave me you and Constance to smooth the rough places."

"Perhaps so. Your father, though, when I informed him of your sickness, ordered me to get everything that you desired, and see that you had the best of care, and then remit the bill to him."

"Well, in doing that he doubtless flattered himself that he had done all. Money in his eyes is the panacea that cures every ill."

At that instant Constance came into the room. Shaking her head playfully, she exclaimed:

"Did I not tell you to be very cautious, and not to agitate her in the least? You'll throw her into a fever if you stop any longer."

He took me tenderly in his arms, and pressed kisses upon my pale lips, and then departed, while I called out:

"I am not at all excited. I feel quite strong."

"Nonsense! that's a pretty story to tell, with those fiery cheeks and bright eyes," exclaimed my friend, and placing her hand upon my brow I was soon wrapped in oblivion.

When I opened my eyes again, she brought me some medicine to take; then, as she turned to go away, I detained her.

"Oh, Constance! uncle says that I owe my life to you."

"Who would you be indebted to, if not to me?" she began, playfully; then added more gravely, "No, darling, I do not think that your heartbeats were held by mortal hand, but rather by that kind Providence whose loving care extendeth over all his children."

"But you," I said, "were the instrument employed by him. For my sake you left the world—"

She interrupted me with a gesture.

"Dear child, I was tired and disgusted with the dirty whirl of gaily in which I was moving. The idea of becoming a puppet in the hands of Mrs. Grundy, did not appear to me to be the destiny for which I was created. I therefore sat down craving work, and I had a call. While watching by your bedside, it seemed as if I were brought nearer the immortal than ever before. That night, that we stood over you, expecting that every minute would be your last on earth, my dormant feelings were aroused by electric thrill, a those solemn moments my soul was baptised."

shall go back to the world purer, better for these weeks of agony—so talk no more of sacrifice."

Her face was kindled as she spoke, by the fire burning upon the altar of her inner shrine. It was not an eagle that I gazed upon, but one who can do more by precept and example to hasten the day of the millennium—a noble, true-hearted woman.

The days now tripped pleasantly by. At last Dr. Graves said that the next week I might be removed to 'Maple Grove.' Oh how my heart thrilled with delight at the idea. I knew that I should soon be well, in that beloved spot.

One afternoon Uncle Robert came in, saying:

"May, here are some of your schoolmates come to bid you good-by."

Presently about a dozen of my friends entered. I looked in vain for one face that I expected to see.

"Where is Edna?" I at last inquired.

"Oh, she had a lesson to learn," was the reply; "but she told us to tell you that she should come and see you in the morning."

They tarried awhile, congratulating me upon my recovery and detailing all the little incidents that had transpired since I mingled with them, and then Mrs. Brandon came in, and they all departed.

The next morning as I sat in the great easy chair that uncle had kindly provided, the door opened and in flew Edna.

"Oh! I am so glad to be allowed to see you at last," she exclaimed, as she knelt by my side, and took my wasted hand. "You can't think how lonesome I have been, and then we were all so much afraid that you would die. Shall you return to school again?"

"No, I had so nearly finished the course, that uncle says it is not worth while. He insists upon it that my close application made me ill, although I do not think so. I suppose you will carry away the highest prize in the graduating class."

"I hope so," she said, her eyes sparkling. "I believe I stand next to you. I have no fear of the others. Mother and Harley will be so pleased, if I do win. Mrs. Stillman says that now that you are gone, I must write, and speak the 'Valedictory.' Oh dear, I dread that. What a kind, pleasant man your uncle is. He says that he is going to take you to some watering-place this summer. I shall enter society until next winter. Now

long resist such an array of attractions as I shall bring to bear against him. That other ladies have fallen does not discourage me in the least. Perhaps it is left to my arrow to bring him down."

"Adeline, you'll reverse the proverb," said Constance, in her most caustic tone; "behold, it shall be, First heart never won brave gentleman."

"There's where you are right," responded her cousin. "But I must join my party again. There they come. They will think I am very unbecomingly late."

The next instant, to our relief, she had gone. My friend and I walked on in silence. At last I said:

"I wonder if that is what the people come here for?—to catch and be caught. I should think that the ocean would inspire nobler thoughts."

"I fear that that is the aim of the majority. In the midst of the grand and the sublime we often meet with the ridiculous."

That evening Constance insisted that I should go down to the ball-room, and finally yielding to her persuasions, I rode myself for the desired ordeal. My hair had grown out dark, and clustered in short thick curls around my face. I had lost the freckles of childhood, but otherwise I was the same plain May Appleton.

My friend wore a dress of white tulle, with a superb camellia resting upon the dark braids that crowned her regal head. A bracelet of heavy gold clasped one rounded arm; otherwise she was guileless of jewelry. In the hall Uncle Robert joined us, and we descended together.

What a sensation she created! The gentlemen flocked around her, but she shook them off coolly, and at last declined all invitations to dance. After a while, she took her guardian's arm for a quadrille, and I entered the same set with George Mendon for a partner. In a pause of the music I presented Adeline to my uncle.

During the evening I met Angelina Carr. I was surprised, for I considered my sister and her as inseparable.

"Why, how is this, Angel?" I said. "I thought that you were in Saratoga."

She shrugged her shoulders with pretty affectation as she replied:

"I have been there so much, that I am completely bored; so I induced mamma to come here for a change. I tried to persuade Laura to accompany us, but she was so set I could not move her in the least. My pleasure would be unalloyed if she were only here. And then she turned away to speak to an acquaintance. An hour after I saw her hovering about my uncle."

"Ah, ah!" I said to myself. "I guess that is the attraction to Newport, Miss Angel. I think, however, that all your pretty airs and cunning manoeuvres will be thrown away. Unfortunately for you, he is too old and wise a bird to be caught by chaff."

Later, as Constance and I stood together, I exclaimed:

"Your cousin is already settling her snare, but she has a formidable rival in Miss Carr. What say you? Shall we fall down, disperse the enemy, and take the disputed ship under our convoy?"

She gave a low, musical laugh.

"I think that he is fully equal to the task of managing his own affairs. See with what demure smile he is listening to Adeline. Depend upon it, he sees through their designs, and is enjoying himself at their expense."

Just then I noticed George Mendon approaching, accompanied by a dark, handsome man.

"Cousin," he began, "allow me to present my friend."

To my surprise, she interrupted him with a gesture, and, drawing herself to her full height, replied:

"Excuse me," and taking my arm within hers, she led me away, leaving the two gentlemen standing alone.

"Why, Constance!" I exclaimed as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment. "why were you so rude?"

"Rude!" she repeated, with the fire of passion smouldering in her eyes, while a crimson spot glowed on either cheek. "May that man be the greatest libertine in New York. He creeps to the ears of the heart that he has betrayed and broken. To think that George should dare to insult me by presenting him for an introduction!"

She appeared ten times more beautiful than I had ever seen her as she stood there, so grandly indignant. "Well," I replied, "be probably thought that, like others of your sex, you would be delighted to know him, and be pleased to lavish your brightest smiles upon him. For I have seen more attention paid to him than to any other man in the room."

"Then he has found out that one woman scorn him, and would avoid him as she would the most loathsome, deadliest reptile that crawls the earth. Yes," she continued bitterly, "they put the hunter, and send the bloodhounds of society to pursue the hunted into the remotest caubemo, that the skirts of fashion may not be contaminated."

As I glanced around I perceived that people had noticed my friend's movements, and were collected in groups discussing it. Some were loud in their commendation, while others censured her.

"Miss Iroquois is privileged," remarked one young lady with a sneer, "and if she chooses to be impolite, why of course it is all right."

"Well, for my part," replied her listener, an anxious mother with three marriageable daughters, "I do not think that we ought to notice every story that malicious persons delight to circulate. I don't believe that Mr. Danton is any worse than other young men. We should have charity."

"Come, let us go out upon the balcony," said Constance. "It is oppressively close here."

As we were moving away, my uncle came up laughing and talking familiarly with a young man whom he introduced as Mr. Hastings. He was tall and slender, with light hair, blue eyes, and a clear red and white complexion. He wore a monotone and heavy beard, that relieved his countenance of the charge of effeminacy.

Guardian and ward stepped out upon the verandah, leaving me to follow the stranger. The air seemed refreshing after the heat of the ball-room, as others appeared to think, by the number that were promiscuously outside. My companion conversed a few moments upon indifferent subjects, and then alluded to the scene that Constance had created.

"It is a singular fact," he said, "that nearly all the ladies condemn her act, while all the gentlemen, with very few exceptions, applaud."

"I know," I replied. "It is sad, and woman ever turns from her fallen sister to grasp the hand of the betrayer; and of course if there is one who has the moral courage, in the face of public opinion, to lift the degraded and scorn the debauchee, it is instantly cried down by the gentle ladies."

"You speak bitterly, but I do not wonder. It is a surprise to me, sometimes, to see how graciously the belles will smile upon such a man, while others, who possess no such notoriety, are treated with coldness. I hope, however, now that a person of so much consequence has set so worthy an example, that there will be found those that are not afraid to imitate it. I am sure that you will be one of that number, Miss Appleton."

"I shall certainly endeavor to add what little weight I can in the matter, but the opposition tide sweeps high and strong, yet a fearless woman like my friend can do much to stem it. God knows the day when some of the terrible wrongs in society will be righted."

"I say amen to that with my whole soul," he responded.

The subject was now changed. I found my companion entertaining upon whatever topic he was presented upon. He had, however, extensively, and possessed such wonderful powers of description, that it required but little stretch of the imagination to follow him in his wanderings and behold all the beauties that he depicted in his glowing, graphic style.

I learned from him that an older brother, now deceased, had been a college friend of my uncle's, and that the latter, upon being presented, had recognized him from his resemblance.

Almost unconsciously to myself, I was soon expressing my views and opinions in a manner that my natural reserve had never allowed me the liberty before. We were both astonished when Uncle Robert came and informed us of the lateness of the hour. When I bade my new acquaintance "good night," he detained me an instant, saying:

"Many thanks, Miss Appleton, for the pleasure of your company. I am happy to meet with a young lady who can talk of something besides the latest Parisian fashions. I hope that this will not be our last conversation."

"Then we are mutually indebted, Mr. Hastings, and your last remark I echo."

When I entered my room Constance was already there. She turned me playfully to the light, exclaiming:

"Why, May, you are positively handsome! There is a sparkle in your eye and a flush upon your cheek that actually transforms you. What has that Mr. Hastings been saying to you to make you so animated?"

"Oh, he conversed like a person of sense," I warmly replied, "so different from that conceited cousin of yours."

She laughed merrily.

"Why, you are quite enthusiastic. I shall be obliged to observe this paragon, to-morrow. But take care of your heart, my dear; he may be one of the light-fingered genies."

"I shall do so reasonably, if you can. I have not the least fear of being robbed of that article. It is too securely guarded."

"Ah, I understand. You believe in a fair exchange."

"You are incorrigible," I rejoined, laughing. "If you harp upon that string much longer, it must surely break."

"We have had some new arrivals since I saw you. Did you know it?"

"No, I was not aware of it. Who are they?"

"Just as I supposed. You were so very much engrossed that intuition never whispered of the approach of friends. Well, then I shall be obliged to inform you. As I came into the hall, Mordant and Florence Percy, with their cousin Howard, blessed my sight."

"Ah! the latter probably remembers what came so near being a railroad accident. If I had been placed in such an interesting position, no capital to make an impression upon the heart of a susceptible young man, I should probably have been gifted with a premonition announcing that he was soon to appear."

She turned to her trunk while I was talking, and became apparently absorbed in its contents, and did not speak again.

I must have been very much excited after my evening's entertainment, for "tired Nature's sweet restorer" did not visit my pillow until long after my companion was wandering in dream-land.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY ADDIE HUTCHINS.

They come, these radiant, never-fading teachers, come, trooping one upon another, scattering with benignant hand priceless gems of truth and blessing o'er our changing way. What though they sometimes wear the garb of anguish and of pain? What though they are heralded in by the mocking array of broken joys, faded ambitions, blasted hopes and blighted prospects? What though they come attended by the jeers of scorn, or the world's anathema? Aye! and what though they come amid the wailing crash of a nation's downfall? 'Tis all the same. They are teachers still, vigorous of a mighty power.

A soul is drifting down the tide of time, heedless not that the waters of life lash the shores of immortality, forgetful of that dim unknown land to which we all are so surely tending. Wrapt up in the enjoyment of sensuous pleasure, this is forgotten, when lo! a loved one is stricken down. The roses of health fade from the blooming cheek, the lustre from the speaking eye, and death places his implacable hand upon the noble brow. Standing beside that immobile form, striving to catch one ray of light from those orbs forever quenched; to behold a smile wreath once again those pale, cold lips; waiting in vain for a glad warm pressure from those rigid hands, the living cry out in tones of anguish, "My friend, oh, my friend, where art thou gone?"

Wandering amid the mounds dedicated to the dead, the question still goes forth—"Oh, my friend, where art thou? This poor handful of inanimate dust is not thee. Where, oh! where is that calculating, thinking thing—that mighty power which governed this machine?" Hark, now I within the deep recesses of the soul comes the low response, "What, and where I am, myself soon shall be." Myself! What am I? Whence came I, whither do I go?

Thus speaks the soul aroused, and the hoarse, wild anthem of toiling ocean surges back in response—*Eternity!* The mighty booming of Heaven's artillery in solemn cadence, answers—*Eternity!* The glittering scriptures of the skies trace in living characters the word, *Eternity!* And the voices of the soul chorus forth the strain, *Eternity!* Ever, ever *Eternity!*

This for me? Then, oh thou Infinite One, incomprehensible, yet whom we know exactly, since we ourselves are—*Where art Thou?* From every surging billow, booming thunder-clap, and brilliant lightning flash, from every twinkling star, meek-eyed flower and aspiring blade, from every leaping rivulet and gentle breeze, snow-crowned mountain-top and sunny vale, goes up the universal answer—I am here, my only gospel, or revelation, the open book of Nature; my only priest, or teacher, the I AM, which constitutes thyself.

Thus the death of those we love is the radiant teacher which reads us the bright lesson of immortality. They—those treasures of affection—seem to span the vast abyss which death has stretched between us, and whisper in the very chambers of our soul—

"Earth life's fitful fever o'er,
We died to live once more."

As in the domain of Nature we ever see the phoenix of life springing up from the ashes of decay, so we recognize anguish, pain and suffering, as concurring waves to develop human nature; agents to bring out latent virtues; powers to open avenues for the expression and action of the soul's divinity.

As with individuals, so with nations. The work of destruction is ever followed by that of reconstruction; the fatal, the impure, the rubbish is cast away. Then, oh ye trembling, sorrowing millions, wives and sisters of our America, ye hoary-headed stricken weak young brothers—ye who have been your treasures, your strength and support go forth now—think that they have gone—ah! I though they know it not—champions for the cause of Justice, Liberty and Truth. They've enlisted beneath high Heaven's banner; and ye too are heroes and heroines in your generous sacrifice.

See, your calm endurance. Oh, then, in the trying scenes which must be ours as the dread toils of war shall come to pass through our land, remember that ye are soldiers, and let your battle-cry, your motto be, "for God and Justice."

The almighty God has gone forth. America shall be the land of the brave. It is inevitable. "I was prophesied in that mighty inspiration which led Columbus across the pathless waste of waters to seek what to him was really, but to the world a fair Utopia. "I was written in that wondrous prophecy, "In three days shall we be land." "I was proclaimed in that association of a Divine principle, issued by the Independence Fathers—the right of all men to liberty, equality and the pursuit of happiness." "I was greeted by the people with one united peal of approbation and of joy, whose lengthening echoes went booming over broad Atlantic's waves, and made proud Britain hearts to quail; whose swelling chorus was caught up by the rejoicing hosts of Heaven, and echoed by the choiring stars. "I was demonstrated in the unparalleled success which crowned the efforts of our revolutionary sires; and it is reiterated to ourselves by the calamity which be upon us. This is the teacher sent to read the lesson to us. Can ye not see beneath the tempest the under-current of Justice, of Retribution? Can ye not behold which way it drifteth? In darkest hours take heart of faith, ye trembling ones, and know that America, as she has been the pioneer, must ever be the pilot of nations—the model—the mother of earth's republics.

Philadelphia, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LUELLA—A FRAGMENT.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSBORO.

"Oh, touch the harp gently; Luella has gone! In her beauty and grace, like a star from the dawn; Oh, speak of her softly, for deep in my breast Lies buried a sorrow that robs me of rest— Unheeding, severely and blindly she stole The light from the morning—the life from my soul."

Luella, my dearest,
My brightest and best,
Oh! I why didst thou wake
My soul and my rest?

Luella, the quietly,
The fearless and free,
Oh! I why hast thou taken
Thy presence from me?

Say, why didst thou wake
The life of my soul,
The love that around me
So peacefully stole?

Thy beauty that bound me—
Oh! where hast thou flown?—
The love that so bound me
In soul to thine own?"

"Oh! grieve not, then, loved one, in patience I wait
Thy coming beyond the dim regions of Fate;
The love that has blessed—the bliss that has flown,
Through sorrow shall make thee more dearly mine own."

Arise, then, and grieve not,
Oh! grieve not thy fate;
Beyond the dim portal
Thy coming I wait.

The star of the morning
Thy presence hath flown,
Ere the light of its dawn
Had made me thine own;

But the love that united
My soul unto thine,
So cruelly blighted,
Immortally shine;

The presence that fondly
Thy soul did entwine,
The love that so won thee
And made thee divine;

The rapture that blushed
In love and delight,
Hath newly ascended,
And I bide in its light;

I drink of the fountain
And live in the streams
That leap from the mountain,
And my soul it redeems

From that moment of madness,
The pain of that night,
When in sorrow and sadness
I fled from thy sight.

Arise, then, and grieve not, oh! grieve nevermore;
I await for thy coming beyond the dim shore,
Where the sorrow of parting, the tones of despair,
Awake not the thrill of the balm scented air.

Where the breath of the morning in rapture exhales
To music that lingers in love-breathing vales,
And the warble of birds, and the play of the stream
Are sweeter by far than the Orient's dream;

'Tis the bright Summer Land—'tis the land of the
Morn.

Where the soul to new beauty and glory is born—
There is life in its waters, and health in its breeze,
Delight in its verdure and calm in its trees,
A glow in its morn and a blush in its eve—

More peaceful and soft than the fancy can weave—
'Tis the home of the spirit—the bright Morning-Land,
In its heaven of beauty, transcendent and grand!
Where the soul in its orbit from pleasure and pain,
In its wisdom and glory triumphant shall reign—

Arise, then, and grieve not, oh! grieve nevermore,
I await for thy coming beyond the dim shore!

Arise from thy sorrow,
Awake from the night,
The light of the morning
Shall gleam on thy sight!

Arise from thy sadness,
Awake from thy woe,
The light of thy spirit
Around thee shall glow!

The rays that enshrine thee
Immorially shine,
In my soul's embrace thee,
And make thee divine!"

"Oh! touch the harp gently! Luella, my love,
Speaks hope to my soul from the pure realm above.
She lives, oh! she lives, this angel of mine,
My own destined bride, immortal, divine!"

San Francisco, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RIDING ASTRIDE.

BY MISS ANNA LIVINGSTON.

Ought women, like men, to ride astride on horse back? This question has often been inhaled during the last few years, but has not yet received the full attention it merits.

The main objection—perhaps the only one—I have heard to the proposed reform is, that it necessarily involves the assumption of a masculine costume; and, that while there may really be no harm in wearing such a dress, public opinion is not now prepared to sanction the innovation.

Perhaps the best plan to introduce the fashion is for young ladies to organize themselves into country companies in every neighborhood, and meet for exercise once a week in a body, and in disguise every day if possible. This scheme is eminently practical. A corps of this kind, commanded by Miss Fomeroy, a lady of the highest respectability, already exists in New England;

the dress of the members is purely masculine. These military organizations would give the members healthful and agreeable exercise. It would give them an excellent school for horsemanship, and soon make the public eye so familiar with the masculine riding-dress, that it might safely be worn anywhere.

The side-saddle, after all, is a modern invention, dating no farther back than the days of Queen Elizabeth. All the knightly barons of the crusades, and the illustrious "Maid of Orleans," rode and dressed like men. Among the distinguished women of the seventeenth century who rode on cavalier, may be named Queen Christina, of Sweden, the Empress Catherine of Russia, the Princess Dashakoff, the Countess de St. Balmont, and the Empress Elizabeth.

Coming down to the last century, we have the most notable case of all—that of Queen Caroline Matilda, of Denmark, sister of George the Third, of England, the most beautiful as well as the most learned of all the princesses of the House of Brunswick. She always rode in full masculine costume. Her favorite suit was a blue coat and buff waistcoat with plain gilt buttons, chambré breeches, lace ruffles, white cravat, three cocked black hats, and Hessian boots with gilt spurs. This elegant riding suit was generally adopted by the Danish ladies, who continued to wear it for many years; and, but for the shameful intrigues which resulted in the expatriation of the Queen, it is probable it would have become the fashion throughout Europe. "My mind is made up," said Matilda to her mother, when the latter visited her at Hirschholm. "I will never again encumber myself with petticoats on horseback. If a pope or a cardinal may dress like a woman, why may I not dress like a man?"

Queen Matilda's riding suit seems to have been ever since regarded as a standard fashion by "lady cavaliers," having in our own day and generation been deemed by the Duchess de Berri, the Countess Emily Plater, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, Madame Mall-bran, Mdle. Solange Dudevant, Mdle. Rusa Bonheur, Countess de Agnoul, the Princess Demidoff, and many other ladies of high character, but less known to fame.

For my part, I am anxious to see the side-saddle abolished forever; and would gladly accept almost any kind of male apparel as a substitute for the long-tailed riding dress we are compelled now to wear. At the same time, I confess a partiality for the blue and buff suit, a la Queen Matilda, modernized, of course.

I hope this question will receive the attention it deserves, and that all ladies who take an interest in it will give their views to the public through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY DAVID PALMER.

Original Essays.

THE PERSONALITY, VS. THE OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

BY DAVID PALMER.

My imperfect criticism on some of the positions maintained by your Philadelphia correspondent in his masterly essay on "The Personality vs. the Omnipresence of Deity," and his courteous reply thereto, induces me to try still further to explain my objections to his theory.

Your correspondent, from his plane of rationalization, concludes that God is a spirit entity, or being, consequently local, necessarily non-omnipresent; and holds this belief in preference to what he terms the new idea or principle theory. I would here remark, that my friend has decidedly the advantage, as far as newness is concerned; for to me it is the newest of the new to hold that Deity is not omnipresent. But I do not object to his hypotheses on that account, for I hold that new ideas are far more apt to be truthful than old ones.

On the other hand, as far as I have light, and am able to reason on the subject, I am under the necessity of preferring the principal theory, as it to me appears more philosophic and less obnoxious to reason and analogy than the theory called in question. However, I do not wish to be understood as assuming to be an expounder or defender of said theory; but, if need be, I presume, others will enter the lists with my friend, to test the merits of the question, while I merely wish to occupy the position of a student—a raiser of objections, and asker of questions.

As it is our privilege to test the rationale and consistency of all theories publicly taught, persons holding forth new ideas, must expect they will be called in question. If such ideas are truthful, they become stronger; if false, they are dissipated. In discussing questions wherein actual demonstration cannot be had, analogy is the next best criterion, and all rational persons are bound to receive that theory which presents the fewest rational objections and most in keeping with analogy; or, in the language of another, "When knowledge is obviously incomplete, belief should be provisional, and judgment trained to hold itself in the prudent suspense of philosophic doubt."

My friend, in his essay, lays much stress on the conclusion he arrives at, concerning the original atoms being creations, vs. self-existing primary elements; as though the question turned on that point. Now it seems to me he has reasoned himself into a dilemma, either horn of which is fatal to his hypotheses. Having shown that there was a defect in logically tracing the principle theory at the beginning, or prior to the beginning, he has endeavored to establish a theory to overcome the difficulty, which I deem still more objectionable, that is, "A Local Spirit-Entity necessarily not Omnipresent." Now with all due deference, I submit whether abstractions do not accumulate faster around the theory he advocates than around the one he combats. Let us see if in either case we are not carried back to a time prior to the beginning—a time, to be sure, of masterly inactivity, as I cannot comprehend how or why an intelligent conscious entity should remain inactive the eternity prior to the beginning.

I am under the necessity of rejecting the idea, partly because the idea of inactivity implies imperfection. However, there are other formidable objections to be considered, which we will try by rational analogy. My friend holds that Deity is an intelligent entity, or being. Now as there is no analogy to warrant us to even suppose a being could exist without being created, we infer that this intelligent entity must have himself been created. Here the subject becomes undecidable, as the question of causation is pushed back.

Again, no rational mind can conceive of a being outside the organization of matter. To be, is therefore to be organized from matter. The only recognizable difference is the substance or fineness of the material; therefore the spirit entity, or being, can be no exception. As we have no analogy that would give the faintest rational idea of the existence of such a being as my friend's hypothesis sets forth as the first Great Cause, we are bound to reject it, and adopt the next best hypothesis, the principle theory.

In discussing this subject we are bound to give our reasons for preferring what we call more rational views to those we deem objectionable. That the principal theory may have objections which the human mind is not yet able to reconcile, we admit. Apparently, there is one which occurs at the beginning, but after that point it appears to me to harmonize with natural causes. In tracing back causes to a beginning, I take the view which appears to me least objectionable.

As such, I hold that there was a time, when there was obviously a beginning of all created things. I cannot comprehend how or why, in the beginning, the first organized germ atom came forth. But it is evident that it contained inherently within itself the germinating principle by which unorganized matter

became obedient to the law of progressive development, and has ever since been elaborating matter in geometrical ratio—hence worlds, suns and systems, mankind, intelligently and aside from reason, except that God, or the Great Creative Spirit, is everywhere present, and is incorporated into everything that lives and has a being; and that the greatest embodiment is to be found where organization is most refined and perfect. Such views are incompatible with the theory of a personal intelligent being, because a being could by no possibility enter into these relations.

But we do not claim that man is the only representative of deity principle, analogous to our views in relation to God manifest in the flesh and in keeping with progressive laws. We readily believe that there are dignitaries and intelligences, in what we call the more highly developed or spirit-worlds, that are as progressed and refined as to merit our admiration as the greatest embodiment or manifestation of the great first developing cause.

As I have briefly stated my objections, and deduced in some sort my own views, the length of the article admonishes me to close. I have treated the subject with no other object than the pursuit of truth. If I have erred in so doing, reasonable analogy will be my best corrector. On the other hand, if my objections and views are rational, or well-founded, they must stand, though the "heavens fall."

Baltimore, Geneva Co., N. Y., May, 1863.

TENDENCY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The tendency of Spiritualism is to establish Pantheism. So, at least, Churchmen would teach us. Perhaps this may be to a certain extent true, but the assertion is one which requires only a brief consideration.

In looking over the various religious creeds, there are to be found as many phases of doctrine and belief as there are or have been ambitious teachers who have had the energy and perseverance to inflict their opinions permanently on a portion of earth's inhabitants. No doubt each one of these teachers has presented some truths, but generally so mixed up with idiosyncratic phantasies as to make a separation of the true and the false an ungrateful and an unenviable task.

So long as dogmatists conform to the one great popular whim or prejudice, and seek to make the Bible the basis upon which their particular views are founded, all goes well. Swedenborg may teach that Deity is "infinite man," and that man is simply an atom of Deity—and so long as his inspirations are in accordance with the accommodating spiritual sense of the Bible it passes unheeded—and does not get to be Pantheism until the advanced Swedenborgian discovers higher truths than are taught in the Bible. Harris may teach in the still more accommodating celestial sense of the Bible, that man is made up of as infinite number of infinitesimal spirits, (as Swedenborg teaches that God is composed of men, [spirits]) and that, in the New Church reading of things, passes.

What more Pantheistic dogmas than these can Spiritualism teach?

Let us accept the Swedenborgian theory, and regard God as composed of men as atoms of his person, and on the other hand, let us admit that man is, (as Harris teaches) composed of infinitesimal spirits. Were it not that God is presumed to fill the immensity of infinite space, so that there could be no room for the expansion of these two theories to the utmost, we might infer that even Deity himself was an atom of some greater being, filling an infinity of infinite spaces!

The theories of Swedenborg and Harris seem to teach that we must look for Deity in effects instead of causes. The one regards men as God atoms which, by the other, might be with equal propriety regarded as infinitesimal Gods. Now, the true Spiritualist does not. (If he accepts the Swedenborgian expression as a convenient mode of speech,) in reality feel that it expresses the truth. If there be such an organization of spirits or of spiritual forces as that which makes men "atoms" or "particles" of an infinitely greater spiritual being, there is, or must be, working within that organization a series of principles, laws and forces similar to those principles, laws and forces which bind together the infinitesimal "spirits" that compose a man.

If these doctrines be true, Spiritualism may laugh at the cry of Pantheism. The reproach does not belong to Spiritualists, but to those who interpret the Bible in the spiritual and the celestial sense, for it is the privilege of the Spiritualist to seek deeper for Deity than the surface of that organized group of effects which makes Deity infinite man, composed of men as atoms. We must, if we accept the phrase "infinite man" as a "convenient form of speech," say, and insist, that the laws, the forces and the principles which compel such an organization, are the true Deity, and he is not, whether operating in build up man from an aggregation of infinitesimal "spirits," or in aggregating the spirits of men to create a personal Deity for the worship of such minds as are content to accept an effect in the place of an antecedent cause.

No man can very well become conscious of the fact that within his organization are infinite numbers of infinitesimal beings organized in a special manner in relation to his own organization, and if he could, could he have a realizing consciousness of the individual wants and necessities of each one of these living atoms of himself? And as the two theories of Swedenborg and Harris

DEATH OF EVA.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

It was the autumn twilight,
That calm and holy hour,
Which steals upon the spirit
As with a heavenly power:
The sunset rays were fading,
The wind to rest had flown,
And a hush o'er earth had fallen,
Which stilled each thoughtless soul.

Within a princely mansion,
Around a snowy bed,
Fond friends were anxiously watching,
And bitter tears they shed;
For the loved and lovely Eva,
The gentle, and the fair,
Was going with the angels,
Who came her home to bear!

Upon her father's shoulder
She rested her fair head,
While smiles of radiant beauty
Her countenance o'erspread;
She saw the heavenly light,
With gates of shining pearl,
She saw the wings of angels,
Their snowy bands unfurl!

She heard their silvery music
As they floated through the air,
And longed to join the chorus,
And strike those harpstrings rare;
But as, amid her rapture,
She heard her father's sigh,
A look of gentle sadness
O'ershadowed her soft eye.

Then tenderly she kissed him,
And lovingly she spoke,
While all those friends were weeping
As if their hearts would break:
"Mourn not for me, dear father,
For I am going home,
But oh! give me your promise
That you will thither come."

There came a gentle rustling
Around the little bed,
And those who heard it listened,
And hushed their breath with dread;
It was the silvery pinions
Of that bright angel band,
Who to her side descended
From the celestial strand.

To her they gently whispered,
Then upward took their flight,
But ah! they bore her with them,
Afar from mortal sight!
Now, in their rapturous anthem,
She mingles her sweet notes,
While from her golden harpstrings
The heavenly music floats.

A GHOST STORY.

Let us deal in horrors to-day. There is a real, old-fashioned, haunted house in the midst of the city of Virginia, (California)—a house where ghostly signs and groans, and the steady tread of invisible feet are heard; where whispered warnings shudder on the night air, and things unearthly become palpable to mortal vision. Men have been aroused out of a quiet sleep by hearing somebody tramping about the room overhead; yet upon going up stairs, no living thing could be found there! Heavy footsteps have been heard coming down stairs at midnight—a pause at the bottom, a muffled creak from the knob of the locked and bolted door—and then silence, profound and hideous! The door would be found still locked and bolted on the inside. The house is a roomy, rambling, ghostly thing itself, presenting unexpected doors at every turn on the lower floor, and still startling you with desolate chambers and gaping closets long after you thought you had surely come to the last one. Then in the central hall there is one of those poor, exiled staircases, peculiar to haunted tenements, shut out from all sympathy and companionship with the balance of the house, and left to tremble and creak in solitude to the footsteps of shrouded apparitions. Up stairs are more rooms again—dusty and cobwebbed and deserted. Under the house is a dark, damp cellar—chilly, and slimy and silent. It is said that ghoully inhabitants there are little staircases outside, with gloomy horrible nooks under them, whence unearthly noises proceed at dead of night. The house stands in a somewhat isolated position. Its front is painted a dead white color, and two windows and a door stare vacantly out from it like the features of a corpse.

The supernatural sights and sounds commenced about three or four weeks ago. At that time a gentleman and his wife occupied the north front room on the lower floor (there are six or eight chambers on that floor) and a sick man and his nurse occupied a room in the back part of the building. There were other lodgers there, also, but they soon got scared and left. Previous to this time, there had been two deaths in the house. The sick man we have just mentioned also died there, but he used to see strange sights and also the breath left his body. Although he always conversed rationally on ordinary subjects, and generally gave no token of a disordered intellect, he used to start up in bed sometimes in the middle of the night, with staring eyes and the beaded sweat on his brow, and point to some frightful object, invisible to all save himself. He said it was a dead human hand, thrust within the room! When, after taking great pains to point out to his nurses the exact position of the vision, he found they were still unable to see it, he would lie down again, saying it might be only imagination, but it was fearfully vivid. Upon one occasion he said to his nurses:

"Mary, do you believe that a man may see his own ghost—his own form and features—himself, in fact, separate and distinct from himself?"

Mary said no—and inquired why he asked such a question?

"Because Mary, I have seen myself—my ghost—my exact counterpart—standing out there, on that mound, a moment ago, beckoning to me."

So much for the sick folks—now for the well ones. Strange sights and sounds at all hours of the night began to be of such frequent occurrence that the gentleman who occupied the front room, with his wife concluded to leave the place, but he fell sick and was obliged to remain. A week ago last Saturday night they had just gone to bed, when, at half past one o'clock—but a description of the room is necessary. There was a fire-place, with a little fire burning in it; the room door was alongside of the fireplace, and the bed was at the opposite extremity of the chamber; the door opened into the next room, which communicated with the street. These doors were locked and bolted. Well, the gentleman and his wife had gone to bed and blown the candle out. The gentleman occupied the front side of the bed, and consequently the lady lay next to the wall.

Suddenly a cold blast blew upon them from the direction of the door, accompanied by a rattling noise, such as is made by a silk dress. They looked their hands under the bed-clothes, and forthwith the coverings were plucked almost from the bed by unseen hands! They replaced their blankets, but they were jerked from their persons four times in succession. The lady finally looked out in an agony of fear, and saw, by the fire-light, and standing near the bed, a gloomy, towering, vapory shape, with its arm stretched forth toward her! She threw herself back and screamed. The trust her head beneath the blankets, and the phantom was seen no more. A lady visitor was left alone in the parlor for a moment one evening, when a tall, white specter floated quietly in and moved silently toward her. She arose and departed. The specter followed her. She fled in terror from room to room, and finally, glancing back for an instant, she beheld the specter standing at her shoulder. She screamed and fainted, and the specter disappeared. These things became so frightful at last, that a larger force of gentlemen was engaged to sleep in the house, for the better protection of the tenants against supernatural visitors. The result was the same. Ghosts were seen, but could not be captured; footsteps were heard in vacant rooms, but the foot were invisible; and strange sounds, also, as of some one dragging heavy articles across the floor, and others were thrown about the house, and the tenants fled in terror, and sighs and groans filled the air, but no one could dis-

cover whence they came or who made them; and the watchers, after searching for ghosts in the upper story, would come down stairs and look vacantly at each other, and shudder when their ears were greeted with a horrid noise, as of the fall of dirt and stones upon a coffin. But the most appalling circumstance occurred while one of those sick men, of whom we have spoken, was near his dissolution. It was just after midnight, and the lady who was nursing him (and she is a strong-minded, firm-nerved lady, too, by the way, and not imbued with a fear of phantoms) was sitting on the opposite side of the room from the bed, when she heard a noise in the unoccupied room overhead, as of men scuffling and striking each other, or, as she expressed it, "like one man murdering another."

She looked up toward the ceiling, and saw three balls of fire descend slowly from it and fall upon the sick man's pillow. At that moment the noise of the combat ceased. Fearing that a conflagration might ensue, the courageous woman ran over to the bedside as quickly as possible, and lo! a miracle. The three balls of fire had disappeared, and left in their stead three large gouts of fresh blood! She called assistance, and the bloody spotches were carefully examined, but no satisfactory conclusion was ever arrived at concerning them. They were seen that night by a dozen different persons, within twenty minutes after they fell. Now, there is a profound mystery about this matter which somebody who is not afraid of blood, and spectres and groans and things, ought to unravel. We are very unwell at present, or we would undertake this cheerful job with alacrity. Half a dozen persons of good nerve and courage have heard and seen the horrors of this haunted house, and none of them will consent to sleep there again. One gentleman says he does not know whether those sights and sounds are supernatural or not, and he does not even care about diving into the philosophy of the matter—he merely knows that he has had a liberal dose of them, and that is sufficient; he will meddle with them no more. All the tenants left the house last Sunday, and decline having anything more to do with haunted houses.

If any one doubts the truth of the matters set forth in this article, let him call at this office, and we will send him to the intelligent, matter-of-fact citizens who saw them, and heard them, and they'll stagger him. We cannot account for these horrible things. We do not pretend to. We only suggest that either the Devil has climbed up one of our deep shafts and gone to that house to board, or else some ingenious rascal, with an eye to business, has haunted the property himself, in the hope of so reducing its value as to enable him to buy it at a small price. Here ends the ghost story.—*California Paper.*

The Lecture Room.

THE IMMORTAL POWER OF LOVE.

A Discourse by Fred. L. H. Willis, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, June 7, 1893.

We find one beautiful law pervading or influencing all matter—the law of sympathy or attraction, which are only terms for the same principle of Love; and we call Love Infinite, and Eternal. "God is Love," said a reformer; but the world forgot to repeat the words and to declare that Love is God. The sublime revelation of God in matter as the power of Love, is not sufficient to satisfy the human spirit; the higher laws of God in the soul, God in the heart, God in the intellect; these alone prove to man his immortality and eternal destiny. But we will leave the general truths and laws of matter through the universes, and define the power of the human soul over every other soul, through what is termed its love or sympathy.

In the beautiful realm of spirit life the law of attraction guides every philanthropic and benevolent act. To love, means there to bless; to sympathize with, means to give of the best and truest gifts of the spirit. But earth has not yet perceived the beauty and truth of the first principles of life, because it has stood midway between matter and spirit, and in subduing the former to meet the latter, it has only learned the lesson of material force; but the world pauses not in its majestic march through time and space, and already has mind begun to put its lever to the wheel of Progress, and is rapidly proving that matter is wholly and altogether subject to its control. Before many cycles more the various inventions of the human brain will prove how directly matter can be united with will until the mechanism of the world shall seem like a spirit power, investing all substance with motion and action. As time moves on, also, the higher laws of all life begin to be revealed, and it is found that earth never stood so near to the immortal realm as now, for the veil of the inner temple in man's mind has been rent, and the glory of the immortal power of love stands revealed.

Within every human soul lies the attributes and powers of the highest, because every spirit has within it the principle of life, and as all life is linked to all other life, so is every soul, by its law of life, connected with the whole universe of spirit. But besides the universal union which is typified in the attraction of world for world, there is the more immediate union of separate and individualized spirits. When man enters upon his life here, he comes into the world as a unit—a whole. He has the attractive center in himself. The little infant is a magnet; within his tiny brain lies what must ever be to him the centre of all life. But as soon as the spirit unfolds within the infant body, then it is found that the organic law of life has made that spirit a compound of all that it has attracted unto itself. Put the child into the steps of manhood, and he represents in himself the very power, the very principle of all spirit force. He is a result of all that he has seen, felt or come in contact with. He has taken life from a myriad sources. But how? By the very law of attraction. As his body represents the natural kingdom, because it has taken from plant, mineral and animal, to form its parts, so has the spirit taken unto itself from all spiritual things—from mind, from affection, from spirit itself, until the attractive force within the soul can alone express what is represented in the inner or spiritual being. There lies enshrined the wealth of a mother's heart—the food the child fed upon—the trust and best love of woman. There lies the father's strength and his more positive love. There, too, the brother, sister, friend—the neighbor—the stranger that shared the same roof for a night—the very life of all these fed the life of that immortal spirit that has advanced from infancy to manhood, and it stands now just what all these have made it. The life that feeds the spirit, must become a part of the spirit, even as the food that is incorporated in the body becomes the body itself. Then what is the spiritual nature of the man thus formed by the life he has received from infancy up? He is a centre of links to the many minds he has received from.

Let this man pass from his body to where his spirit is not only the centre of the body, but is the body. Where, now, are the links that bound him to those that nourished his life? Where they bodily links?—were they fleshly ties? No! Then they could not perish with the body. They live in the very life of the spirit. Transferred to another climate, friend loves friend no less; but transferred from the material to the spiritual—from earth to the spirit home—there is not even the barrier of distance, for the spirit ever lives beside that which it loves, and will always seek by the laws of its life for that which it can bless and be blessed by. Hence, the earth knows no real loss of love when the spirit steps from out the shadow of life into the glorious light of the immortal realm, for spirit cannot change the law by which it became spirit, which law is life; and this life is love.

The misconception concerning the nature and laws of spiritual existence is very great. Matter encloses spirit and bounds it, and limits it, so that the human spirit is, in a measure, bound to space, is limited by time, and is every way subject to the law of matter. But free the man from the body, and the law of matter is subject to the laws of spirit. One of these laws is that distance is no barrier to feeling. You have an illustration in the magnetic telegraph of what can be done by the element of electricity toward annihilating distance. News travels instantaneously; intelligence is made to encompass continents in an instant; and why does the electric fluid fill the iron wire where it becomes a medium of thought? It is by the law of its life which attracts it to the iron. If you admit the law of attraction in the electric fluid, which is in truth life, then can you not trace a correspondence between that and the instantaneous flow of the thought and love of the spirit? "Hush," heaven knows no limits, and the electric life of love flows forth as the bond of soul to soul, and the means of perpetual union.

If you desire the knowledge of any particular sphere of life—if you wish to know all that pertains to it, you have only to come into perfect sympathy with it, and then you are one with it; it is a part of yourself. To remain ignorant of spiritual things is to have no love of them—no sympathy with them. To confess you do not care for spirit-realities, is to confess you have no link to the spiritual; for all desire springs from love. If you have one in spirit-life whom you cherish in the holy memory of your soul, if you keep the love within you bright and un fading, then fear not, for your love is the very proof of the sympathy between you and that one; the very life between you creates the continued love, and that life by its very law, is as sure a unit, as exists between station and station of the telegraphic wires. It is just as certain as life itself. Destroy God—and God is Love—and you destroy this law; but it is as eternal as life itself.

It is, perhaps, not possible for you to perceive this as a fact, but it is as certain as observation can make it, to those who are familiar with spiritual life and law. If you wish to test it, it is easy to do so; but a spiritual fact must be proven to the spirit. What fact so certain; what truth so real as that of parental affection. But do you see the love that goes forth to your child? Can you touch it and handle it? Can another describe it to you? And how do you know that your child loves you? Do you see its love? Do you depend upon notes? No! You trust to the power or life which appeals to your own love. This perception is a spiritual power, and the fact that you have affection for your child is spiritual fact; it is not dependent on the external senses, but is a law of life. It proves that you have a spirit, and that spirit is a life that lies within all external sense and observation; it is something that you cannot see, or touch, or hear, but you feel it in the spirit, or by an inner sense. This spiritual power, or reality, lying within you, is not a bodily attribute, and therefore, does not depend upon the body. You have then within your every-day life the fact of spirit power. If you are separated by a few miles from the object of your love, does your love cease? Oh, no; you feel it still, and you trust that it also feels and loves. But what is this trust? What is the feeling? What power tells you if the child or friend is in danger, or demands your care? What is it that assures you of its confidence, or makes you fear for its change? Oh, subtle power, but how direct! The spirit reality that lies within you uncomprehended is sufficient to bring to you the sublime truths of the immortal realm of life and unity.

Every affection of the human spirit is from its life, and all life is resident in the eternal and infinite. The power of love is certain in either blessing or harming the soul. For spirit gives a spirit through the affections, and if an impure, sinful man imparts through love to the pure soul, that soul feeds on what is likely to perill its sanctity. Think of it, ye men and women who have children in the spirit-realm whose tender life has never known the discipline of earth. You love them, you call for them, you demand by the law of your life the perfect union that love creates. You have the power within you—and you cannot put it aside—of blessing that child of your love, or of cursing it. And also remember, all to who have those that tread the paths of evil; those whom you love tenderly and hopefully—remember what power there is in your spirits to call back into the walks of beauty and blessing the stranger and wanderer therefrom. Reaching beyond all distance, stretching into all space, goes the electric power of your influence, and love directs it to its object. You can bind about the life of your friend or your neighbor, or your family, bonds of affection that shall be a continual safety and an eternal hope for them. But you cannot do this by vain repetition of protestations of love; by timid prayers, or by anything but love itself; because the sympathy is what gives the power. If the electrical fluid did not affiliate with the iron, it would fly to some object of attraction, and there would be no link to convey the element. So the soul that has no genuine love for humanity in it, can never be a reformer, or a medium through which shall flow the eternal life, the water of salvation, the redemptive power, the means of grace, for all these phrases mean only the immortal power of love. As the earth rolls on its axis and proceeds through space following the track of its inevitable course, it is no more surely bound to its place by the inherent laws of matter than is the spiritual realm bound to its place by eternal laws. But while the earth possesses a law of love or attraction that is not governed by intellect, so that it can think or feel, the spirit-world lives a conscious law or life and knows what it receives and what it demands.

The spirit life that has passed from the earth, necessarily increases greatly every year, because innumerable souls pass to the immortal realm. Hence, the spirit and conscious life that flows back to earth is constantly increased; and what is the effect? Why, this: the atmosphere of the earth is becoming more and more magnetic, more and more filled with the spiritual element, and therefore a period has arrived when men ask of spiritual things, for they feel the life or power of the spirit. The greater the degree of magnetic life that resides in the atmosphere, the more readily do men perceive the spiritual facts of the universe.

It is contended by religionists that heaven was nearer to earth centuries back than now. It is believed that ancient wise men, prophets and seers were more directly connected with heaven than men have ever been since. It is true that individuals reached through faith a very much higher position spiritually than have the masses since; but had an exact and truthful record of spiritual revelations been kept in any age since, it would be found that angels talked and conversed, that God was near, and heaven as plainly beheld, as ever in the past. And never was there so sublime a condition of the world as now. From the realm of spirit-life has been flowing for ages the immortal life; but men only knew of it as a sense of blessing, of grace, of inward illumination. All the seeds springing into life from the thought of some individual, have grown and strengthened because of the inflow of a spirit power. Exalted spirits do not regard the perille of vision that men create; they only ask, Can we increase the spiritual life of the world? Can we, through any men, or set of men, cause a degree of influence to be felt, so that the inner nature of individuals shall be warmed into life? By the far-sighted power of their love, they sought those who could be acted upon; hence many leaders of religion, many benevolent men who sought to reform evils, many men in governmental power, have been the direct agents to bring about certain ends that a higher wisdom beheld as necessary. But all this has been accomplished through love. Men of great affection, men who loved much, have been the ones who could feel the impulses of life from the spirit-realm, and act as those impulses demanded.

No one who has lived on earth has loved more earnestly and hopefully than the reformers of Judea. With what tenderness of pity, with what earnestness of hope, with what sublimity of love, did he behold the sin-sick world. What undoubting faith had he in the spiritual power of love. By it all men could be drawn or led; through it, earth could know her Saviour, her Redeemer. When the glory of the spirit-world was attained by him, what myriad links of love bound him still to earth, to the poor, the fallen, the weak, the irresolute, as well as to the noble and strong. The might of that influence has reached through all the ages since, and the redemptive power of it acts on men's minds, until they really and truly have a Saviour, a Mediator, one who loves, in the person of the crucified. How many reforms have been instituted by his energizing love; how many souls have been impelled forward toward a more spiritual life; how many spirit-baptisms have been poured out; how many noble deeds done; how many spirits refreshed by grace, all through the love and purity of him who came to bless the world, and who died to bless it, and who lived again to bless it. Oh, the immortal power of such love! But this love comes through its own channels. It is true to its divine law. It flows to its own. You will not find it in the proud aristocracy of place; in the assumptive power of those who make many proselytes; in the grandeur of observance; in the denunciation of the arrogant. No! It comes to those who can feel to those who love much, no matter how humble, how weak or how erring. It comes like grace to the weak, like power to the strong, like hope to the sinful.

Look up through the years since that one died. Mark your reformers, your noble workers, your heroes, your saints—they all loved much, and died perhaps because they loved the world and the world knew it not. All of them bore from the earth the law of their love, and their magnetism had innumerable channels through which to flow back to the home of their love; and all mankind was the home of such men; through their affections they were able to labor still. Call up in order the noble of earth, and you shall hear their names echoed from the immortal realm as the guard, the angels of earth.

But this power of love is not confined to the spirit-world. It works in the midst of you. All who have humanity's good, humanity's reformation, at heart, love much. They love individuals, and they love masses. Their life goes forth by the power of this love, and the blessing must go with it. There is no other true religion than that—no other Gospel than the Gospel of love. If there is an individual who weaves about others a strong power of affection, such an one is a reformer, no matter what his faith, because such an one is a mediator, a medium, and is truly, in some sense, a Saviour of the world.

A humble man who loves Nature and his fellow men, is far greater in the eyes of heaven than the man of wide-spread fame for brilliant gifts that the world loves to commend. To the eyes of the spirit who looks for the brightness of truth and of love, there is no party, there are no divisions. All men are equal in boldness who have equally pure hearts; all men are great who are filled with earnest love; all men are saved who seek the best good; all are redeemed who forsake sin; all are ministers who know the truth; all are preachers who live it; all men are Saviours who help the needy.

The day dawneth for the earth when the bright effulgence of heavenly love shall be felt in the souls of men, and then shall be outworked in lives more true and noble, and more perfectly allied to heaven. This day all prophets prophesied of, all seers beheld in beautiful vision, and the heart of humanity has cried out for it in prayer and in hope, repeating the petition, "Oh Zion, when wilt thou appear? Oh Jerusalem, thou holy city, descend. Oh, spirit of the Lord, dwell with thy people." Within the secret chambers of the soul of each man dwells this hope and desire, and it springs from the love of his own soul which responds, if ever so faintly, to the more glorious and better life of celestial lands. This time so far off, is ever at hand, for it is the today of the pure. This beautiful hereafter is the now to the souls that dwell in the eternity of divine love. Oh, mortals, dwelling yet in the obscurity of imperfection, would you dwell in the brightness of life, in the glory of the spiritual, in the peace of the divine? There is a key that will unlock the sacred portals to you. It is no mysterious way, and there is no dread chasm to pass.

Listen to the sweet voice that speaks in your souls. Hear what it repeats: "Love is the golden key; affection shall open wide the door, and the immortal power of your life shall place you within the golden streets of the eternal city, although you tread still the paths of human life. You shall walk with angels and hold communion with the high, even though your eye be dim and your ear deaf to the sights and voices of spirit-land; for he that loveth much dwelleth with God and God with him.

As near to every soul as the soul is to the body, is the bond of the immortal to the mortal. Beside you all walks forever an angel of love, and when your hearts open to the call of love, then there flows into them the benediction of heaven. Would you keep that life from you by passion, by ignoble desires, by unholy purposes, by trivial pursuits? Come hither, ye myriads of heavenly ones that love so much? Come from your realms of blessedness and life. Come little children, in your transcendent purity and grace. Come fathers, mothers, friends, come and proclaim to these, your beloved ones, how great, how sublime, how infinite and eternal, is the power of love. They come. My spirit eye sees the trailing garments of their glory. My spirit ear catches the sweet whisperings of their love. Listen. Silence your reasonings. Hush your doubts. Earth is linked to heaven, and like the breath of summer, like the dew of evening, like the light of day, yes, like all holy and beautiful things, is the benediction we give unto you, not only now, but in the daily conflict with life. Courage, faint hearts; peace, anxious ones. The immortal power of love keeps you now and forever.

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Correspondence.

The Contrast.

In this terrible war that has tortured the hearts and brought deep grief into the homes of so many soldiers, both North and South, in so far as caused by death or wounds, or demoralization, about equal in both sections, there is a wide difference between the free and slave States, except perhaps Delaware, which belongs with the free States. All along the line of the free States, from New Brunswick to the Pacific, there is an activity, enterprise, improvement and industry in all departments except the single one of manufacturing cotton goods, and a healthy business is done even in this.

The free States have increased in wealth and population since the war began nearly or quite as fast as before, and immigration flows in as usual, with at least but slight check. Public and private enterprise and improvement go on as usual, and none seem to feel confidence in the ability of our Government, or the value of our property. And such is partially true of the loyal slave States, especially Maryland and Missouri, but there is a wonderful contrast as you cross into rebeldom.

A Richmond paper stated in January last that one hundred years of prosperity would not restore Virginia to her former value. She has no doubt suffered most, and Missouri and Louisiana next, and Tennessee terribly, Kentucky much, and North Carolina much; and all the States terribly when compared to the North. Virginia never can be restored but by a new population and recovered enterprises there.

All branches of business in the rebellious States are ruined, or nearly so, except those the war requires.

and these are ruining the people, while in the North they are enriching thousands, and raising some case in the loss of life or morals. Their immigration has turned to emigration, and even their friends along the border beg to be sent North instead of South. Their currency has become nearly worthless, while ours is as good as ever, with a slight margin between it and gold and silver. Their slave property has nearly lost its value, and is being rapidly turned into a power to resist and put down the rebellion; and, indeed, in any and every direction we can see only ruin and a fulfillment of the Scripture, "Where the wicked rule the land mourns." WASHINGTON CHASE.

May 16th, 1863.

Places and Persons.—No. 4.

"Can you go over into Illinois, to-day?" asked Mr. B., looking up from a letter he was reading.

"Think not," I replied. "I have just emerged from a hideous chill, and the fever begins to give signs of life."

"Well, read the letter?"

I read: "I gave notice, in church yesterday, that Mrs. B. would speak here on Wednesday evening—The subject—'Woman's Mission,' and the fact that a woman is to speak, will call out a good audience. Be sure she does not disappoint us." J. H. C.

"What is to be done? This is Wednesday, and she can have gone."

"I know it," replied Mr. B., coolly; "but the freight has not gone. You can go with other nonchalants. Mrs. C. is acquainted with the way and the people. I'll go for her to escort you."

While my friend was in quest of an escort, I equipped for the journey.

In due time Mrs. C. arrived, and Bishop H. volunteered to see us stored away for Vermillion. We walked to the station in time to see the splendid "Queen of the West" marching out and away. There were no carriages, and no time to call on.

"What is to be done?" was the question.

"Let us walk on," I said. "If Destiny has marked my way over this rail, I shall go; if not, it will be all right."

On we went a short mile, when the conductor, in a compassionate mood, cried out, "halt." The engine obeyed, and the Bishop had the satisfaction of seeing us packed in among iron, oil, molasses, salt, sugar, &c. Crinolines were a little cumbersome as well as inconvenient among these commodities, but fashion calls for her victims, and cowards obey her call. Early in the afternoon we were deposited with "other merchandise" at Vermillion.

"In Mr. C. in the village?" I asked a native.

"I reckon not," was the reply. "He was in for the morning train looking for a woman who promised to preach to-night, but she disappointed us, and he went home."

We soon learned that we were to be sent to Mr. B's. "Who are they?" I asked.

"A Methodist family," was the answer. "There are no Spiritualists in this region, and you are known as one only to one or two persons, and they will keep the secret."

It was a secret I had not dreamed of keeping; but as there is no reform paper taken in the town, and a Spiritualist not likely to pass that way again in this century, the fact may never come to light.

Mr. B. gave us a kindly welcome. That Mr. B. had a good heart, there is no doubt; but his cold look, measured words, and general bearing, testified against me. I was not of his stripe. We differed widely in our views of heaven, God and his ministry, Lucifer, and of the temperature of the lower regions. This gulf could not be bridged. I sought refuge in the books I found lying about. But they were on the principle of poison for poison. After turning the pages of some half dozen wickedly pious books, I concluded the "Methodist Discipline" the least objectionable. But I read the marriage service, which gave me strong by-droptable symptoms. A woman in these last days promising to "honor and obey till death," without the benefit of a provision, in despair I went to my room, counted the paces of glass in the windows, adjusted the hanging picture, wondered over various ringlets of hair I found carefully put away. Then there was a new religion—a box of subway—they would beguile a little time. So, drawing a chair to the table, I commenced my researches.

The first case I opened, an old friend—with a somewhat youthful look—looked smilingly into my face. I was bewildered. How came—there? Who had known him in his younger days? Imagination was inventive. Here was a love story to me all a mystery. The picture was tucked out of sight in the north chamber, and I, a re-narration spirit, sent there to bring it and its history to light! Down I walked, as composedly as a woman under like circumstances can be. After paying a few common place things to Mrs. S., I remarked:

"You perhaps know Mr. S.?"

"Certainly! How came you to know him?"

"He is my friend—an old friend," I replied.

"And now—he was mine, but it is years since I have seen him, and—" there was a pause. Memory. It may be, had gone back to other days, and I respected the sacredness of her earlier memories, and was also silent. At length she remarked:

"You are from New England. You are so like Sarah C.!"

"Very likely," I said. "She is one of my model women. I may, in my admiration of her, have engrained some element of hers."

"Our first husbands were brothers," she said.

We were no longer strangers. Love and conviction had been forgotten. I only remembered that two young men, with hearts full of hope and promise, left New Hampshire for the West; they fell a prey to the pestilence, and were buried by strangers. I had visited their green graves, and brought away a few flowers as mementoes. I had wept for the dead and for the living, whose hopes had withered, for the young widows whose lives were clouded, whose hearts death had desolated.

I left Mrs. B.—next day, with her blessing and a message for our friend. Life is brimful of mystery and romance. But we walk the world unmurked; only Death and Love have power or permission to look behind the guise and read the records of the heart.

I returned to Terre Haute and finished my engagement, and, with blessings for blessing, turned toward Richmond, Indiana. Mrs. C.—and I had appointed a meeting there—a meeting of old friends—at the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker. We were all present, all hearty. The gathering was good, and profitable to us all.

Richmond is famous for its broad and clean streets, for its gardens and fine dwellings, for its broad Quaker charities and its piousness. In Richmond the outposts meet. Garrison and Jefferson Davis live there in spirit. Anti-slavery and slavery together walk the streets. Freedom has bulled her temple there, but dignity has gugged and stood her.

"Liberty!" is the watchword of Garrison. Davin says, "Down with it!" Three months, in the past year, have immortalized the city. Berecution cried aloud from a Richmond press, and the Union soldier demolished it. George W. Julian went there to speak for human rights, and received in turn a shower of unworkable eggs. The Davenport Boys have just been there with the gospel of immortality, and were implored for impostors. But Richmond was thoroughly saturated of her fowdism, and for her she is putting on sackcloth.

A long ride brought me home, to the extreme north of the State, where the next month will find me.

H. P. M. Snow.

Middlebury, Ind., June 14, 1863.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLLEY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. I see not a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in our unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Discipline.

It is needed in every department of life; the little child swarms beneath its salutary infliction; the liberty he deems his right is denied him; the thing he longs for is refused, and sorrow swells the infantile heart, and the big tears course down the rosy cheeks. The proud ambitious boy is thwarted in his first plans, and he wails and fumes, and strives rebelliously against the power that crushes him. The strong man bends in agony beneath the stroke of discipline; that he calls misfortune, disappointment, loss of life's brightest hopes. And thus until the awakened and understanding soul views rightly the ministry of sorrow, will the needed discipline of years be viewed in the light of a cruel infliction, an undeserved punishment.

Not so with the spiritualized soul. That accepts the trial-time as the necessary means of its purification, and consequent elevation unto higher planes of insight, knowledge and fruition. The human tears will well up from the wrong heart's agony; but there will be no resistance to the will of that ordaining God that works by immutable law. When the storm has passed, the inner realm will be sanctified by its influence, the blinding rays of heaven will penetrate its hitherto dark recesses, and over all be shed the balm of peace. Have we not all lived to behold the imperishable soul fruits that matured on the sorrow-stricken trees of life? Have we not gained incalculable stores of wealth in the perishing of our earthly hopes. In the loss of the visible gold? Has not treachery and deception taught us prudence and wisdom? Penury and abandonment of seeming friends have given us the keys to inward self-reliance, to the heavenly domain of true friendship. Was it not well to pass over the burning sands, the inhospitable wastes, in order to reach so gracious an Eden of abiding love? The tears shed over our beloved dead watered the first blossoms of immortal faith that upspring in the arid, world-encrusted heart.

From the indolence of haughty security, and the apathy of untried capacities, we have been healthfully aroused by the stern grasp of sorrow, change, vicissitude; from selfish sloth we were called to sympathizing effort; from idle apportionment, from the duties of human fellowship, to the union of endeavor for the good of all; from plans of self-aggrandizement, to world-wide schemes of beneficence; from helpless lamenting of one's own hard fate, to willing, cheerful aid of heart and hand, for self and all. All the dormant energies, the whispering powers, the feeble aspirations, are imbued with life and fervor by the directing fiat of that much dreaded angel—Discipline—ever by our side, upon this mortal journey, leading us over stony paths, and rugged cliffs, over threatening seas, and solitary places of gloom, dear haunts of discord, and turbulent marts of worldly confusion. This angel-teacher is commissioned of our Father to lead us ever upward, until our souls' best efforts have won for us the peace and joy of Heaven. Let us not shrink from trial, but hail it with resigned heart and over hopeful spirit, as the needed discipline, without which our souls would remain rough-hewn and unfitted for the angel life of our inmost and highest aspiration.

A Central Principle.

We may resolve to curb one propensity to-day, or some other propensity to-morrow, out of sheer mortification at the trouble it gave us at a particular time, and merely because we would not wish to be caught again in a position where such ugly remarks were liable to be made. We may restrain some particular sin for once, from an interested motive; or cruelty some vanity this time, because of its incongruity; or resolve to keep ourselves pure from some threatened contagion, on account of certain conventions which is to be secured to ourselves; but all this is only acting from policy, a make-shift style of conduct, a wretched vacillation of purpose, and has no sort of root in the character. We may perhaps delude ourselves with the belief that we are really reformed, when we are merely acting on policy. It is easy to become the victims of mistakes of this sort.

If, however, we are to become changed-for the better, it must be with a view to a permanent change; and such can be effected only in obedience to a central and controlling principle. It is entirely out of the question that a man, who is notoriously a lover of falsehood, should become a truth-teller, because he thought it worth while to refrain from lying for a single day. Exceptions do not exactly make rules. No sort of professed reform can well be called real and abiding, unless it is undertaken from obedience to reformed views, and persevered in for the same reason. A new policy is not the same thing as a fixed principle; and he who, in following the one, takes the credit of obeying the other, simply deceives himself, and will live to see his error.

He who acts from a central idea, or conviction, is always self-poised and self-governed. In all his conduct, he has a fixed and ready standard to which to refer his actions. He is never liable to be taken off his feet by the gusts of passion, or to have his head swim with the whirling impulses of his vanity. Having established his life at the centre of his being, he must needs grow naturally and healthily, which is from centre to circumference. The procession of his experience is from within outwardly, as it ought to be; and not in the contrary direction, as is too often the case. No one can expect to work any radical change in his character, until he has started at the germ and life of his being with the desired work.

Eclipse.

The eclipse which, in spite of newspaper predictions, we managed to see some time since, brought with it a sudden storm of wind that blew the dust into the eyes of everybody. It would have been a very pretty affair, could we have had a better view of it; but as our geographical position, or rather our latitude and longitude would not allow us to see what less benighted people were permitted to gaze upon with open-mouthed wonder, it was only left us to pocket the disappointment and wait till the old earth came round and threw in her ugly shadow across Luna's fair disc another time. An eclipse of a luminary of the best.

ous, however, never occasions the sorrow which accompanies the sight of an eclipse of a human soul, by the clouds of passion, of intemperance, of selfishness, of malignant temper, and of frenzied rage. Then it is pitiful indeed. To witness a person, whose qualities are noble and whose instincts are exalted, surrendering up his self-control to the unsafe and entirely irresponsible rein of the devil that ever stand ready to usurp authority, is enough to touch the heart with the profoundest sorrow. Let us all pray God we may not fall into eclipse ourselves. The light of the man goes wholly out then, and he stumbles and tumbles in black darkness. He were as well dead as following such a life, for it is one to which no illumined soul was ever naturally born.

The Intermediate State.

Much more than ordinary interest was excited, during anniversary week in this city, by the delivery of a couple of discourses in Park street church, by Rev. Dr. Hittcock, which treated of the intermediate state of the departed. A writer in the Traveller is informed—we did not ourselves happen to listen to the discourse—that he contended that the whole human family, on leaving the bodily form, enter into an intermediate state, where they will remain until the end of the world, and after that the separation generally preached by Calvinists, into sheep and goats, will take place. The speaker went into a discussion of the difference, or apparent difference, between the belief of the writers of the Old Testament (of course meaning only those whose productions were permitted to be bound up in the Bible), and that of the men who wrote the New Testament, explaining what he considered the difference between the Hebrew *Sheol*, the Greek *Hades*, and the English *Hell*. He confessed that a belief in an intermediate state of the departed, somewhere, was fast gaining ground in Protestant churches, and already had many strong advocates and warm defenders. Yet he took great care to show his hearers how his own views on this subject differed from those of the Roman Catholics relative to Purgatory, and from those of Swedenborg relative to the World of Spirits.

The writer of the communication in the Traveller says that so profound an interest was excited in the minds of those who listened to the discourses, they expressed a desire to see the same produced in print for more general perusal. And he goes on to state for himself that Mr. Sears, in his "Atheism," dwells on this "World of Spirits" doctrine with great beauty and power; and that Robert Dale Owen, in his "Footfalls," gives a history of the summary process by which Luther cut out from his doctrinal system the whole theory of Purgatory and everything associated with it. He likewise adds—"Although many eminently learned men may differ about the terms in which an intermediate state is described, yet the fact that such a state is beginning to be widely admitted bids fair to open anew one of the leading doctrines of the oldest church." There is no mistake about it, that the Church is getting so early stirred up about its old creeds, in one way and another, that it is obliged to fall back upon the very oldest forms of belief, which it once professed to spurn and loathe, in order to satisfy in some degree the sympathies and the reasonings of the human family.

Fair Play.

A writer in the Investigator, it is evident, is somewhat annoyed because we called on that Journal and others which published a lie about Mrs. Hatch, to contradict it. It is also evident that the Investigator and other papers go out of their way often to endeavor to bring into disrepute the Spiritual Philosophy of the present day, in a manner not very creditable to the editorial fraternity. For instance, the editors of the Cincinnati Daily Commercial and Daily Evening Times refused to publish a refutation of the slander they promulgated against Mrs. Hatch, when requested so to do, as we are informed by a correspondent, after twice promising they would. And now the lesser second-hand libel crawls out of his awkward predicament by saying "a Miss Hoyt" said what was attributed to Mrs. Hatch as saying. This is a considerable large country, and some parts of it are thickly settled, and the Hoyt family are spread all over Uncle Sam's domain. Now such being the fact, had not the writer in the Investigator better be a little more explicit in his proof of the "fact," as he is pleased to denominate the lie in question, and give us the full name of that Hoyt, etc., ere he accuse us of telling half the story.

Explanatory.

Friend Herald, we had no intention of disturbing your equanimity when we notified you that the account of the alleged séance at the White House was a fiction. We are aware that editors are more liable to be imposed upon by designing persons than other people, especially when respectable journals are guilty of originating such errors, and hence we desired to post you correctly in the matter. If we erred in so doing, we beg to be excused.

You ask us for evidence that no such séance took place. First, its contradiction was telegraphed to the daily papers from Washington, "by authority," (using the language of the Evening Gazette, in which the story originated). Second, the Gazette itself owned up. Third, reliable information to us from Washington direct. This is our evidence. Is it satisfactory? If not, perhaps the following, which we extract from the Milwaukee Daily Life of June 6th, will be—

"SPIRITUALISTIC.—Our neighbors of the Sentinel, June 1st, copied nearly a column from the Boston Gazette, purporting to be a report of results obtained at a spiritual seance at the President's mansion, in Washington, some time in April. We observe that no precise date is given for the wonderful story, however, which may be set down as rather suspicious, and our opinion coincides with the Sentinel's, that the whole thing is purely imaginative."

Mrs. Hatch in Lyceum Hall again.

We are informed by the lecture committee of the Society of Spiritualists worshipping in Lyceum Hall, in this city, that they have made arrangements with Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch to lecture for more Sundays in Lyceum Hall. The great desire manifested to hear Mrs. Hatch during her limited visit here in May—which could not then be extended—induced the committee to re-engage her at the earliest opportunity, and they have succeeded in doing so for the two last Sundays in June and the two first in July. This will be gratifying news to the many admirers of Mrs. Hatch, as they will have another opportunity to listen to her inspired eloquence on Sunday next.

Announcements.

A. Harlow, M. D., of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, in consequence of impaired health, has been obliged to resign his position as surgeon in the army, and has returned to his home, where he will resume the duties of his profession as soon as his health will permit.

U. Clark speaks in Westfield, Mass., Friday evening, the 19th, and Sunday, the 21st. He is addressed at this office at present.

Mr. George A. Peirce, trance medium, will speak in West Hilot, Me., on Sunday next, June 21st.

Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Odd Fellows' new Hall, on the corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, will be dedicated on the evening of the 17th of June. An address will be delivered on the occasion by Wm. E. Parmenter, Esq., of Massachusetts Lodge, and a poem by B. P. Shillaber, a member of Siloam Lodge.

Fred. L. H. Willis's Lectures.

Mr. Willis occupied the platform of the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, June 7th, and was greeted with good audiences, notwithstanding the refreshing showers of rain, which the earth so much needed. This was his first appearance in this city as a lecturer, with one exception, although he is no stranger to these parts, for, it will be remembered, he was a student in Harvard College several years ago, and openly avowed his belief in Spiritualism, when he was set upon by the Professors of the College, and persecuted to the utmost of their power, and finally expelled from that liberal institution on account of his religious belief, or because he would not acknowledge physical manifestations to be a humbug and himself an impostor, when he possessed positive knowledge of their genuineness.

Mr. Willis has been laboring in the West for the last five or six years. Our friends in Coldwater, Michigan, invited him to settle there, and built for him a neat and commodious edifice in which to hold meetings, and he has labored with them for the last five years. He is now on a tour through New England, where our friends will gladly welcome so accomplished a gentleman and able advocate and expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy.

How natural is the rent of causes which sometimes seem mysterious. The act of the Faculty in expelling the student has proved a blessing to humanity, for it placed him in a free position to receive the inspiration and wisdom of the spiritual-world, and to give forth to the multitude more spiritual truth and light than has been imparted through the theological teachings of old Harvard for the last fifty years.

Mr. Willis, on this occasion, gave two very able and truly eloquent discourses. His afternoon theme—"The Immortal Power of Love"—was a production of rare merit, exhibiting a harmonious blending of the genius and wisdom of the spiritual and the material worlds.

It was truly a spiritual production, and must have reached the hearts of the auditors. At the close of the address, the speaker was fully entranced, and gave a beautiful poem.

That our readers may have an opportunity to judge of the merits and beauty of the lecture, we have printed it in this number of the BANNER; it will be found on the third page, and we hope all our readers will peruse it.

In the preceding, Mr. Willis gave an unusually able discourse upon this subject: "The Reclamation of the Future in the Present." The speaker said, if it were possible for a person to read the causes that produce effects in all their manifestations, he would have, at all times, a distinct and clear revelation of the coming time; he would find prophecy to be existence itself, because he would read the results of all things in the causes that are continually operating in the forces of Nature and the Spirit. Thus each century is the begetter of the next, and in proportion each moment of time produces the next. The steady march of the ages through the cycle of eternity has unrolled the inevitable events of worlds and universes. It is for us to read not alone the past, but also the future; for the past is all recorded in the present, and the future is sealed to us only because we have not a clear vision or a comprehending sense of its import.

From this starting point he proceeded to trace some of the leading events of the time, not only in regard to our own country, but European powers. He said the events of only a few weeks, or even days, sometimes show us the first act of a grand history. The first cannon fired upon Sumter reads now—"Liberty shall triumph; my people shall go free, with the Lord." After the first terrible defeat of our national forces, who could read the import of it? But now it is easy. They forgot the human and his cause, and took counsel with sin.

After dwelling upon various events in a strain of eloquence which riveted the attention of his hearers, he said the coming time lies always within the hearts of men. This gigantic rebellion, that is costing so much blood and treasure—and which in its results shall be worth far more than its cost—was not the off-spring of a day or year. Nor it was hidden from human view through long years; but still it existed in the souls of the selfish and despotic, and the outbreak was only the fulfillment of that prophecy of years, which any blind man ought to have been able to declare.

Passing on he remarked, that if the world is to be redeemed from its ignorance and wrong, it must first feel the warm breath of human love, the only birth-place of which is in the soul.

But we will not undertake to follow him through the entire lecture, for we should not do it justice. He scanned the future with the prophetic ken of a inspired seer, and gave a cheering picture of our country's progress when it shall have risen from its present thralldom, hopeful to the heart of every patriot, reformer and well-wisher of humanity generally. The beauty of man before it can become a fact to him. Hence the spiritual-world, with its gates of glory, cannot win the true and noble man from the realities of noble living. No prophetic vision of the beautiful hereafter can draw his love from human hearts; and the more he aspires for heaven, the more he seeks the humble, the sinful and sorrowful, that he may pour forth unto them the sweetest of hope, until they also seek to live the truer and better life.

Thus the prophetic voice of the future becomes the inspiration of to-day, and each man the son of the Infinite, to bring the glory of the spiritual unto the mortal, and crown the earth with the glory of heaven.

Important English Confession.

At a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in London, Mr. C. Buxton, M. P., made the following significant confession:

"He admitted that he was wrong in his anticipations of the result of the issuing of the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. He thought it would have aroused the slaves, and he had looked with horror at the consequences of such an uprising, which must have ended in their utter extermination. However, all his apprehensions had proved to be vain. The negroes had shown that patience and wonderful forbearance of spirit which always characterized their race, and had not brought about those dreadful calamities which he had apprehended. It appeared to him that the cause of abolition was extending over the continent of America, and that although the negroes had not chosen to rise against their masters, they had nevertheless shown a great abhorrence of slavery. They had shown how eager they were to escape, and how ready they were to undergo the severest trials in order to make their way to where the Federal flag was waving. He believed that with the zealous cooperation of the Federal Government, and with the increasing love of freedom and abhorrence of slavery which was creeping more and more over the heart and conscience of the world, they might look within a few years to see not only the abolition of the Spanish slave trade in Cuba, but the abolition of slavery throughout the world."

New Music.

We have received the following choice pieces of sheet music from the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street: "The Eldora Polka," for piano; a patriotic national song, entitled, "Bear on to Victory," words by J. M. Fletcher, music by E. T. Baldwin; "The Dew Drop," a Polka Redown, by A. E. Warren; "To Canada," a song and chorus of the six hundred thousand "champions of liberty;" "The Carol of the Mocking Bird," a pretty Schottische, by N. P. L. Curtis; "The Maquerade Galop," composed for the piano by James H. Wilson; Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Cumberland," set to music by F. Booth; "Dance Me Along the way," a pretty song; "Corn is King," words by Miss Mary W. Jarvin, music by E. Nason.

New Publications.

FRANK WASHINGTON: A Novel. By the author of "Butledge." Carleton, Publisher: New York. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This appears to be a more decided work of literary art, and perhaps of individual power, than either of the author's previous popular productions—"Butledge" and "The Sutherlands." It brings as a tale upon the incidents and moving scenes of the present war, and is full of persons—men and women—who wear living and breathing characters wherever they go. We hear it very highly spoken of by such as are allowed to be excellent judges in modern fiction. Certainly, the fame of the other books of the same author ought to excite the reading public to a very high pitch of enthusiasm in their pursuit of the present work. The former productions sold to the extent of some forty thousand copies. We look to see this attain a wide popularity and fame.

We have in our hands a four page pamphlet, entitled "The Price of Peace," written by H. S. Brown, Milwaukee. It discusses briefly the great question of Free Speech, the matter of Man Worship, the inquiry whether Progression shall cease, Who must be Rewarded, Political Parties, and the Scientific Party. It is radical and thorough. The writer betrays more or less impatience with existing evils, even those which the slowest conservatives admit to be such; and would have an instant change, at almost any cost. But human nature being the clay to be worked upon, it is rather slow and patient labor, which we shall find most speedily accomplished by each sticking as close to the buzz of his own turning lathe and the improvement of himself as he is able. The thoughts of the writer of this little pamphlet are excellent, and worthy serious consideration. Propositions are made for an entirely new style of legislation, to which, however, men will be much more likely to feel their way than to jump as across a chasm.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This popular publication has reached its eighteenth volume. The July number being the first of that volume, affords an excellent opportunity for new subscribers. Each number is complete, and contains nearly one hundred pages of reading matter, making it the cheapest magazine in the world. Single copies are only ten cents. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, 118 Washington street, are the editors and proprietors.

We have received by mail a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled "The Great American Crime: or Cause and Cure of the Rebellion." Embracing philosophical characters and pen-and-ink portraits of the President, his leading Generals and Cabinet Officers; together with an appendix on the slavery controversy, in which is submitted a novel plan for the full and final adjustment of this vexed question. By L. M. Smith, Practical Theorologist: Cincinnati. Price of ten cents per copy.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW, a monthly magazine published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, New York, comes to us filled with choice reading matter. The June number contains a fine steel engraving of Past Grand Sir Howell Hopkins, of Philadelphia.

We understand that Longman & Co., publishers of London, Eng., have in press a work by a talented author, entitled, "FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT," the result of ten years' experience in Spiritual Phenomena. There can be no doubt but that it will meet with an extensive sale in this country, if it proves to be as interesting a book as those who pretend to know pretend.

Rev. T. W. Higginson's contributions to the Atlantic Monthly are to be republished by Ticknor & Fields in a handsome volume, under the title of "Outdoor Papers." The papers were originally published under the titles of "Saints and their Bodies," "Physical Courage," "Gymnastics," "The Health of our Girls," "Letter to a Dyspeptic," "The Murder of the innocents," "A New Counterblast," etc.

Scientific Men needed to Expound Spiritualism.

In a recent article in the BANNER, copied from the London Spiritual Magazine, Judge Edmonds, in speaking of the method of discovery in Spiritualism, laments that eminent scientific men have not entered on its investigation. He thinks that investigators are too eager to theorize, and not careful enough about facts. He is really cautious about this, and would not have a common observer theorize at all, only note the facts. He would call in some "eminent man," and have him institute a series of investigations, and after a sufficient number of facts had accumulated, have him draw forth the generalization, telling how spirits communicate, and the philosophy of their existence and inter-relations with earth.

In all deference to Judge Edmonds, we dissent from his ideas. We can see no need of "eminent" men to investigate, sifting up facts, theorizing therefrom. We know nothing, not even the name of the elements employed by spirits. We have no instruments with which to detect their presence or character. Except in their action they are not recognizable by any of our senses. Undoubtedly this, great men have a fine opportunity of displaying their littleness in theorizing, nothing more.

The spiritual intelligences who discovered the various processes of communication; who are actively engaged in perfecting those processes; to whose senses the spiritual elements hold similar relations that physical elements do to ours, are they not the source to which to apply for information? It strikes me that they can tell us the *modus operandi* of their intercourse with us, and their relations to earth, in a much more perfect manner than all the great men of the world sitting in conclave around a tipping table recording facts, can possibly do.

I would ask, if a traveler should return from a foreign country, which we should do—get an eminent man to record facts, and by logic deduce conclusions what the traveler had seen, and how he came home, or ask the traveler himself?

If spiritual communication is not sufficiently reliable to teach us its philosophy, it is valueless. If the spirits cannot be believed in the very essence of their intercourse, how shall they be relied on? If we ever have a Spiritual Philosophy, we cannot see from whence it can be derived but from the spirits themselves.

Spiritualism.

Above all the religions that have yet held a place in the affections of the people, Spiritualism is the most liberal; is the broadest, the deepest, the purest. True Spiritualism is perfectly spiritual. There is nothing in spirit that is impure. All impurity is material. So all the bad things charged to Spiritualism are not of Spiritualism, but are of Materialism. It is our purest and holiest affections that call our attention and devotion to spiritual things.

Spiritual things are so deep and so high, that when we come to take cognizance of them we only seem to step upon the threshold of a boundless world. We feel a beauty in them that fills us with unmeasured love, and a vastness that gives us a foretaste of infinity. They make the perceptions go over the confines of self and selfishness, and sweep the wide world in generous liberalism. True Spiritualism takes no note of Sectarianism, but leaves all sects, as the traveler leaves the grains of sand behind he travels over. It fulfills the mission of charity, by "believing all things" are in their time and place, it has passed the ordeals of opposition, and reverts no evil.

Sensible Remarks.

A writer in the June number of the London Spiritual Magazine, in giving an account of several Spiritual seances in England, concludes as follows:

"It appears to me that the only way of testing the truth of Spiritualism, is to put the question to Nature—that is, to experiment. To sit round a table giggling, laughing, cracking jokes, and deriding Spiritualism and Spiritualists, as I have seen many do, and as I have done myself, is not the way to discover the truth. The facts of Spiritualism are circumstances exactly like the facts of the physical sciences. The chemist, or the electrician, observes a fact and makes a statement about it; and that statement is believed, because there is no reason to doubt its truth, and because everybody knows that any man can test the truth of the alleged fact whenever he likes. Hence hundreds of facts are believed solely on the testimony of one or two persons. In fact, the belief of a large portion of mankind in what is popularly called physical science, is neither more nor less than a blind and unintelligent faith. It is not necessary, however, that faith in science should be either blind or unfaithful—insomuch as it may be based on knowledge. So it is with respect to Spiritualism. We may believe it on the testimony of others, or we may put the question to experiment, and ascertain the truth more directly. The latter is the plan I adopted, the results being such as I have previously recorded. These results leave not a shadow of doubt on my mind as to the fact of our being surrounded by invisible and intelligent beings, and as to the additional fact of our being able to communicate with them almost whenever we like."

The Late Rain.

Who will say it was not wanted all round about us? The earth was parched, and vegetation almost at a standstill, but we now have reason to be thankful, for the clouds gathered and poured out a bonny supply of the article most needed, and again all Nature smiles. May not the black clouds of war, which are at present hovering around us, be "angels in disguise," and like the rainstorm that has just passed, serve to fructify in due time the parched soil in human hearts, and cause to germinate therein fruit more acceptable to God and humanity? Let us hope so.

Dr. J. H. Newton.

At the earnest solicitation of many prominent citizens of New Haven, Conn., we understand, Dr. Newton has consented to visit that place to heal the sick who could not conveniently journey to Boston for the purpose. He opens his office there on the 29th inst. Several remarkable cases of healing, we are informed, have been made during the Doctor's brief sojourn among us, which we may notice more fully hereafter.

Easyway.

"THE CIVILIZATION OF LIFE," and "THE RISING GENERATION," were the subjects discussed at our circle May 6th and 7th. See the reports on the sixth page of this issue.

Picnic at Dungeon Rock, Lynn.

This picnic is advertised for the 17th inst., as will be seen by the notice in another column.

Personnel.

Col. Isaac F. Shepard, of Mississippi, formerly of this city. It is stated, to be made a Brigadier General, and take command of a colored brigade.

Gen. Grant is just forty-one years old, and is of a sanguine complexion. He is a native of Ohio, a Buck-eye.

Queen Victoria completed her 44th year on Sunday, May 31st. The 20th year of her reign will be completed in a few days. She is good for thirty years more, and we hope for thirty more to the end of those.

Miss Parsons, daughter of Hon. Theophilus Parsons, of the Cambridge Law School, on the breaking out of the war, animated by the same spirit that led Florence Nightingale to the Crimea, fitted herself to take charge of our sick and wounded soldiers. Her tact and talents have been recognized, and she has been placed in charge of the great hospital on Bedloe's Island.

A Western paper says George H. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, who went down to Virginia to defend John Brown, is now the leader of an independent band of soldiers, who are hunting down guerrillas, and otherwise harassing the enemy.

IMPORTANT ACTION OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

The Chicago Tribune has a special despatch from Washington, stating that John Ross writes to the Indian Bureau that a special Cherokee Council, at Cow-skin Prairie, in February, decreed the severance of all connection with the rebels, and the abjuration of slavery. A general council of tribes is to be called, and a delegation, of which John Ross is chairman, has been sent to Washington, to renew the treaties with the United States, and petition that the Cherokees may return to their own country.

An Evening with Jennie Lord and the Spirits.

As we were sojourning, a few days since, in the "City of Spindlers," we were invited to be present at one of Jennie Lord's Musical Seances. We accepted the invitation, and witnessed a class of manifestations well calculated to convince any honest skeptic of their truth.

After the circle (which consisted of thirteen persons) was formed, the doors securely locked and the keys entrusted to the one who was the most skeptical, the lights were extinguished, and all, with the exception of the lady who performed on the melodeon, were requested to join hands, and each to keep watch of their next neighbor, thus preventing, as far as mortals were able, the possibility of fraud.

After waiting about fifteen minutes, during which time we were requested to sing, in order to harmonize the circle, our ears were greeted with sounds, as if the various instruments provided for the occasion were being tuned. First the bass viol was tried, and subsequently used by the spirit with the skill and power of an old performer. Next the guitar floated over our heads, discoursing sweet melody, soon followed by a hand-bell, tambourine, bass drum, and other instruments. All were used as no mortals could possibly have used them, as was admitted by the most skeptical persons present.

In addition to the above, some in the circle were waited upon to a glass of water. (It will be remembered that these things were done without the use of human hands.) One skeptical gentleman who was thus waited upon, declared that no mortal could have handled the glass with more ease or grace.

The spirits extracted the perfume from a bouquet of flowers in the room, and waited it in our faces, thus clearly proving that they are adept in an art as yet unknown to mortals. "One of the *post mortem* performers favored us with a genuine Virginia "break down," accompanying himself on the tambourine. Various members of the circle were repeatedly touched. If there had been a dozen persons loose in the room, they could not have done what we heard and felt. On the contrary, all hands were joined upon the table.

At the close, the medium and the chair in which she was seated were lifted upon the table. So gently was this done, that those sitting each side of her were not aware of her position until lights were called for.

Ned Kendall was present, and said that if his high had been there he could have played on it, so that those present who knew him would have recognized the notes as his by the peculiar sound he always gave. The conditions were exactly right for the performance, and all present regretted that the instrument was not there.

F. C.

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LITTLE JOHNNY.

A POEM DELIVERED BY MISS LIZZIE DOWEN, AT THE
CLOSURE OF A LECTURE IN BOSTON, MAY 10TH,
AND ADDRESSED TO THE PARENTS OF LITTLE JOHNNY
—MR. AND MRS. THOS. A. DENISON, OF CHICOPPEE,
MASS.

Sing not, oh blessed angels!
To those who truly mourn,
But come with gifts of healing,
For heart-strings freshly torn.
Sing not, oh blessed angels!
But weep with those who weep."

Come not, oh spirit teachers!
With wisdom from above,
But come with soft, low whispers
Of sympathy and love.
Truths seem uncertain shadows
Beneath the clouds of care;
Come, then, in friendly alliance,
And strengthen them to bear.

What wilt ye bring, oh angels,
To soothe the troubled breast?
"We will bring the cherished loved one
From the mansions of the blest.
Like a wandering dove returning,
He shall nestle in each heart;
They will feel his blessed presence,
And their sorrow shall depart.

"We will lead them from their darkness,
Out to the shining light,
And scenes of heavenly beauty
Shall greet their longing sight.
There shall they see their loved one,
Free from his earthly pain;
Their souls shall cease from sorrow,
And shall ask him not again.

"Oh we only opened gently
His little prison door;
He stepped into the sunshine,
And then returned no more.
He dwells not now in weakness,
In the spirit's narrow cell,
But yet remains forever,
To those who loved him well."

What wilt ye bring, oh teachers,
To those who suffer loss?
"We will bring them faith, and patience,
And strength to bear their cross—
To bear it bravely, calmly,
Although the way seem long;
Till hearts that bleed with anguish,
Shall burst into a song.

They shall walk in Faith's clear sunshine,
With souls renewed in youth,
And the little child shall lead them
To a knowledge of the truth.
Tell them the loving angels
Watch o'er their darling boy—
They are sharers of their sorrow,
And helpers of their joy."

Fischings of U. Clark around Boston.

The busy throngs pouring into the great beehive of Boston from all the suburban villages clustering around for miles give no indication that we are in the midst of the greatest war of modern civilization. All the shops, stores, bazars, hotels, and places of amusement, seem constantly crowded; and the streets are choked with carts, carriages, cars and pedestrians, driven along as though all creation was hurrying toward some impending carnival. The sidewalks blaze with an unwonted array of fashionable splendor, and thousands of smiling faces beam with a radiance hiding the dark thunder-cloud hanging over the continent. All sorts of goods and products seem in unusual abundance, and all sorts of trades indicate the "city of notions" filled with life and joy. Not the least sign of war is seen by the spectator, either in the country or cities of New England.

An anniversary week in Boston passed off without any great excitement, except the embarkation of the first colored regiment of Massachusetts. This was a marked event, and it was handled appropriately in the Anti-Slavery Convention, where an unusual degree of interest was apparent. Nine years ago, the military of Boston was called out to aid in sending Burns back to bondage. Through the same street down which Burns was marched, the first colored regiment of Massachusetts marched to embark for the South and settle the old score.

The signs of spiritual interest in and around Boston continue suspiciously beyond what is usual for approaching Summer. Many old places are to continue meetings during the warm season, and some new places are starting afresh. Most of the speakers are engaged through the Summer, and beyond. The spiritual look business is uncommonly lively, and the demand for the right kind of work is rapidly increasing. The friends of the cause through the country manifest a laudable zeal in sustaining the press, and well that they realize that this is our mightiest lever for the overthrow of error and the rearing of the new spiritual temple in the hearts of the people.

The zeal of New England in sustaining public meetings ought to be imitated by our friends in New York and many sections of the West, where the cause is not kept alive before the people. There are scores of places in New York and the West where the friends have abundance of means, but lack the right sort of untiring activity. Hence many speakers are impelled to come East, where their labors are more substantially encouraged. There are numerous noble friends west of New England, numerous places where they have done heroic service, and numerous places where public meetings are now well supported; but there are many more idle places where the friends are really stronger and more numerous than places in New England which sustain lectures every Sunday.

Bro. J. M. Peabody and F. L. H. Willis, of Michigan, are on their way East, but I trust the Wolverine State will not allow them to remain, however well their services may be appreciated in New England. I regret to learn that Central and Western New York have lost Leo Miller for a while, though he is most cordially welcomed at his new home in Worcester, Mass. Wm. Denton has been favorably received in Boston and vicinity, and is now issuing an interesting work on Psychometry. Giles B. Stebbins is in the East. S. J. Finney spends part of the Summer in Lowell. J. H. W. Tooley has made Boston a flying visit. Mrs. Epence is in Maine.

Dr. J. B. Newton has been doing good healing service in Boston. Some of his operations are remarkable, though he does not claim to be equally successful in all cases. On recently experiencing a relapse of my old Western plague in the form of chills and fever, I was tempted to try Dr. Newton, but I dropped into Dr. O. York's, 8 Westbury street, Charlestown, and put him to the test. Though modest in his claims as a clairvoyant, electric and electrical physician, the Doctor succeeded in staying the demon after the first trial, and I have since been free from all symptoms of the infernal malady which kept me on the burning rack for nearly two months last fall. I forgive Dr. York the debt I owe him, and I hope many other sufferers will have the privilege of manifesting the same magnanimity.

Among other places, I have lately visited Gloucester, Marblehead, Middleboro', Peppermint, Leominster, Lancaster and Fitchburg, and found encouraging

signs of spiritual life and progress. On my return from Middleboro' to Boston, our engineer friend, W. H. Eaton, favored me with a trip on the locomotive, May Flower. The "thing of life" steamed up grandly, before we started, as though conscious of about to assume some great responsibility in giving me a safe transit to Boston. I took my position calmly on one side, with engineer Eaton on the other, and off we shot over the iron track, like the wing of an alighting giant. "Hew!" In a jiffy we seemed tearing over the rails like a huge cyclop unfettered with fiery vengeance, sent by an enraged Vulcan with some impatient message to Jupiter. It seemed as though everybody all along the route must be aware of the fact that I was riding on a locomotive for the first time, the excitement was so novel and exhilarating; but I was quite astonished on halting at each station, to find nobody taking any notice of the momentous fact! The scenes and sensations were indescribable, unless they may be compared to riding in an aerial car awing on two wires, and propelled by lightning with a velocity so swift as to crowd innumerable little jounces into one perpetual bound, and to cause one's breath to gasp with an exhilaration something between running and flying, without the labor of either. The May Flower did her best, and shot over the whole distance, more than forty miles, in less than one hour. The locomotive, after all, is one of the greatest institutions of the age. Only think of all these numerous giants shouting over the continent, bearing their precious freight of human souls and the treasures of the nation—all at the mercy of the quiet, humble man who sits there as engineer, handling with ease those little brass and iron cranks which command the countless trains rattling over the world's lightning highways. No marvel that these monsters of progress indicate the progress of the human mind; and the steam-car becomes prophetic of the celestial railway, down whose track the messengers of heaven come, bearing us, with lightning speed, the precious freight, the precious messages of higher worlds open in fresh communion with the seeking souls of the nineteenth century. Let us keep our terrestrial track in the right condition, and all other conditions aright, and we may fear no disastrous results.

U. CLARK.

Test Medium.

Mrs. Pearson, the well known test medium, formerly of Apple Place, has taken rooms at No. 631 Washington street, a few doors south of Hollis street, where she continues to give tests. The writer of this communication takes great pleasure in recommending to the public in general as a truthful and reliable medium. Her mediumistic powers are not confined merely to giving tests. She is endowed with the power not only of seeing, but also of delineating the peculiar characteristics of departed friends. Mrs. Pearson is actuated by the desire of doing good and giving comfort and consolation to sorrowing humanity. The patronage she is daily receiving is the best evidence that can be adduced in proof of the genuineness and accuracy of her mediumship. Circles are held at her rooms every Friday and Sunday evenings.

O. W. B.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension as to the nature of the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

Three Days' Meetings.

A three days' meeting will be held at St. George, Mich., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 19th, 20th and 21st days of June, of the Friends of Human Progress and True Freedom. All men and women, of whatever sect or party, are invited to attend, and spend the time in the discussion of different subjects of reform, religious liberty, spiritual growth and human freedom, in a fair, orderly and candid manner, and thereby help to a higher and better future. Henry C. Wright, of Boston; G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester; Mrs. M. J. Kutz, of Kent Co., Mich., and many other able speakers will be present and address the meeting. On Saturday, the 20th, the day will be devoted to the great subject of the Rebellion, the Emancipation Question, and the best means for peace, union, law and liberty.

Spiritual Grove Meetings.

The Friends of Progress and Reform will hold a two days' meeting in Northern Illinois, in the town of Flora, Boone County, four miles south of Belvidere, on Saturday and Sunday, June 27th and 28th, in Robinson's Grove. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all who may attend from a distance. It is expected that a large number of speakers will be present; among them we will mention the names of Mrs. M. Willis, Mrs. E. Ames, Miss Belle Scougal and Dr. Morrison, and we invite all speakers to attend the convention. The invitation is general to all, and the platform will be free.

Grove Meetings.

Grove Meetings will be held at the town of Easton, Mich., in the vicinity of Meers, Whitcomb, Hammond and Underwood, on Saturday and Sunday, June 20th and 21st, commencing on Saturday, at half past ten A. M. Also, at Grand Lodge, Easton County, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, June 27th and 28th. Call upon Messrs. Brown and Norton, located ten miles west of Lansing. Speakers are invited to attend. Friends are to be provided for free of cost.

Annual Festival.

The fourth Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at the Universalist meeting-house in St. Charles, Kansas City, Mo., commencing on Friday, June 5, and continuing Saturday and Sunday, June 6 and 7. By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society, B. S. JONES, President.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOOTH OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TOWNSEND ST. (opposite head of school street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2:30 and 7:15 P. M. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. G. L. V. Welch, June 21 and 22; Mrs. M. W. Wood, June 23 and 24; Mrs. M. J. T. Townsend, June 25 and 26.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown held meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, June 21 and 22.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—H. B. Storrs, June 22.

ROXBURY.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker for June 21, J. H. W. Tooley.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Church corner of Central and Merrimack streets. The following speakers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon:—S. J. Finney, June 21 and 22, June 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27; Mrs. G. L. V. Welch, June 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. M. W. Wood, Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Nov. 5, 12 and 19; Miss Martha L. Rockwell, during Dec.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. G. L. V. Welch, June 21 and 22; Miss Martha L. Rockwell, June 23 and 24; Mrs. Laura DeForest, June 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Ellis, June 21 and 22.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Lyceum Hall, at 1:30 o'clock.

SOUTH READING.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Dole, June 14; Isaac P. Grosvenor, June 15; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, June 16.

WATKINS, MA.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7:15 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Emma Harding, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. A. B. Chitt, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. L. B. White, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. A. B. Chitt, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. L. B. White, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

ROXBURY, MA.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7:15 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Emma Harding, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. A. B. Chitt, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Mrs. L. B. White, June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10:15 and 7:15 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lectures. Lectures Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. CORA L. V. HAYES will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Boston, June 21 and 22, and July 5 and 12.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOWEN will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 6 and 13; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1 and 8; in New York, N. Y., Oct. 15 and 22; in New Haven, Conn., Oct. 29 and 30; in New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 5 and 12; in New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 19 and 26; in New York, N. Y., Dec. 3 and 10; in New Haven, Conn., Dec. 17 and 24; in New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 31 and 7; in New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 13 and 20; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 27 and 28; in New Haven, Conn., Feb. 3 and 10; in New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 17 and 24; in New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 24 and 25; in New York, N. Y., March 3 and 10; in New Haven, Conn., March 17 and 24; in New Bedford, Mass., March 24 and 31; in New Brunswick, N. J., April 7 and 14; in New York, N. Y., April 21 and 28; in New Haven, Conn., May 5 and 12; in New Bedford, Mass., May 19 and 26; in New Brunswick, N. J., May 26 and 31; in New York, N. Y., June 9 and 16; in New Haven, Conn., June 23 and 30; in New Bedford, Mass., June 30 and 6; in New Brunswick, N. 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