

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERVED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Many a tender vow is broken,
Many a whispered word is spoken,
Many a gift, and many a token
Gild, or shroud life's changeful way;
Ever watching, ever weeping,
Need our hearts be ever keeping
Vigil o'er the dead—the sleeping—
Griefs which are not of to-day?"

"Beatrice!" exclaimed Threissa, one afternoon, as they were preparing for a ride, "I can't endure the thought that we shall so soon be obliged to leave this beautiful Moss-Side. What a glorious time we have had this vacation. Every moment has been freighted with happiness. Oh, dear! Lebanon will seem more dull and stupid than ever to me when I return, and heaven knows that that is unnecessary, for it was bad enough before!"

Her friend smiled.
"I presume that you will be discontented for a little while," she said, quietly. "Duty always presents a gray and sombre aspect when placed in comparison with her gay sister, Pleasure. It is only after she has proved us to be good and faithful followers that her stern countenance softens, bending upon us with an almost heavenly radiance. This you know by experience. Let the remembrance cheer you then when your path seems particularly hard and rugged."

"What a blessed comforter you are!" rejoined her impulsive companion, throwing her arms around her neck, and kissing her warmly. "Dear me! what shall I do a few years hence, when you come to leave school altogether?"

Beatrice laughed.
"You foolish child! Sit in the sunshine while you can, and don't anticipate the storm. Never poison your present enjoyment by endeavoring to mix any ingredients of the past or the future with it. Always remember that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Trouble seldom wears the terrible face that we expect it will. Our imagination, as a general thing, pictures something so much more horrible than the reality, that we are actually relieved when the trial comes, and our suspense is ended."

"You are right. It is so, as I very well know by experience. Still, I cannot learn wisdom from the past. I am continually hoping and fearing. Do tell me if you never speculate as to the weal or woe that the great unknown has in store for you?"

"Of course, I wonder at times. I should be scarcely human did I not; but I strive to fortify myself with the thought that what appears to be a mountain, viewed from the distance, will, as I approach it, dwindle into a hill. I have confidence in the law of compensation also, and feel that if one star is blotted from my horizon, a similar one will arise in another spot, to shine resplendent. Depend upon it, if we are led through the darkness for a time, it is that we may appreciate the glory of the light beyond."

"Oh, how I wish I were you!" cried Threissa, drawing a long breath.

"It is very well that you can't be," laughed Beatrice; "you don't know into what dangers you would plunge."

"Oh! I would risk all that, if I could only change," was the reckless response. "Your troubles never can be many, and with your courage and bravery, I should be able to withstand them all."

"Because my sky has been cloudless thus far, I have no reason to expect that it always will be," thoughtfully replied her friend; "as for the qualities with which you endow me, when my day of trial comes, then I shall know whether I possess them."

"God grant that that hour may never come!" exclaimed Threissa, averted by her companion's manner.

"Hush! rather say 'Thy will be done,'" responded Beatrice, reverently. "Now, darling," she added, making a vigorous effort to throw off the chill that had crept over her, "I might wish to be you, with all those brilliant talents that call forth the high encomiums of an admiring public, did I not realize that we are each placed in the station that we are best fitted to fill. Another's life may look easy and pleasant to us, but if we could draw near and see the cares and responsibilities with which it is hemmed in, we should prefer to do our own work, and be ourselves."

"Well, I don't know. It may be as you say. Still, I can't help thinking that I should like a more flowery pathway in which to travel, and I know there must be such around me."

"It is very probable that there are; but I say, give me the mountain-slope, even though I faint and my steps falter in climbing up the toilsome way. The height, once gained, what grandeur and sublimity painted by God's own hand are reflected upon my soul! Oh! that is better to my spirit than groveling in the valley."

"You have chosen," said Threissa, shivering, she knew not why.

"Ay! and I do not repent," was returned in a firm voice.

Silence followed, broken by a laugh from Beatrice.

"Well, our talk has run in a strange groove," she remarked.

"I should think so. Look out of the window, please, and see if the horses have been brought to the door."

"No, they have not yet. I wonder if Virginia and Illione are ready?"

"I heard their voices in the hall a few minutes ago. Oh! by the way, did you know that Miss Ware is not going back to school with us?"

"No; that is news to me. Why not?"

"Virginia did not give any reason; but I have my suspicions that her mother thinks that Madame D'Orsay is not competent to bestow the last grand polishing touch upon her daughter's education."

Beatrice laughed.

"How Madame's eyes would flash at that idea; but does Ginnie feel glad or sorry?"

"I should judge the latter; for she told me with tears in her voice—she averted her face—that some of the happiest hours that she had ever known were passed in the school-room at Lebanon. She appeared to be revolving something else in her mind, but before she could give utterance to it, her brother Cecil came up, and she ran away."

"Well, I am truly sorry that we are to lose her. We shall miss her society very much; for since she has laid aside that haughty, supercilious air, she has proved herself to be a most agreeable companion."

"That is so. I don't think I ever knew a girl to change as she has during the last six months. Why, once I should have laughed at the idea, if any one had told me that Virginia Ware would ever condescend to have a confidential chat with me."

"Strange things have happened," was the laughing reply. "But do you realize what has altered her thus?"

"Yes, it is Illione's influence in a great degree. I do believe that the dear child could transform almost anybody. How they all worship her here. She seems to have had unlimited indulgence all her life, and yet how very seldom it is that one meets with such a sweet, even disposition. I'll tell you what it is, I have come to the conclusion that there are some natures in the world that it is utterly impossible to spoil."

"I am rejoiced at your accession of faith," dryly responded Beatrice.

"Oh! I know that you are laughing at me now. You remember some of my wholesale condemnations against humanity, and are beginning to think that I am not very consistent. I was only referring to exceptional cases just now. I don't view everybody in such a charitable light."

"How foolish it is for us to judge any one," was the grave rejoinder. "We are all differently constituted, and what is dire temptation to one soul has no effect upon another. How many unjust verdicts we pass upon each other's acts, never pausing to think that if we possessed the same temperament, we should behave in a like manner. We never think of blaming the flowers, because the driving storm that has passed over their heads has left them crushed and drooping. Oh, no! We strive with tenderness and loving care to prop them up again; sorrowing, maybe, that they had not strength to withstand this tempest. There are just such blossoms in the great garden of the world. God and the angels pity them, for they know their weakness; but we—heaven forgive us!—arraign them before a stern and merciless judgment-seat."

She paused; the light that had irradiated her countenance faded slowly, while her companion gazed upon her in mute admiration. For five minutes they sat speechless. Then Threissa, arousing herself from her reverie, exclaimed:

"Beatrice, I cannot divest myself of the idea that for some reason or other, which I am powerless to explain, Mr. Mortimer regards me with particular aversion. You look surprised; but I am certain that it is so. I actually believe that he shudders every time that I happen to pass him."

As these words fell from her lips, her listener stood the embodiment of profound astonishment. Now she turned and gazed upon her as if scarcely able to credit her sense of hearing. Then taking up a small gold watch that lay upon the dressing-table, she held it up, saying, with an arch smile, although there was the slightest possible accent of reproach in her voice:

"Why, you ungrateful child! This looks very much like it, doesn't it? Pray tell me what further proof of his interest in his daughter's friend could you require than this?"

"That? Oh! that was Illione's gift."

"Yes; by the suggestion and advice of her father. You see I know all about it, as I was summoned into the council. There, put on your hat, for they are bringing the horses to the door, and mind that you don't conjure up any more morbid fancies, unless you want me to scold."

The first command Threissa obeyed with alacrity; but all that her companion had said, had failed to convince her that her impressions were false. Some subtle instinct, that she could neither understand nor overcome, had warned her that she was an object of dislike to her host; therefore both argument and ridicule would be alike powerless to banish that feeling.

With beaming eyes and flushed cheeks, amid rippling laughter and showering jests, the gay equestrians dashed away.

The day stole on. The sun smiled a benediction on the gray old hall, shot its glistening arrows over the hill tops, and then sank to rest in a sea of misty gold.

"Reginald, is it time for the children to return?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer, leaving her station by the window, where she had been standing, gazing dreamily out, and coming and leaning over her husband's chair.

He looked at his watch.

"Well, my dear," he said, with a fond smile, "I should not be surprised if we did not see them for half an hour. The clear sky, and balmy air has

undoubtedly, tempted them to ride further than usual."

"You are not feeling anxious on their account, are you, Ida?" interposed her sister-in-law. "I am sure that there is no necessity for it. I would trust Eugene anywhere."

"So would I, Eva, for that matter; but accidents will happen, you know, in spite of all our care and caution, and human hearts will grow faint and sick with dire forebodings. Illione is our all, our last treasure. It is natural, therefore, that we should shrink and tremble for fear that she too may be snatched from us when we least expect it."

"Oh! mercy! don't say anything more, or you will make me as blue as yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, with a shudder.

Mr. Mortimer had also grown pale while she was speaking, and now turning to his brother, he said:

"Come, Arthur, suppose we regale ourselves with a cigar, out upon the lawn."

"With all my heart. I was just thinking that it was terrible dull and stupid here."

"Well, now I never! if that isn't a beautiful compliment for Ida and myself!" cried his wife, in mock indignation.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, ladies. I did not intend to be personal."

"We want none of your apologies. Depart immediately, you unmanly creature, and take this consolation with you, that we are as delighted to be rid of you as you possibly be to go."

Mr. Hamilton made a wry face, and both gentlemen retreated to the veranda, followed by Eva's merry, ringing laugh.

"What makes you so serious this afternoon?" inquired Arthur. "You look as though you had met with an irreparable loss in some way."

"Do I? Well, I was thinking how sad and dreary it would be here, next week, when the children had gone back to school. How I shall miss their glad, sweet voices and bright, young faces. Moss-Side will seem more gloomy than ever when they have departed," and Reginald sighed long and heavily.

"Nonsense, my boy! You must not give it an opportunity to be that. Fill your house with another gay company. You have made yourself too much of a recluse since you were married. I know all that you would say of the delights of home and a congenial companion; but, bless you, there are duties that you owe to society."

"What are they?" he inquired, with a bitter smile.

"Find them out for yourself," was the laughing reply.

Mr. Mortimer shrugged his shoulders, and walked a little faster. His companion renewed the charge.

"Do you know, old fellow, that you are a continual puzzle to me?"—his listener in wardly hoped that he might remain so. Why, you are no more like the merry, light-hearted Reginald, that I used to know than anything in the world. I wonder what has changed you so."

"Having never known sorrow yourself, you cannot understand why it should affect others," dryly responded his friend.

"Pardon me, my boy! but there is such a thing as mourning to excess. In thinking of our losses, we sometimes overlook the blessings that yet remain. You have laid two idolized sons in the grave, but you have a lovely daughter still left to cheer and comfort you. How much kinder has Providence been to you than to me, for no child ever called me by the dear name of 'father,' and great-hearted Arthur Hamilton turned away his head, that his brother might not see the tears that welled to his eyes; but the latter grasped his hand, saying:

"I was wrong in observing that you had had no sorrow, for that has been the one grief of your life; but perhaps Heaven denied you the sweet privilege, knowing that if you had little ones in your home, many an orphan's face that now smiles in gladness, would have been passed unnoticed, even though clouded with tears."

"It may be so. I never thought of it in that light before."

A pause ensued, broken by Mr. Hamilton, who exclaimed:

"I say, Reginald, did it never strike you that one of Illione's friends looks very much like that actress—that was her name—that we saw in Europe?"

Had the questioner not been so industriously engaged in lashing his boots with the small cane that he carried in his hand, he would have observed his companion's start, and the quick glance of suspicion that he cast upon him; as it was, he thought his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, as he replied:

"My dear boy! I don't see but what your brain teems with as many absurd fancies now as it used to in our college days. I recollect that every pretty face that you met then invariably reminded you of some person that you knew, and how many laughable mistakes you were forever making by imagining that you recognized acquaintances."

His listener smiled.

"Ah! I expect I was a sad youth. Adventures were always ripe for, and I should certainly have got into any quantity of scrapes, had I not had you to look after me. Your practical common sense has prevented my making a fool of myself many times; but to return to my first subject: that young girl's face has haunted me ever since she came. I knew that she resembled somebody that I had seen, but it was not until this morning that Bianca Terresini—that is the name—flashed into my mind."

Reginald groaned inwardly, but responded with an attempt at gaiety:

"Well, it is very evident that you have mounted your hobby again, and I suppose you will ride it until you are tired. As for me, I don't understand how you ever happened to associate the two faces together; unless you think that all br-

netts look alike. Their features are certainly very dissimilar; that is, if I remember the lady correctly—and I have good cause to," he added mentally. "Is it possible that you cannot perceive the extraordinary likeness?" was the astonished exclamation.

"No, I actually cannot," he responded, impatiently, "and what is more, I am afraid I never shall be able to see it, unless you will have the goodness to lend me your eyes, or, what is better still, your imagination, for I believe it only exists in that. Ah!" he continued, with a sigh of relief, "here come the children!"

"What have you done, that God should give you such an angel as that?" exclaimed Arthur Hamilton, almost bitterly, as Illione came dashing up the avenue in advance of the rest, her golden curls falling around her like a veil, roses blooming on the rounded cheeks, and the soft azure eyes dancing with delight.

Mr. Mortimer turned upon him a face in which pride and love, anguish and despair struggled alike for mastery; but as his glance again fell upon his daughter, who was leaning forward, patting her horse's neck, the light conquered, and the dark shadows sullenly retired. Quickly he was at her side.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, as he lifted her from the saddle, "we have had such a splendid ride! A quarter of a mile back I challenged the company to a race, and see, Gypsy and I beat!" and she laughed gleefully.

"But my darling must not ride at such a headlong rate as that, again," he said, kissing her tenderly. "The horse might throw you, you know."

"Oh, papa, my good Gypsy would never think of playing her mistress such a shabby trick as that! Would you, Beauty?" she added, laying her soft hand upon the shining mane.

The animal turned its bright, intelligent eyes on her face, and uttered a low, glad whinny.

"There, was not that an emphatic 'never'?" cried Illione, gaily.

Her father laughed, and still holding her in his arms, carried her into the house, and seating her in her mother's lap, said:

"There, Ida, you see that you were needlessly worried, for our little one has returned safe and sound, as merry and roguish as ever."

"Thank God for that!" was the fervent response.

"Oh, mamma! and were you really getting anxious, because we prolonged our ride beyond the usual time?" inquired the child, nestling still closer in the fond embrace.

"A little; but it is over, now, darling." Just then a burst of merriment in the hall proclaimed that the rest of the party had arrived, and Illione sprang away to greet them.

It was a bright, joyous group that collected around the tea table that evening. In the midst of an animated description that Mr. Hamilton was giving of some adventure in which he had figured largely, the bell rang, and a servant announced a gentleman to see Miss Lascelle. She glanced at the card which he handed her, and then with a heightened color, said:

"Will you be so kind as to excuse me, Mrs. Mortimer? It is my cousin, Mr. Lewis. I very much fear that he brings me unpleasant news from home."

That lady bowed assent to her request; and she passed from the room, followed by the pitying glances of the company.

"My dear Beatrice, how glad I am to see you," was the greeting that she received upon entering the parlor.

She caught at a chair for support.

"Oh! Edgar; tell me what has happened, immediately. I can bear anything rather than this agonizing suspense."

He looked puzzled, as though failing to comprehend the cause of her emotion. At last he exclaimed:

"Did you not receive my letter?"

She shook her head.

"Ah! I see. It is my sudden appearance that has alarmed you. I am not the herald of bad tidings, darling. I have only come, by your father's request and my own desire, to escort yourself and friends back to school. I wrote and informed you of my intention, and I supposed that you would be prepared, and I hoped glad to see me; instead of which, I have frightened you almost to death."

It was pleasant to watch the change that passed over her face while he was speaking. Now she said, with a smile, although her voice was still tremulous:

"Not quite so bad as that, Edgar; but I can assure you that you have removed a weight from my heart, that seemed almost crushing me. Excuse me for an instant; I know that my kind entertainers are feeling anxious on my account, and I must go and inform them that my fears were groundless. I was foolish, no doubt, but still I could not help imagining all sorts of dreadful things."

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Lewis began to pace the floor. He was tall, with a frame that betokened considerable strength. His head was crowned with jet black hair, forming a singular contrast with his small gray eyes. His brow was not remarkable for height or breadth. There was a haughtiness in the curves of the mouth, which his moustache failed to conceal.

Presently Beatrice returned, followed by her friends. From Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer the stranger received a cordial welcome.

Two days later there was a painful parting, and then the girls journeyed back to Lebanon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A brother's friend! and can it be... That I am nothing more to thee?"

A little more than two years have fled since the events narrated in the last chapter. The May woods are now bright with the crimson crests of the maples, and the fragrant blossoms on the fruit trees, with every kiss of the sporting zephyrs, drift like snow-flakes through the air. It is a love-

ly evening; at least so think the gay company that are assembled in Dr. Lascelle's splendid mansion, summoned hither in order to celebrate his daughter's seventeenth birthday. The spacious rooms, rich in paintings and statuary, are beautifully decorated and brilliantly illuminated. The crowd is not too great, and so the ladies have a fine opportunity to display their grand toilettes to advantage. The air is vocal with music and laughter. Care and sorrow are thrust back into their hiding places, and joy and mirth reign. Smiles wreath lips that quivered with passionate pain but yesterday, and light dances and sparkles in eyes that perchance an hour ago were dim with falling tears.

In a floating robe of white, that fell in soft, undulating folds around her queenly figure, with the pale glimmer of pearls upon her neck and arms, and in the shining richness of her hair, Beatrice moved among her guests. By her side, with a triumphant flush upon his cheek, and the proud feeling that many an envious glance followed him, walked Edgar Lewis. His satisfaction was destined to be short-lived, however, for presently his aunt came up, attended by a gentleman, and laying her hand upon her daughter's shoulder, said:

"My dear, I am extremely happy to have the pleasure of presenting to your notice an old acquaintance. Is it necessary that I should speak the name, or do you already recognize Mr. Ware of Virginia?"

A glad light flashed into her eyes, and a smile lay softly on her lips, as she exclaimed—

"Ah! indeed I do, mother. He has changed so little I should have known him anywhere, I think." Then turning to the young man, she continued in her sweet, musical voice, "Many thanks, Cecil, for this agreeable surprise; but I must scold you nevertheless. Did you dare to think for one instant that I had forgotten the delightful hours that I passed at Moss-Side, or the pleasant company that I met there, and that therefore an introduction was essential?"

"I must confess, that I very much feared that more charming associations might have engrossed your mind to the exclusion of that, to me, blissful period; but I am truly rejoiced to find myself mistaken. And I most humbly crave your pardon for cherishing the uncharitable idea." And the handsome Southerner bowed gracefully, his dark, expressive face full of admiration; and the watchful Edgar thought that he held the white fingers much longer than was necessary.

"Now tell me about Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. Is Adelbert with you? and how is Eugene and Ginnie and her husband? Oh, I was so sorry that I could not be present at her wedding. Threissa and Illione wrote me all the particulars, however. There, answer my questions quickly, and then for a reward of merit I will introduce you to those young ladies yonder."

He laughed.

"Oh, Miss Lascelle—"

She playfully covered his mouth with her jeweled fan.

"What do you mean by calling me so; you never did at Moss-Side. Remember, I am Beatrice to all my old friends. Don't you rank under that head?"

"I most certainly hope that I do," he replied with great earnestness; "but what I was about to say was this: I want a nice long chat with you, and don't care to be turned over to the tender mercies of those ladies."

She laughed at his doleful tone.

"Well, Cecil—how sweet his name sounded, coming from those rose-bud lips—you will be obliged to call again when I am at leisure. I am playing the part of hostess, you know, to-night, and my guests would pronounce me as utterly wanting in politeness did I monopolize you altogether."

"Well, there are some gentlemen here that think I am occupying too much of your attention, I should judge, by the savage glances levelled at me. Have you danced this evening? Well, then be so good as to favor me with your hand for the next quadrille. I ask it by the memory of those happy days at Moss-Side."

"You are hardly fair to take me at such a disadvantage. I will say one thing, however, that if I dance at all you shall certainly be my partner. Does that satisfy you?"

"Hardly; still I thank you, Beatrice, for even that concession. Shall we promenade?"

"A few moments," and taking his arm she walked away.

Edgar Lewis looked after them with a frown upon his brow.

"Confound the fellow," he muttered. "What in the deuce sent him here to-night, I wonder. He's making altogether too free with my property, anyway. With what a loving air he looks down upon her, and the mix don't seem to dislike at all. Calling each other by their given names, too! If uncle has n't informed her of his wishes, he must do so to-morrow. I can't stand this, anyhow."

A few hours later Beatrice sat in her room. Throwing up the window, she leaned out and gazed up into the face of the beautiful stars. A smile rested on her lips, as if the mild evening breeze in kissing her crimson cheek had whispered some secret into her ear. Suddenly she closed the lattice and sought her couch, and soon the temple of dreams opened wide its bright, arching gateway for her entrance.

The golden-tinted morn'g laughed upon the hills, ere she awoke. Quickly she dressed herself, and descending into the hall, met her mother, who, kissing her tenderly, said:

"How are you, my dear, after last night's dissipation?"

"Quite well, thank you. Indeed, I had no idea that I should feel so fresh this morning. You look pale. Have you been up long?"

"Not very. I have breakfasted, though; and your father desired me to say that when you had partaken of yours, he should be very much pleased to see you in the library."

"Oh, well, he shall be gratified then, in a very short time," laughed Beatrice, "as I do not feel particularly ravenous just now," and hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, she was about to leave the room, when her mother caught her hand, saying: "My darling! in this matter your father is about to broach to you, not your own pleasure. Do not let the slightest consideration for our wishes influence you to give a decision contrary to the promptings of your own heart. Better disappointment for us, than unhappiness for you."

"But, mother, you quite terrify me. What is this momentous subject?"

"He will inform you."

Wondering at her words, and without the slightest suspicion of her meaning, Beatrice knocked at the library door.

"Come in," said her father; and she obeyed.

He sat in his great arm-chair with a thoughtful expression upon his countenance. At his daughter's entrance a smile illumined his face, and drawing her to his knee, he exclaimed, with a laugh:

"Take your old seat this morning, my dear. I do not like to think that my little girl is getting to be a young lady"—here a shower of sweet kisses suddenly stopped his mouth—"but ah!" he continued, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "you will persist in growing in spite of all my wishes to the contrary; and time will fly utterly unmindful of my remonstrances. I can scarcely believe that seventeen summers have come and gone since you entered upon this life. Why, child, it seems no longer ago than yesterday, that I held you a tiny babe in my arms."

He paused; and a mist gathered in his eyes, as he felt a pair of clinging arms about his neck, and looked down upon the beautiful head that lay pillowed upon his shoulder.

"Well, father, that will do very well for a preface," said Beatrice, suddenly interrupting the reverie into which he had fallen. "Now do relieve your mind by telling me what it is that you are so anxious to communicate. I am all curiosity."

He started, and passed his hand over his brow.

"Oh, yes; in wandering amid the tombstones of the past, I had quite forgotten the present. You know Edgar Lewis?"

"Well, yes; I should think that I might be slightly acquainted with him," she replied, with a burst of laughter.

"Oh, you rogue! What is it that amuses you so?"

"Why, your question. Why didn't you ask if I knew you or mother?"

He joined in her merriment for an instant, and then exclaimed:

"The fact is, child, that I am charged with a commission that I don't how to execute."

Her face grew grave, as a faint glimmering of the truth began at last to dawn upon her. Emboldened by her silence, her father continued:

"Edgar hopes some day to call you his wife."

A cold shiver ran through her frame, but she made no reply.

"Why do you not speak, my daughter?"

"Did I not?" she answered, simply.

"I heard no sound."

"Well, my whole nature shudderingly protested against the idea, and I thought that my lips gave it utterance."

Her parent regarded her in amazement.

"Is he then so very repugnant to you?"

"Viewed in that light he is; then noticing that the fond eyes that looked into hers were full of pain, she laid her head back in its old position, saying, with a sigh:

"Do you desire this marriage, father?"

He brushed away her glossy curls, and bent and kissed her glowing cheek, as he replied:

"Not at present, my darling. Indeed, I would always keep you with me if it were possible; but I know that my bright sunbeam will be wooed and won sometime, and I must confess that I have always cherished the hope that the hour would come, when I should see you stand up as the bride of my dear sister's son; and now that you tell me that it cannot be, it is not surprising that I should feel a pang."

She nestled still closer to him.

"I am very sorry, dear father; but I am sure that it is the first time that I have ever pained you; and I hope that it will be the last."

"You have indeed been a good daughter, and I shall not try to control you in this matter. We cannot have everything to suit us in this world; but still I am puzzled at your refusal. I thought that you liked Edgar?"

"Well, so I do, as a brother or cousin; but the thought of any other relation fills me with horror."

"Is it possible? But do not think that your feelings may change?"

"If I should lose my individuality, then perhaps they might; but not otherwise."

Dr. Lascelle mused for an instant, and then said:

"Ah! I see wherein I have made a mistake. Well, well, we are none of us so wise as we might be. I ought never to have allowed Edgar and yourself to be such constant companions; but I was foolish enough to think that this was the best method of advancing the object that I had in view. Now I believe that I should have pursued an entirely different course. If you and he had never met until the present time, I doubt not that some day in the future you would have become his wife."

"Do not flatter yourself that such would have been the case," replied Beatrice, thoughtfully. "I do not know, of course, still I believe, that under no circumstances whatever, could I have given him my hand. I feel that our natures could never assimilate."

"Well, child, we will not discuss the matter longer. I will inform Edgar of your decision at the earliest opportunity."

"You are not angry with me, father?"

"Angry, darling! far from it. A little disappointed, may be; but I love you too well, my pet, to wish to see you unhappy; and kissing her fondly, he led her from the room.

Desirous of having a few moments of solitary communion with her own heart, she sought the small parlor in the rear of the hall. With drooping head, she opened the door and passed in, closing it behind her. Some swift, subtle instinct warned her of the presence of another, and looking up she beheld her cousin, the person of all others, whom, at that particular instant, she least wished to see.

He came to her with a triumphant light in his eye, and taking her hand raised it to his lips, saying:

"Well, my sweet Beatrice, when am I to lead you to the altar?"

His confident manner stung her.

"Never!" she replied, vehemently. "I like you as a brother, cousin or friend; but admitting that I could ever be so false to myself as to accept you for a husband, I should hate you in that relation."

His face grew dark with passion; but controlling himself with a mighty effort, he said, in a voice comparatively calm:

"Then what am I to understand by your receiving my attentions as you have in the past?"

She recoiled in amazement.

"I have accepted them as frankly and freely as they were offered—in the same manner that a sister would have done. I am sorry if you supposed that I viewed them in a different light."

"Have you no respect for your parent's wishes?"

"They do not desire me to sacrifice my holiest, best nature, simply to gratify them," she coldly returned.

He caught her arm in a grasp that made her wince, hissing between his closed teeth:

"You love that young Ware! Speak! Is it so?"

She laughed ironically, although her lips quivered with pain.

"You make an assertion, and then ask me to verify it."

"No such evasion as that," he exclaimed, fiercely. "I will have an answer!"

"Mr. Lewis forgets that he is subjecting me to a cross examination," she replied, with calm dignity. "See!" she added, holding up her hand with the marks of his fingers still on her delicate wrist, "you have given me a bracelet to remember you by. Your other presents sink into insignificance by the side of this," and before he was aware of her intention, she had glided quickly by him, and passing into the next room where her mother sat at work, she flung herself down by her side, and burying her face in her lap, burst into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Banner of Light.
A POEM.

The following lines were written by me while under influence, during the spring of 1863, at the completion of which the name of Rosa T. Amedy was appended. It being my custom to prelude my lectures by reading original poetic communications, I have among others frequently read this. Wherever it has been heard, it has been recognized by those who knew the loved sister who passed to the Eden Land, as being the true reflex of her own pure interiority. Never having known her while she dwelt in earthly form, I am incompetent to judge whether they emanated from her or not. Acceding at last to the request of the author, and that of her embodied friends, I forward them for publication.

MRS. C. FANNIE ALLEN.

Oh! pilgrims of earth, passing on, ever on,
To the shores of the spirit-land bright,
With hearts ever seeking a peace to be won,
And looking and longing for light.

Oft grow your hearts weary, and sorrowful, too,
In seeking contentment and blessings to woo;
The present and future seem darkened to view,
As your footsteps press on, ever on.

Oh! know you not, pilgrims, that where there is light,
The vision hath failed to extend;
But in regions of darkness the fancy hath flung,
Where the gross and the earthly doth blend?

For the shadows of earth-life have hung o'er your way,
And over your minds have exerted their sway,
Until to the soul-view seems lost the bright day,
As your footsteps press on, ever on.

Oh! leave these dark wanderings, and look up above,
To the shores of the spirit-land bright,
With hearts ever seeking a peace to be won,
And looking and longing for light.

Where shineth Progression's bright ray!
For angels with will-power o'er Justice and Love,
Are hastening the on-coming day,
Already on earth life hath broken the morn,
For spirits returning speak through the earth-form.

And still undismayed by sectarian storm,
In their life-work press on, ever on!

You read that the Father came, sinners to call,
And the hearts of the pure ones to cheer;
So we in our life-work would break Error's wall,
That the erring and wandering may hear.

We would go to the sad ones, the weary and lone,
We would enter the hovel where vice hath its home,
And where vile debasement sends forth its low moan—
With our love-words we'll press ever on!

Then you who are pining 'neath shade-trees of woe,
Look up! for those trees will yet bloom;
Rich flower-buds of Love on those branches will glow,
And shed o'er the heart sweet perfume.

The buds will progress in their work for a time,
Then blossom of promise will tenderly shine,
Then they'll ripen to fruit, and round you entwined
Love and Light as you press ever on.

Oh! sad ones of earth, though now you're in grief,
Though poverty stands at your door,
Look up! for bright spirits will bring you relief,
And your happiness gladly restore.

Oh! then, never fear, though surrounded by woe,
Though afflictions oppress in the earth sphere below,
The angels of Progress will haste to bestow
Truths to aid you to press ever on.

Loved brothers and sisters, who'er you may be,
If you fain would be guided by Love,
Look onward and upward o'er Life's stormy sea,
And greet kindly the spirits above!

For from "over the river" we often return,
And over the souls of earth's dear ones we yearn,
And watch their unfoldment, and strive that they learn
Spirit-truths, as they press ever on.

Oh! then, children of earth, in Humanity's name
Let the river of Progress roll on!
Wear the mantle of Charity, free from a stain,
And seek Wisdom until it is won.

Keep Purify's love-words and Love's snow-white plume—
Let Hope, Faith, and Truth be ever in bloom—
And the rich dews of Harmony with you will have room,
As your footsteps press on, ever on.

East Bridgewater, Mass., 1864.

California as a Vine Land.

Within her borders, California is known to possess five million acres of land suitable for the culture of the vine. Suppose it to average no larger yield than that of Italy, yet at twenty-five cents a gallon, it would give an income of five hundred and fifty-one millions, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand. That this may not seem an entirely chimerical estimate, it may be remarked that trustworthy statistics show that in France five millions of acres are planted in vines, producing seven hundred and fifty millions of gallons, while Hungary has three millions of acres, yielding three hundred and sixty millions of gallons. If it is asked, supposing California capable of producing the amount claimed for her, what could be done with this enormous quantity of wine? the answer may be found in the experience of France, where, notwithstanding the immense native production, there is a large importation from foreign countries, besides a very considerable consumption of purely artificial wines.

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this, and therefore, instead of swallowing their food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over their business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an education of the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.—Dr. Todd.

Original Essays.

NEW FIRST LAW OF MOTION.

An American, with his new law of motions and his New System of Astronomy, is knocking at the gates of the nation for recognition. Rejoice! I have opened a new way in which we may advance in the knowledge of natural things. Because Newton and his contemporaries and predecessors did not know that a globe might be made to move in a curve line from a single impulse, the Newtonian laws of motion, which were supposed to be the causes of the celestial motions, were founded in a misconception of natural law.

Benedetti, Galileo and Newton were the inventors and defenders of the first and second laws of motion. From them the theory found acceptance that "ALL motion was naturally rectilinear," and that bodies under the action of single forces will move in right lines only. Not one of the founders of the present accepted system of astronomy ever claimed to know the capabilities of globes to move in right and curve lines, forward and backward, from a single impulse. Not one of the defenders of this science ever attempted to show that the first and second laws of motion were defective for the want of a curve line motion, originating in a single impulse. Therefore, I have undisputed possession of the field; and, because it can be demonstrated that from a single impulse both the axial and orbital revolutions of the earth could have been produced, Nature used this most simple way in bringing forth planetary motions.

The simplicity of my single force to move a planet around the sun, when compared with Newton's complex parallelogram of forces (now drawing the planet in the line of the centripetal force, then driving it in the line of the tangential force, then these forces blending in a continuous curve line), marks an epoch which will be characterized by a renunciation of the parallelogram of forces, by which the Copernicans think Nature carries the heavenly bodies of the solar system round the sun.

It is not possible for me to enumerate and state the entire and beautiful variety of motions that a globe is capable of receiving from a single impulse; but the following will answer for a demonstration:

1. A quiescent globe, by a single impulse, may be compelled to slide forward in a single motion.
2. The globe, from a single impulse, may receive a compound circular and forward right-line motion.
3. The globe, from a single impulse, may acquire a compound circular and curvilinear forward motion.
4. The globe, from a single impulse, may be seen to move forward and backward, and on an axis, and in a backward curve line. Not less than four distinct motions, but they will resolve themselves into two motions; and were the globe moving in free space, the motions would continue without interruption. The want of a knowledge of these and other varieties of motions of globes in the days of Newton, left the human mind so impoverished that a full knowledge of the laws of motion was unattainable and impossible; and with less than a full knowledge of the laws of motion, what could even the greatest of the great do but fail in defining the cause of the motions of the heavenly bodies!

Suppose a quiescent globe in free space ready to be moved. It is a property of matter to have no power if at rest, to move itself, or if in motion, to arrest its course; and when moved, to remain under the nature of the impulse which gave birth to its motions. Hence, if the globe, in free space, by a single impulse, is moved in a curve line, it will continue its curve-line motion the same as if the force was constantly applied.

MY NEW FIRST LAW OF MOTION.

The motions of the heavenly bodies were originally and naturally circular and curvilinear. These motions arose from single side-wise impulses impressed on the bodies, causing them to turn on their axes, and move forward in curve lines; and these motions being continued, resulted in the axial and orbital revolutions of the planets, &c. Hence, I have demonstrated that from single side-wise impulses, all the revolving bodies in the solar system derived their motions. The orbits of the planets which arise from these single forces will be elliptical. I omit further reference to centripetal force, except to notice that the astronomers have failed to understand its use beyond the limits of the solid contents of the heavenly bodies. In my book this and other mysteries of Nature are explained.

I dare to be on one side alone in this most sublime controversy, with all the learning of the world opposed to me; for I have found the key of Nature, and I feel assured that with the truth I have at hand, I can convince the world of astronomers of the necessity of changing their scheme. Yours, WM. ISAACS LOOMIS, Pastor of Baptist Church, Martindale, Col. Co., N. Y., March 24, 1864.

NATURE VERSUS DRUGS.

BY DR. A. J. HIGGINS.

The elevation of the human race, is, or should be, the object aimed at by all reformers. But do not our spiritual teachers and lecturers fall into the same errors as the so-called teachers of theology, by teaching the culture of the spirit to the exclusion of the body? The statement that "a sound mind can only exist in a sound body," is as true to-day as it ever was. But how many dyspeptic, hypochondriacal clergymen and school teachers are there on this planet, with pretensions to wisdom, presiding over the minds of men and women of the present generation, pretending to instruct them in the way of life?

Fifteen years since, Spiritualism found the world in this condition. The mind of the people was chained to its teachers. If there was a quarrel between neighbors, the lawyer was consulted. If disease commenced its ravages upon the physical domain, the doctor was consulted. If danger threatened the country in any manner, the politician was the one to straighten all difficulties. He alone possessed the authority and knowledge to "set things to rights." And when a man was about to "shuffle off this mortal coil," the clergyman was invoked to interfere with the Almighty, that his soul might not be eternally damned. I say fifteen years since found the world full of worshippers of authority. Scarcely could a man be found who would dare think for himself on all subjects. If he was independent of the Doctor of Divinity, he was not of the Doctor of Medicine. If independent of the politician, he was not of the lawyer.

Now, this immense surplus of inspiration from the "world of spirits" has had the tendency to set the mind free from authorities of every kind. Although necessarily slow at first, yet steadily has the stream flowed on; a rivulet in the beginning, continuing to swell gradually, until now it has become a mighty river, bearing on its bosom

thoughts, which, had it brought them at first, would have perfectly overwhelmed us. We were first made independent of the theologians; next and now, of the politicians; and when we shall have done with them, we shall give our attention to the doctors of medicine. And if there is in the vast universe any science that should be generally understood by the whole people, it is that pertaining to the laws of health—physical health. There is, to-day, more misery among earth's inhabitants, from a want of this knowledge, than that which arises from a lack of knowledge of all other sciences. How many of the readers of the BANNER are there who are not afflicted in some manner by some disease? and yet how many of them who do not rely on the drug doctors to relieve or cure them? Even the most progressive among the ranks of reformers recommend, and, for aught I know, take drugs when sick.

Now, why may not reformers become free from the use of poisons when they are sick? How many are there now traveling the country, especially women, as lecturers, who are well? I have yet to see one who is wholly free from disease, though I am proud to say that a few are trying to get well by strictly obeying the laws of their being, and to that end they are making it their study and the theme of discourse to others. I know many persons who are paralyzed, more or less, in consequence of "drug medication." In fact, I do not know of a single case of chronic disease which has not been superinduced by hereditary transmission, and the use of drugs in acute disease, together with inattention to personal cleanliness. I know a young man only twenty-one years old, who is nearly paralyzed, (paraplegia) caused by drugs administered to cure him of a fever, five years since. He is now slowly recovering, and by strict observance to the laws which govern his being, will, in time, entirely overcome the difficulty.

The followers of Esculapius, many of them, rigidly adhere to the doctrine of Paracelsus, who, in his time, was considered a quack, and with great pomp and ceremony burned the books of Galen in the streets, asserting that he was the true physician. Paracelsus introduced mercury as the elixir of life, and though it has failed millions of times in curing, it has surely injured the persons taking it; yet the worshippers of authority everywhere persist in using it, where the patient does not positively object. The majority, even of those who are considered intelligent, assert that "we need medicine to assist nature when we are sick." While a few of the more radical ones tell us that we do not grow on medicines, nor do we eat them when well to keep well. And the intelligent observer perceives that of the most helpless of the invalids, those who take the most medicine rank among the first.

Now, the people are becoming tired of taking so much of drugs when they are sick, and as soon as they begin to believe in Spiritualism, they seek out some clairvoyant, who can give them a correct diagnosis of their malady, and straightway the clairvoyant is employed to select medicine from the vast storehouse of Nature, to cure the applicant. Down goes a mixture, of which neither the clairvoyant or the patient knows the properties—but it can't be worse than the doctor's medicine, because purely vegetable—and for a time the patient feels no worse and not much better, until, at last, he takes cold; a fever ensues, the family become alarmed, the "regular" physician is called, drugs administered, the system unable to rally longer against the combined efforts of both, his spirit leaves his body and goes to the Better Land.

Now clairvoyance is clear-seeing, but it is one thing to see, and another to comprehend, and, in my opinion, there is not a reader of the BANNER who has not (if sick) within his or her reach, an abundant supply of nature's remedies to restore him to health, if rightly administered. Air, water, light, electricity, clothing, food, and magnetism will never fail in restoring to health the diseased. I will undertake to cure more persons in one year, who will follow my directions, without the aid of medicine, than all the drug physicians in the land. When people are sick and take drugs, and they get about again, it must be remembered that the medicines have not cured, but that they have overcome both the disease and medicines. But it may not be so easy for nature to rally next time, and let them see to it that they do not have rheumatism sooner or later, in consequence; or the more fashionable disease, the gout. Then is it not time for speakers to begin to teach the people how to have a "sound mind in a sound body?"

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG FOR THE CIRCLE.

BY S. B. KEACH.

O, swifter than the light that streams
From Morning's radiant throne,
We leave behind the laggard beams
With speed to them unknown.
Through realms of space our trackless way
No mortal eye can see;
The light that makes celestial day
Is ours eternally.

O, brighter than the flowers of Earth,
In their immortal bloom,
The buds of Eden-land shed forth
Ambrosial perfume.
And happier than the summer birds,
Whose songs delight your ear,
With kindly heart and loving words
We hasten to your sphere.

O, why, when bright the Spirit-Land,
And dark your earthly home—
Why do we leave a happy band,
And to your Circle come?
We come to lead you gently up—
To soothe your earthly care;
To drop a balm in Sorrow's cup,
Our joys with you to share.

Departed Spirits.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to call your attention to the following paragraph from "Drifting About," by S. C. Massett. Many authors not professing to be Spiritualists, are being led to express a belief in that which comes to every mind by intuition.

S. B. KEACH.

"I notice groups of Egyptian men and women resting by the graves of the keepers, and strewing upon and about them fresh and fragrant flowers. 'Tis a pretty fancy at any rate, for they think the spirits of the loved and lost linger around—and perhaps they do—who can tell? In all lands and at all times I think this notion—if I may so call it—has had a more or less stronghold upon the human mind. The Divine Teacher himself says of them: 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to us?' Perhaps some day we may better appreciate this unseen agency, and not think so disparagingly of the Easterners for it. And I think it would be a great deal better to believe in the 'ghost stories' of oldtime nurseries, than not to believe in incorporated presences; restrained by divine revelation it tends, I doubt not, to immaterialize our natures."

Keen satirists are usually men of talent, who, thinking and feeling more correctly than they live, wreak on their neighbors the bitterness of their own remorse.

The Lecture Boom.

WHAT RELATION DOES MEMORY BEAR TO SPIRITUALISM?

BY DR. J. J. EDWARDS.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

At the weekly meeting of the Spiritual Conference Association, held in Clinton Hall, New York, May 1st, Dr. J. J. Edwards made the following speech (in continuation of the one which appeared in the BANNER of April 30.) He said—

The section of this question now to be considered, is, "What relation does Memory bear to Spiritualism?"

I must premise by repeating the following sentence in my last address to this meeting, which was demurred to by more than one of our intelligent friends:

"It will soon dawn upon the world, that when we are acquainted with the laws which govern what is called 'Memory' in man, we shall begin to understand the principle and laws of Spiritualism—we shall find one to be the Alpha and the other the Omega of Spiritualism."

I feel called upon to make known the reasons for the faith which I then confessed. But there are one or two points upon which I wish, previously, briefly to touch.

A feeling pervades the minds of some of the "orthodox" members of this association, which prompts them to say to themselves, "Who is this brother, who, although associated with us less than a year, speaks with a voice, as it were, 'on cathedra'?" I have often felt the question. I now respond to it; it is their due—it is my right.

It is not I, Dr. J. J. Edwards—who, now or at other times, have addressed you. Professor John Tatum, of London, under whom, in the early days of my youth, (fifty-five years ago) I studied the laws of the Natural Sciences, with the world-renowned Faraday as a fellow-student—he, John Tatum, speaks to you through me. In my maturer years, I was associated with, and instructed by, Robert Owen, of New Lanark. Under him I studied the laws of Human Nature and the Science of Society. He, Robert Owen, speaks to you through me. I may be an indifferent medium, but so it is. The written missive which I received from Robert Owen, since his sojourn in the spirit-land, through the highly gifted medium, John M. Spear, I read to you some time since, in this hall. The other point in this preamble, which a great error exists in those who suppose that a speaker cannot be influenced by the spirits, unless he speaks in the so-called, "trance" condition. I will not dilate upon this unfortunate error, but refer those who think thus to the eloquent and able elucidation of this matter by our brother Loveland, in the Convention lately held in Boston, and reported at the time.

The constituents and properties of Memory must first be defined. Man has five senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling. For each sense he has allotted organs—these organs being simply the locality in which certain nerves are placed to the best advantage—by which the nerves convey various sensations, or feelings, to the brain, which afterwards become, more or less, "impressions."

These impressions are "more or less," because, if any of the nerves thus officiating become much or little diseased, the sensations will be correspondingly affected, and slight or distorted impressions be made. Should the diseased condition continue to increase, it must result in an absence of all sensation in whichever department the injury may occur. If the nerves of sight are affected or destroyed, blindness, in part or in toto, ensues; and so with the other senses. These impressions are known to exist, in a healthy individual, through life, subject to certain conditions. These impressions constitute Memory.

Where there is no motion there can be no sensation. Various motions produce various sensations. The laws of vibrations teach man to know why he sees blue, or red, or green. These laws of vibrations teach him to know why he hears a high musical note or a low one.

Without matter there can be no vibration; without heat there can be no motion, and without electricity heat cannot be. Heat, motion and electricity are the "Trinity in unity" of all sensations. They may be called the "past, the present and the future" of all existences. They are so interwoven that no one can say which is the first or which is the last.

But they all pertain to matter. Without matter there can be no heat, no motion, no electricity. Matter is the "Trinity in unity" of all sensations. Mind is a mode of matter; where there is no matter there can be no mind.

It is only within the last few years of man's existence that it has been known that the air he breathes is tangible, ponderable, measurable matter. It was, until lately, supposed to have no substance.

Many even yet doubt the materiality of electricity. But, that which can be collected into vessels, or sent through a specified path, and which can be stopped in that path by the interposition of glass, lead, gutta-serena, and other matters, must be material to the unprejudiced mind as being matter. That which is diffused through all space, the highly etherialized condition, in which state it is essential to human health and happiness, but which can be so collected and condensed as at one flash to destroy life, rend trees, split rocks, and even melt the diamond, must be allowed to be matter. Matter which, although not yet ponderable, still is measurable, and can be made visible at will, as is constantly done by the electrometer and by friction.

It is only within the last few years of man's existence that the microscope has opened up to his wondering mind another series of steps to the knowledge of himself and his surroundings. The infinite minuteness of matter—not only the infiniteness of atoms, but the fact that the infinitesimal "atoms of atoms" contain, each within itself, the germs of all the attributes which, congregated together, constitute man, elephant, horse, eagle, butterfly, down to those animalcules and flies and insects which are invisible to the naked eye, even in their aggregated atoms, but which, minute as they are, are the resultant accumulations of one infinitesimally smaller atom; which single atom, when vivified by an equally infinitesimal atom, contains within itself all the properties and atoms, of size, of mode, of motion, of nutrition, of feelings, and of the reproductive energy.

These are two new starting points in the history of man. No philosopher can argue logically unless he take the new premises into account

And not only these perceived facts, but the combinations resulting from them, of what are called comparisons, as pleasure, pain, characters, feelings and hopes.

He refers to this storehouse in accordance with the dominion of the hour, and turns to that leaf of his mental ledger, and again reads what was written there, perhaps years before, but which may have remained unaltered until now called for. Each section of this ledger being numbered from one, to say thirty-two, but most probably more.

In some organizations these books of reference—these ledgers—are more fully and more clearly kept than in others; as some merchants, who are well organized for business, keep better, fuller and clearer books than others, in whose organizations order and the other necessary qualifications are less developed. Even an illot has a torn and dog-eared memorandum book. These accumulated facts become his ideas. In the human mind there is an action known as the "association of ideas." As nothing can exist in a perfectly abstract condition, &c., no "idea" can be experienced unless there is something to arouse the particular thought, nor unless there be a particular thought to respond to that something. It requires two distinct entities to form one idea, one conception, and truly is the last word used, for every act of the memory generates a new idea, which not displaces, but is added to the previous stock. It becomes a new impression.

It may appear to the superficial observer, that these two necessary conditions are both operations of the mind internal to man; but a well-considered analysis proves that it is not so. In the generation of ideas there must be two essences. Hermaphrodites generate nothing. The one condition, the internal, is what is called organization; the other, the external, is called circumstance. They are the two poles necessary to the generation of an idea.

Man's mind—man's soul—is the result of his organization; the soul is the generic term, the mind the specific one. The aggregation of atoms, which is called man, belongs to the genus "soul," and has an attribute which is designated "mind." The particular individual organization of atoms, under this general law, is infinitely varied, and in each individual case the soul is thus spoken of as the mind.

There are atoms aggregated in such proportions as necessarily result in animals—beings—beings having senses, and consequently minds—besides those which result in man; but his series of aggregates is the highest—below him there are many series, descending to such zoophytes as enjoy only the lowest state of vital existence. Still the same laws rule from the highest to the lowest; it is but a question of degree—of time.

As the changes of atoms influence the "sensory of man," so each individual, in his mundane and in his spiritual condition, makes corresponding impressions upon the "sensory of the universal." They are not stored up there to be wasted. The philosopher knows that in God's operations nothing is wasted. They are there to be reproduced by the all-directing Power, at the fitting time, the appropriate place, and the progressive changes of the universe may require.

To recapitulate, then: Man is endowed with a quality called Memory. By the use of this faculty he stores up perceptions of facts, which facts generate ideas; and these ideas are again stored in their compound state. This action is repeatedly continued.

Man recalls one set of facts, constituting one idea, at each effort of the Memory.

God recalls the series of ideas which constitute one particular Man.

Man's ideas are stored up by him; they continually fructify, and are again stored. They are the "Spirit" of the Man.

God's larger, more comprehensive ideas are stored up in the sensory of the universe; they also fructify. They are the "Spirits" of the "Spirit-World." They people the higher spheres.

Man recalls ideas of past events to mingle with and influence his present thoughts and actions.

God recalls spirits of past beings to mingle with and influence Man's mundane relations.

Man is so organized that he can recall to his mind the ideas of the past, the expressions of the movements, the words of any person he has known, and of any action in which that person was engaged, and of the place where, and of the time when it occurred. They are to him realities; in him they exist, and all he does is again to produce them. They are as real as the reflection produced by the camera on the photographic plate or paper. It is the indelible stamp of matter upon matter, which can be reproduced thousands of times from the one impression.

Highly gifted organizations look at the shadow portraits of their father, their mother, their child, their lover, and as positively hold converse with them as they did when the departed one was with them in the form. This will be easily seen by those whose organizations are upon a low level; they have not yet risen to so high a condition of human nature, as to feel or understand it; still faintly and vaguely they "do" it, although "they know not what they do." It is not their fault, it is simply their condition.

The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician does but reproduce these impressions, these shadows upon the canvas, these memories of past things, and again bring them visibly, audibly and tangibly before the human perceptions and conceptions.

The magnetism of the soul of the artist combines with the magnetism of the souls of the past, as deposited within him, and forms a new, central development, attracting together particles of matter, and resulting in an epic, a picture, a statue, or an anthem.

The great "I am"—The Whole—The Infinite—The Eternal, filling all space and all time—Man is part of the Whole. The laws which govern that Whole must, as a necessary consequence, govern the part, and interminglingly. When we know the laws of God, we know the laws governing man. The law pertaining to laws is, that every law must be of universal application. It is the "Microcosm and the Macrocosm." It is an "Imperium in Imperio."

In conclusion, fear not, Spiritualists, to utter the truth which is within you. The world to-day is older and wiser than it was yesterday. The inquiry and the rejection of the old, and the acceptance of the new, is a law of the universe, and the old and the new are still scattered around—ribs and bigots are still abounding—but the soil that produced them is being tilled and drained, and gradually these noxious weeds will disappear.

The mental functions of man are so arranged, that, in carrying out the necessary changes in progress, there is a great, opposing, conservative element at work—the "conservative" which prevents the machine from going too fast. The use of this conservatism is to prevent any sudden or excessive changes; as it is one of the laws appertaining not only to man, but to all matter, that all "great changes to be good must be gradual." This conservatism in man is shown whenever any great advance in art or science is advocated in some cases by "pooh-poohing," and in others by persecution. When a similar train of arguments upon this subject of Memory, to those which have been now addressed, were laid before this Conference some months since, they were looked upon as an innovation, unworthy of notice—they were not "on edge," not orthodox, but, as the coils and the lambs become accustomed to the locomotive, so those arguments can now, perhaps, be repeated without jarring upon man's conservative element, and consequently, without disturbing his equilibrium.

As the individual body by the law of gradual change, is constructed of new atoms once in every few years, so these effects—these worn-out atoms of the body corporate—are thrown off in their proportionate times. Each of these bodies follows the eternal law of change, and still retains its identity.

Thus let Spiritualists speak: "We teach no infraction of known natural laws. We teach nothing which a well-organized, well-educated mind cannot comprehend. We teach nothing illogical, nothing unphilosophical. We teach such facts as the recent developments in the natural sciences have made known to us. We draw such conclusions as the newly discovered premises warrant us in doing. We endeavor to fit our views for our future use by comparative advantage. We endeavor, by teaching more fully the knowledge of 'ourselves,' to bring ourselves in nearer relation to 'our God.'"

It is shown how man reads the spirit of the past, by the action of memory; it is shown how memory is part of the moulded atoms of the world located in each particular man; that he who reads through it to bring past things into relation with the present, both to himself and to others.

What man does in the lesser degree, God does in the greater.

God is the Soul, the Spirit, the Mind of our universe.

When the spirit of a man leaves its particular form, it remains one of the "impressions" made on the sensory of the Universal, there to be stored and called into action as God in his wisdom sees fit.

And as the atoms forming the mind of man keep changing and developing and also continuing their identity, so those atoms which constitute the "spiritualized man" are similarly affected in the sensory of the God of the universe.

As man recalls ideas of past events to mingle with and influence his present thoughts and actions, so God recalls spirits of past beings to mingle with and influence their mundane relations.

Thus, then, it appears that Memory and Spiritualism are the alpha and omega of man's highest conditions.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPRING.

BY A. P. McCOMBS.

O! fairest nymph and queen of song,
Thou coy and wayward, winsome lass,
You've laughed and wept, coquetted long
With flower and bud, and meadow-grass,
Until you've won their youthful hearts,
Their treasured secrets to unfold,
Each petal bud with joy upstarts,
From out its fold,
When they behold
Your sunny face and locks of gold.

The daisies drink your dewy kiss,
With new, bewildering, quiet joy;
Anemones dance with pure bliss,
And with your balmy breezes toy;
While blossoms, purple, red and white,
Give their rich fragrance unto thee;
And brooks and birds with wild delight,
From plain and tree,
In rapturous gloe,
Pour forth their sweetest melody.

Man, the whole earth, each living thing,
Greets thy soft smiles, bows to thy charms;
Would woo and win the blithesome Spring,
Now playing in old Winter's arms;
Though April, young, modest and meek,
Would dry his tears for the sweet boon,
To have you kiss his downy cheek,
And dell and dune
Would swell the tune
With sister May and amorous June.

Then guard their hopes so fresh and warm,
Their trusting loves and simple truth;
Betray them not to frosts and storms,
Or cloud the heyday of their youth;
For sure such homage ne'er was paid
To earthly or celestial kings;
For at thy shrine, sweet, rural maid,
All Nature sings,
And poens ring
Praise unto thee, fair Goddess Spring!

Correspondence.

Visit to Starved Rock.

On a balmy day of March, mild with Spring breathings, I, with some Spiritualist friends, visited the famous "Starved Rock," distant some seven miles from this town. The road to it was through a beautiful prairie country; wild, and grand, and rugged is the scenery around the Rock. There pines and other evergreens uplift their sturdy heads, and gladden the eye with their immortal vestures, and remind the remnant heart of the home-nooks in dear old Massachusetts. A strange place is this "Starved Rock," towering perpendicular, bald and green, from the laving river. Here, some say seventy, others a hundred years ago, a hostile tribe of Indians surrounded another tribe which had taken refuge on the sheltering bluff. The refugees died there the lingering, horrible death of slow starvation. So closed to all human appeals of compassion were the hearts of the watchful foe, that the buckets, lowered from above for draughts of the refreshing river water, were cut from the ropes, thus adding the agonies of unassuaged thirst to the gnawing pangs of hunger. Fearful are the revelations made by now happy Indian spirits, of the tortures endured on that spot; and the bones of gigantic chiefs, loving squaws, and innocent pappees, have been dug out of the earth, at the places indicated. I have seen the bones, which are in possession of Dr. Larkin, of this place; also some pictures—taken by our friend, W. P. Anderson—of sturdy Indian braves; and one of a lovely Indian mother, who, with her child perished on the Rock. I may sometime give to you more in detail the legendary history of this remarkable place.

I spent a pleasant day there; a day that was an oasis of rest from brain and hand labor. A serene, peaceful, health-bestowing influence pervaded; our Indian friends were assembled there, and greeted us most heartily. One lady, destined in the future to do much good unto the sick and suffering, beheld their spirit-forms, their smiling faces. Friends, and those once foes, were hand and heart, linked together in bonds of unity and peace, revivifying with calm and grateful hearts the scene of their past miseries. Very gentle, beautiful and inspiring is to me the influence of Indian spirits. Toward the remnants of the race on earth, my soul goes forth in compassionate reverence, in a burning indignation sometimes, that would demand in the name of Christ's love and justice, at the hands of a Christian people, the redress of the cruel wrongs long perpetrated against them.

The cruelties committed in Minnesota continue to be cited against them as proof of their innate barbarism and ingratitude. It was only when aroused by long-continued injustice, infuriated by the demon of whiskey, and, as there is reason to believe, incited by disloyal white men, that the Indian forgot his own high moral code, and conducted his fierce war of extermination after the fashion of civilization, by showing no quarter, violating women, and murdering children; no worse than the Russians committed in the time of the first Napoleon. The introduction of a blood-theology, sectarian teachings, whiskey, cards, and fire-arms has not been conducive to the moral well-being of the Indian. And the swindling propensities of Indian agents have not impressed them favorably with the superior goodness of the "pale faces." And yet, ever honored be his name! "Other day," risked his own life and saved some sixty white persons; and other Indians showed their self-devotion in a like manner. And yet, even a woman, one whose heart should be steeped in the tenderness of a loving justice, has gained for herself an unenviable notoriety by lecturing West and East, against this man-foraken, down-trodden, shamefully-abused people! A woman, professing belief in the doctrines of the all-forgiving Jesus—one who, moreover, avows herself an abolitionist, full of pity and sympathy for the poor slave, yet arrayed in most Judaic hatred of speech, pen and intent against the red children of the self-same God! May our Father forgive her for this great mistake of a life, otherwise so useful! Thank heaven! the portals of the Morning Land are opened wide unto the outcast Indian. And

from the wisdom-slopes of that far better country, he sends to earth in return for its ministry of persecution, its flats of extermination, the streams of healing to the sick and afflicted. With strengthening powers they approach; they recommend the bitter and balsamic herbs; they come with greetings of cheerfulness and forgiveness—with devotional hearts, with souls attuned to poetry and peace. Thanks, Indian guardians, for your ministry of health! your soothing magnetisms, your sympathy, and sweet return of good for evil! and deign to accept as humblest, but most earnest champion of your rights, one who would vindicate your most just claims; one who would be happy to be deemed worthy of your instructions.

For the cause of universal Truth and Justice yours ever, friends afar and near.

CORA WILBURN.

Prairie Home, LaSalle, Ill., April 3d, 1864.

Spiritual Progress in Missouri.

Thinking that some account of the condition and prospects, temporal and spiritual, of this interesting portion of our country might be of interest to some of your readers, and also call the attention of lecturers and mediums to our spiritual needs, I proceed briefly to give it. Under the "old dispensation" of Slavery, this State made very slow progress in any direction. While the free States on her east, north and west boundaries were making giant strides, she was languishing under a heavy incubus.

It may be needless to say that wherever Slavery exists, freedom of thought is shackled. A vindictive God, and an eternal hell are the usual and consistent concomitants of human despotism. Consequently the old theology flourished like a green bay tree, and liberal Christianity had scarce a foothold. The same intolerant spirit which lynched and murdered an abolitionist, had also its tortures for the liberalist in religion. But the war has aroused a spirit of freedom in this State, which, Samson-like, is breaking the withes which have so long bound her, and she will soon be prepared to take rank with her sister States in the race of progress.

Notwithstanding the condition of this country incident to the war, immigration from the north and east, and from Europe, is fast pouring in, attracted by its salubrious climate and exhaustless resources. The short and mild winters of this latitude—so favorable for stock raising and fruit growing—are a great desideratum to the farmer, and nothing but the curse of Slavery has prevented Missouri from being long since the most populous of the Western States. Radicalism in politics is now predominant in this State. It may seem strange to some that Missouri, always a slave State, and until recently under the control of the slavery propagandists, should be so suddenly metamorphosed; but it is no miracle to those who have passed through the troubles here, and who know—as few do in the North—the true character of the rightly-named "peculiar institution."

A change in our moral condition is no less perceptible. The ethics of Slavery are giving way to liberal thought and free inquiry. The mind which sees justice in slavery, would recognize the same principle in a vindictive God and an eternal hell; but when expanded by freedom, will reject the one with the other. Consequently there never was a better time than the present for the dissemination of our beautiful Philosophy, and I know of no better field for the inspirational speaker, and the test medium, than in this section.

And now I will close with a few words about Hannibal. This city is romantically situated among the bluffs on the "great father of waters," twenty miles below Quincy, and one hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis. It is the eastern terminus of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad—the most direct and expeditious route from the East to the West.

While the contest between Freedom and Slavery was waging here, all minds were absorbed in the great struggle; but now that freedom has virtually triumphed, we are prepared to attend to the claims of Spiritualism. The Davenport Boys visited us last winter, and produced a decided impression upon the thinking minds here. Mrs. Julia L. Brown, test and speaking medium, also favored us with a visit, and succeeded in convincing many of the truth of Spiritualism, and in awakening the friends of the cause to a deeper interest, and to more earnest effort in its behalf. We are now thoroughly organized, and have obtained subscriptions for the support of lectures for the next six months. By the way, I would suggest to our friends elsewhere the advantage of this plan over the "dine-at-the-door system," which retards the progress of the cause by repelling many who would listen to a "free gospel," and is, after all, more onerous and expensive to the few, who always have to make up the balances. We are now in need of good speakers and test mediums, and hope that all such will favor us with a visit.

One of the best signs of progress here is the fact that our clergy have entered the field against Spiritualism, with their usual weapons of warfare, though I must except the talented preacher of the Congregational Church, who, though he regarded our philosophy as being opposed to what he terms the "doctrines of the cross," he was not prepared to deny the spirituality of the manifestations. On the contrary, he admitted that "the phenomena had not been proved not to be spiritual," and though he "did not recognize the necessity of any other revelation from the spirit-world than that through the Bible, yet God in his beneficence might have permitted it, for the rays of his glorious sun were shed upon vast realms of empty space, and many a rose was suffered to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air." The conclusion derived from the three sermons which he devoted to Spiritualism was, that it was a subject of great and increasing importance, and demanded the investigation of the scientific mind, and the honest searcher after truth. But I am making this communication longer than I intended, and will close.

N. O. ARCHER.

Hannibal, Mo., 1864.

Meetings in Newark, N. J.

The friends of human progress of Newark, N. J., organized a Union Conference and Counsel for mutual culture and improvement, at McGregor Hall, last Sunday evening. Mr. Patie was chosen President, Hannah L. Marsh, Secretary; Mr. Hall, Treasurer; Messrs. Drake Judson and Taylor a Committee of Three to draft organic basis and by-laws to be presented for acceptance next Sabbath. Prof. Edward G. Wickes, Messrs. Stowe and West were chosen a Standing Business Committee. One hundred and twenty-five dollars were subscribed, and much more promised to sustain the hall and speakers the present year.

The Secretary is requested to extend an invitation to all progressive, inspirational speakers. The society proposes to organize a Children's Counsel and Love Feast for youthful culture and improvement, and establish a permanent library in the hands of a Ladies' Silent Counsel, for the diffusion of useful knowledge and progressive truth; free to the members of the society.

Inspirational speaking will be continued every Sabbath afternoon, at three o'clock. Subjects selected by the audience, and questions answered. Social conference—opportunity for free discussion—every Sunday evening.

HANNAH L. MARSH, Secretary.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati.

Since my last communication I have to say that the prospects of our "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," seem bright enough. The society has been completely organized; a large and commodious hall in the city has been procured for permanent occupation; and now we have the extreme delight and joy of having a good place to meet in on Sundays, and hear the utterances of sublime truths from the lips of those selected by the immortal inhabitants of a superior sphere to teach and enlighten mankind. Already, too, have we made arrangements for the establishment of a school or lyceum for the teaching of children the truths of life here, and life hereafter. These teachings to children are designed to be given in our hall on every Sunday morning. We shall not call our establishment a "Sunday School," that is a term which has been, we fear, heretofore badly appropriated, and on that account we "will none of it." But ours shall be a spiritual school, where what we learn from above shall be freely communicated to the pure and innocent mind of childhood, adapting, of course, the character of our teachings to the capacity of childhood.

Do not you, and do not all who believe in true spiritual progress, cordially approve of this? We are but upon the threshold of spiritual experience; it will be for our children to enter the stately mansion. To the next generation will our angelic friends look for the genuine development of the philosophy of Spiritualism; and that generation, now children, are in our care. Our responsibility then is fixed; and we must look to it, that our children are placed upon the right path. Their young minds must not be polluted or defiled by the doctrines or dogmas, which have heretofore prevailed, but clear and pure they must be preserved for the proper inflowing from above of angelic truth. On this subject I could say much—very much; but just now it is outside of the especial object of this communication. I will only add that I hope that all Spiritualists, everywhere, will carefully consider the brief suggestions I have given here, and act upon them.

Since the organization of the society we have had several beautiful lectures from Mrs. Laura Cuppy—an excellent medium—with whom and with whose powers I believe you are acquainted. The lectures were well attended, and great satisfaction was expressed at the results of them. Mrs. Cuppy was particularly happy in answering all sorts of questions propounded by the audience after her lectures were ended; and many persons outside of Spiritualism were astonished at the readiness, propriety, and great intelligence of her answers. Mrs. Cuppy lives quite near our city—only sixty miles distant, at the town of Dayton—and we have no doubt will frequently favor us.

On last Sunday morning and evening we had the services of Mrs. Carver, who is a very good medium, and lives in our city. On these occasions, however, she did not speak in trance condition. I myself was not present in the morning, but was in the evening. On that occasion there was hanging before the rostrum a life-sized portrait of a young woman with a beautiful child by her side, and I wondered what that was for. After some singing of spiritual songs, Mrs. Carver was led to the rostrum, and rising in her place, she began to explain, by request, the portrait, and the singular facts therewith connected.

She said that some six years ago she lost from this earth her only babe, a daughter, who, at the time of her death, was only ten months old. She felt the loss most keenly, but of course was well assured as to where the babe was. Some two years after its death, she had a most beautiful vision of her as she then was, and she told the audience that she saw her babe of two years more plainly than she now saw any one before her. She described the vision in most glowing colors. Beside her babe stood a young woman, her guardian angel. To no one did she communicate this vision save to her husband. The result of this vision was a great desire upon her part to possess a likeness of the babe, and this desire had always continued with her.

Some months ago, in her yearnings about her child, she had another more beautiful vision; and now baby had become a child of six years, and still stood beside the guardian angel, and holding her hand out as if beckoning to her—her mother. This vision she also never communicated to any one but her husband; and after that she was seized with an extreme desire to have a painting of her darling child and the guardian angel. A short time ago, an old gentleman came to her residence, and being admitted, to her amazement presented her with the portrait of her child and guardian angel which then hung before the audience. The old gentleman said: "Madam, I have brought you this picture of your child and her guardian angel, which I was directed by the spirits to paint for you. It represents your child as she now is in the spirit-land, as well as I could do it. I had a vision of your child and her guardian angel, and this painting represents that vision."

Mrs. Carver then went on to say, that of course paint and brush could not fully portray her vision, but this picture accomplished it as well as paint and brush could do it.

The painter of the picture is an old gentleman—an artist—of perhaps sixty years of age. He is, as he himself told me, a seer and clairvoyant.

After the story of the picture, Mrs. Carver gave us a very good and animated lecture, in her normal state, as she claimed, but I am of opinion it was somewhat inspired. She closed her lecture by reading in excellent style, that grand poem "The Golden Portal."

A. G. V. C.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Generous Proposition.

All who have heard me in public or private, or have followed the imprint from my pen in the "BANNER" and elsewhere, know that I am ever willing to extend a just appreciation toward Spiritualism and all its co-workers.

Preparatory to various vital operations in lecturing, &c., I have for some time been arranging a plan of Beneficiary Distributions, enabling me to bestow even more in value, than the amount of contributions which may be awarded me.

Among other items I have made an arrangement with one of the very best and most successful Life Insurance Companies, by which I am entitled to discount ten per cent. of the annual premium—several dollars per year—to all clergymen, lecturers, teachers, and practical workers in humanity and human improvement. In some cases, more.

Any in the spiritual ranks who may be desirous of making the safe and admirable investment for their friends or families, of a "Life Insurance," can now have the advantage of the above arrangement, by an early application to me.

At the Depot, Mass.

D. J. MANDELL.

Communicated.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAS LONG HELD ON TO THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS, BUT IS NOW ALMOST PERSUADED TO BECOME A SPIRITUALIST.

Fragrant odors, as from the gardens of the Hesperides or bowers of Elysium, seem wafted to me. I am in a transport of unutterable joy. I feel as if in the presence-chamber of high and holy spirits, notwithstanding the sable curtain of night is being drawn like a veil over the face of nature. I am not in dream-land, but in the region where lofty and inspiring thoughts are imparted to mortals, or such of them as fly from the toils and darkening cares of earth-life. I behold the lucid circles of those master-spirits and master-minds who have for ages given tone and character to the literature of mortals. Here dwell the spirits of earth's first born sons of genius, and those of her younger offspring—the first of earth, now disembodied and free.

Here they range the broad fields of the expansive empyrean, and thread the labyrinthine courts of Light. Here they drink of the pellucid streams of knowledge, science and philosophy, and everywhere gather truths for unfoldment to their kindred in the form, whereby they may develop their Godlike powers, and shine as stars in the firmament of Truth. With these spirits I hold sweet and blessed communion to-night, and shall feast my mind on the luxuries which they have provided, and drink of the nectarine viands which they shall be pleased to pour out for me.

I see, as in a vast panorama spread out before my vision, the old men of earth, with silvery locks and decrepit steps. They are represented standing on the brink of a precipice, whose chasmed depths are washed by a black and stormy sea. They are blind, and each holds in his hand the black lamp of Superstition, whose flame was lighted at the furnace of Error. They poor dupes to wily priests and fanatic preachers, are deluded into the idea that by the aid of the dark lantern of Error they will be led to a happier state of existence than their fellow-men, who believe not blindly, as they do. But see the disappointment depicted on their countenances as they pass over the border line which separates them from unending existence. Instead of finding the master-spirits of ancient and of modern times immersed in liquid fire, and writhing in untold agonies, as they expected to, they see them exalted to the sublime circles of immortality. They recognize no hell, as taught them while on earth. They see only happiness for all the spirits of disembodied human beings. They learn, to their sorrow, that to arrive at the stature of fully developed spirits they have a mighty task to perform; that they have to commence with the elements or first rudiments of spirit-lore. They are very sucklings. They never knew the first principles of what they have now to learn. And those spirits, whom they in their blindness, thought consigned to their priest-made hell, are henceforth to become their teachers. Deluded mortals! Cast away the old and treacherous dogmas of superstition, which have been instilled into your minds by Christian ministers. Tell those hoary-headed hypocrites, the priests, to get behind you. Assert the supremacy of the human intellect, and maintain the genuine claims and follow the dictates of Reason.

Free from Error as from the presence of a relentless tiger, and embrace Truth as a firm and enduring friend. Do not credit these false and delusive doctrines, which have been the bane of society from the period of their first introduction among men till now. Trust not to a blind belief which is devoid of the least vestige of truth or evidence, and binds men to ignore reason, aye, to hurl her from her exalted throne, and denies her the prerogative to reign. Come out of this darkness into the light. To the lying monks and aviculous, hypocritical divines, say, "avaunt!" Imitate the example and tread in the footsteps of such men as Galileo, Copernicus, and others of their school, who boldly demonstrated Truth, spite of the rack, pillory, and the tortures of the Inquisition. There is no inquisition half as cruel as that which chains, or attempts to chain, the immortal mind; and no rack half so torturing as the rack of error, with which priests and clergymen of all ages have sought to bind down the herelean energies of the human intellect, its truth-seeking instincts, and its glorious intuitive principles. Cast aside those who would bind you. Treat as your worst enemies those who blandly and eloquently lay down what is falsely termed "holy writ," as accommodated to the present advanced state of learning and the sciences. There is no serpent whose sting is so poisonous to the unwary, as that which stealthily glides through the grass. Remember that these clerical personages were once monsters, and that they have but recently wiped off the blood of their victims from their murderous hands. Their exterior may be very fine, but the same fiendish dispositions are there. The interior lives of those accommodating gentlemen is like a fiery furnace, which will never cease to burn until the massy material and rubbish, which for centuries have served to hide the deformities of religion, are destroyed. The philosophy taught us by those high-toned spirits who have been redeemed from the thralldom of ignorance and stupid bigotry, will elevate and refine our natures, and fit us for companionship with themselves. Let this philosophy be our constant study, so that we may dwell with them forevermore.

Our wishes in this respect will be complied with if we let our thoughts hold untrammelled and exalted intercourse and sublime communion with those spirits, while we are in the form.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHN MENADEN.

Singular Phenomenon.

I submit to you for publication, an account of a case of blindness, which took place about six years ago. I met the poor unfortunate one at the station in Terre Haute, Ind., about two months ago, who, in a brief but solemn manner, related the circumstance to me, as follows: Said he, I was in as good health as ever I was in my life, attending to my ordinary business on the farm, when all of a sudden there appeared to rise before me an indescribable something, which danced like a vapor before me. Whether it spoke to me, or impressed me of the object of its mission, I cannot say; yet one thing is certain—it informed me that on that day two weeks, precisely at the same time of the day, I should be smote with blindness, never to see any more. I communicated the whole matter to my wife and sister, said he, charging them to tell no one; and on the very day and hour, in as good health as ever I enjoyed in my life, in the twinkling of an eye the windows of my physical house were darkened, and from that day to the present I have not seen the first ray of light. This is all I know, all I can tell, about my blindness or the cause.

I have given his plain, simple, unsophisticated statement, verbatim. I make no comment, hoping that some one more competent will give us light on the subject.

I should be gratified to have the views of the controlling spirit through the organism of Mrs. Conant. Yours, for truth and progression,

Evansville, Ind.

D. M. GRAHAM, M. D.

Awakening of Spiritualism.

From reports all over the land we have tidings of great joy concerning the general awakening—the revival of Spiritualism. Favorable accounts are coming to us on every breeze, from far and near. Fresh interest is being kindled; motion is visible where inertia appeared; activity is seen where apathy prevailed; sleepers are being aroused; vigor and strength are found where death was supposed; in short we have every reason to hope, expect and labor for newer, greater, and grander spiritual manifestations, by virtue of the concentration and intensification of what is already ours, augmented by a constantly increasing influx of spirit-force. By these babbling brooks and swelling streams, these mountain torrents and rising tides, we have all the encouraging evidences of a divine freshness of God's love and power, of his truth and wisdom, soon to overspread the earth to enrich the parched soil of humanity.

As somewhat confirmatory of the above, I have to bear record that the interest in Spiritualism, here, at the nation's centre, is not only unabated, but steadily accumulating.

I more than suspect we are being interiorly developed more rapidly and sensibly than has heretofore been apparent. Assuredly 'tis our soul's prayer, and passing strange, indeed, if this corresponding result did not follow.

This month we are being spiritually feasted by Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, the favorite improvisatrice of Buffalo, N. Y. The inspirations through Mrs. H. being of finer quality, apparently keener and clearer in spirit, than through some of our other good friends, her ministrations are, perhaps, better adapted to the higher intellectual and spiritual needs of our people. While this is no disparagement to any one less gifted, it is nothing specially creditable to her. For I would fain believe that each son and daughter of humanity, whether recognized as a medium or not, is doing at all times, his or her best—giving as they receive.

With a graceful tact and insinuating way of presenting new, radical, and reformatory truths, respecting every faculty of our being, Mrs. Hyzer is doing a noble and inspiring work in a noble and inspiring manner. Her deep feeling, quiet enthusiasm, poetic flights, her wealth of imagery, with mental food for the heartiest and healthiest man or woman, so eloquently uttered, carries one along and up to wherever she will. With true womanly tenderness and power she strikes the chords of our nature with harmonic touch, and gentle melody flows through all the aisles of our being. Spiritually beautiful and self-poised, as a teacher and exponent of our philosophy, in private or public, she is surpassed by none. Possessing rare psychometric powers, she gives in typical language, with all the startling significance of symbols, the very inmost principles of our individual nature.

Replete with magical novelty, wondrous power and truth, her séances are more peculiarly calculated to arrest attention, awaken interest, and lead to conviction a certain class, than, perhaps, some of our more familiar spiritual manifestations. At any rate, since being here, the public have greatly monopolized her time and severely taxed her physical strength, so eager are they to witness the demonstration of her peculiar power. With more such anointed laborers in the spiritual vineyard, the cause of Spiritualism to-day would advance with even greater strides than has characterized its past career. May such multiply—and they will, with others having vastly superior unfoldment—till the whole world shall bask in the light and love of God. G. A. B.

Washington, April 20, 1864.

A New Book of Poetry.

Miss A. W. Sprague's book of poems is sent forth to the world right from her own soul. It is rich in feeling, compassion, sympathy. All who loved Miss Sprague will love her book—and who did not love her that knew her? Miss Sprague is dead; but she lives, breathes, and loves, in the words she utters. Aye, more—her very spirit comes anew to influence where her uttered words open hearts to her holy influx.

Her book is not from the schools, but from the heart. It beats, it throbs, it lives, fresh from her soul. It is feeling that draws us to and keeps us with the spiritual world. Intense and earnest feeling opens the gates of intuition—the realities of spirit, life and immortality. No woman had greater depth and earnestness of feeling than the writer of these poems.

The cast of these poems is lyric; and the soul that reads them is the lyre that vibrates their melody. The book inspires worship—love to one another—love to God. It breathes hope in affliction, consolation in sorrow, and joy in death. Sorrow and sadness is vividly pictured and patiently endured, and the gate opens to a brighter and better world than this.

The book carries with it a tremendous spiritual power. I never took a book in my hand from which I felt a psychometrical influence that was so powerful.

Blessed is this book, for it binds our hearts to a holy spirit, who served God faithfully, devotedly, and most acceptably, in her day and generation. A. B. C.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPRING ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

There are low voices calling from the distant woods,

Where the trees sport bannerets of tender green,
And sunbeams, falling in a dreamy mood,
Clasp the soft shadows, with their golden sheen.
Lo! where the prairie heaves her swelling breast,
To catch the warming glances of her king,
The delicate soft tresses of the Spring unbind,
And star-eyed violets wake to blossoming.

The Spring was wont to come to me from sounding hills,

And echoing valleys swelled each welcome strain,
Where the dark cedars curtained gloomy heights,
The wild winds tunned anew each glad refrain.

I pine for my green valley wandering down
Among the shadows of Mount Washington!

Where the mountain hemlock and the solemn pine
Wave o'er the perfumed heights that greet the rising sun.

Green, Iowa, 1864.

Appointments.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss speaks in Chelsea next Sunday; Mrs. Spence in Charlestown; Wm. Wells Brown in Quincy; Mrs. C. P. Works in Lowell; Miss Susie M. Johnson in Milford; N. S. Greenleaf in Worcester; Miss Beckwith in Springfield; Mrs. A. P. Brown in Danville, Vt.

James M. Allen commenced a course of six lectures in Stoughton, Mass., on Sunday, May 1st. The subject of his first lecture was "The Spiritual Congress."

Leo Miller will speak in Elkhart, Ind., through the month of May; in Coldwater, Mich., July 10th and 17th; in Cincinnati, O., through the month of Sept.; in Cleveland the month of October. Address as above, or Detroit, Mich.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

A Great Reform Needed.

There is a loud call on the part of many of the leading papers of the country for a concerted and energetic movement to meet and overthrow the fearful power of Intemperance, which has made such gigantic strides over the land. The need of some general action for checking the march of this tyrant and usurper is felt more and more keenly every day. The Maine Law does not perform the work which was expected of it, nor do the several State statutes avail to do any substantial portion of the task allotted them. There is a lack somewhere, and people are looking about to discover what and where it is. Are the people more disposed to dissipation than at any time before? Is there a certain subtle and mysterious influence in the air, that leads men into indulgences which a few years ago were measurably under their control? It strikes very many minds as mysterious, at all events; and the more progressed of them all are, as we said, anxiously casting about for the discovery of agencies to effectually check an evil that is grown so fearful.

We are fast becoming, if we are not already become, an intemperate nation. If the present state of things continues, and of course increases with the lapse of time, there is no man now living who can foresee the ruin which will have been provoked by us. Scarcely a vice that is not either begotten or stimulated by this. Hardly an individual who does not date his ruin with the use of liquor. It muddles the clearest business arrangements, beclouds the finest intellects, casts suspicion over the best intentions, and results invariably in the complete overthrow, early or late, of him who trusts himself to its subtle but treacherous spell. There is nothing too bad to say of it, for there is nothing, even of the very worst things, which it has not done. And there is no need at this late day, of our going through a recital of its fearful deeds. But if it returns with its power upon us to-day, it will be with a power greatly increased. The practice of drinking is much more prevalent now than formerly—the population is very much more restless and excitable—the war has snapped asunder many of those moral restraints, fine and delicate enough to hold a man to purity in a time of profound peace, but they become as flax in the fire when the disturbances of a state of war kindle human passions.

This is the melancholy condition in which we find ourselves. What is to be done about it? Who is to do it? How long is it safe to wait before beginning the work which must finally be done if we are to be saved? The Maine Law is powerless; so are the several statutes of the States; is there any resource left but an united, powerful, and thoroughly sympathetic appeal to the hearts and consciences of the people? One of the leaders in the temperance reform, and an experienced platform orator on behalf of the cause, declares openly that nothing more is to be hoped for out of penal statutes and sumptuary laws, but that the work is to be done by those who are so full of anxiety and fear themselves. He says the temperance cause must be brought up by those who love it, and would see it advanced; that these same men have failed to sustain it with the generosity and devotion which was to have been expected of them, and that they must expect to see it languish, unless they act just as men do in other causes, come to the rescue with their time, their efforts and their money.

If, at all events, we are to have any sort of legislation in aid of temperance, it should be of a sort that commends itself to the reason of all reasonable men, and can readily find footing in the common sense of all well inclined citizens. No laws can be effectual, unless they are at least based in the general respect and sympathy. The best of them are sure to be entirely inoperative, if they are so far above or below the people as to be beyond their reach or beneath their contempt. And just here is where the many liquor laws which have been enacted have been in fault; they have hit everywhere but where human nature was to be reached. And the fault has shown itself to be far too melancholy an one to be repeated at a time like this, when the very life and soul of the nation hangs in the balance. If we would be more fully impressed with the need of effort in this field than we have been of late, read what the Springfield Republican says of the wide-spread desolation which intemperance is to-day working in the land:

"Next to the war in which the nation is engaged—a war which overshadows all things like a cloud, and fills the air with darkness—Intemperance is the greatest evil which afflicts our country—the greatest and most threatening of horrors for the future. The means by which intemperance drinking is to be suppressed are just as much a mystery, as ten years ago, the means by which slavery was to be destroyed were. We stand in the presence of this gigantic evil, baffled, perplexed, despairing. We cry, 'Oh! Lord, how long?' and we feel, in the depths of our conviction, that only the Lord can tell how long. Indeed, we are beginning to feel that only the Lord can lead the nation, by some such violent means as he is now employing to exterminate slavery, out of its heathenish debaucheries. It seems as if there must come a visitation of cholera, or plague, or some other agency of destruction, to wipe out of existence the selfish herd that now give themselves up to drink, and scare the still untainted from the drunkard's doom."

There was never a time, probably, in the history of this State when liquor was sold more freely than it is now, or drunk with less regard to the decencies of life and the proprieties of morals. There is not a considerable town or city in the old Bay State but absolutely abounds with rum-holes, and swarms with those who frequent them and become debilitated by them. We have lost more men by rum than by war in the last ten years; and while we look forward to a peace that shall by-and-by bring our armies home, we can only look forward to a fresh harvest of death from drunkenness in consequence of the peace for which we long and pray. On one side are money, the love of money-making, and the appetites and passions of men; on the other, Christian principle. It was just so with slavery, and it has taken three years of war already to inaugurate the destruction of this evil. If any one can see how intemperance can be brought to destruction by anything less than a providential convulsion, he can see further than we can."

The Great Battle.

After three years' military experience, the hosts of the Union are about to meet the armies of rebellion in stern line of battle, on the exhausted soil of Virginia. The rebels have collected all the troops they can spare from every quarter of their dominions, and are massing them between the army of General Grant and Richmond; while the latter is swelling by thousands upon thousands of brave men, who are ready to give their lives to their country, in what now appears to be the final conflict of the war. The preparations on both sides, for this mighty struggle, are on a scale of the largest character. We have never had anything of the sort on the continent before, and but few similar undertakings can be pointed to in the history of the wars of Europe. Lee has signified his readiness to stake all on a single throw. If he fails, it must entail utter destruction upon the rebellion as an organization; for it passes the bounds of probability that the rebel leaders should ever again succeed in collecting the army which they have just placed between themselves and approaching destruction, their last forced conscription having been thorough, even to the carrying away of the entire population. They are agreed upon this one point, among their leaders and in their presses, that the last great day of the rebellion is come; and they are seriously convinced of the overpowering necessity of breaking through the barriers of the great army of General Grant, in order to save themselves from utter defeat, if not from annihilation.

We have at length learned the value of concentration. The ten or a dozen far-off and disconnected military enterprises of the year, which have resulted so unfortunately for us, were but the legacies of the old military system which prevailed before the accession of Lieutenant General Grant to the command of all the armies in the field; they do not bear in any direct way upon the grand plans of concentration of forces, whose results we expect very soon to behold wrought out under Grant's hand. The thing now to be done is to meet and conquer the rebel military forces, to destroy their power. Much depends, therefore, on having our armies well together, within supporting distance one of another. It is of vastly more consequence that Lee be beaten than that Florida be held, or Texas be cleared of rebels. The power of the rebellion is where its armies happen to be gathered in force. Grant has always, in his whole career, had an overwhelming number of men at hand, which is the great feat in war, after all. If he only succeeds, therefore, in beating Lee in one or more engagements, he will have troops enough to fall upon him at last in overwhelming numbers. No man knows better than he that the work to be done is laborious and difficult to the last degree; but before no man, either, since the war began, have obstacles disappeared as before General Grant, nor has any one of all our generals made so effective an use of victory. He clearly means work of the hardest kind, now. The hospitals are being put in readiness for tens of thousands of wounded and maimed soldiers, whose wounds and suffering will furnish sad proof of the expense of this hateful but doomed rebellion to the country.

Garibaldi in England.

The liberator of Italy has been in England recently, where he was received with ovations. His march among the people was an unqualified triumph. He was received at Southampton with great rejoicings. Aristocracy and the mob flocked to do honor to the last of the Romans by whose individual valor Italy has been redeemed. There was no limit to the attentions which were showered upon him. His departure from England, however, was very sudden, and, though ascribed to ill-health, which would be the very reason why he should be detained and tenderly cared for, is supposed to have been hastened by the Government for purely political reasons. The idea is, that Napoleon preferred the Italian patriot should not receive such attentions from the people of England, and so signified to the Government.

The Fall of Duppel.

The Danish fortress of Duppel, which the Prussian troops have been besieging since February, has fallen at last into the power of the besiegers. The garrison consisted of twenty-six hundred men, manning ninety guns; and all fell into the hands of the Prussians. The loss of the latter amounted to six hundred men and sixty officers. The Prussians have made two assaults upon the works, and the Danes have made several sorties. It was supposed that the Danes, on evacuating the fortress, would cross the sound on their pontoons and pass to the island of Alsens; but the final assault of the Prussians prevented this, and now they have but to capture this island of Alsens to become possessed of the entire Duchy of Schleswig. There is great rejoicing in the Prussian Court over the fall of Duppel.

Statue of T. Starr King.

Measures have been taken to place a statue of Mr. King in one of the public squares of San Francisco. And after all he is not dead, neither does he sleep. He has not gone from our midst, but is with us still, and his influence will continue to be felt. There was a time, and it is not long past, when to say this might have been thought a mere figure of speech to console the mourners and to hush their sighs of sorrow. But now that which was the ideal has become the real, and positive evidence is given us of the presence of the one whom the world call "dead." We hear their voice and see the prints of their feet on the paths we walk. Thrice blessed are they who have this faith, for it gives them wings on which to rise above the surging tide of earthly sorrows, disappointments and losses, into the calm and holy atmosphere of immortal life.

The Beautiful in Art.

We have seen a fine specimen of exquisite little pictures of the *carte-de-visite* style, executed by those fine lithographers, L. Prang & Co., 159 Washington street. On these cards are represented flowers, autumn leaves, butterflies, moths, &c., painted in oil colors, and beautifully tinted, representing animate and inanimate nature with a degree of truthfulness and a delicacy of touch which are rarely excelled by the pencil of the most finished artist. It must have been a practiced hand that could so faithfully reproduce the gorgeous tints of autumn foliage, the splendors of a brilliant plumage, and the lines of the butterfly, upon the plain surface of a white card. The success of these artists is truly a marvel. Ten different varieties of these cards are sold in packages of a dozen each for fifty cents. They are just the thing to intersperse in a photograph album.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

This public benefactor is meeting with great success in healing the sick by the "laying on of hands," in Springfield, Mass. An early application should be made by those who are suffering from disease, as the Doctor closes his office there on the 28th of May. All are invited without money or price, if not able to pay.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

It is intended to harmonize the relations of man; to enlighten the understanding by a clear perception of the truths of all ages; to bring to the heart the consciousness of that Infinite Love that has been the beacon-light of all humanity's teachers. Gathering from remotest antiquity the records of awarded inspiration, it presents us with the testimony of the spiritually-minded, the seers, poets, sages, and philosophers of the past. World-old truths, in the by-gone, wrapt up in mystical enfoldment, are presented now in the plain garb of reason. Religion is wedded to philosophy; science walks hand in hand with faith; present and natural wonders explain past allegorical revelation. The laws of psychology and magnetism disclose to the investigator the *modus operandi* of so-called miracles, which in truth are facts in the experiences of the past. Angelic guidance, now manifested in a variety of ways, accounts for the relations of the marvelous with which the legends teem. Psychometry, that spiritual sense, unfolds new worlds of revelation, and gives us in place of the lies of history, the plain, unvarnished truth as it occurred.

And it is the beauty of the spiritual faith that it so closely links the earthly to the Divine, that it ennobles life with constant influx from above, in all its departments. That it joins labor with prayer, and promotes ascension of thought, purification of the heart, expansion of the intellect, growth of soul, in all positions possible for man to hold. It embraces all great questions; it is destined to found the Model Republic, to lead the way to a just equalization of the earth's products, to the enjoyment of universal freedom, and all culture for all races, and for both sexes, without the hitherto retained false distinctions. Unfettered by man-made authority, it teaches the supremacy of Wisdom, to which Reason is the guiding angel; it blends Affection with that Wisdom's government, and harmony of character and action is the result. Imposing on its believers a far severer moral code than that of the world's acceptance, it frees from merely conventional forms, and binds you in the sweet obedience of perfect love unto the higher law immutable, and of God alone.

The true Spiritualist is he who reverences truth, "wherever found"—who, in the Scriptures of all nations can find the gems of thought, the golden rules of conduct, that, in continuance of a divine ministry unto mankind, fell from the lips of Jesus. Not content with the phenomenal, yet grateful for its advent, he seeks for growth through cultivation of each faculty; through holiest self-abnegations; by a continued service of good will unto all. And above all other injunctions, he practices forgiving charity, and stops the fault of condemnation in his soul.

The Spiritual Philosophy is religion "pure and undefiled;" is science simplified into the comprehension; is progress made manifest; is evidence of immortal life; is hope unto the sorely-stricken; is balm unto the wounded heart; is strength and support of spirit unto the world-forsaken and oppressed. It demands only the childlike heart of trust; the receptive mind; the reasoning soul. Its treasures of knowledge are bestowed in liberal showers of grace and plenitude. It demands for its inspirational returns only the holy consecration of the aims of life.

What is Thought of the Banner.

The Dryden Weekly News says: "It not only contains the greatest amount of reading for the price, that can be had in any form, but its matter is superior; and while its tone is high and elevating, it embraces such a variety of subjects as not to fail to interest and instruct the different classes of mind who constitute its readers. It numbers among its contributors some of the greatest talent of the age, and the pioneers of every reform. No one with a religious mind, directed and controlled by reason, and with a heart imbued with a love of humanity—who is desirous of the moral and intellectual growth of the human race, can fail to be interested in the perusal of this ably conducted journal."

The New York Herald of Progress makes us a graceful bow in this wise:

"We have not failed to notice personally, though rather tardy to do so editorially, the improved appearance of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It has donned a new suit throughout, and is altogether a very tasty, as it is an enterprising and spicy sheet. Readers are not slow to observe improvements in typographical appearances, but seldom reflect at what cost they are secured. We are glad that Messrs. White & Co., of the BANNER, are able to gratify their readers to the extent they have, and surely they deserve to be remembered an hundred-fold in return."

The price of this excellent family paper is only two dollars and fifty cents per year. Everybody should subscribe.

Brother Willis at Ebbitt Hall.

We last week briefly alluded to the removal of Bro. Willis's meetings from Clinton Hall, New York, to Ebbitt Hall, a far more desirable location up town. It is located at the corner of 33d street and Broadway, and is, we learn, a very commodious Hall, very easy of access by the three lines of cars that converge there.

We congratulate our New York friends upon the successful establishment, under auspices so promising, of another centre from which may radiate the beautiful truths of a spiritual religion. Ebbitt Hall was formerly used by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of the Third Unitarian Society, who built up there a flourishing congregation, which last winter took possession of a new and elegant up town church of their own. We wish our friends engaged in this new movement a success as great. Why should we not have neat and attractive temples of worship of our own? We truly believe it needs but the will. Spiritualists have only themselves to blame that their faith is not to-day as powerful and as respected as any other.

The Infamous Butchery.

The Richmond press applaud and endorse the cruel slaughter of the garrison of Fort Pillow. In fact, barbarism is the token and sign of the rebellion itself. Speaking of the more recent capture of Plymouth, in North Carolina, the Examiner of Richmond uses such infamous language as this: "Gen. Hake does not seem to have made such thorough work (with the Plymouth prisoners) as that by which Forrest has so shocked the tender souls and frozen the warm blood of the Yankees." The strict laws of civilized warfare acknowledge the power of the victor to put all to the sword in such cases. However severe such an example might seem, it would strike a salutary terror to the Yankees which would be useful to them in the end; and their melancholy whine at meeting a part of the punishment their barbarities merit, is absurd!" These are the people who would set themselves up for a new nation!

Universal Emancipation.

We are in receipt of Hon. Charles Sumner's great speech on "Universal Emancipation without Compensation," delivered in the United States Senate, April 8th, on the proposed Amendment to the Constitution, abolishing Slavery throughout the United States. It is one of his noblest efforts.

Prevention of Pauperism.

Many of our readers may not remember that a society has been formed in this city, and incorporated, "for the purpose of inquiring into and removing the causes of pauperism, and the discouragement of street-beggary, by obtaining and communicating information about applicants for charity, and aiding them to obtain employment." For nearly thirty years this institution has been pursuing its work of mercy and benevolence, doing a vast amount of good. It procures employment for, and has an oversight of thousands of young persons of both sexes, and finds homes for orphans and destitute and morally exposed children. Some idea of the numbers benefited by it may be gathered from the fact that since its organization it has obtained employment for nearly seventy thousand persons, about one-half of the applicants being sent to work in the country. It now has in operation two distinct and separate employment offices; one for men and boys, and one for women and girls.

Thus it will be seen that this society is practically carrying out what so many preach without practice. The society is in need of funds to enable it to continue its good work. The officers, in an appeal to the public, say: "Our treasury is empty; and we have never experienced a time when we needed the contributions of our friends, and the benevolent public generally, more than we do at present. We earnestly appeal for them, and humbly trust that our appeal will not be disregarded."

Donations or subscriptions may be sent to C. H. P. Plympton, Treasurer, 80 State street, or to F. R. Woodward, Secretary, at the office of the Society, Bowdoin square, corner of Chardon street.

Concert and Lecture.

The Mercantile Library Association gave the last of their course of lectures for the season, at Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 4th. The hall was full. Mr. Wilcox performed choice selections on the great organ for three-quarters of an hour. Then Mr. John B. Gough, the renowned orator, gave a lecture on "Here and There in Britain," rapidly and vividly portraying the wonderful beauties of English landscape scenery, the habits and customs of the people, comparing, in striking contrast, the condition of the wealthy classes with the "ground down and miserably paid poor classes," closing with one of his earnest and eloquently characteristic appeals to the audience to send forth their warmest sympathies, their earnest prayers, their means, everything they have which they can give, to the noble men who are now in the field fighting for our country. The whole lecture was interspersed with wit, humor and fun, which gave the speaker opportunity to display his very clever imitative powers. On the whole, the address was very instructive and a credit to the author, and was exceedingly well relished by the audience.

A Capital Idea.

James Lewis, in a letter to us, dated Mohawk, N. Y., April 21st, says:

"I have for a long time desired in some way to increase the circulation and usefulness of the BANNER. I have recently proposed to the news-dealer in this place, that if he would order two copies of the BANNER, weekly, I would purchase all he had unsold at the end of seven weeks. This may give it a foothold here; if not, all that remains for me to do is to 'repeat the dose' until it works."

If our numerous friends in different parts of the country would see to it that the BANNER is kept on the counters of the periodical agencies in their respective towns, it would be the means of increasing our circulation fourfold. Once got it on sale in towns where it is not sold, and our word for it, the dealers would soon find it for their interest to order it regularly.

As the enlargement of our Free Circle Room has subjected us to pecuniary liabilities of a larger figure than we anticipated, it behooves the friends to render us as much material aid as possible. They can do so in no better way than by making it a point to see that the BANNER is circulated everywhere!

Maximilian, the Mexican Emperor.

After all manner of delays and doubts, balancing of thoughts and hesitations about the prospect, the brother of the Austrian Emperor has made his arrangements, and at last taken ship for the American shores. He and his youthful wife brought out with them the blessings of the Pope and the good wishes of all such potentates of Europe as are partial to the spread of monarchical ideas over the world. He may set up his new throne in Mexico, and he may not; much depends on circumstances. If we finish up our own war with the rebellion in time, there is little doubt that we shall have a large and powerful army afterwards to send over to help the Mexicans drive every vestige of monarchy out of the country.

Telegraphic Fire Alarm.

Our citizens are all aware, by this time, that the new system of fire alarm is in operation in this city, but all of them do not understand the *modus operandi* of sounding the alarm. In order that all may have a clear understanding of the system, B. Russell, bookseller, 515 Washington street, has issued a little pocket manual, containing a full explanation, illustrated with a map of the city, on which is marked the places and streets where each box is stationed. Mr. Stearns, the Superintendent of the Alarm Telegraph, attests to the correctness of this convenient little document.

Gen. Banks Again.

Bad as the repulse of Gen. Banks was, it is not so bad as at first reported. Later accounts bring up the credit side of the affair, and do him better justice before the country. In his official despatches to the War Department relative to the Red River campaign, he admits a surprise and reverse on the 8th of April, but claims that the battles on the 9th and 10th resulted in a terrible disaster to the rebels, and was, on the whole, a victory to our arms; the cost to the rebels in killed and wounded being greater proportionately than was ever suffered in any battle during the war.

The Spiritual National Convention.

We stated last week, on information given us to that effect, that it had been decided by those having the matter in charge, to hold the Convention at Chicago, Ill. We have since learned from Dr. H. F. Gardner, the Chairman of the Committee, that no such arrangement has been made. When the arrangements are completed the public will be duly informed.

No Reduction of Fare.

We had hoped that arrangements would be made with the agents of the New York lines, for a reduction of fare to those attending the Convention to be held in that city the present week; but the application was unsuccessful, we regret to say; hence the friends who intend to be at the Convention, will govern themselves accordingly.

