

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

"Pray do not," was the smiling response; "I will do better in future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes; do not you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The color flamed in the olive cheek.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last, Illione started from her reverie, exclaiming:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virginia regarded her in wonder.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, if I only could!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Miss Starkins has a very bad headache."

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

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

Illione sprang forward, crying:

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

The worthy woman came back, and smilingly replied:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

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

Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low;

Ever there—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone."

HEMANS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Illione smiled.

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

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

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

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

She flew to Threissa:

"What is your answer?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The low, weird laugh responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is dis the way to welcome young mas' home,

you unmannerly nigs? What you spect do strange folks think? Clar out, now, ebery one o' you! You is nuff to try the patience of Job!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He made up a face at her.

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

She laughed merrily.

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

"Why, how is that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Am I remembered now, little cousin?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They both assured her that they did.

"I was so glad to find uncle and aunt here," she went on. "They are going to stop through the holidays. Oh, we shall have such fun! Mamma says I may invite Virginia Ware and her two brothers, Cecil and Adelbert, to come and stay also. The boys will be company for Eugene, you know. Oh, wont we have grand times?" and she danced around the room in perfect ecstacy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders.

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

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

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

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

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

What golden, gladsome days followed. With what swift wings the joy-brimmed hours flew. For years Moss-Side had not been so cheerful. With what mad glee the old hall caught up the music of merry voices, and echoed them back. What grand games the spacious drawing-rooms witnessed. What quaint hiding-places the winding passages with their sliding panels afforded. What curious eyes and eager fingers explored each nook and cranny, plunging into chests and closets, and drawing thence the time-honored robes of other generations. With what shouts of laughter did they adorn each other with the faded flattery, and then descend in mock solemnity for the inspection of their elders. One evening when they came down in their trailing velvets and rustling brocades, with the fire-light throwing grotesque figures over them, Reginald Mortimer stared vacantly at them, muttering some incoherent words, and then sank half-fainting into his chair. Did he think that he beheld a vision of the olden time? Ay, may be! After that he seldom noticed Threissa. Was it because she was a foundling? Perhaps!

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

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

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

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

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original Essays.

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milwaukee, Wis.

Original Essays.

MATHEMATICAL.

BY EROS N.

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

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

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

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

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

H=261	P=270	H=3613968	P=3613967
Requirement	Requirement	Requirement	Requirement
11-2730	11-2730	11-2730	11-2730
Given.	Given.	Answered.	Answered.

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

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

H.	P.	H.
401.	520.	174.
401.	520.	350.
144.	145.	202.
349.	220.	180.

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

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

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit Manifestations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHILIP SOMMERS, 27th N. Y. Battery, Camp Berry, Washington, D. C., March 23.

MATERNITY--THE PAINFUL SIDE.

BY I. T. LLOYD.

A "false education" is "stereotyped ignorance."

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

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

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

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SPiritUALISM OF SCIENCE.

BY A. W. BENTON.

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

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

Here we have Theology in a nut-shell. "Word men" by God, and science beautifully demonstrates His Universality, Omnipotence and Omniscience.

Fulton, Ill.

Cured by Laying On of Hands.

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

sight of his eyes, which had been closed for three months. At this time the child's mother changed her place of residence to an adjoining town. A lady in that neighborhood seeing the little sufferer one day, was impressed that by laying her hands on the child he would be able to open his eyes. She accordingly made passes over him with her hands, and breathed on his eyes, repeating the operation every morning for one week. His eyes are now perfectly well. If you wish for names or dates, they will be cheerfully given. A. BATES, Homer, N. Y., April 12.

Spiritual Unfolding.

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritualism in Old York, Pa.

Thinking that the many readers of the "BANNER" would be pleased to hear from this Ancient Borough, (once in the possession of the rebel general, Early,) I therefore send you a few lines in relation to what is passing in this place. There have been a few earnest believers here for the last ten years, but their number did not increase, apparently, until within the past few months. There is now quite a feeling in favor of Spiritualism. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, spoke three evenings to large and appreciative audiences. The subjects for discussion were invariably given by the audience. Every person that heard her could not help speaking favorably of her, for the very able manner in which the subjects were treated, and the eloquence displayed in the delivery of the lectures. In fact the audience were pleased beyond measure, without any exception whatever. How could they help but be pleased? Such grand and noble ideas, profound reasoning and deep truths were uttered through her, that furnished souls drank them in with a good relish. Mrs. H. will be a great benefit to our "beautiful philosophy" wherever she goes. I hope the friends of the cause everywhere will procure her services to lecture for them. They will never regret having done so. Truly yours, for progression, JACOB L. KUEHN, York, Penn., April 21.

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

SOLOQUY OF AN ATHEIST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are a fond grand lady, but you are not my darling mother. My mother's cheeks were white and red, whilst you are as pale as death." "And how can I be white and red, after reposing so long in my coffin?" "She went into her chamber; her little children were there with tears on their cheeks. She took one and combed it, smoothed the hair of another, and cradled a third and a fourth. She took the fifth in her arms and opened her bosom to it. Then, calling her eldest daughter, "Go and tell Dying to come here," she said, "When Dying came, she spoke to him angrily. 'I left you beer and bread, and my children are hungry and thirsty. I left you blue cushions and coverlets, and my children sleep on naked straw. I left you tall flambeaux, and my children are in darkness. If you often make me thus return by night, misfortune will come of it.' At this the mother-in-law exclaimed, 'Henceforward I will be kind to your children.' And from that day, whenever the husband and wife heard the dogs growl, they gave the children beer and bread, and when they heard them howl and bark, they went and hid themselves lest they should see the dead woman come back again.—All the Year Round.

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

Correspondence.

U. Clark's Itinerant Etchings.

Laying memorials—The pioneer field of New England—Public workers—The Convention movement—Omens.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An important mission is anticipated for the Convention to be held in Clinton Hall, New York, during the second week in May, and it is expected that a very large representation will go out from that great metropolis and spread anew the spirit with which our ranks are now being baptized. The supernal world is opened afresh, and celestial armies are ringing a new rallying cry for a grand concert of action among Spiritualists. Let no believers now stand back idle and laggard, unless they would enroll themselves among the ranks of cowardly conservatism, and in selfish ease and indolence, cry out, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Let us heed heaven's rallying call amid the impending crises of our country, and better signs will soon begin to gleam above the horizon. U. CLARK. Banner Office, April 23d.

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Notes from the West.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR. We feel that the war is a great institution—the greatest instituted since the world began. It involves all things, and runs through all things. None need go from home to see the war. It is waged in every domestic circle, by every fireside. Those who like its "pomp and circumstance," its gildings and trappings, can be gratified by looking on its most external forms as unlimited on the battle-grounds of the South; but those who see the spirit of things, discern the war in all the combinations of the day—for are we not living in the dawn of a New Era?—an era in which higher, greater truths are being developed to man than at any preceding age? These truths introduce new standards which innovate upon the old, and bring a conflict, or war. These new standards are being developed in art, science, politics, morals, religion—everything; hence the conflict, or war, runs into every department of life, and we all are fighting in this war; some in one department, and some in another; some choose their positions on the most external plane, where the war is waged with shells and shot, while others work more interiorly, with spiritual weapons. There is order and method in the whole, though only confusion is apparent to the superficial eye. Sublime truths are daily arriving at in the progress of the war. The war illustrates truth, and brings it to our comprehension, as nothing else could do as well. God-speed the war and its glorious results. NANCY R. GORE. Waukon, Iowa, April 9, 1864.

Among the Mountains. YOUR BANNERS are floating amid the "Granite Hills" of my native state. Their benign influences impart a spiritual ray to my soul. We see familiar names, and familiar faces and images we have never forgotten are conjured up by the magic spell of memory. We listen again to the joyous laugh, and feel the pressure of each friendly hand, as if we parted but yesterday. We left Westmoreland in February, to sow seeds of testimony in the Green Mountain State. We hope they have taken root, and ere long we may realize the pleasure of seeing the flowers and partake of the fruits. We greeted some earnest and devout Spiritualists, receiving a warm welcome and invitations to visit them again this year. The money and articles of intrinsic value presented for my services, with the fervent "God bless you!" were received with grateful emotion. "Coosa," my faithful "page," seems to be a favorite with those who attend my circles. Last month we returned to the quiet residence of Mrs. D. Clark. Here my mother's love sheds its blessed light! We all miss the presence of sister Helen who remains in Calicoes, N. Y. "Witch-Hazel" (her little girl) is flying about my room, blithe as the birds of Spring. She frequently says, "Auntie, I wish the spiritual folks would let my mamma stay at home." This day we plucked two bright blossoms from a plant called Ear-drop—my brother's treasure. These jewels are hanging in the ears of Remembrance, sacred ornaments, tokens of this cultivation. We attended a sugar party held in this neighborhood. Atoe honey with lawful members of the United Fraternity, in bonds of sweet communion, extending our sincere thanks to our host, with a respectful reverence for the stately maples from which it was extracted. My gratitude is enclosed, in this message, for the inmates of the "Wanders Home," for their loving kindness and the roses from their bridal rose-bush, received this afternoon—a pleasant surprise, surely. We are having a snow-storm in good earnest. Everything in this region wears the aspect of winter. May the flowers of prosperity bloom brightly on your path of life, giving joy that you are permitted to live and take a part in a reformation upon which Heaven smiles and will look with approbation. BARBARA ALLEN. Westmoreland, N. H., April 14, 1864.

Three Days' Spiritualist Convention at Clinton Hall New York. In accordance with the announcement made at the late Boston Convention, a three days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Clinton Hall, New York, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 11th, 12th and 13th, 1864. Among the speakers engaged to participate, are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, A. B. Whiting, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Moses Hull, U. Clark, L. K. Cooney, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Henry C. Wright, Dr. A. B. Child, C. H. Crowell, H. P. Fairfield, and Miss Martha L. Beckwith. Among those invited and expected, are Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, H. B. Storer, C. A. Hayden, J. W. Edmonds, C. Partridge, Dr. H. F. Gardner, A. E. Newton, Dr. R. T. Hallowell, S. B. Brittan, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. E. Bliss, F. L. H. Willis, and Dr. H. T. Child. A cordial invitation is extended to all speakers who can come and work in harmony on the broad platform of Spiritualism. To meet expenses, the small fee of five cents will be taken at the door in the morning and afternoon, and ten cents in the evening.

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

Washington Correspondence.

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

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

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

PROGRESS.

Concert of Action among Spiritualists.

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

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

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

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

Very few have any conception of organization in a highly unfolded condition of society. We have not power to conceive the beneficial results of a truly harmonic system, where order reigns. Mankind need much unfolding to appreciate and enter into a system where the interest of one is the interest of the whole, or vice versa. But an organization may be formed and entered into, which will pave the way for a higher. We want a system comprehensive, simple in its rules and regulations, and suited to the needs of the people.

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

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

GEORGE F. BAKER.

Granville, N. Y., April 14.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; not the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Bondage of Debt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

John B. Gough.

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

General Banks in Louisiana.

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

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

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

Rebel Advantages.

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

Vagabond Children.

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

Spiritual National Convention.

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

The Great Fair.

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

Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism.

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

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

I have had frequent occasion to assert, that the tendency of these doctrines was to the most exalted private worth and public virtue. I have challenged contradiction—I repeat the challenge; and I know that every candid mind must answer in the affirmative, if not in the language of the late Chancellor of South Carolina: 'The teachings in your publications, as emanating from the spirits, indicate a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections toward God, in the highest degree holy and spiritual. In these respects there are, in my opinion, no writings extant more unexceptionable.' So, too, they might have said something about this great end and object of spirit-communication to which I have referred. When persons of education set down 'to cram' for the occasion of such a review, and to write an essay upon a subject which now occupies so much of the attention of the civilized world, it is possible that they could have swayed through so many volumes and never alluded upon the idea. It stands out as the great end in view, and yet these reviewers ignore its very existence.

Why was this? Surely, nothing can be more important to man than a revelation of a future life, so full and ample that he may understand how to prepare for it. It could not have been intentional, and it can be accounted for only on the supposition that they, like the writer of 'Mary Jane' were too intent on the means to be mindful of the end. Let us be warned by their example! Let us never be unmindful of this great end of the work before us! Let us remember that the advantages enjoyed by us, who have been blessed with evidence enough to believe, and the privileges bestowed upon us, are that we may perform the duty of imparting to our fellow-men the most valuable of all knowledge—that, namely, of the future beyond the grave."

Miss Sprague's Poems.

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

[Original.]

BURY ME UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

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

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

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

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

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

Lycæum Hall Meetings.

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

The President's Policy as to Slavery.

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

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, April 4.

A. G. HODGES, Esq., Frankfort, Ky. My Dear Sir—You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said, the other day, in your presence, to Gov. Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows: I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability, imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that Government—that Nation—of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation, and yet preserve the Constitution? The only way it was possible to save the Nation, was to save the Union. And to save the Union, it was necessary to free the Nation. I felt that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution, through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I had ever tried to preserve the Constitution, if to save slavery or any minor matter I should permit the wreck of Government, Country and Constitution, all together. When, early in the war, Gen. Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When a little later, Gen. Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, Gen. Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come.

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

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

Charles H. Foster in Baltimore.

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

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

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

Mrs. Farnham's New Book.

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

Removal.

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

Announcements.

Chas. A. Hayden speaks in Chelsea next Sunday; Mrs. Spence in Charleston; Dr. Hamilton in Lowell; A. B. Whiting in Chicopee; Mrs. Bliss in Plymouth; Moses Hull in Worcester; Mrs. Rudd in North Easton; Mrs. Currier in Groveland. L. K. Cooley speaks in Cambridgeport, May 8th and 16th; in Foxboro', May 22d. Mrs. Frances Lord Bond speaks the first two Sundays in June, in Stafford, Conn. Her address for the month of May will be Lawrence, Mass., care of J. C. Bowker.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who chose its name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

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

Monday, April 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Samuel Water, to his friends at the South; Charles Hears, of Philadelphia, Pa., to his father, in New Orleans; to Hannah Adams, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Annie M. Jones, to her mother, Mary Jones; Bill Arnold, to friends in Buncombe, N. C.; Lily Ross, to her mother and father, in California.

Tuesday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Hill, to Mr. Wm. Graham, of Savannah; William H. Cranston, to his friends in Massachusetts; William C. Cullin, to his mother and sister Clara, in this city.

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

Monday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Caroline Taylor, to her father, Lieut. Col. Taylor; Joe Steady, to his friends, in South Herwick, Maine; Willie Lincoln, to his parents, Lucy Steady, and her mother, in Cambridgeport, Mass.; to his father, in New York City.

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

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, reverently and devoutly do we gather up the aspirations of these, thy mortal children, and bear them away unto the court of eternal justice, that they may there be molded into star-gems that shall grace their crown in the future.

Oh, Spirit of the present hour, with glad thanksgiving we lift our souls to thee, and we would tune the harps of our being unto thy praise. Oh, our God, need we ask that thou wilt shower down innumerable blessings on these thy children? They have gathered here to-day to learn of truth; and grant, O Spirit of Truth, that the flowers of truth alone may bloom in their pathway.

May nought of error spring up in their path; may all the shadows of night pass away, and they henceforth revel in the glad sunshine of truth. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we lift our souls to thee, asking for light; for wisdom; for those glories that alone can satisfy the soul. We have abdicated our own spirit-home; we have entered the gloomy prison-house of mortality, that we may minister to the necessities of these earthly children and do thy will. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we know that the blessing is sure to follow. Though the cross be heavy and Calvary's mount be steep, yet the blessing is more glorious, oh, our Father, than we dare ask for. Oh, our Father, may the white Dove of Peace fold her wings perpetually on the bosoms of these thy children. May no storms of discord and despair cause them to fear that they are forsaken by the angels. May they at all times lift their eyes upward and outward; onward, forever onward, and though the whole world lie in conflict, and darkness be within and without, may their souls preserve their harmony intact. And unto thee, oh, Jehovah, we will ascribe endless praises.

April 7.

Questions and Answers.

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

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

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

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

A.—They are both magnetic and electric.

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

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

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

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

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

A.—Nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A.—No, we think not.

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

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

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

A.—To the heat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lieut. Hamilton Burgess.

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

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

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

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

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

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

William J. Creighton.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Phillips.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mary E. Reid.

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

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

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

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

SING ME TO SLEEP.

BY D. HELEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritualism in Western Michigan.

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

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

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

West Carlton, April 5.

Spiritualism and Scientific Truth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Binghamton, N. Y.

Obituaries.

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

When a mother gives up her mortal life, she leaves a host of many mansions; when she gathers the wealth of her love into her partner-house, and departs from the mortal home, she leaves a host of many mansions; when she gathers the wealth of her love into her partner-house, and departs from the mortal home, she leaves a host of many mansions; when she gathers the wealth of her love into her partner-house, and departs from the mortal home, she leaves a host of many mansions.

Why, then, should we lament when the Death-Angel takes the good and true? Why mourn when the devoted wife, the true friend wraps the mantle of death about her? Why lie down to pleasant dreams? Why forget the eternal promise of heaven? Why forget the open doors of the immortal realm? Why forget the jubilee trumpet, which, when it rings, steps ascend and descend? Why not remember that they are all ministering angels? Why shut the eye to the spiritual world, and witness the progress of the soul as it finds its way to the Father's home, all radiant with beauty, free from pain and fitted for the highest good.

Such queries pressed upon us as we took pen in hand to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who truly was a Blessing to our race.

The many friends who have been welcomed to the hospitalities of Kelley's beautiful Island home, cannot but be saddened by the thought that the material form of the wife of a mother is no longer there; that the placid, benevolent features that were so sure an index of the Christian's life, are shut out from the view; that the beautiful beauty of the spirit within, will no longer beam a welcome upon the newly arrived guest, or a benediction upon the departing one; and that the form will no more be seen, as it has been wont to be seen, in the presence of the departed, and that the attention to the truths of our beautiful faith, so dear to her heart, emanated from the platform of the beautiful lecture erected by the munificence of Father Kelley and herself, and consecrated to free thought in behalf of humanity.

Mrs. Kelley accepted with heart and soul the precious truths of Spiritualism. With her it was not a matter of theory, but a religion of aspiration and of progress. The future to her was no dread, unexplored horizon, but a glorious reality, a continuation of the present, a living existence, in which she felt she should realize the desires and aspirations of the present, and reap the fruition of hopes that the material life fails to satisfy. She must be missed from the circle of those who were wont to be seen, in the presence of the departed, and that the attention to the truths of our beautiful faith, so dear to her heart, emanated from the platform of the beautiful lecture erected by the munificence of Father Kelley and herself, and consecrated to free thought in behalf of humanity.

From Sugar Creek, Feb. 11th, 1864, the spirit of Edwin M. Ladd, oldest son of Mr. Ladd and E. G. M. Ladd, 17 yrs., 1 mo., 22 days, passed on to the higher life, after a short though severe illness of nine weeks. He was taken with a cold that settled on and produced congestion of the brain and lungs, which terminated in quick consumption. This youth in body, though approximating to manhood in mind and spirit, was conscious of his transience, and had bright glimpses of his home in the home of many mansions, in the spirit land, which the angel of life called him. He conversed freely during sickness, with spirit relatives who had gone before, and earnestly appealed to his parents to be reconciled to his departure, as, he said, we all had to go, and some one had to go first, and it was best that he should lead the way.

The parents are not left to mourn as those who have no hope. For Spiritualism, with its demonstrations of the sublime realities of a future life, has been to their home and hearts, to give an assurance of a life beyond the veil, where the loved ones watch and wait for their coming. They can realize, with many others in like circumstances, that the burden of what is called death, once heavy and grievous to be borne, are made light and easy by the glorious revelations of Spiritualism. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, at which the writer officiated in a short discourse from the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" A. G. P.

Passed on from Rockford, Kansas, Dec. 10, 1863, Dr. J. M. E. was a true friend and firm Spiritualist. He is a true friend and family to mourn his loss. A. M.

