

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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

DESERTED; OR, THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Fold her, oh Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

WHITTIER.

Eighteen months sped on in their swift flight, bringing their attendant changes. Threissa, however, still retained her situation as teacher in the prosperous establishment at Lebanon, spending all of her vacations with her beloved Beatrice. One day in November, as she sat listening to the recitation of a class in history, she leaned her head upon her hand, thinking that either they were very stupid, or else that she was extremely weary. Suddenly she was aroused from her meditations by a message from Madame D'Orsay, saying that she desired to see her in the parlor. With her characteristic impetuosity she dismissed her scholars, and quickly obeyed the summons. What was her surprise upon entering that lady's presence to behold Mr. Mortimer. Her amazed face provoked a burst of laughter.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure," she said, warmly returning his greeting. "How is your wife and Illione?"

"Nicely, I thank you. They both sent a great deal of love. Now I suppose you are wondering to what you owe this call?"

"Well, yes; I must confess that I am," she replied, smiling. "I think it must have been something very important, to have induced you to come up North this cold weather."

"You are right. It certainly is. I presume you know that Illione has worn an engagement ring for about six months?"

Threissa bowed assent. "Well, at Eugene's earnest solicitation, she is to exchange it for a wedding one on Christmas Eve, and no one but Miss Lascelle and yourself will satisfy her for bridesmaids. She has, therefore, sent me to announce her wishes, charging me not to return without you. So here I am. You need not shake your head as though you intended to rebel, for I have already enlisted the sympathies of Madame D'Orsay, and she thinks that she shall be able to dispense with your services until the commencement of the next term."

It was an anxious face that was turned toward that lady for confirmation of his words.

"Yes, my dear, I have given my full and free consent. It is needless to say that we shall miss you exceedingly at the exhibition; but you have devoted yourself to your pupils with such ardor for the past few weeks, that you begin to look quite ill, and I really think that a change would be of great benefit to you. Besides, I should be very sorry to be the means of disappointing Miss Mortimer. Therefore give yourself no uneasiness with regard to your school duties, as I will take charge of your classes myself."

"Oh, thank you. You are very kind."

"Well, then, the matter is satisfactorily settled," said the gentleman, rising. "Please hasten your preparations, Miss D'Artols, as I wish to be back at Moss-Side by the last of the week. We shall stop in New York for your friend, who will no doubt be all ready to accompany us, as she has probably received a note from Illione ere this, informing her of our plans. I wish to leave here to-morrow, at twelve o'clock. Is that too soon for your convenience?"

"I can accommodate myself to any hour that you prefer," she rejoined, laughing.

"I like your promptness. I will call for you, then, at that time. Good afternoon." And with a polite bow, he passed out.

"What a perfect gentleman," said Madame D'Orsay.

"How strangely he looked at me," thought Threissa.

"I would give considerable to know who that girl really is," mused Mr. Mortimer as he walked down the street.

On the morning of the same day Dr. Lascelle entered the parlor, where his daughter was arranging some flowers in a vase, and taking a letter from his pocket, said:

"What will my Beatrice give me for this?"

"Now you are not fair, father," she replied, with a smile. "You should let me have it, and trust to my generosity for the pay."

"No, my dear; I prefer to make terms beforehand. So what shall it be?"

"A kiss."

"What! isn't it worth more than one?" he rejoined, holding it down so that she could see the superscription.

"Oh, I will give you half a dozen!" she cried joyfully, as she recognized Illione's delicate handwriting.

"Well, that sounds like something. Here; take your property; and now for the payment."

She laughingly complied with his request, and then seated herself to peruse the following lines:

"MOSS-SIDE, Nov. 20th, 18—.

MY DARLING FRIEND—I am to be married on Christmas Eve—my birth-night, you will recollect—and I want you and Threissa to be my bridesmaids. Now do not refuse, for it is the dearest wish of my heart. Papa starts for the North this morning, on purpose to escort you here. He will probably go to Lebanon first, and call at your home on his way back, which will most likely be the day after you receive this letter. Adelbert

and Cecil Ware are to be the groomsmen. By the way, the latter seems to be very much interested in a certain young lady of my acquaintance, and he hints that if she is not present to stand up with him, he shall give us the slip. So you see how much depends upon that maiden's decision. Eugene sends his regards. Remember me to your dear father and mother, and believe me ever, in storm or sunshine, as

Your loving friend,
ILLIONE MORTIMER."

"You look surprised, my dear," said Dr. Lascelle, as she folded up the missive. "What is the news from the little lady with the golden locks?"

"She writes that she is to be married on Christmas Eve."

"Ah! rather young, isn't she?"

"Well, I don't know. She will only be seventeen, to be sure; but then she is so very mature."

"Who has had the good fortune to win such a treasure?"

"Don't you recollect that when she was here you kept teasing her about a Eugene, that you said you believed was always uppermost in her thoughts?"

"Oh yes; and how prettily she would blush. So he is the happy man. Well, it seems that she does not object to converting a cousin into a husband," and Dr. Lascelle looked significantly at his daughter.

"Oh, he isn't really her cousin," was the careless reply, "and though they have been playmates together, their natures are so admirably fitted to each other that they have not drifted apart, but their attachment has grown with their growth, and they will become—what we so rarely see—a perfect whole."

"Well, I wish them much joy. By the way, when is that young De Vere coming to ask me for my Beatrice?"

"Never, if he waits for my permission."

"What! you haven't said 'nay' to him, too, have you?"

She nodded.

"He is very wealthy, darling. You would have been mistress of a fine establishment."

"Yes; and as much prized as his horse or his dog! He would select a wife on the same principle that he would choose them, desiring, above all things, that she should be handsome and accomplished, in order to do credit to his superior taste and judgment, and be in keeping with the rest of his possessions."

"You are sarcastic," laughed her father.

"No. I have only read his character as his face and manner have revealed it to me, and it fills my soul with sadness to think that the man has no higher, purer motive for entering the marriage relation."

"Well, if your intuitions are correct, then God pity the poor creature who is caught by the glitter of his gold."

"Amen!" solemnly responded his daughter.

A pause ensued, and then Dr. Lascelle, rising, took his hat, saying:

"I suppose I must go to the office; I engaged to meet a patient at this hour. Do you know, Beatrice, that I shall begin to think, by-and-by, that you are gifted with a sixth sense."

"I am!" she archly replied, as she followed him to the door.

The next evening Mr. Mortimer and Threissa made their appearance, and after a little discussion it was decided that they should spend that night at Dr. Lascelle's, resuming their journey the following morning, accompanied by Beatrice.

It was a dusty, weary party that alighted from the cars at Richmond on Saturday afternoon; but their faces brightened and fatigue was forgotten as they were clasped in the fond embrace of the overjoyed Illione, who had come down in the carriage to greet them.

"Oh, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you," she exclaimed. "I did not really believe that you would disappoint me, still I did not know but something might happen to prevent your coming, and finally I became so nervous in imagining such a dire possibility, that mamma laughingly declared that there was no such thing as peace in the house with me, and that if my suspense was not ended soon, she was really fearful that brain fever would ensue, and she advised me to come to the depot with Hannibal, and see if a sight of you, immediately upon your arrival, would not calm my perturbed spirit."

"And now I think that there is cause to apprehend another danger," said her father, in a grave voice that was belied by the roguish smile in his hazel eyes.

"What is it?" she eagerly inquired.

"I am inclined to the belief that you are likely to become insane with delight, in your excitement at beholding your friends once more."

She laughed gleefully.

"Oh! what an idea; but indeed I am so happy I scarcely know what to do with myself."

Beatrice and Threissa were already seated in the carriage, and Illione was about to spring in after them, when Mr. Mortimer detained her, saying:

"What! has n't my little girl any reward for me for fulfilling my commission so faithfully?"

"Oh! papa," she playfully returned, "isn't the consciousness of a duty well performed remuneration in itself?" Then noticing the shadow that passed over his brow, she added, "To show you that I fully appreciate your services, though, I will give you a dozen kisses at the earliest opportunity, and here are two or three to commence with now," and shaking back her curls of gold, she lifted her sweet, innocent face to his.

A minute after, Hannibal mounted his box, cracked his whip, and away sprang Sultan and Prince with their precious load.

In half an hour they reached their destination. Mrs. Mortimer met them in the verandah, and her greeting, if not quite as joyous, was at least as cordial as her daughter's had been.

"How happy dear Illione seems!" said Beatrice

to Threissa, as soon as they were left alone, after being conducted to their chamber to change their traveling dresses.

"That she does," was the reply. "I have read a great deal about the magic power of Love, but I never saw it exemplified in real life before. She is actually radiant beneath its influence. Well, I truly hope that all her beautiful dreams may become a truth."

"Why that sigh?"

"Did I sigh? I was not aware of it."

"Yes; and your tone seemed to imply that although you wished her great happiness, you very much doubted whether it would come to her."

"What an observing girl you are!" and Threissa laughed unceasingly.

"Do you see shadows gathering about her?" persisted Beatrice.

"I am determined that I will not prophesy in this case. My predictions have proved true so many times, that I am almost afraid to utter them. There was something that I wanted to ask you. Oh! how does Mr. Lewis seem now?"

"Very kind and gentlemanly—nothing more. He appears to have recovered from his chagrin and disappointment at my unexpected refusal, and for the past six months has been very attentive to a Miss Landon, who is not only pretty, but amiable and accomplished. She will make him a much better wife than I ever could, and I sincerely hope that he will come to that conclusion."

"He may finally."

"Now what have you got hidden behind that 'finally,' you croaking, perverse creature you?" laughed Beatrice.

"Do you think that I shall enlighten you, when you apply such adjectives as those to me?" rejoined her friend, in the same tone. "The fact is, I don't know myself yet. Time will tell, I suppose. Come, are you ready to descend?"

"Not quite. Please fasten my bracelet. By the way, I don't think that you have treated me fairly," and Miss Lascelle endeavored to put on an injured look, but smiles would ripple over her face.

"Why! what have I done?" inquired her companion, with a bewildered glance.

"I don't complain of what you have done, but what you have left undone," was the laughing response. "Do n't you understand now?—or shall I be obliged to explain?"

"I must confess that I am very dull of comprehension."

"Well, then, just hear what I have to say, and then tell me if I have not a right to scold. For the past two years you have been receiving my confidence by both letter and speech, and during all that time you have never dropped a word with regard to your own affairs."

Threissa looked relieved.

"Oh! is that all?" she merrily exclaimed.

"You can't think what a fright your manner gave me! I have been accusing myself of all sorts of wickedness. The truth is," she added more gravely, "I had nothing to tell. I shall never marry; for who would have me, with such a mystery hanging about my birth? Besides, I believe that my unfortunate mother inspired me with an antipathy against the whole race. I have an ideal, though—as where is the girl that has not?—but it is so exalted, so far above any man that I have ever yet met, that I despair of ever having it realized. Therefore I am confident that I shall live and die a maiden."

"I have heard such remarks as those from other lips than yours," returned her friend, with a quiet smile, "so you must pardon me if I say that I have great faith that sometime in the future you will meet with one who will not visit the sins of your parents upon your innocent head, but loving and cherishing you for your own dear sake, will never regret the day that he gave his life's happiness into your tender keeping."

While she was speaking, a suspicious moisture had gathered in the orphan's dark eyes, over which the white lids drooped, and now there was a touch of sadness in her voice as she answered:

"A bright picture, truly; but heaven knows that it is all too sweet ever to grace the inner sanctuary of my soul. Such bliss is left for you and Illione—fortune's favored darlings." Then with a laugh that jarred painfully upon her friend's nerves, she added, "It is my opinion that we have indulged in sentimental musings quite long enough. Suppose that now we give those down stairs the benefit of our company."

It was a glad, merry group that were assembled in the south parlor that evening. Adelbert and Cecil Ware had come over at an early hour, a messenger having been despatched immediately after tea to inform them of the young ladies' arrival, and now the latter seemed determined to get up a desperate flirtation with Beatrice, while his brother and Threissa gravely discussed books and the current topics of the day, leaving Eugene and Illione to the enjoyment of each other's society, an arrangement that apparently afforded them immense satisfaction. That evening was but the type of all the rest, and thus the hours, golden with the sunshine of happy hearts, strung themselves into weeks, until the morning arrived that was to usher in the eventful night.

All that day Illione moved about the house like a spirit. The spell of a glowing dream was upon her, kindling a light in the soft azure eyes, and velling the face with a tender, strange beauty that was to usher in the eventful night.

The sun went down in waves of glory. The twilight flung her sheltering arms around the dying day, and the voices of earth chanted her requiem. Evening came—and such an evening! It seemed as though the angels had blessed it, and then dropped it down from the inner courts of heaven. The stars throbbled and sparkled like jewels in the sea of purple depth, and the moonbeams, falling on tree and shrub, were shivered into a thousand arrows of white radiance.

"Surely God smiles upon my bridal," said Illione, as she turned from the window, and gave herself into the hands of her attendants.

Al! yes, dear child, he does.

Quickly they robed her in the misty lace and floating veil, until she seemed like some enchanting dream of loveliness.

"Come, girls," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer, entering the room, and addressing the two bridesmaids, "you had better go and put the finishing touches to your toilets, while I fasten that wreath. The company have nearly all arrived, and the appointed hour is rapidly approaching."

"Please to give me a kiss, Illione, before I leave," said Threissa. "I shall expect to receive a great many after you become Mrs. Hamilton, but somehow I want one now."

"You shall have two or three, if you like, and you, too, Beatrice," she replied, with the faintest possible touch of carnage in her cheek, painted there by the allusion to her prospective name. Then she pressed her lips to theirs, clasped their hands for an instant, and gave one long, loving look at their faces, and they turned away—sad, though they knew not why.

Half an hour later their hostess rapped at their door, saying:

"Call for the bride in ten minutes; she wished to be left alone during that time. I shall now descend to the drawing-room and await your coming."

They were soon ready, and just as the last flower was in its place, the old clock in the hall struck eight. The sound had not died in the air when they knocked at Illione's door. There was no movement within the room. Then they softly called her name; still no response.

"Can it be that she has fallen asleep?" said Beatrice.

Threissa looked incredulous, but rapped several times in quick succession. The silence was profound. The girls gazed at each other in mute astonishment, with the shadow of a vague fear lurking in their eyes. The next moment, to their great relief, Eugene and his groomsmen issued from the opposite chamber.

"You seem disturbed, ladies. What is the matter?" exclaimed the merry Cecil.

"We are anxious and concerned on Illione's account. It is very strange that she should take no notice whatever of our repeated summons," replied Beatrice, her voice trembling in spite of herself, while Threissa stood by her side, shivering as though in an ague fit.

"Oh God! this stillness is awful," said the bridegroom, after vainly listening for a response to his tender calls.

"Force an entrance! It may be that she has fainted!" exclaimed Adelbert.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer came up to learn the cause of their delay. It was briefly explained to them.

"Break open the door!" commanded the father, with white lips.

The young men obeyed. The next instant, hushed and awe-stricken, they stood within the room. By the dressing-table, with her flower-crowned head bent slightly forward, sat Illione. One tiny hand gleamed like a snowflake amid her silken curls, while the light of an immortal beauty flooded her face. Like a cloud she had melted into the deeper glories of the spirit-world. Ah! methinks the angels must have knelt in admiration by the casket, even after Death had bereft it of its jewel.

"Oh! Heavenly Father! thou hast taken my last, my only one!" cried the hapless mother in a tone of wild despair.

"Dead! Who says my darling is dead?" screamed the almost frantic father. "I tell you she can't be dead! She shan't be! Don't stand there like idiots! Go and tell Dr. Arlington to come here immediately. It is only a fainting fit, and she would have come out of it long ere this if you had only had sense enough to apply the proper restoratives!"

"Oh! my sweet bride! my Illione! and hast thou been thus cruelly snatched from me, on this our wedding night?" murmured Eugene, raining passionate kisses upon the eyes that opened not, and on the lips that would never again, shyly, smilingly, syllable his name. "Was our happiness too great for earth, my precious one? Oh! Death, thou hast shattered my idol, and left me only the broken clay!"

The old family physician now entered. Gravely he laid his fingers on the delicate wrist, and then shaking his head mournfully, said:

"I can do nothing, my friends! It is a very sad case. Heart disease, I should judge. Life must have gone instantaneously, and without pain."

Then the gray-haired pastor came in. The one who was to have united her to her heart's chosen one. The tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks, as he grasped Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer's hands, saying:

"My children, we must bow to the will of God. Remember that you have now, another angel-gathered flower, blooming in the Garden of Eternity."

The mother caught the blessed thought and it cheered her; but the father gazing with stony eyes into the vacancy beyond, heard these words:

"If I ever wrong you, may that wrong be visited upon me tenfold!"

"Oh, Bianca! thou art indeed avenged!" his very soul cried out in agony.

In the meantime the invited guests quietly and sadly withdrew, leaving the afflicted family alone with their dead.

Oh! stricken mother! five years ago your noble boys led you your guiding hand, and drifted out into the sea of Death, and now, to-night, another life-drop from your heart is taken. God pity thee!

CHAPTER XX.

For there is probation to decree,
And many and long must the trials be;
Thou shalt victoriously endure,
If that brow is true, and those eyes are sure."

BROWNING.

The long, harrowing hours of that dreadful night were over at last, and the morning, heralded

by gray shades, flooded hill-top and valley with its golden radiance, repeating again the cheering, soul-sustaining truth, that light ever follows darkness. Alas! its bright rays of promise brought no gleam of joy or comfort to the sorrow-draped hearts at Moss-Side. Lo! the shadows of Death's wing still rested over the household. Music and laughter, with their attendant sprites had fled affrighted from the gray, old mansion, and once again the gloom and stillness of the grave reigned supreme.

The servants moved around with tearful eyes and sad faces, speaking to each other in low, subdued tones.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with Beatrice and Threissa, were the only ones who appeared at the breakfast table, and their coming was scarcely more than a form, for when they arose from the silent meal, the smoking vials remained almost untouched.

About ten o'clock, Miss D'Artols went into the library, and taking a seat by the window, gazed listlessly out, striving to persuade herself that she was asleep, and that, by and by, she would awaken, to hear the sweet voice of Illione, and find that the events of the previous evening were only the terrible fancies of a dream. Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and with a cry trembling upon her lips, she turned to meet the grave, kind glance of Adelbert Ware.

"Pardon my abrupt appearance," he said, gently. "I saw you as I came up the avenue, and thinking that your friend—whom I wish to see—might be with you, I concluded not to wait for a servant to announce me, but made my way directly here. I was not so rude, however, as to intrude myself upon you without knocking, but I suppose that you were so much absorbed in your own thoughts that it failed to attract your attention. Now, where is Miss Lascelle?"

There was something in his eager tone of inquiry that caused his fair listener to look up with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, but suppressing an inclination to laugh, she very politely replied:

"Pray have the goodness to be seated, sir, and I will endeavor to find her. A task not very difficult I apprehend, for I believe that she is up stairs. Mrs. Mortimer sent for her a short time ago. Ah! she has come down, now, though. That is her speaking to Phyllis. I will call her," and springing to the door, she said, in her low, musical voice:

"Please to come here a minute, Beatrice."

The girl wonderingly obeyed, and Threissa taking her arm, led her into the room, exclaiming with a flash of mischief in her face:

"There is a friend here who seems to be extremely anxious to see you."

She started a little, upon beholding Mr. Ware, and that gentleman fancied that a slight shade of disappointment flitted over her face, but the next instant he thought that even if she were addressing Cecil, her tone could not be more pleasant and cordial, than it was when she returned his good-morning.

Dragging a low rocker to the fire, she sat down and awaited his communication.

He did not keep her long in suspense, but drawing from his pocket what appeared to be a folded note, he handed it to her without a word. She took it almost mechanically, remarking:

"What a curiously shaped letter!"

"It is a telegraphic dispatch," was the reply.

She gazed at him with wild, affrighted eyes. That look, which seemed to ask him to shield her from some horror, moved his very soul, and in that moment the wish sprang up in his heart, that every blow, aimed at her peace and happiness might fall on him. Then the thought of his brother intervened, checking—wisely, perhaps—the flood of tenderness that rushed tumultuously to his lips.

"Do not be alarmed, dear lady," he said, soothingly—and no one would ever have imagined by his voice what a mighty struggle he had passed through—"the telegram may not contain anything of a painful nature."

"Oh! but I fear that it does," she murmured, speaking more to herself than to him. "One who is always the precursor of another."

Then with trembling fingers she tore the missive open, and essayed to read, but the words seemed to blend together and float away.

"Shall I read it?" inquired Threissa, who had been watching her with a countenance full of tender compassion.

"Yes, if you please."

Taking the paper from her nerveless grasp, her friend glanced at the contents, and as she did so, her own face grew as white as the one beside her. Beatrice noticed this, and cried out, as she clasped her hands in agony:

"Speak, for God's sake! let me know the worst."

"Heaven pity you, my poor darling! and give you strength to bear the dreadful news! It says, 'Hasten, for your mother lies at the point of death!'"

"What! dying? and she in New York and I in Virginia! Oh, Father! spare her until I have looked on her blessed face once more," and with this prayer in her heart and on her lips, she leaned wearily back in her chair, and closed her eyes.

Thinking that she had fainted, the impulsive Threissa sprang in alarm to ring the bell. Mr. Ware detained her, saying in his calm, quiet tone:

"She would not like a scene; then pouring some water into a glass, from a pitcher that stood upon the table, he held it to her lips.

She drank, and gave him a gentle "thank you."

"I trust that you will excuse me for lingering at such a time as this," he said, almost deprecatingly, as if desiring to apologize for witnessing her distress. "The truth is, I remained in the hope that I might be able to render you some assistance in this trying emergency."

She gave him her hand.

"Do not fear that I shall misjudge your motives, my good friend. You have done quite right, and although I may not require your services, I assure

you that I fully appreciate the kind sympathy that induced you to offer them."

"Why don't you say that he has already been of use to you, in preventing me from making a general confusion by alarming the household?" exclaimed her companion.

At almost any other time, Beatrice would have laughed at the impetuous girl, but now she gravely rejoined:

"I am, indeed, his debtor for that. I should have been exceedingly annoyed had you succeeded in ringing the bell, and bringing the servants here. The whole mansion would have been aroused by the desperate peal that you would have sent forth; but, never mind, dear, your heart will run away with your head occasionally. Now, Mr. Ware, please to inform me at what hour I can leave Richmond?"

He drew out his watch.

"It is now eleven. I am very certain that a train starts for the North at half past twelve. Yes, I know there is one."

"Thank you. I must be on board at that time, then."

"I will accompany you," cried Threissa.

"No, you must not. You can be of use, here, and it is best that you should remain."

"But you surely will not think of going on to New York, alone?" exclaimed her friend, lowering her voice to a whisper.

"That is my intention. I am not naturally timid, you know, and I have been over the route so many times, that it is quite familiar. Then again, I do not wish to add to the sorrow of the family, by inflicting my troubles upon them. Poor Mrs. Mortimer has a heavy enough burden of her own to bear, without grieving for me,"—here she choked her utterance; but recovering her self-possession almost immediately, she continued—"A few days hence you can give my excuses, and explain my reasons for not disturbing them. At present I am extremely anxious to slip away unobserved."

"I know that they will blame me for allowing you to leave in this style," was the doleful reply.

"Nonsense! Tell them that I was willful, and would have my own way, in spite of all your remonstrances."

"Miss Lascelle! if it is your pleasure that I should order the carriage, I will take the liberty to do so," said Adelbert, approaching from the opposite end of the room, where he had been restlessly walking to and fro.

"Thank you! you may, if you please," she replied, and then she glided away to pack her trunk, and make other necessary preparations for departure.

With the assistance of Threissa these were soon accomplished, and then, with a faltering step, she went to look for the last time upon the calm features of her darling friend.

No fear of disturbing her! How beautiful she was in that strange death-sleep. The rare, costly lace with which they decked her for her bridal was to be her shroud. The pale hands were folded over her still heart, and flowers were twined in the gleaming hair. Taking a pair of scissors from her pocket, Beatrice severed one long, golden ringlet from her dear head, and then pressing her lips to the marble brow, she left the room.

Ten minutes later she was speeding over the road to Richmond. Now that she was at last alone, the blessed fountain of tears was unsealed, and she wept—passionately, at first, and then more quietly. Gradually the welcome shower quenched the fire on her brain, but it was powerless to conquer the terrible pain that racked her wildly throbbing heart. Only the tenderness of Infinite love and pity could banish that.

After a while her thoughts wandered back to that memorable Saturday afternoon, when they had traveled over that same road to Moss-Side. What a merry, joyous party they were! How glad and happy Illone had been! What wonderful gushes of melody had issued from the weeping, crimson month. Now the sweet voice was hushed forever! And she, who had left a kind, loving mother in the enjoyment of her usual health, was now—oh heavens!—journeying to her side to behold her wrestling with the "Pale Angel," or—she clasped her hands in agony—to find that she had already disappeared amid the awful shadows of the "valley."

At last she was seated in the cars. It seemed an age before the whistle sounded, and they moved away. On! on rushed the iron horse, breathing flame and smoke. To the anxious, impatient heart of Beatrice he seemed scarcely to stir. Surely, at that snail-pace she would never arrive in New York.

The afternoon wore away, and the phantom shadows of the twilight crept out of their caves and corners and danced over the earth. Why had the train stopped? That the passengers might obtain refreshments. Well, she was sure that she did not want any. She didn't believe that she ever could eat again; so she leaned her head down upon the seat before her and shed a few silent tears at the delay.

"Miss Lascelle," said a clear, commanding voice, "I have brought you a cup of coffee which you will oblige me by drinking."

With a start of surprise, she looked up into the kind, blue eyes of Adelbert Ware. Recovering from her astonishment at beholding one whom she supposed was miles away, she waved the beverage aside with a gesture of impatience.

The provoking creature did not seem to be overwhelmed by her rebuff, nor did he move away, as she had expected that he would, but on the contrary, he seated himself by her side, saying in a tone of gentle entreaty:

"Just listen to me for one moment, my dear young lady. I know that you have partaken of no refreshments since morning. If you persist in this course you will soon be ill. Think of your mother; she will probably need your care when you reach home, and you will then be so weak as to be in no condition to give it."

That argument was sufficient. For the sake of that dear one, if not for her own, she would eat and drink; so she held out her hand for the coffee, and even swallowed a few mouthfuls of the cake that he had brought her.

Then her kind friend left her again to her own meditations. The hours dragged slowly by, and wearied and worn by the grief and excitement that had been her portion for the last few days, she fell asleep. Once she became dimly conscious that some article of clothing was being wrapped around her, and then that her head was lifted tenderly upon a person's shoulder; but in the morning, although the shawl still covered her, she was alone in the seat; and upon looking about, she discovered Mr. Ware in the rear of the car, to all intents and purposes deeply engaged in a newspaper, and apparently entirely oblivious that there was such a lady as the beautiful Beatrice Lascelle in existence; therefore, she came to the very natural conclusion that her idea about the shoulder was only a dream.

After a while the passengers were requested to change cars, and in the tumult and confusion, Adelbert again made his way to the lady's side, and proposed that they should adjourn to a hotel for breakfast, as it would be an hour be-

fore the next train would start. She quietly assented, and they walked away together. Afterwards, she acknowledged to herself, that she felt much better for the request, and the change that it had afforded her. It certainly was pleasant to have a strong arm to lean upon. In what a state she would have been when she reached home—provided she ever got there—if she had not had such a kind protector.

Ah! pity, they say, is akin to love. I am not sure but what gratitude bears the same relation. Thus through all the long, weary hours that followed, Adelbert Ware ever hovered near Miss Lascelle, rendering her all the assistance in his power; but with a rare delicacy that she both understood and appreciated; he never intruded himself, only as necessity required.

At last they were in New York. Owing to some accident that detained the boat, it was almost midnight ere they arrived. Beatrice was soon placed in a cab, and then her friend, wringing her hand, with a fervent "God bless you!" she was whirled away.

It was well for their peace of mind that they could not lift the curtain that veiled the future, to see under what circumstances they would next meet.

A ride of a few minutes brought her to her father's mansion. Now that the goal was reached, she almost fainted with apprehension. Conquering her weakness, she began to ascend the steps, and as she did so, the hall door was thrown open by the footman.

"Thank God! you've come at last, Miss!" was his greeting.

"My mother? James?"

"Is just alive, poor lady!"

She staggered at his words, and then flew, rather than ran, up the stairs. Breathless she entered the sick chamber just in season to hear her father's low, mournful tones, saying:

"Her sufferings are over! He giveth his beloved sleep!"

"Great heavens! and am I then indeed too late?" she cried, in a voice of such intense agony that it seemed as if her heart was bursting. The next instant she sank upon the floor, with a face as white and rigid as that which had just been marbled by the icy fingers of the artist—Death.

Ah! the angels must have hushed the sweet, rejoicing strain, with which they welcomed the mother's advent to celestial spheres, to weep for one moment over the grief-stricken daughter.

The bleak, howling winds of March were driving whirling gusts of rain and sleet against her chamber windows, ere Beatrice arose from the sick-bed, upon which she was laid that night. How changed everything seemed. Dr. Lascelle looked pale and care-worn. Ah! he missed the dear presence whose gentle voice, sweet face and winning smile had brightened his dwelling for so many years.

"I am all that he has left now, and I will never leave him," said his daughter, to herself, as she combed his white locks, and marked the furrows that grief had plowed in his once smooth face. So, crushing back her own sorrow, she ministered unto him, striving in a thousand ways to arouse him from the deep-settled melancholy that seemed to be creeping over him.

When the lilacs were in blossom, and violets were purpling the emerald slopes, they fled from the dust and turmoil of the city, to their beautiful summer retreat—dear, quiet Ferndale.

"Come, Beatrice, would n't you like to ride with me, this pleasant morning?" exclaimed Dr. Lascelle, entering his daughter's sitting-room one day. "I am going to see a patient about five miles from here, and the country through which the road winds is perfectly enchanting."

She smiled at his enthusiasm, as she replied: "At almost any other time I could be at your service, father, mine; but just now, it so happens that I have considerable work to do. If you could defer your trip until afternoon, I should be delighted to accompany you."

"I do n't think that I could do that, darling. I positively agreed to be on hand this forenoon, and they will be much disappointed if I do n't keep my word."

"Go, then, by all means. But how is this? I thought that you had promised me to give up this fatiguing business, and leave physic and pill-boxes to younger men."

"Well, so I did, child, and I intend to; but it is impossible to throw off the harness at once. I must work out gradually. This visit that I am about to make, is n't exactly a professional one. The gentleman—an old friend of mine—is very eccentric, and although he has got one of the best physicians in the State, he is n't satisfied with him, but wants my opinion upon his case. He has an idea that there can't any one cure him but me; but that's a foolish notion, and I shall laugh him out of it. But there comes Carl with my horse, so I suppose I must be off."

"Oh, but father! you surely are not going to drive that wicked-looking Selim?"

"Yes, I am; he has stood in his stall quite long enough. He will become entirely unmanageable if he is not used more. There is no danger, you absurd little May-blossom."

"Oh, I wish I could think so! but my very heart shudders within me. Do not go with him, I implore you. Only see what an evil eye he has! Oh, pray take Brown Bess instead!" and with a face full of terror, she flung her arms around his neck as if to detain him.

"Nonsense! Beatrice! I thought that you had more courage. The beast will know that he has a master, as soon as my hands are on the reins. There, good-bye, darling! You will laugh at your fears when you see me safely back to dinner; and kissing her fondly, he sprang into the chaise and dashed away.

Two hours later the poor girl's dismal forebodings were fearfully realized. Dr. Lascelle was brought a mangled corpse to Ferndale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLEGORICAL.—A traveler, setting out upon a long journey, was assailed on the road by curs, mastiffs and half-grown puppies, which came out from their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse to drive them back with stones and sticks into their hiding-places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day. The consequence was, that half the traveler's time was consumed in chasing those dogs and puppies. At last he was overtaken by a neighbor, who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveler was very much surprised to find the other on his journey, and on hearing the reason, "Alas!" said he, "is it possible you have lost your time and wasted your strength in this idle occupation? These same animals have beset me all along the road, but I have saved my time and my labor in taking no notice of their barking, while you have lost yours in resenting insults which did you no harm, and in chastising dogs and puppies whose manners you can never mend."

Written for the Banner of Light.
A SPIRIT POEM.
BY K. E. DYER, (MEDIUM).
A strange, sweet impulse moved me,
And a tender heart-chord drew me
O'er the mountains and the valleys of my blessed
spirit-home,
Till, sweet lady, I am near you,
And in spirit form would hear you
Tell me why you caused my footsteps from their
love-lit land to roam.

Oh, you blessed, bright immortal,
Sped you to my humble portal
At the cry my breaking heart sent forth upon the
empty air?

Know you, then, my grief and anguish,
How I pine and weep and languish,
How I'm sinking deep and deeper in a sea of wild
despair?

Ah, sweet lady, 'tis my mission
Off to leave my blest Elysian,
And become some lone one's guardian in its hour
of sorest need.

Life-balm to the broken-hearted
Through my aid is oft imparted,
And I love, all o'er the earth-land, weary, wan-
dering souls to feed.

I have seen your earthly trials,
All your noble self-denials,
And the piercing, anxious soul-glance that your
spirit sent above;

Then I stood all calm beside you,
With my strong right hand to guide you,
And to point you to a future, gleaming bright
with hope and love.

I have wooed you in the twilight,
And beneath the calm, sweet starlight,
But your eyes were shut from seeing, and you
couldst not hear my voice;

Then you smiled upon another,
All unworthy name of lover,
While I stood all sad and helpless, and in wisdom
mourned your choice.

Then I said, Oh, loved and dearest,
Your heart unto mine is nearest,
Though another claims your being, and the dark
world shut you in;

Yet when wrong and curse o'er take you,
When your cherished ones forsake you,
I will fold you to my bosom, where your home for
aye has been.

Far away mid mount-locked valleys,
Where the light and shadow dallies,
Where the music of the dove-note mingles with
the murmuring rill,

Where the balms of fruits and flowers,
Which the breeze curls from the bowers,
Greet the famished, fainting spirit, and each sense
with rapture thrills,

There, mid opalescent glory,
Far transcending fabled story,
Stands a lofty gem-wrought palace, built by arts
the angels know—

Built of good deeds caught while flowing
From the heart with love-light glowing,
Carried by the angel builders to adorn our heav-
enly home.

There for you I long have waited,
With a heart by joy elated,
Dreaming ever of the blessing that my soul shall
find in thine,

Singing of that blessed union,
Of the sweets of heart-communion,
Love and Wisdom ever wedded in that grand,
harmonic clime.

A Few Suggestions
FROM A SEEKER AFTER THE TRUTH OF THE
GREAT SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY TO THOSE SIM-
ILARLY SITUATED.

First. Come to a conclusion in your mind as to the truth of the great problem of the soul's immortality and indestructibility. This we look upon as a pre-requisite to investigation. This problem we do not propose to demonstrate to you; but we do believe that there is a divinity that stirs within us; and that much light is now being shed upon this all-absorbing topic by those who have entered upon "that bourne from which" we are told by the Orthodox—"no traveler returns." This belief is, after all, and in fact, the foundation of every intelligent being's religious convictions, and upon these are built all his aspirations and his hopes in regard to the future.

Second. Then if the soul does live hereafter, does it live in such a condition as to be able to manifest and prove its existence there to us here?

Third. Ask yourself what kind of evidence you require of this latter proposition, and see if it cannot be had. Do not wait for it to come to you, for you may be disappointed; but seek earnestly after it. For, be assured, the patient seeker after truth will eventually find it. The religious world—so called—have heretofore been controlled in their belief exclusively by what is termed holy writ. We now refer you, in addition thereto, to the writings, preachings, teachings and example of men equally inspired, living and moving among us at the present day, as to their convictions of the life beyond. We offer you also the testimony of the departed themselves, (as we believe), who have entered upon the new existence, and who are now manifesting themselves daily and hourly to our spiritual vision and to our interior convictions, by tests as natural and appropriate as they are truthful and beautiful.

In conclusion, then, we suggest that those who continue persistently to occupy Doubting Castle—who continue to reject those "silent, yet impressive lecturers" here, will have so much the more difficulty hereafter, in determining the nature and extent of the evidence to satisfy themselves of their souls' immortality, and may spend thousands of our years in coming to a conclusion; for we verily believe that man is so constituted that he must of necessity work out his own salvation, and determine his own absolute and relative status and condition in the great future existence.

Yours, for the Truth,
M.
New Philadelphia, O.

Miles Grant and Christ.

The strength of Miles Grant's position in attacking Spiritualism, lies in the fact of his assumption that the whole Bible is an infallible record. But this "strength" is but weakness. Miles, and other "professors," contend that any one who rejects any part of the Bible is an "infidel," and therefore "lost," and yet Christ himself rejected a portion of the Bible. In the Old Testament portion of the Bible, it is written, "An eye for an eye, a tooth," &c. This doctrine of a part of the Bible Christ rejected. He said, "But I say unto you not so." ("It is enough that the servant be to his master.") If Christ rejected ("for good and sufficient reasons him thereunto moving") any part of the Bible, so may we all. GEO. W. SIMONDS.
Dorchester, May 10, 1864.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address 129 1-2 East 20th st., New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy life."
LUCIAN HUNT.

THE SPRING BEAUTY.

If you have seen a little flower, familiarly called the Spring Beauty, you have not forgotten it; it is a white flower, with delicate lines of pink on each division of the corolla. We all love it because it comes so early, and all ways nods so gently at every breath of air, that one fancies it is telling, about the beautiful summer that is coming.

I am sorry I have forgotten its botanical name, but you must try and learn what it is; though I love best to call it by the name given to it by the children that I love. The story I have to tell about this flower I hope will teach you something.

There once lived in a little hut in the woods, an old woman, who had grown so selfish and cross that nothing pleased her. Her face was as wrinkled and rough as the bark of the trees, because she never smoothed it by pleasant, happy thoughts. To fret and scold seemed her delight. Her hut was in a little clearing in the forest, not far from the main road; but it was shut in on every side by huge trees, and seemed very lonely. There were many beautiful things about it—singing-birds and hanging moss, besides lovely wild-flowers; but if the old woman ever noticed these things, she did not seem glad in them, and you would never see her pick a flower, or hear her speak to the birds, or smile at the sunlight that came like gleams of glory through the leaves of the trees. She had had much trouble, no doubt, and trouble makes some people very cross and fretful, while others it makes more loving and gentle.

A little girl lived with this old woman, whose name was Susy. She called the old woman Grandma; but she did not love her much; and no wonder, for she was fretted at from morning until night. This made Susy fretful and impatient also, so that she became almost as ill-natured as the old woman herself. She thought, no doubt, that fretting was easier than being patient, and so she spoke cross, and wore a sour look. This made the old woman crosser and crosser, so that if you had passed by the hut, you would have been afraid to have entered, such a jargon was there within. Matters grew worse and worse every day. The winter had been long and cold, and it had been hard keeping warm, and the grandam and the child looked as if Jack Frost and his imps had frozen great wrinkles in the faces of both.

But spring had come—that bringer of beauty—and the trees were covered with the budding leaves. Sweet singing-birds were in all the branches, and tender flowers were sending up their leaves and buds; and little violets and forget-me-nots seemed talking to each other about the goodness and love of their dear mother Earth. The warm sun shone into the door of the hut, and gave it a pleasant look.

Susy and her grandmother went out together to gather some brush with which to cook their supper. Neither of them seemed to mind the fresh beauty of the woods, or to heed the springing flower which nodded to them as the soft wind passed. The heart must be tuned to the beauty and harmony of Nature, or else it is all unheeded. At length the old woman stooped to pick up a fine, dry stick, and there clung to it one of those delicate flowers that I have told you of. She looked at it as if it brought back some sweet memory, and a smile passed over her face, and she said, "My Spring Beauty," just as she had said it when a girl. Susy, who was close behind her, heard her, and thought she spoke to her.

"Yes, Grandma; I am here, close by."

Her voice, too, was soft and sweet, and they looked into each other's faces with surprise.

"I spoke to the flower, Susy; for I thought how I used to gather them when I was a little girl. But come here, you are my Spring Beauty. Yes, I remember my mother called me so, and told me all about the flowers."

"Oh, tell me!" said Susy; "who made them?"

"My mother said it was a dear Father who gave life to the earth, and the earth gave life to the flower."

"And what did he do for?" said Susy.

"For us to look at—and—and—her voice trembled so that she could hardly speak—"she said it was that we might know how he loved us, and that we might love him."

"I did not know that anybody wanted me to love them!" said Susy.

"Oh! yes; the flowers, the good God, and I, too, Susy. I want you to love me, and I think I'll be cross no longer; for I remember how my mother used to kiss me, love me; and when spring came and we went into the woods to gather flowers, she would bind wreaths for me, and then say, softly, 'My Spring Beauty, may God keep you as fresh and pure as these.'"

"Don't cry, dear grandam; I will be your spring beauty, and so we can live over again those days."

If you had looked on these two now, as love shone on the face of the child, and tender memories smoothed the wrinkles of the old woman, you would hardly have believed them to be the same that emerged from the hut a little while before.

This was the beginning of a new life in the forest. Kindness and love beget gentleness and goodness. Susy no longer heard the sharp, harsh voice of her grandmother, but gentle words and kind wishes; and in return, her own voice grew as sweet as that of the singing-birds. Then the Spring Beauties faded, and the richer tinted flowers put forth their blossoms. The same lessons seemed repeated to each—lessons of love and gentleness.

When the spring came again, and the flowers lifted their tender heads in hope and promise, they went out, hand in hand, to gather them.

"I have been thinking," said the grandmother, "what a hard life you have had with me. As I see these flowers, I know how much sunshine they need, and how much that is good and beautiful to make them grow into such loveliness. When I gave you no sunshine of love, you could not put forth beautiful blossoms, nor understand about the love of heaven."

"And when I did not love you," said Susy, "you forgot all about God's love, and so we both were like these dried branches."

"Yes; but now we have learned a little better what makes the heart fresh and loving. Let us go forth from the lonely hut, and find others to love and bless; but we will come every spring to gather the Spring Beauties, that we may not forget their lessons of love."

And so they went out into the world, and found another home, and learned to love many others, and you never heard Susy speak a harsh word, or

her grandmother give a frown; because the spirit of love seemed to dwell in their hearts. What beautiful teachers the flowers are! How many sweet lessons of love they would tell us if we would let them! Their blossoms, some one has called God's smile. Surely, we can feel, as we look at them, how much his love and goodness would do for us if we let it blossom out in acts of kindness and words of love.

A TALK AMONG THE LEAVES.

An old sturdy elm stood over by the roadside, that had a great number of roots continually laboring deep in the soil beneath its feet, to draw up sufficient nourishment for the support of a whole host of branches, large and small, and their multitudes of dependents, the graceful little leaves. The strong trunk seemed a venerable grandfellow, the branches a dignified sisterhood of mothers, and the little leaves a troop of frolicsome children, who always hung lovingly around them in sunshine or in storm, in a variety of attitudes, each seeming more graceful than the last. They always seemed to be very happy together, though I heard them occasionally sighing rather pensively; and sometimes some of the little ones in exposed situations were heard actually to moan and complain; but then the breezes grew gentle, and soon roused them to sleep, singing softly, Hush-sh-sh. And at other times they shed tears, whole showers of them, upon the sidewalk and the umbrellas of those walking beneath; but they always looked brighter for it afterwards, and it has been suspected that they did it in fun, when the sun came out and the breeze arose, to see what a loud pattering sound it would make. And this was quite pleasing to the children under the umbrellas, too.

"I wish," said one of the young leaves, with a very light green dress on, "I wish the wind-music would strike up again. I want to dance."

"For my part," said another close by, "I never feel like dancing except when the sun shines. I always have the 'blues' when 'tis cloudy."

The rest could n't help laughing and shaking at the idea of a leaf having the "blues."

"Pray do n't ask the sun to shine until those clouds have sent down the shower I've sent up a petition for, to bathe me. I'm all covered with dust," spoke up sharply a voice from down below, over the street.

"Well, I wish the sun would shine all the time," said a little pale-tinted one, who scarcely ever caught a glimpse of it, she was so thrown into the shade by the others. "I'm so overjoyed when those little charming sunbeams come to play with me, for we have delightful games of 'hide-and-seek' together."

"Have you ever noticed this nice, pretty nest, down here beside me, with the dear, sweet bird in it? She says her eggs are almost hatched, and is so pleased about it that I can't help longing to see the little ones almost as much as she does. And often when she is weary watching, I fan her gently to sleep."

"Oh yes, I've seen her," said one; and "I can just see her head," said another. "But she is n't half so pretty," cried a third, "as a sweet little creature that came and sat by me, and sung, oh, so sweetly, this morning. His feathers were so soft and bright, and then what makes me love him more than all, he came and picked off and carried away a great ugly worm that had commenced eating me up, and was frightening me almost to death."

"Don't waste your gratitude," sneered rather an old, dry-looking leaf, slightly shivering and shuffling her shoulders; "don't waste your gratitude. He thought more of how nice the worm would taste for his breakfast than he did of saving you."

"Oh!" cried indignantly a perfect chorus of leaves down by the nest. "That was the very one we saw him bring to our little bird here in the nest; and she was so pleased, and she was pleased too, and sang another song, then flew away to find another worm. So he wasn't so selfish, after all."

"I don't know about it," answered the old sere one, shaking her head. "You don't know the world as I do. I guess he ate that up, and got her worm No. 2."

While some of the rest could n't help thinking that if to know the world would make them so suspicious and bilious-looking, they hoped they should always remain as green as they were then, and with the hopeful earnestness of youth, they clung but more closely to their sweet faith in the goodness and beauty of all things.

"Oh dear!" cried a chorus of small ones down low as loud as they could to the ones up high, "How far can you see? How we wish we could come up there! It must be so pleasant!"

"Well," said the topmost one, very complacently balancing himself anew, and rising on the breeze as high as he could and gazing into the distance—whereupon all that rested on the same bough "followed suite," and did just as he did—"well, it is nice to hold such a high station in the world—though, to be sure, sometimes the hot sun takes away all our strength and elasticity, and we are liable, too, to be nipped by the first frost, while protecting you who are down below; so I don't know, after all, as we're so much better off. We all seem to have an equal share of good and ill in our fortunes, and I suppose we ought to enjoy the good all we can, and make the best of the ill," continued he oracularly.

"But what can you see?" sounded the voices.

"To tell the truth, they had been listening rather impatiently to his moral lesson, and seized the first opportunity to break in and get their question answered. In this, they were very like little boys and girls, sometimes, when their elders are trying to make some useful impression upon their minds, were n't they?"

"Why, far away to the westward, beyond all the houses of the town, I see a forest, meeting the horizon; then, waving grain slopes down to the banks of a gleaming, silver stream."

"Oh, how I wish we could see!" interrupted the chorus.

"Then this side of that is a meadow, with a thread of a brook running into the river, and cattle feeding; then, nothing but housetops and scattered foliage."

"I'd like to take a zephyr for a chariot, and go about to see the world. I'm not content with standing still and seeing it afar off. I want to go up and see the stars that twinkle up so high pleasant nights, and I want to sail on the river, and—"

"What a discontented, ambitious leaf!" whispered little Modesty. "I think the best place for leaves is at home. Just think of the dangers you would meet. You'd get lost among the clouds, or drowned in the river, or surely something would happen. You'd never get back again."

"Get back again!" said he contemptuously. "Do you think I would want to come back again? Just set me free, and I

ing, "I'm afraid we're going to have a rebellion. I'm sure I always thought that to hang gracefully on one's stem, and in the breeze, smile in the sunshine, and dash gratefully in the dripping shower, was the only life fit for a leaf, and the only one that could bestow happiness." But her voice was drowned among the eager voices.

"We must wait for a strong wind to help us to freedom, and then we can fly," planned they.

"I should n't wonder if we had one before long," pronounced the ones weather-wise, for it takes, you must know, all kinds of leaves to make a tree, as it does all sorts of people to make a world.

The winds arose and blew fiercely during a night. In the morning, when the sun rose, it showed the full of the ambitious, with a few remaining pendants waving wearily over their remains.

"Must we, too, die?" moaned they.

"I'll gather ye all to my breast," decreed Mother Nature, in her grand, silent voice, "but send ye forth again to a new life."

And they drooped their heads in acquiescence.

WHY AM I GLAD?

"I'm very glad the Spring has come,"
Said little Anna Grey,
"For now the air is sweet and warm,
And I can have its life play."

"And so am I," said Florence Green,
"Because the flowers will blow,
And I can hunt the woods and fields,
To find where violets grow."

"And I am glad," said quiet Jane,
"For strawberries will be ripe:
To hunt for berries bright and red,
Is always my delight."

"I think of rides through pleasant ways,"
Said little Susan Lee;
"There is so much that's beautiful
For one to watch and see."

Said Kate—the merry, laughing girl—
"The best thing of the Spring
Will be the birds and butterflies—
I'll chase them on the wing."

Now all this time one little girl
Had sat with silent voice,
Till some one said, "I'd like to know
Why you do not rejoice."

"I'm very, very glad indeed
That Spring has come once more;
I love its trees, its fruits and birds,
Each insect and each flower."

But not for this was I most glad
To feel its warm, soft air,
And see its glorious sunshine wake
Fresh beauty everywhere;

For I did think of little feet
That I had seen all bare,
When days were cold, and frost and snow
Filled all the wintry air.

I thought how warm they'd be just now,
By God's great, splendid fire,
And how they'd skip and run and dance,
The while the sun rode higher.

Oh yes, I love the glad, bright Spring,
For all it gives to me,
But I am glad the warm, soft air,
To all the poor is free."

Then all the girls loved better still
This loving, generous one,
Who thought for others, as herself,
To bless the bright Spring sun.

Philosophical and Theoretical Enigma.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, 30, 6, 26, 16 is the opposite of my
5, 18, 22, 11, 35.

My 10, 13, 19, 37 is what sends one-half of the
people to church.

My 4, 12, 38, 14, 17 is a pleasant game.
My 31, 26, 23 a good housewife uses.
My 3, 9, 27 gives rise to lawsuits.

My 34, 32, 25, 20 is a boy's delight.
My 21, 32, 8 is a mother's pride.
My 23, 16, 8, 3, 14, 35, 31, 36, 25 is something un-
known in God's government.

My 7, 31, 8, 23, 23, 13, 14, 38, 24, 4, 38 belongs to
God only.

My 19, 33, 23, 6, 2, 29, 30, 3, 24, 16 limits the happi-
ness of a 14, 23, 6, 2, 3, 30.

My 2, 13, 17, 15, 18, 28, 36, 4, 30, 0, 26, 16 occurs at
every person's death.

My 4, 12, 2, 14, 5 was the greatest physician
the world has known.

My 11, 7, 31, 19, 2, 18, 20 is commanded in the
Bible.

My whole is the cause of electricity, light and
heat.
R. B. L., Columbus, O.

Charade.

My first was once found by a young lady of
rank in the East.

My second Joseph's brethren always carried
home in their grain-sacks from Egypt.

My whole, an able lecturer in the spiritual
rank.
ANNAH S., Newbury.

Word-Puzzle.

A A Z L I

When properly arranged, these letters will carry
your thoughts into the beautiful forests, and you
will have a dream of fragrance and beauty.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE BY M. I. M.—Boston.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA—Lizzie Doten.

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE—Word-Puzzle.

WORDS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

The robin repeats his two beautiful words.
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird, and Jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo, and wren,
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there may be of its life most crowdy;
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,
Chatting and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand musical words are sung,
And he holds unnumbered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure thine;
Greater art thou in thy childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres;
They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Holds with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy;
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tenuous spheres,
So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

Original Essays.

THE NAZARENE AT NAIN.

BY DR. HORACE DISSSEER.

The primeval curse of the Almighty, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," hath found universal lodgment in the offspring of the great progenitor of the race. His disobedience to the mandate of the Creator, while dweller and denizen of Eden, lost to his descendants its hallowed beatitudes and the high pleasures of its Paradise. Its fearful and appalling execution on man has made earth groan—and mortals, gasping for continuance of life, and stretching their dim gaze on blank vacuity, have gone, generation after generation, down to the darkness of the grave. Old chronicles of days beyond the flood, and genealogies of ancestry reaching through the linked ages of the world's being, all teach the mournful lesson of man's decay and final departure. The hoary and century-laden Methuselah, whose vista of years was bounded by the furthest stretch of time ever yet meted out to any of the earth-born, at length came to die, and all his time-worn ancestors, numbering back to the first of his kind, yielded up the ghost, and were no longer upon the earth, Enoch, his sire, excepted.

Oh! the dark wing of the Destroying Angel hath ever hovered over and brooded upon our race; and his victims, chosen from all climes and all classes and all ages, are every day and hour and moment going hence and passing away! Beauty and rancid and wealth—innocence and guilt—the just and the unjust—all, all, indeed, cannot stay him in his flight among the doomed inhabitants of earth. How well his merciless mission hath been fulfilled, let the countless hecatombs of the fallen sufferers of his rage and violence, through all the piled-up ages of his unchecked sway, tell and teach the sons of men. The literature of all the tribes and tongues and kindreds of men on the wide surface of the great globe, is pregnant with saddest tales and sorrowful histories of his dreadful doings. The great sea itself hath had registered upon its barrier boundaries how ruthless have been his ravages; and upon the bed of its northern abysses have been deposited the numberless trophies of his victories over the human race. Our fathers, where are they—and the prophets, do they live here forever?

Long ages in the world's history pass away, and the predictions, unheeded of prophets and seers, at length come to be fulfilled. In thy territories, O, Palestine, shall now be settled the great question propounded by the old man of Oriental Uz—the greatest of all the men of the East—perfect and upright, God-fearing and evil-eschewing in all his ways—once owner of oxen and asses and camels and flocks of sheep, in myriad numbers, and head of household great and happy—but stripped at length of all his substance by Sabeans avords and bandits from the Chaldee Hills, suffering and Satan-stricken—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

In beautiful Galilee—in the ancient and patriarchal allotment of Issachar—in the neighborhood of Endor, fearful dwelling-place in time of Saul, of seers and so-called sorceresses—in the city of Nain—in view of Mount Tabor, and beneath the shadow of dewy Hermon—in her home made desolate by the Destroyer—solitary and sad, the mother of an only son, lifeless in seeming, and shrouded for the sepulchre; and she a widow. The weeds of widowhood have ever told how deep her love for the lost one whose image sat upon the face and form of the fair but now fallen child. Memory thickly teams with the visions of other days when the husband lived and loved, and the boy, now mute and helpless and unknowing, climbed the father's knee and kissed him into joyousness. The birds sing happy carols in the tree-tops, but she heareth not the music. The mountain air breathes among the leafy branches of the olive and the palm, and awakes ten thousand harp-cord to softest, saddest strains, that but too well chime in with the current of sorrow which now sweeps the heart-strings breaking in her bosom. In her sorrow she hath deeply pondered upon the pages of the Uzite philosophy of man's mortality and destruction of the body, and will not be comforted by its profoundest teachings. She reads that

Man, the offspring of woman,
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down;
And he fleeth as a shadow, and doth not stay;
For there is hope of a tree
If it be cut down; that it will flourish again,
And that its tender branch will not fall.
Though its root grow old in the earth,
And its trunk die on the ground,
From the vapor of water it will spring up again,
And put forth boughs as a young plant.
But man dieth, and he is gone—
Yea, man expires—and where is he?
The waters from the lake fall,
And the river is exhausted and dried up—
So man lieth down and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not be
aroused,

And they shall not be awaked out of their sleep.
If a man die, shall he live again?

The baptizer in Jordan, the holy harbinger of a new era among the children of men, and forerunner of him who is the resurrection and the life, had proclaimed to the gathered multitudes in the desert wilderness and in the wild fastnesses of the mountains, his advent, and that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. A homeless wanderer goeth about, mingling with the crowds by the wayside and entering the circles of the sorrowful around the hearths of the Holy Land. That wandering one cometh to the city of the sorrowing mother—that childless and husbandless woman, with train of humble followers and people struck with wonder at his words and works. He nigheth its gateway—entrance and there meets the funeral train of the widow's son, whose life is on its way to burial. Obsequies how sad!—who shall comfort and console the childless one in her loneliness? The people of the city come forth in thronging multitudes, sympathizing and sorrowful, to accompany her in the mournful rites of sepulture. Who among that throng can measure the length and the breadth and the depth of her affliction?

But there is one in their midst who bringeth comfort and consolation, and hath power to turn her grief into fullness of joy. The long looked-for visitant, Messiah, Israel's Great Deliverer, hath made his advent. God hath raised his people visited, and a great prophet is risen up among them—such prophet is that homeless wanderer! He hath compassion on the tearful and grief-stricken mother, and in accents soft, he saith unto her, "Weep not, O woman!" They that bear the body withhold their footsteps, and he approacheth unto the bier of her boy. A voice oracular and emphatic is heard saying in the dull ear of the pulseless and powerless sleeper, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" These are no idle words, trifling with maternal hopes and fears, or false pretense practised on credulous minds. Behold! he that slept as dead, heard that voice—and

obedient to the high behest, he sitteth upright and lives on earth again, reanimated and instinct with vitality. The ceremonies of the sepulchre are cast away, and again invested with the habiliments of the living, the loved one of his mother goeth forth to live again.

Albeit the great prophet hath departed, it cometh to the ears of those near by and afar off, that a man who was dead is alive again! The rumor reaches those high in place and power—chief priest and Pharisee and Sadducee stand aghast, it hath also come to the hearing of the Baptist, while exercising the rites of his commission, in the waters of Enon, near to Salim. He seeketh to learn whether the wonder-worker is he that should come. His messengers witness his works, and return to tell him that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the seeming dead are raised, and to the poor the gospel is preached!

The Hebrew seer, from first, hath prophesied and sung of Shool; and though his strains have been sometimes sad and sorrowful, his revelations have been a lamp to dispel the darkness of the grave, and a light to illuminate the valley of the shadow of death. The minstrelsy of the bards of Zion, in tent or temple, hath ever told that he whose body, borne to Hinnom's Vale, had come to be the food of worms, or been consumed by fires unquenched by night or day, still lives—hath risen to life immortal.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave—I will redeem them from death.
O, death! I will be thy plagues!
O, grave! I will be thy destruction!

FALL BACK.

BY WARREN CHASE.

For many months past the "beginning of the end" of the war has been visible to the clear, political seer; but the shrewdest speculators in stocks and currency cannot yet see the beginning of the end of national debt—taxation for usury, or greenbacks for currency. The very principle of usury, or interest on money, is wrong (outright), and like fee simple and money value in land without improvements, is evil and injurious in effect on any people, and forms a part of the machinery by which governments support tyranny, and rob one part of the people to make another and lesser part rich. But since we have adopted both usury and land monopoly as a part of the machinery of our Government, we must do like a man on a staging instead of solid rock, bolster it up with props and nails and braces, till we can fall back and get our feet on a safe and solid foundation. Now is the time for the poor man (or woman) and those of moderate means (and I have little interest in others, and do not often write to protect the riches of the few) to fall back and get an interest in one of our banks—savings-banks.

Land is cheap, improvements cheap, investments in them safe. Now is the time to secure homes, where you can live without rent; even if you do not want them now you soon will, for the close of the war will make great overtures in business—the floating currency will seek and find investments; and those who invest in stocks will be ever subject to the rise and fall incident to legislation and the schemes of speculators and stock jobbers; and those who invest in large tracts of land for further speculation, will find their cake dough, for the democratic doctrine of land limitation and homestead exemption is fast taking hold of the public mind, and will put an end to land speculations on a large scale before many years. The breaking up of large plantations by the abolition of slavery, and the opening to northern enterprise of the Border Slave States, the Pacific Railroad, and organization of new territories, &c., will bring immense quantities of land in small tracts into the reach of men of small means; and as many will move South and West, it affords admirable opportunities to purchase homes in the older States to those who have none. Do not wait till you get money enough to go West or South; buy a home now, if you can pay. Sell even your cow and furniture to get it, for you can get a new set in a few years. I wish I could persuade or assist every family to get a home—a spot of earth it could call home, and have a right to stand or sit or sleep on, and not have to pay rent, or be liable for trespass.

There never was so good a time to secure land, and it may never occur again. It is the only property that is really cheap, and money is plenty, wages good, all other property saleable. Poor men (and women), now is your time to fall back; begin in season. Look out for a place to stand; the staging will be shaken, and although the Government will no doubt redeem all its promises to pay, made during the war, yet the speculators will have control of stocks and currency, as they have had of the banking and issues of States, and there will be ups and downs, uncertainties and fluctuations, and if the interest is drawn from the Government by the people, the Government must draw it from the people before it can pay it to them, or it must create new debts. Hold your hats and bonnets, and catch the money while it rains, and secure a sheltering home; for the time is not distant when the fountain will stop issuing, and the Government spring, from which flows greenbacks, will "dry up."

Buy land, ye landless—do not buy too much, nor get much in debt. Get out of debt, keep out of debt; improve your land, and it will be your anchor, shelter, security, and safety in the dry time and wet time and hard time, which is before us in money matters and currency revolutions.

ANSWER TO MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

BY L. FAX.

I was much interested in the mathematical communication of Eros N., in your last number, and as I have, for my own diversion, in years past, wandered much into those by-paths of mathematical investigation of which he speaks, I was pleased to learn that I have not been a solitary wanderer through those prolific fields of research, but that another has gathered also of those superior fruits which cannot be found elsewhere than in those unfrequented paths.

I hope your correspondent will send in some further questions in triangles. He has given us a Right-Angled Triangle, the Base and Perpendicular differing only by a unit (1).

Now I wish to give your readers the Base, Perpendicular and Hypotenuse of each of the nine lesser triangles of that series.

Series.	Base.	Perpendicular.	Hypotenuse.
No. 1.	20	21	29
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Norwich, Ct., May 4, 1864.

As in men, so in books—the soul is all in which souls must deal; and the soul of the book is what soever beautiful, and true, and noble we can find in it.

(Original.)

THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY MISS A. W. SPIAGUE.

His gallant form is lying on

The cold and blood-stained ground,
While thunders of the battle field

Are raging loud around.

His helmet with its waving plume,

Is lying by his side;

And from his heart the warm life-blood

Is flowing like a tide.

His blood-stained sword, that's been his friend

In many a well-fought field,

Has fallen from his nerveless hand,

Unable now to wield.

The hue of death is on his cheek

And in his bloodshot eye;

He feels the death-chill on his brow,

And knows that he must die.

"Oh, raise my languid form," he says,

"And let me see once more

The charge of my own legions brave,

As on the foe they pour.

Go, go to them, and tell them

"'Tis my last request, my all,

To onward press to victory,

And avenge their leader's fall!"

They raised him from the damp, cold ground—

His faithful followers there—

And wiped the clotted blood from out

His dark and matted hair.

He glanced one moment on the fight—

The spirit fires him now—

"Oh, give me once my steed," he says,

"My helmet on my brow;

And I will lead my men once more

To victory or to death!"

That moment with his life-blood passed

His last, his latest breath.

But victory crowned his banners bright;

His last high wish was granted—

That wish for which his blood was spilt—

For which his soul had panted.

* From the new volume of Poems, just issued from the press
by Wm. White & Co.

Address Delivered by Rev. J. Reed,

IN THE SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH, BOWDOIN

STREET, BOSTON, ON THE OCCASION OF THE

FUNERAL OF DR. WARE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

MAY 1, 1864.

When the Lord said, in his sermon on the mount,

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be

comforted," He taught mankind that for all who

are visited with natural afflictions, there is a spir-

itual recompense. The recompense may come

slowly, and almost imperceptibly; but it will

come surely, to every true disciple of Him who

uttered the consoling words. For He, our heavenly

Father, sits above events, controlling them;

and He is Love itself and Wisdom itself; and the

true eternal welfare of every human being is the

constant object of His care. Did He not say to His

disciples before His ascension, "I will not leave

you comfortless; I will come to you?" And so in

all our sorrows as well as in all our joys, He is

with us; His infinite love surrounds us; His in-

finite wisdom guards and protects us; and no event

can come to pass, except in His own good time,

and according to His own good purposes.

We must feel assured, then, that this event,

which calls us together to-day, sad though it may

be in its outward aspect, is a real blessing. For

him who has gone, for you who remain, for all

whom his departure in any way concerns, so has

the Lord in His infinite mercy intended it. To

Him, therefore, be glory and dominion forever!

How little we know about ourselves, how much

less we know about others, all experience contin-

ually testifies. Our spiritual nature and neces-

sities do indeed lie deeply hidden from us. What

man can tell is the best for himself or his friend

to die? But the Lord knows all these things. He

sees not only when, but why it is best for us to

leave this world. When we reflect upon the mat-

ter, we cannot but feel thankful that it is so. And

knowing, as we do, that the Lord's love for us is

infinitely greater even than our own love for our-

selves, when any one near and dear has passed

from our earthly sight, we cannot find it in our

hearts to wish to call him back.

But we have his living presence. We feel the nat-

ural void. But, resting upon the Lord our Saviour,

we drink from his overflowing fountain of peace,

which is not of this world.

It would seem as if we need to know nothing

more than that the Lord our God is a God of in-

Letter from Washington.

The interest in Spiritualism still continues to increase in Washington, but the warm season will diminish us soon to stop lectures. Soon, too soon, the war-nerves will sound harbingers of death perhaps to thousands whom we see passing through this city every day. The 9th Corps, which recently passed through, gave more of a war appearance than anything yet seen in Washington. The commingling of whites, blacks and Indians in this corps, was new to the lookers-on, and the harmony and full union of these different races seemed to me emblematical of the future, when there shall be no known difference of races, color or religious belief; for in this same corps we could see all shades of belief, from the most ultra Roman Catholic, or Protestant Orthodox, to the Universalist, the Spiritualist, and the German Liberalist; yet all went on harmoniously, having only the one great issue in view.

The prejudice against the blacks is gradually giving way here, and soon it must in the North. It is our duty to educate them, for not only this but the future world. Spirits protest against our sending any more ignorant spirits there, just as we protest against having ignorant colored persons sent among us. Let us then educate all, blacks as well as whites, so that there shall be no more objections either here or in the spirit-world. But let us keep true to nature in all we do—educate rightly.

One of the most noteworthy instances of the times, is the fact that leading men of the nation attend our meetings. Senators and Representatives, as well as Major-Generals and Brigadier-Generals, down to privates, are nightly to be seen in our audiences. And so also of the literature of our press—it is read as quickly as that of the daily news. In both branches of Congress the Banner and Herald of Progress are openly read, and they are selected from the mail by many as the first papers to be opened. What a change from the time when Gen. Shields in the Senate presented the memorial asking an investigation, which we received with derision! Surely the world does move.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has lectured for us for the past four Sundays very acceptably, and it was with deep regret that we parted with her. Her lectures have been of the first order. I never had the pleasure of hearing her before this visit, and was more than gratified. Her improvisation and singing from subjects given by the audience add greatly to the interest, and are of themselves truly wonderful. The audience constantly increased, and they could only consent to her leaving us to fill other engagements by engaging her services for the months of Dec. and March next. During the week she has given psychometrical readings of character and life, giving at times tests very satisfactory. Her readings have attracted many to her rooms, and as a general thing have been most convincing. The last lecture she gave was two hours and ten minutes long, full of inspiration, and the large audience sat apparently unwearied to its close.

As we can only get at the truth of things by fair comparisons, our friends may judge of our success, by stating that a spasmodic attempt has been made to organize a new Orthodox (?) society in Washington. Their meetings are held at the Union League Hall, in the same building with us. They meet in the hall in the second story, while ours is in the third. While our hall is filled beyond its accommodation every evening, the Orthodox number only from twenty to thirty persons. They have a popular and talented preacher, and the form they desire to establish is that of the Congregational, so popular in New England.

The project of a Spiritual Magazine I think a good one, and hope it may succeed; but I must dissent from your correspondent, "G. A. B.," in his selection of names as writers, mixing those of prominent Spiritualists with those of others who do not either in public or private call themselves of us. Surely none more than Spiritualists can say with truth that those who are not for us are against us. We have within our ranks the most able writers of this or any other age. No; I for one say, let us have a Magazine wholly managed by the outspoken Spiritualist. We are old enough to stand alone, and I believe I speak the sentiment of all Spiritualists on this subject. There are among those named by your correspondent enough who have been brave for the truth when it was a test of courage to avow a belief in our much-abused knowledge. But strangely to me was the omission of the name of one of the oldest and ablest of our supporters, who, from the earliest dawn of modern Spiritualism, has been its ardent advocate—who, through your and other columns, has given of his deep study much for our edification. I refer to Dr. Horace Dresser, of New York. It was an unintentional omission, I presume, yet one that I feel should be corrected.

I was surprised to read in the Herald of Progress of April 30th, so unreasonable and unsupported an article against the manifestations of the Davenport Brothers. I am fully in favor of every one publishing their views and evidence in regard to all manifestations, for by so doing we are able to judge of the truth; but as one who has given public testimony of the genuineness of the manifestations of these young men, and as one who has had repeated opportunities of investigation, I must enter my protest against such sweeping abuse of these mediums.

Yours truly,

ALFRED HORTON.

Washington, D. C., May 5th, 1864.

Announcements.

Chas. A. Hayden speaks in Chelsea next Sunday; Mrs. Elias in Quincy; Mrs. Spence in Charlestown; Dr. L. K. Connelley in Foxboro'; Miss Beckwith in Worcester; Miss Johnson in Milford.

James M. Allen speaks in Easton, Wednesday, May 18th; in North Easton, Friday, May 20th—on the subject of "Health;" in East Bridgewater, May 24th.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will speak in Ripley's Hall, North Easton, May 22d; in Soule's Hall, Middleboro' Centre, May 29th. Address East Bridgewater, Mass.

Samuel H. Paist, the blind medium, will answer calls to lecture and sit for tests. Address Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. J. M. Peebles has been speaking in Sturges, Mich., and last Sunday he spoke in Cleveland, O. He will attend the "Yearly Meeting" in Lockport the second week in June, and thence eastward, to speak two Sundays at Dodworth's Hall, N. Y.

Anniversary Week—Spiritual Convention.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts will hold a four days' meeting in the Melodeon, in Boston, on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th days of May, 1864. This meeting will afford a rare opportunity for a grand social reunion of the advocates of our Heaven-born Philosophy, and the seekers after knowledge in regard to inter-communication between this and the world of spirits. All friends of Human Progress are cordially invited to attend. The public advocates of Spiritualism are especially requested to attend the Convention without further invitation, and take part in the exercises.

In behalf of the Committee,

W. F. GARDNER, M. D.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in man; it aims, through direct revelation, to give man 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.*

How Spiritualism Stands To-Day.

It is well to come on deck at times, as the mariner does, and take an observation. Looking through our glass, and taking into view the several points of interest to minds that subscribe to the truth of Spiritualism, it furnishes us with the most gratifying proof of the growth of the great and divine principle in the human heart, to find that its adherents are in all places and positions, are men and women in every walk of life, are wielding a silent but potent influence in its favor, both inside and outside of the religious associations, and, above all, are filled with a living faith in the nature of the blessed gospel which it brings for every one's acceptance. It is no new religion; it is the same religion which has existed, and in sundry ways manifested itself, since the birth of man upon the earth. Until this age, the conditions under which it could make itself most impressively felt by the human race have never been so favorable as to lead men to know and realize their intimate and constant relationship with what lies just beyond the veil; but now all things seem to be so conjoined that it has suddenly developed itself into the proportions of an ever-existing power, and manifests itself visibly and tangibly even to the senses of believers and unbelievers alike.

The spread of Spiritualism—not as a sect of men and women, but as a divine principle which operates on all men and all occasions—over the United States, ought both to encourage those whose faith rests firmly on its statutes, and impress those who are no more than careless observers. Since the phenomena began to awaken the attention of men, and to demonstrate that there was need of a more direct, living, and personal communion with the unseen spheres and those who dwell within them, it is truly surprising what strides the new revelation has taken toward getting possession of the popular heart. All around us in this country we see evidences of it. Our most advanced minds, in all professions, have publicly taken it in hand to defend their faith, so far as defence can be needed for what is of itself plain to the last letter of demonstration to a candid inquirer. Were it possible even to decry the faith itself as puerile, superstitious, the work of legerdemain, the disease of a sick brain, it is not so easy to write down the character and the culture and learning of the leading men who have openly subscribed their faith, nor can their reasoning in the case be so readily set aside. They have borne evidence as good as any that ever substantiated the most important events either in religious or profane history. And their evidence, accompanied by their reasonings and philosophic speculations, have led and is still leading thousands to examine for themselves into the new phenomena, and making those believers in God and eternity every day the world lasts.

All this cannot be put aside, can be rubbed out by no ridicule, prejudice, logic, or denunciation. It stands out in the front of the most significant facts of the day, not to be passed by with contempt by those who believe in the gift and immortality of souls, or in the life that resides in other spheres, and either a present or future communion with the beings that enjoy the blessings of that life. It is this great, this profound mystery, at last, which cannot be overcome. When men come to that, their scoffing lips become suddenly dumb.

We were reading, only the other day, an article in the editorial columns of the New York Herald, on this very topic of the rapid spread of the power and influence of Spiritualism in the land. The article was upon the recent phenomena which were exhibited to the people of New York, in Cooper Institute, through the mediumship of the Davenport Brothers; and in the course of the editor's curiously mixed observations, as is the custom with that journal, occur such passages as we herewith quote:

"As the world grows older it grows wiser. Human development has made greater advances in every direction within the last fifty years than during the five thousand years before. Old things are now passing away. Everything is becoming new. Systems of science, religion, philosophy, government—all are being revolutionized. We are in a transition state from darkness to light, and every day brings us nearer to the grand new era of the future."

Usually the occurrence of great changes in the world's history is accompanied by great wars. So it is now. There are wars in the East, in the West, in the North, in the South. This continent is devastated by wars. In the United States, in Mexico, and in South America fighting is constantly going on. In Europe all the nations are preparing for battle. The war cloud, which appeared no bigger than a man's hand in Schleswig-Holstein, is spreading over all Europe. No one need be surprised to hear at any moment that France and England are involved in it. Armies are being collected and navies equipped by the great Powers in anticipation of events. Poland still struggles for freedom. Garibaldi still shouts his war-cry—"Rome and Venice!" It requires but a trifle to make the martial conflagration general, and no one can tell how much longer the catastrophe will be delayed.

But the revolutions, recently accomplished or obviously pending, extend not only to philosophy, to science and to government, but also to religion. The most ancient creeds are at last dying out. They are destroying each other, or are being destroyed, in India and Asia, in China and Japan, Christianity is pushing Buddhism and Brahmanism, and all other forms of idolatry out of existence. Mahometanism, which annihilated so many pagans, is evidently on the decline. Christianity, divided into a thousand different, inconsistent and conflicting sects, becomes weaker in its influence at every new schism. Meanwhile discoveries are being made in the laws of matter and of mind, that, if reliable, explain away the miracles upon which religion is founded, and give new meanings to records hitherto accepted as supernatural facts."

After reciting the wonders that have been manifested through the Davenport Brothers, and arguing that they may be the result of a mysterious combination of "physical, mental, and moral" powers, the Herald Editor concludes:

"But, when all this is admitted, we come to the question, *cui bono?* What good is all this? To what does it all amount? In this practical age that is the inquiry addressed to everything new.

That inquiry gave Spiritualism its first rebuff. Tables may tip and rappings be heard; but if the only use of Spiritualism is to attract people to public seances at fifty cents a ticket, the manifestations cannot rank much higher—although they are a thousand times more wonderful—than those of so-called magicians and necromancers. Still we must not forget that the same every night have been addressed to the authors of all the miracles recorded in the Bible, the Zend Avesta, the writings of Confucius and the Koran. It is one thing to show miracles, and another to form a system of faith of which the miracles are merely the proofs and illustrations.

It is evident that we are upon the threshold of a new era of human development; but it is also evident that the new era will be practical, and not theoretical; useful and not ideal; and that more utilitarian miracles are yet to come."

We believe that the new era will be "practical" in that it will bring down the spiritual and the ideal to the daily reach of men, and lift men up to the more perfect realization of the spiritual and ideal. That is to be the glory of the New Time whose sun is appearing in the eastern sky; the union of the heavenly with the earthly, and the consequent inspiration of the dwellers on earth is to be more perfect and complete.

Albion Perfidious Still.

The way Garibaldi has been treated in England, shows as clearly as anything can that the English Government is bound to the car of Napoleon. The French Emperor had but to announce to the Minister that he wanted the Italian patriot to be sent out of the country, and he was sent out. The aristocracy had already begun to vie with the masses of the people in doing him honor. This would never do. Napoleon wanted that kind of business stopped. He would be thought the regenerator of Italy himself. Garibaldi has always denounced him for his treachery, putting no faith whatever in his professions. For this Napoleon naturally hates him, and seeks to head off his influence in every way he can.

It has been several times denied in Parliament, by members of the Government, that there was any request on the part of the Government that Garibaldi should leave the country, or that French influence had anything to do with his going; but we have seen a flat and full denial of these statements from an intimate personal friend of Garibaldi, which was published in a London letter to the New York Evening Post; and it comes professedly from the lips of Garibaldi himself! This, certainly, is not much to the credit of the Government, and will throw the shadow of untruth upon its several members very heavily. It seems to be in character with the whole of England's policy and conduct, to boast that slaves were free the moment their feet touched her soil, while her flag is ready to protect rebel emissaries like Mason and Sillid, her shipyards are at the disposal of men who wish to fit out pirates against our commerce, and she hastens to drive forth a patriot like Garibaldi at the beck of such a ruler as Napoleon!

A New Point in Science.

Some of the savans, if not the religious journalists, are making up their minds to regard the facts and faith of Spiritualism with more seriousness, and to bestow upon it the attention which is demanded by the character and variety of the phenomena, whether they have much respect for the philosophy which springs from them or not. We observe, on looking over the pages of a somewhat useful book of reference, useful because it is a book of compilations on interesting subjects—the Annual of Scientific Discovery, published by Gould & Lincoln of this city—that it is therein recorded that "a recognition of the reality of many of the phenomena, physical or psychological, which are popularly classified under the term 'spiritual,' appears to be gaining ground gradually among the scientific men of the United States and Europe." And the editor of the Annual quotes to the same effect from the remarks of Prof. De Morgan, in a recent letter to the London Athenaeum, in which the Professor says: "I have seen and felt physical facts wholly and utterly inexplicable, as I believe, by any known and generally received physical laws. I unhesitatingly reject the theory which considers such facts to be produced by means familiar to the best professors of legerdemain. If it be asked what impression, on the whole, has been left on my mind by all that I have witnessed in this matter, I answer, one of perplexed doubt, shaping itself into only one conviction that deserves the name of an opinion, namely, that quite sufficient cause has been shown to demand further patient and careful inquiry from those who have the patience and the opportunity needed for prosecuting it; that the facts alleged, and the number and character of the persons testifying to them, are such that real seekers for truth cannot satisfy themselves by merely pool-pooling them." The legerdemain theory is done away with. The matter has become much too serious and important to be disposed of with a sneer.

Not the Way to Save a Country.

We have before us a brief letter from a poor woman in one of the towns of Western Massachusetts, the wife of a soldier who has been nearly two years in the field, who asks, though not complainingly, "how poor soldiers' wives are to live" in this time of high prices. A shudder passes over her, as she thinks of her future. From the State she receives twelve dollars a month as "State aid," which, with what her husband sends her from the army, must suffice to subsist herself and her little ones, including rent, fuel, food and clothing, and doctor's bills, when they have to be contracted. This woman says she has had a great deal of sickness in her family since her husband went away to the field, and has had the misfortune to follow two of her little ones to the grave, their father being gone. She says she feels almost without friends, as she is entirely without money; but that when she would make an appeal for aid, she is met with the sneer, "Oh, you are a Spiritualist! You can get help somewhere else!" We do not like to believe that the people of any civilized community would thus coldly turn away from the appeals of a soldier's wife, who had a family on her hands, and was in actual distress, only because she was understood to be a Spiritualist. We are ready to concede that there are many who are ignorant enough to be bigots of such an intense style, but can hardly credit it of a whole community, especially in Massachusetts. There are too many persons in every community who are Spiritualists themselves.

Speculators at Work.

Having had butter forced back to a reasonable price while in their hands, the speculators are about to have their revenge by keeping back large quantities of the article which have accumulated at different points, and over which they have full control. This, too, in the face of the fine season, and the coming forward of grass. New butter is in the market by the middle of May. It is said that these speculators intend to buy it up as fast as it is produced, and either hold or ship it, for spring butter will keep for nearly a year. The only way to keep them off is for the people to do as they did before.

Pictor Ignotus.

In the April issue of the Atlantic, the celebrated Gail Hamilton has an interesting and significant account of a remarkable character in the person of William Blake of England, born in the last century. A veritable son of genius, a poet, a painter, &c., in daily communion with the bright invisible, through spirit-sight—to the upper classes of society there, of course, he was simply wayward, erratic, and incomprehensible.

A biography of his life was begun some time ago, by a barrister of the Middle Temple, Mr. Arthur Gilchrist, who, however, died after only seven chapters had been printed. We have, therefore, only a scrap of authentic history thus presented to us of this wonderful man, whose complete and reliable life would undoubtedly prove a positive addition to the literature of the times. Sufficient insight, however, is here furnished, to any one at all familiar with the spiritual revelations of to-day, to fully understand the cause or reason of his unusual, and to those of his own day, incomprehensible manifestations.

Not the least significant item connected with "this strange, eventful history," is the manifest sympathy of Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton) with her subject, as shown in her appreciative and favorable criticism which she makes throughout her pages. Let all our readers carefully peruse Pictor Ignotus:

"* * * In the little cottage overlooking the sea, fanned by the pure breeze, and smiled upon by sunshine of the hills, he tasted rare spiritual joy. Throwing off mortal encumbrance—never, indeed, an overweight to him—he revealed in his clairvoyance. The lights that shimmered across the sea, shone from other worlds. The purple of the gathering darkness was the curtain of God's tabernacle. Gray shadows of the gloaming assumed mortal shapes, and he talked with Moses and the prophets, and the old heroes of song. The Leader of Heaven was firmly fixed by his garden-gate, and the angels ascended and descended. * * * It might seem at first a matter of regret that a soul full of all glowing and glorious fancies, should have been consigned to the damp and dismal dullness of a crowded city like London; but, in truth, nothing could be more fit. To this affluent, creative mind, dignified and disengaged were not. Through the greatest gold, golden palaces rose before him, silver pavements shone beneath his feet, jeweled gates unfolded, on golden hinges turning, and he wandered forth into a fair country. 'What need of sunshine and bloom for one who saw in the deepest darkness a light that never was on sea or land?'

Rambling out into the pleasant woods of Dulwich, through the green bowers of Walpole, by the breezy heights of Sydenham, bands of angels attended him. They walked between the tolling haymakers, they hovered above him in the apple-boughs, and their bright wings shone like stars. For him there was neither awe nor mystery—only delight. Angels were no more unnatural than apples. But the honest hostler, his father, took large boy, and claimed their immortality. The grand old citizen, who had perched on tree-tops, and he was only prevented from administering to his son a sound thrashing for the absurd falsehood by the intercession of his mother. Ah! these mothers! By what fine sense is it that they detect the nascent genius for which man's coarse perception can find no better name than perverseness, and no wiser treatment than brute force? * * * Wandering up and down the consecrated aisles of Westminster Abbey, and the various old churches in the neighborhood—eagerly peering through the dim, religious light for the beautiful forms that had leaped from many a teeming brain now turned to dust—reproducing with patient hand, graceful outline, and deepening shadow—his daring, yet reverent heart held high communion with the ages that were gone. The Spirit of the Past overshadowed him. The grand old Gothic symbolism rose before him. Voices of dead centuries murmured low music down the fretted vault. Fair ladies and brave gentlemen came up from the solemn chambers where they had lain so long in silent state, and smiled with their olden grace. Shades of nameless hosts who had wrought their souls into a cathedral and died unknown and unheeded, passed before the dreaming boy, and claimed their immortality. Nay, once the Blessed Face shone through the cloistered twilight, and the Twelve stood round about. In this strange solitude and stranger companionship many an old problem untwined its Gordian knot, and whispered along its loosened length—

"I give you the end of a golden string; Only wind it into a ball. It will lead you in at Heaven's gate, Built in Jerusalem's wall."

A "Haunted House" in the Vicinity of Boston.

Rumors are afloat in town, and out, of strange noises, apparitions, etc., in a dwelling-house at Belmont. On one occasion, it is reported the lady of the house heard a knock at the front door. She immediately opened it, when, to her astonishment, a strange man entered without speaking. She desired to know his business; but receiving no answer, she became alarmed and started for the door, which appears to have been shut by the unknown visitor when he entered. As she attempted to leave, the stranger also moved toward the door, and actually passed out without opening it, which singular circumstance of course sadly frightened the poor lady, who hurried out to inform her neighbors as quickly as possible. On her return the stranger had vanished.

On another occasion the occupants of the house were awakened from their slumbers at midnight, by distinctly hearing people walking in the different rooms. Supposing them to be burglars, search was made, but no person discovered. Then knocks were heard on the doors and windows, the sounds of footsteps in the entry, and various other demonstrations, but no one was discovered. These and similar "manifestations" have been going on for several months, without the family discovering the cause, till at length they have come to the conclusion that the house is "haunted."

The owner of the premises is desirous that those who understand these "mysterious things" make a visit to the house and get an explanation from the "disorderly spirits," so that the occupants may not be annoyed in future.

The Davenport Boys

Are satisfying the New Yorkers that "some things can be done as well as others"—that is, that invisible intelligences can manifest through their agency in such a convincing and satisfactory manner as to put all cavillers to the blush. The New York Herald says it won't do to call these mediums "humbugs," as quite as intelligent men as clergymen and physicians know to the contrary.

In alluding to the four test, the Herald of Progress says:

"On Wednesday evening of the last week the four test was finally applied, and the result, as reported to us by truthful witnesses, was entirely satisfactory. Both boys were tied tightly; their hands then filled with flour, as full as it was possible to hold; all traces of it removed from the box, and the doors closed. In an instant a human hand appeared at the window, and on throwing the doors open the boys' hands were still full and tight, and no flour spilled! And again, with closed doors and closed hands they were untied!"

The recent satisfactory tests given by the Davenports in New York city, go to fully confirm the statements made in the BANNER recently by our Baltimore correspondent, Wash. A. Danskin, and others in the different cities where the Boys have manifested.

Lord Palmerston has again got the gout and can't get out.

Miss Susan M. Johnson's Lectures.

The two first Sundays in this month, Miss Johnson occupied the desk in Lyceum Hall, in this city. She is deserving of more than a passing notice, for she is indeed an able and eloquent lecturer. Here discourses were here of the practical, common-sense kind, well calculated to make an impression on the minds of her hearers which must result in good. Her style of delivery is easy and agreeable, and her voice clear and pleasant.

Her last evening discourse was upon "Reconciliation to God," taking the position that it was far better for the human family to be reconciled to each other, for without doing this, we cannot be reconciled to God. And then proceeded in a truly Christian and charitable manner to show how this most important act of our lives could be brought about. She would have men and women study natural laws and observe them as far as in their power, and learn what are the duties and obligations each owe to the other, and then conscientiously and faithfully perform those duties. By a reasonable adherence to these things, we would soon learn the sources from which all harmonies spring, and by eradicating the cause, cure the evil. Earnest and beautiful was her exhortation to make our lives here of more importance than the life hereafter, by living pure and harmoniously; for all time with us is present time—not future—and should be so improved as to be able to bear the severest scrutiny of conscience, for there is no power outside of ourselves to judge and condemn us. In time, if we act in harmony with the Divine and Nature's laws, all these possible objects will be attained, and the kingdom of heaven be truly established on earth.

Spiritual Convention in Boston.

On Anniversary week, the Spiritualists are to hold regular meetings at the Melodeon, in this city, commencing on Tuesday, May 25th, and continuing until Friday evening. The interest felt in the late Convention held in this city was so great—crowding the hall through rain and sleet—that the friends of our beautiful philosophy then decided upon holding a similar one during the coming Anniversaries, and for the purpose of better accommodating those who may wish to attend, engaged the large and commodious Melodeon for that purpose. This arrangement will be duly appreciated by those who attend, and also afford an opportunity for a large class who know but little respecting the Spiritual Philosophy or the ennobling and soul-sustaining principles it inculcates, to gain some light and knowledge respecting this belief in spirit-communication which is spreading with astonishing rapidity, and blessing humanity all over the world. Millions are asking to-day for more light on so important a subject, and the light and truth are dawning upon their vision and understanding as fast as they are able to comprehend the glorious and celestial dispensation.

Many of the best speakers in the spiritual ranks will be present at these meetings and address the audiences.

A New Proposal for Office-Holders.

Mrs. Sumner has just proposed a plan to the consideration of Congress, which strikes us as being both sensible and necessary in the highest degree, and which, though perhaps not acted upon now, must in the end be adopted as a principle in the administration of the government. It is a measure that shall oblige all candidates for situations in the civil service to pass an examination before a board appointed for the purpose; giving the appointees their office during good behavior, and offering promotion through the various grades in the order of seniority, and a retiring pension after a certain term of service. When we stop to consider what it is going to take of men, and capacity, and character, to carry on our regenerated government in the future, the need of some fixed standard for the appointment of individuals to office will at once be recognized and admitted.

The Meaning of Silence.

Gen. Grant's character and conduct are likely to prove an excellent and most impressive lesson for the nation. He has ever conceived his own plans, and kept his own counsels. So did Bonaparte; he entrusted nothing to others, and hence was never disappointed or betrayed. Gen. Grant has practiced, since he took charge of the armies of the nation two months ago, the most impenetrable reserve. What his present plans in Virginia are, no one knows but himself. He whispers nothing, publishes nothing. He is self-contained always. This clearly betrays the master. Unless he can contain himself, he must fail to master others. The very best evidence of his capacity to command others is his power to command himself. Grant is just such a man as we have long needed in this country, for a striking example.

The Dead.

The battles which have been fought in Virginia furnish sad records of the killed and the maimed. Scarcely a town or hamlet in the whole country but feels the blow in its midst. But out of what at first appears to be so many to be nothing but gloom, springs a rainbow of joy at last, which is radiant with all the beautiful colors of a promise from heaven. These woes are to be brought down the invisible spheres closer than ever to our vision. We are to be brought, because we shall desire to be brought, into immediate relationship and contact with those who are gone out of the limitations of the form, but are just as near to us as ever. Thus what is mourned over as a loss of life, is compensated for by being a great gain otherwise.

The New Monthly.

Since we hinted that we might at no remote period issue from this office a Monthly Spiritual Magazine, we have received numerous letters from our friends in different parts of the country expressive of their approbation of the move, and signifying their willingness to contribute to its pages. To all such we return thanks; but to prevent any misapprehension, we would inform them that we have made no arrangements with any party as yet in regard to the matter. We simply wish to agitate the subject, to prepare the public mind for such a work, that when the time comes to issue it, it may be a permanent success. In the meantime those who desire to become contributors are requested to send in their names.

Curry and Hull.

Elder Joseph T. Curry occupies four columns of the Herald of Life and the Coming Kingdom, published in New York, in replying to a brief paragraph of ours respecting his late discussion in this city with Moses Hull on Adventism and Spiritualism. The most reasonable sentence we find in his article is this: "If there is anything in the universe to prove the immortality of the natural man, I am interested to know it." We think if the Elder would attend our free circle a few weeks, he would find the proof he "is interested to know." In his attempt to stick a pin into Moses Hull, he pricks Elder Grant slightly, but as no blood is spilt, not much harm is done.

New Publications.

ALICE'S DREAM. A Tale of Christmas-Times. By Mary Ann Whitlock. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Here is a delicious little morsel, brim-full of the choicest and most appropriate instruction for the young, dressed up in elegant and becoming robes of illy-white purity. The intuitive, spiritual soul of the author radiates all its pages. The work is divided up in chapters, each one having a separate interest, under the following titles: Household of the Clitons; The Celestial Visitants; The Happy Home; Poverty—Suffering—Doom; A Happy and Merry Christmas; The Patriarchal School; Good Use of Wealth; The Power of Kindness; Merry Party in the Harleys; The Garden of Contentment and the Fountain of Love. Surely here is sufficient range of subjects to warrant entertainment, as well as highly instructive reading for young minds grasping for knowledge. Such a work is a great auxiliary to the school-teacher, without the dry monotony of the school-room, for it gives variety and breadth of thought which will give strength of character to students in their earlier experiences in life's lessons, quietly and almost imperceptibly leading their minds to accept the moral teachings so simply but so beautifully conveyed, and thus lay a good foundation for noble men and women, whose influence in coming time will be mighty levers in reforming the world.

The fair author of these one hundred and twenty-two pages has performed a noble work for the rising generation, and we hope she will be abundantly encouraged to continue in this field, for which she appears to be eminently qualified.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY—Second Annual Report—1863.

Charles Dimond, Esq., of this city, has favored us with a copy of the report of the doings of the Christian Commission for the past year, which is a volume of two hundred and eighty pages, and is an interesting document. It not only gives in detail the minute workings of the Commission, but furnishes the reader with a picture of the battle-field and hospital-life not found in many publications. The Commission is doing a good and commendable work in supplying the physical and spiritual needs of our brave soldiers. While administering, as best they know how, to the wants of the soul, they are not unmindful of the wants of the body, which, in the case of the wounded soldier, is of the first importance—for the soul will find its way to heaven, aided by unseen missionaries who can more wisely administer such spiritual food as it really requires to sustain and strengthen it on its journey to the land immortal. This and the Sanitary Commission are doing herculean work for the benefit of our armies, and both should be encouraged by all the available means in our power. The recent battles have added thousands of victims, who will need all the care and sympathy which can be bestowed upon them. Let the prosperous and happy at home remember this, and deal out with a lavish hand of their substance to relieve the sufferings of those who are fighting for freedom and the good of our beloved country, and the sacredness and security of our homes.

THE SABRATH SCHOOL CHESTNUTS. By Asa Bullard, Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society.

The object of this little work is to give the history and results of a donation of a little bag of chestnuts to the Sunday School, by the daughter of a poor, aged, invalid mother, in the town of Shutesbury, in this State. These chestnuts have been circulated all over the land, and sold for various sums, till the amount realized by the Society is upwards of fifteen hundred dollars, and the interest goes on increasing. The astonishing fact is given in detail in this volume—which is the sermon preached by those little missionaries. A few of these legendary nuts have been eaten by ambitious preachers, but the greater part of them have been enclosed singly in little glass decanters with the stoppers blown in, so that they cannot be with any possibility recanted, and are now distributed as relics all over the Northern and Western States. This fully illustrates how much can be accomplished from little beginnings.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June, opens with an interesting chapter on the "Coolie trade," closing with a vivid account of the revolt on board the Ship Norway, on her passage from China to Havana, with over one thousand Coolie slaves on board. The article is illustrated in the usual good style of Harper. "Making Wine in California" is also finely illustrated; in fact, the whole contents of this number are excellent. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for June. This popular, low-priced magazine continues to improve in its contents, and in public favor.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW continues to make its monthly visits, full of matters of interest. The last number contains a view of the new Odd Fellows' Hall, located on the corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia. It is a splendid edifice.

Mrs. Bond in Lyceum Hall.

On Sunday next our friends will have an opportunity to hear the talented lecturer, Mrs. Frances Lord Bond. This lady, we understand, is a sister of the somewhat famous Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y., a type of the Old School Calvinists, and radically pro-slavery. There certainly must be a wide difference of opinion, in a religious or spiritual sense, between the brother and sister, which the public will no doubt readily discern. One thing is certain: the liberal, expansive and humanitarian views of the lady, place her on a far higher spiritual plane than that which the Rev. Dr. occupies, with his creed-bound and limited ideas of human justice. We hope Mrs. Bond will be welcomed in Boston by large audiences. When such able lecturers enter the field, they should receive ample encouragement. From several places where she has spoken recently, we hear that very general satisfaction was evinced by the large audiences in attendance. This is her first visit to Boston as a public speaker.

Economy all Around.

It would be very poor economy to do without a good newspaper at the present time, but we may all of us keep down a good many of our living expenses to excellent advantage. A financial writer of skill, who has run his probe pretty deeply into the subject, calculates that this nation could save five hundred millions of dollars per annum, if the people only chose to go ahead and do it; and that it could be done by a slight reduction of daily expenditures, which would scarcely be felt. This enormous amount of money, now squandered on objects which do not make us any better off, would be so much added to the real wealth of the nation. Were the people in a body to set about the practice of self-denial of this sort, gold could remain at its high figure but a little while longer, and all the necessities of life would speedily come down.

The Great Spiritualist Convention.

CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, MAY 11TH, 12TH AND 13TH, 1864.

In pursuance with the call issued for several weeks in the BANNER OF LIGHT and HERALD OF PROGRESS, quite a large audience assembled in Clinton Hall on Wednesday morning the 11th, and a good degree of interest was manifested. The number in attendance was larger than at the opening of the Boston Convention. Among the regular and occasional speakers present were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Spence, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Mrs. Mary Albertson, Mrs. J. J. Clark, Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch, Mrs. Mary E. Davis, Mrs. C. A. Syme, Mrs. Danforth, C. O. Wright, J. S. Loveland, U. Clark, O. H. Crowell, N. S. Greenleaf, H. B. Storer, M. Hall, C. A. Hayden, A. B. Whiting, A. J. Davis, F. L. H. Willis, J. H. W. Toohy, C. Barnes, J. Ferguson, E. Tarbell, D. H. Hamilton, Ira B. Davis, L. K. Conoley, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. R. T. Hallock, Dr. Brown, S. B. Brittan, E. S. Giles, Dr. P. B. Randolph, Wm. Fishbough, O. Abbott, etc.

The meeting was called to order by U. Clark, and H. B. Storer was appointed Chairman pro tem, and Charles Partridge Secretary. Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dr. H. F. Gardner, L. K. Conoley, Mrs. M. S. Townsend and C. Partridge were appointed a committee to nominate regular officers for the Convention. The committee reported and the Convention adopted the following: Charles Partridge, President; H. B. Storer, A. B. Whiting, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Dr. R. T. Hallock and J. M. McCluer, Vice Presidents; U. Clark, F. L. H. Willis and Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Secretaries; Dr. Hallock, Wm. Fishbough, Dayton Spence, Mrs. Spence, W. P. Coles and D. M. Turner, Business Committee; Dr. Glover, Treasurer.

Mr. Partridge, on taking the chair, made appropriate remarks, and was followed by Dr. Hallock, Wm. Fishbough, E. Tarbell, U. Clark, P. B. Randolph, J. H. W. Toohy, and others.

On the opening of the afternoon session, the attendance was largely increased. The Business Committee reported the order of the Convention, three sessions a day, each session to be opened by half-hour speeches, to be followed by ten-minute voluntary speeches. A series of resolutions were presented for discussion, and on motion of Moses Hull, accepted for discussion. Messrs. Toohy, Brown, Danforth, Randolph, Abbott, Edwards, Conoley, Storer, Barnes, Moore, Goodell, and Mrs. E. C. Clark, Townsend and Spence spoke during the afternoon, and an evening interest was awakened.

Wednesday evening, the audience was quite large, and evinced unmistakable signs of rising enthusiasm. E. Tarbell and Moses Hull opened with remarks. A. B. Whiting, the regular speaker announced to open, gave a most eloquent and instructive discourse on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism. U. Clark followed, and his strong and moving inspirations were repeatedly applauded by the audience. P. B. Randolph, Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Dr. Hallock, H. B. Storer, and Mrs. Spence, each held the audience with eager attention, Mrs. Spence giving some of her most powerful appeals made in behalf of agitating the great questions of the age.

Thursday morning opened with new interest and an increased attendance. The New York dailies all gave some sort of notice of the Convention, several reporters being present on the first day and evening, taking elaborate notes.

We must Endure It.

Among the very last and latest individuals of prominence who have come forward heroically and given their testimony to the untruth and mischief, the deceit and devilry of the pure religion which is denominated Spiritualism, we are not a little surprised to find one so prominent and important as the Fire Marshal of New York, Mr. A. E. Baker. We had thought we could endure the full weight of testimony against us, until we came to him; he is a burden we are not ready to say we can comfortably bear. We are grieved (for his sake) to meet with his "card" on the subject in a late issue of the New York Herald, in which he proceeds, Samson-like, to pull down the posts of the temple about our heads in this fashion:

"I see by a report in your valuable paper of this day, giving a description of the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers at Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening last, that I am represented as having been named and chosen one of a committee to investigate the wonderful manifestations of the Davenport. I was not there, nor had I any knowledge whatever that my official title was to be used. I find, however, on inquiry, that my brother was the individual present, who is in my employ as clerk. He professes to be a Spiritualist. I do not. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not a believer of that sort, and therefore do not seek for any such notoriety. My business is to investigate into the origin of fires, and not the wonders of legendarism in a box or anywhere else. A. E. BAKER, Fire Marshal."

Removal.

Dr. A. B. Child's dental establishment has been removed from No. 15 Tremont street to 50 School street, to larger and better rooms, to meet the increased demands of his profession. The doctor has the reputation of being one of the best dentists in the city, and justly so, for no man can extract and fill teeth better than he. His workmen are also very skillful in the manufacture of artificial teeth, as the specimens recently shown us abundantly prove.

Low Prices.

The high prices ruling in the United States contrast strongly with those that content the London dealers. Good stout Brussels carpets are sold in London at sixty-two and a half cents per yard, and velvet carpets at seventy-five cents per yard. A "Prince of Wales" couch costs seventeen dollars, fifty cents; a Prince's easy chair, seven dollars, fifty cents; and full-sized iron bedsteads one dollar sixty-two and a half cents. No wonder English operatives get only "starvation prices."

OH! NAME HIM NOT.

Oh! name him not, unless it be
In terms I shall not blush to hear;
Oh! name him not; though false to me,
Forget not he was once so dear.
Oh! think of former happy days,
When none could breathe a dearer name;
And if you can no longer praise,
Be silent, and forbear to blame.
He may be all that you have heard;
If proved, 't were folly to defend.
Yet pause ere you believe one word
Breathed 'gainst the honor of a friend.

TRULY SWEET.—When I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a sentimental bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" exclaimed his sympathizing friend; "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

He bids fair to grow wise who discovers that he is not so.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Don't fail to examine carefully our Message Department. Many important matters are therein discussed. What a blessing it is that the departed can return and commune with their earth-friends. Oh! that the inhabitants of earth could fully know that such is the fact to-day. But in time they will be convinced that direct spirit-communication is no myth. That time is not far distant. Many of the pioneers in this great work will live here long enough to see their labors crowned with success."

"Have we a faith worth living for, worth sacrificing and suffering for?" was the text for a fine discourse which Rev. Fred. L. H. Willis delivered in Clinton Hall, New York, a few Sundays ago, which we intend to print in the BANNER week after next.

Miss Anna Ryder, 12 Harrison Avenue, is an excellent test medium. We have heard many persons express their satisfaction at the convincing tests they have received through her mediumship, while in the unconscious trance state.

Psychometry is indeed a science, or the psychometric delineations of character given by Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Whitewater, Michigan, could not, in every instance in which we have tested her powers, prove so accurate as they have. We have, within the past year, sent her many autographs of persons we are fully satisfied she never saw or heard of, and in every instance the parties have admitted the correctness of the delineations.

The London critics think Epes Sargent's book "PECULIAR," a very peculiar book. So do we. It is so "peculiar" that thousands are purchasing it, and recommending it as one of the most entertaining works ever issued from the press.

Many people in Boston have staked large sums of money, we understand, upon the result of Grant's campaign in Virginia—betting that he would finally be obliged to retreat behind the defenses of Washington. These betters had better draw their bets, for Grant is a better commander than Lee, and bound to win.

The message on our sixth page, from Lillie Knox, is true in all its details, we are informed by those who know. Any one who doubts, can write to Mical Tubbes (the grandfather), at San Francisco, Cal.

The law gives the right of way to foot passengers—any man, woman, or child desiring to cross a street can compel all vehicles to stop for the purpose.

Grand Juries have been abolished in Kansas. They should be abolished everywhere.

FLOWERS.

With a sweeter grace to their beauty given,
Faint and pure are the flowers of Heaven.

Old Gen. Beauregard is dead. Joseph Beauregard, the former's nephew, is the commander of the rebel forces pitted against Butler.

A number of farmers have made, in the town of Rowe, Mass., more than a thousand pounds of sugar each this season, some over two thousand; and one man has made forty-five hundred pounds, which was all sugared off by his wife. What a sweet creature she must be!

It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because they are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions; that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves toward everything which happens with such ease and indifference of mind as to hazard as little as may be.

We are under obligations to Bro. Grant, of the *World's Crisis*, for an excellent photograph likeness of himself. We are almost tempted to visit Whipple, the artist, and have our own likeness taken, the *carte-de-visite* is so perfectly executed.

Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, who was reported to have been killed by the natives of Zambesi, is reported, in late foreign news, as safe and alive.

It is a sure sign when a man slips down in the mud that he has had a drop too much.

The Ohio Senate has passed a bill prohibiting the marriage of first cousins.

Mr. Sumner presented to the Senate the other day a petition with forty-one thousand seven hundred and eighteen names to it—just a bushel—praying for the abolition of slavery.

A little boy ran to his mother with, "Ma! Johnny took the last egg out of the nest, and now the old hen ain't got any pattern to lay by."

New York city has a church for every 3,000 inhabitants, and a grocery for every 100.

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, "when you enter the state of alimony, choose a voracious and well-uniformed young woman. Then, my dear, your love will be infernal and your posterity certain." He looked exceedingly solemn, and proceeded to put molasses on the door knobs.

The *World's Crisis* is a splendid-looking sheet. It takes Boston folks to make handsome newspapers.

On the 28th ult., John Bright, Mr. Pender, M. P., W. M. Evans, of New York, and many others, visited the gutter percha works in London, Eng., to witness the manufacture of the Atlantic cable, which is now being completed at the rate of ten nautical miles per day.

The St. Louis Sanitary Fair has had two hundred thousand dollars pledged to it before its doors open.

The heir of the Czar of Russia is about to propose for the hand of the Princess Maria Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, and daughter of the present King of Denmark.

An exchange says: "Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary."

In the first stage of dissemination of a new theory, the recalcitrant public says it is not true; in the second stage, the alarmed public says it is contrary to religion; and in the third stage, when, after all, no harm is found to be done by its acknowledgment as a fact, the acquiescent public says that everybody knew it before.

Let a youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away, the liquor or himself.

Every exertion is being made by the Christian Commission to relieve and save our brave wounded soldiers. They rely mostly upon Boston and New England for supplies.

The rubbish of the ages must be cleared away, and the granite rock of righteousness laid bare, for the building of an order of society that the storms of passion cannot shake, nor the tornadoes of ambition move.—H. G. Parker.

The Chinese cultivate rice with the most elaborate industry, and produce two crops a year upon the same soil, the only manure being the mud deposited by the annual overflow of the rivers.

At a christening, while the minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth!" "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but it's only the eleventh."

To Coffee Drinkers.—HAYWARD'S CELEBRATED PREPARED MOCHA COFFEE. The best, cheapest, most nutritious and healthful coffee in the market. Try it, and you will use no other. Orders by mail or express will receive prompt attention. A. S. HAYWARD, 23 Fulton street, New York.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MRS. H. J. PRATT, Eclectic and Clairvoyant Physician, No. 50 School street, Boston, Room No. 2. Hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. May 21.

WANTED. A SITUATION by an American woman of experience, as a Matron, Housekeeper or Nurse, in some progressive family or institution. Address K. L. M. Worcester, Mass. May 14.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE BIBLE:

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

HISTORY

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF NICE, A. D. 325. BY DEAN DUDLEY.

THIS work upon the Nicene Council is one of a good deal of research, and at the same time, proves the author to be a scholar of varied learning. It will be found a very convenient and reliable source of information for the study of the early Christians. The work is gotten up in a very handsome style.—*New England Historical and Genealogical Register.* For sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. May 20.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN;

THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE, from 35,000 to 100,000 years ago. By GEORGE LEE, of Texas. (P. B. Hall, N. York.) This work, which is the first of its kind, is a most valuable contribution to the history of the human race. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and is highly recommended to all who are interested in the history of the human race. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and is highly recommended to all who are interested in the history of the human race.

FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL.

THIS MEDICINE is of long tried efficacy for correcting all disorders incidental to the female sex. That the afflicted may feel assured that this Cordial is truly valuable and worthy of confidence—must confess to some of the most powerful and healthy action—and a few testimonials from physicians, whom all favoring the Eclectic and Reformed Practice of Medicine respect.

Dr. WILLIAM C. GEORGE, formerly Professor in the Worcester Medical College, and President of the Eclectic Medical Society, Mass., speaks of it in the following terms: "I have used the Female Strengthening Cordial, similar to that prepared by Dr. Geo. W. Swett, 106 Lancaster street, and regard it as one of the best medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. K. SMITH, of the New York Association of Botanical Physicians, says: "No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial. I owe much of my success in midwifery to the use of this Medicine."

MOTHERS AND MARRIED LADIES: The following from Dr. FAY is well worthy your notice: "As a general remedy for Female Complaints, this 'Cordial' is a very valuable one, but by the Profession it is esteemed more highly than any other. It is a most powerful and healthy action—and a few testimonials from physicians, whom all favoring the Eclectic and Reformed Practice of Medicine respect."

It is a specific remedy in all Uterine Diseases, Chlorosis, or Green Sickness, Irregularity, Painfulness, Profuse or Suppression of Customary Discharges, Leucorrhoea, or Whites, Scarcity or Disordered State of the Uterus, Sterility, &c., &c.

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

Price for Single Bottles, \$1.00; Six Bottles for \$5.00. Should your Druggist not have it, send directly to us, and when six bottles are ordered, we will settle Express charges. Be sure and get that prepared at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT, 106 Lancaster Street, Boston. April 22.—Geo. W. SWETT, PROPRIETOR.

A BOOK FOR THE CENTURY!

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BY MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

Two Volumes, 12mo., nearly 800 pages. THE PUBLISHERS take pleasure in calling the especial attention of readers and thinkers to this able and comprehensive work, which is characterized by the highest quality of the treatment of its subject, and masterly in style. It aims not simply at discussion, but fearlessly seeks an actual solution of the great question which has agitated the intelligent world so broadly for many years past. The author offers it—as says her Preface—as the result of twenty-two years of earnest thought, study and reception—a period long enough to give, of itself, a measure of value to her labors that cannot fail to claim the attention of the inquiring, the earnest and the thoughtful.

Mrs. Farnham is well known as a philanthropist, and widely acknowledged as "one of the ablest and clearest thinkers of the day."—A woman who has not many equals, and but very few superiors of either sex. Price \$3.00. For sale at this office. April 30.

WANTED!

A SITUATION as Secretary or Agent of a Corporation, Manufacturing or Mining Company, Corresponding Clerk, or to act in any similar capacity. Address "SCHIP," at this office. April 30.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

MRS. C. W. HALE, At the earnest request of many friends, has opened a Circulating Library of Spiritual and Miscellaneous Books, No. 931 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. TERMS: for Books, Five or Ten Cents per week, according to value. Reference or security will be required for the safe return of all books loaned. It is intended to keep all the works on Modern Spiritualism. These and the BANNER OF LIGHT and HERALD OF PROGRESS will also be for sale. A sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained, these papers will be served as soon as issued. May 14.

GEMS OF INSPIRATION!

JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

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BOSTON,

THE POET

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

THE unexpected and untimely death of Miss ACHSA W. SPRAGUE, in the summer of 1862, brought a pang of sorrow to many hearts. And there are many still, scattered up and down through distant States of the Union, who hold her in loving remembrance, though, in the whirlpool of revolution and civil war that has convulsed the nation, many a fair reputation has gone down to speedy oblivion. During a brief public career she had traveled extensively, and had everywhere made for herself troops of friends. From Maine to Missouri, from Montreal to Baltimore, there are earnest, truth-loving men and women who will not soon forget the impression they received, as well from her conversation as her public discourses.

Miss Sprague was chiefly known to the world as a trance lecturer under which claimed to be spirit-influence. In this capacity she had for several years been an active laborer. A pioneer advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy in New England, she was also a devoted friend of every philanthropic and reformatory enterprise of the time, ranking with the best of her class—with Emma Hardinge, Corn Hatch, and a few others—in catholicity of spirit, in large views, and earnest, telling speech. And while the reality of spiritual intercourse, the nearness of the angel-world to ours, the certain assurance of unending, ever-progressive life beyond the grave, were themes upon which she often dwelt, she loved most to forget all party watchwords, and, ignoring shallow distinctions of sect or class, push out into the broad realms of truth, regarding heaven and theme alike from the standpoint simply of enlightened humanity. In this spirit, she did not fail to criticize with severity any attempt or tendency she discovered among Spiritualists, to erect the new teachings into a dogma or ritual. She was wont to speak of these teachings as a Spiritual Philosophy, and chose to regard them as constituting a new dispensation of religious truth to man. She caught glimpses of that illimitable ocean of truth, unfathomable by human thought, but which some bold Columbus shall yet disclose to man.

"This does but herald brighter things to come,
Before whose beauty shall the earth sit dumb.
And known at last shall be God's great unknown,
And man, unshamed, shall claim it as his own."

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THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

THIS SPLENDID VOLUME

Comprises three hundred and twenty-eight pages, 12mo., bound in cloth. To be had of all Booksellers and News-dealers. Price \$1.95 Postage 20 Cents.

For sale wholesale and retail at this office. May 14.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Hill, to Mr. Wm. Galtson, of Savannah; William E. Ormsbee, to his friends in Massachusetts; William C. Culicchi, to his friends in New York City; Wednesday, April 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Allison T. Simon, to his friends, at Denton, Long Island; Jacob Tower, to his friends, at New York City; Thursday, April 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Jones, of East Tennessee; Martin Ann Davis, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Caroline Taylor, to her father, Lieut. Col. Taylor, Joe Moody, to his friends, in South Jersey; Maine; Willie Lincoln, to his parents; Lucy Hollings, of Pembroke, England, a mute.

Tuesday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lizzy Sheldon, to Charles Sheldon, in Alabama; Andrew Cobb, to his brother, Thomas, a Colonel in the Rebel Army; Frederick Penick, to his father and mother, in Savannah, Ga.

Thursday, April 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Arthur Rogers, of Huntsville, Ala., to his parents; John M. O'Brien, to Peter O'Brien, of New York City; Andrew Foland, to his friends, in Iowa; Major Thomas Bayner, to his friends in Georgia; Patrick Reardon, to Margaret, James and Daniel; Jerry Deering, to his friends; Charlotte Moore, of Liverpool, Eng., to her brother, James L. Moore, in this country.

Monday, April 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Simon Cartwright, to his half brother, Eben, in New Orleans; L. A. Mary Ellen McClintock, to her mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Josephine Gurney, to her father, in the Rebel Army; Tom Planted, of the 10th Maine Regiment, Timothy Reardon, to friends in New York City.

Tuesday, May 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charlie Crogan, to his friends, in New York City; Capt. Paul Higgins, to his family, in Auburn, Va.; Margaret, daughter of Dr. John Hozer, of Roland Square, London, Eng., to her mother.

Thursday, May 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Holland, to his family in Boston; Tom Meque, to Lieut. Fulton, of Camp Perry, Maine; Andrew Stor, to his father, Lieut. Col. Stor, of the 2d Georgia; Joseph M. Barnes, to his friends; Josephine Crane, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, May 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel A. Payne, to his mother, in Fall River, Mass.; Jonas L. Clark, to friends in Chicago, Ill.; George L. Jones, killed at Fort Bliss, to his wife and child, in Baltimore, Md.; Frederick A. Blinn, to his father, Joseph, at Fort Monroe; Frances Bennett, to her brother-in-law, Alonzo, in New York City.

Tuesday, May 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Geo. Greely, of Lebanon, N. H.; Owen Garner, in his prime; James Garney, or wife, Margaret, in New York City; Jennie Frothingham, to her mother and sister, in Chicago, Ill.; Major Wm. S. Bedford, of Louisiana; Annie Jones, to her mother, Mrs. Gen. Jones.

Invocation.

Fainting, weary and heavily laden, with false representations of the Divine haunting us, we are pressing close upon the gate of the Eternal City. Oh, thou who hast robed us in our garments of Immortality—thou who hast crowned us with gems gathered from Eternity's shores, shall these, thy mortal children, seek vainly? Shall they turn to thee and receive no answer? Shall nought but the dim echo of chaos respond to their soul aspirations? Oh, thou who hast ever been worshipped, to whom the soul has ever turned when danger was nigh, when darkness overwhelmed, and there was scarce a star in the firmament—oh, thou whose name we know not, but whose power we all acknowledge, we ask of thee for truth. We turn to thee for light. We bow reverently before thy manifestations, asking to know more of thy Divine Self, more that constitutes Immortality. Humanity sends its ambassadors to the spirit-world, asking to know of thee and thy law; and the night winds whisper it, the sunlight bears it upon its bosom, the ocean throws it up upon its foaming crest. Everywhere, everywhere we turn we hear humanity's cry for knowledge of thy whereabouts. Oh Divine Spirit, hast thou no answer? Shall they turn to the graves of their loved ones? Shall they look for thee where Death has set its seal? Oh thou whose presence we revere, we know thou wilt answer. We know thou wilt come in mercy. We know that every sunbeam will bear light, truth and wisdom—will demonstrate to some, at least, that they are immortal, that thou art within their very souls, that they drink thee in like soft sunlight, and inhale thy power as they would inhale fragrance. Oh, our Father, we thank thee for as much truth as soul is able to analyze. We thank thee that in this day and generation the windows of heaven are largely open; that the veil of the great Temple of Doubt is rent in twain; that the graves are open, and there is sounding out upon the nations that truth and power none can deny—and that even the grave has failed to conquer—that the soul lives, and lives in power, and it returns ministering to souls in the flesh at thy command. It is enough, enough! Oh God of Nations, we are satisfied. April 14.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We shall now occupy a short time in endeavoring to answer whatever questions may be propounded.

Q.—Will the intelligence explain to us what is the meaning of a Supreme Being?

ANS.—You ask that we analyze Divinity, that we bring down to human conceptions the embodiment of the Spiritual, the embodiment of the Divine. The human mind has ever sought to comprehend Deity, a Supreme Power which was apparent in universal life. But we cannot believe that the finite can ever comprehend the Infinite; and yet we do believe that the finite knows enough of the Infinite to govern itself, to fashion its course in life, to know which path to tread in order to find happiness or heaven.

It has been said that the Supreme Power governing the universe was that sublimated or divine condition of mentality which is everywhere apparent, even down in the lowest condition of life, there as everywhere, else there could be no Supreme Power turning all things to good, fashioning all things into perfect beauty in time. Still it is impossible to gather up all of Deity, all of a Supreme Intelligence, and crowd it into the small compass of the human form.

The Supreme Power is that, we believe, which says it is better to do right than wrong; better to suffer wrong than to inflict wrong. And this is enough for humanity to understand concerning the Supreme Power.

Q.—Do you consider Supreme Being and Supreme Power synonymous?

A.—Yes, we do. That Supreme Power is manifest through all forms of life, and through all life that is without form. Now you may understand it to be a personality or principle. It matters not; the power is the same, the effect the same on human senses. We are aware that the majority of mankind believe in a personal God. They believe that there is located somewhere in the universe an individual who knows all things,

controls all things, who never had a beginning, and will never have an ending.

Now humanity, or the human mind, while dwelling in the flesh, must entertain such a belief, because human senses can only understand of principles by forms. You measure your God by human senses, because the soul is compelled, for a time, to receive all that comes to it from the spirit-world through the physical senses. But when you have done with human senses and the things of earth-life, then you will look upon the Supreme Being not as a personality, but as a wondrous principle, whose power is manifest in all conditions and degrees of life; will perceive that there is a God-principle dwelling within each human soul, that the Divine could not well dispense with—therefore its immortality.

Q.—Can the spirit make practical use of the sciences acquired in the earthly-life?

A.—Yes, in a certain sense; but not in the sense there implied. We have no need of structures of wood, brick and stone. We have no need of the various outgrowths of art and science, in the spirit-world; but you have need of such upon your earth. Now the spirit can make practical use of the sciences through mortality.

Q.—What influence have spirits had in developing the arts and sciences during the last ten years?

A.—An influence so great and mighty, that it would take a multitude of human senses to comprehend it.

Q.—Can you mention any one great discovery that was projected in the spirit-world and has been practically carried out through mortality?

A.—Yes; the science of passing your thoughts, your desires from one place to another over your wires. Indeed, all the sciences that are known in mortal being have their origin in the spirit-land.

Q.—Was Plato's idea of God a correct one?

A.—Yes, to him; but it might not be to you and I.

Q.—I understood the intelligence to say that all the arts and sciences used by us are projected in the spheres. What is the primary object of the sciences in the spheres, if those living there have no particular need of them?

A.—The arts and sciences are of use to both. One department of life cannot progress unless all are progressing correspondingly. If you were to make too rapid progress in the arts and sciences, the result would be a drouth in the spirit-world; intellect would wane, and instead of your firmaments being written over and over again with brilliant thoughts and grand ideas, instead of the ocean of your material world being constantly agitated, there would be too much of rest, which would be worse than too much action; for too much of peace is far worse than too much war.

The inhabitants of the spirit-world are benefited, certainly, by the progress you make in art and science; but you must remember the spirit-spheres are dependent upon earth for happiness, heaven for progress, as you are dependent upon the spirit spheres. One could not exist in the great law of progression more than the other. Each is dependent upon the other.

A Franklin is not dead; that we need not tell you. Minds that were capable of receiving impressions from the higher life while in the flesh, are still capable not only of receiving truth, but of giving, in turn.

[The Chairman read the following question:] Q.—In the BANNER of April 21, in reply to a letter of J. B. Hall's, the "controlling spirit" at your circle is made to say, speaking of the unconscious spirits in the spirit-world:

"If you tell them they have passed through death, they disbelieve you; if you tell them they are no longer inhabitants of the earth, as physical beings, they will have no faith in your statement."

We would like to know how they can be so deceived, if their present bodies are not composed of flesh and blood like their former bodies, while it is not necessary to partake of material food to sustain them, and they are not subject to pain or sickness? Will the "controlling spirit" please explain?

N. L. T.

A.—When such spirits are not in perfect rapport with a physical organism, they are in a semi-unconscious state, and are not aware that they have passed beyond the boundaries of physical life. But when brought into perfect rapport with those powers whom you term mediums, then they are at once possessed of the belief that the body is their own, and they are only brought to a knowledge of the truth by their becoming acquainted with the alphabet of that body. By this process they are speedily made aware of their condition; by this process they are enabled to rise to a state of consciousness.

But you are aware that there are many thousands who cannot, by any possibility, come into rapport with mediums. Such must wait until their own natures earnestly demand such a condition or change. Nature ever assists in the unfolding of her children. You are not to suppose that the friends of these unconscious ones are the only powers used to bring them to consciousness, for Nature provides for all her children, and she gives to all enough, but no more than enough.

Q.—What is the definition of the word Deity?

A.—The literal definition of the term means annihilation; passing off of the stage of human life. But since life has demonstrated to us that there is no such thing as death, since life occupies all space, and there is no place where life is not, there can be no room for death. It originated in the darkness that surrounded human minds in past ages. It is one of those pyramids that the past has erected in honor of the past. There is no such thing as death; since life is everywhere, there is no room for it.

Q.—Is not every human soul a portion of Deity?

A.—Most certainly.

Q.—Did every human soul in this room formerly exist as an individual human being?

A.—No, not as an individual human being—certainly not. The soul takes on its qualities of humanity through the physical organization. It passes through that sphere of life, or action, once, and once only; and yet we believe, in harmony with many ancients, that the soul never had a beginning, as we are assured it never will have an ending. Therefore it must have had a dwelling place—must have been identified; it must have had a sphere in which to live previous to its entering the human form. We do not believe that the soul takes on its powers of individualization alone through the body, but we believe it has ever been an independent power.

Q.—How, then, has it lost the consciousness of its history?

A.—We do not think the soul has. It is only unable to project that history into outer life. On the contrary, we believe that the soul treasures up all its experiences, and takes notes of all conditions of life which it enters upon. Therefore, it must retain with its consciousness that power which enables it to recall its past experiences, under certain conditions.

Q.—Are you, as a spirit, able to recall your auto-earthly existence?

A.—But faintly.

Q.—Do you learn this from other spirits?

A.—So we are told by others, who have gone far above us in wisdom.

Q.—If life, then, be an educational process, what use is study, if we forget what we acquire?

A.—We do not forget.

Q.—I understood you to say so.

A.—The soul never forgets; it is only unable to project its remembrances in its external life. The soul remembers all things that have assisted in its unfolding, but it is compelled to retain within its holy of holies much of its past life, because it lives up to the law of its own being—obeys that law closely at all times. If God says withhold so much of the past from external life, it does so.

Q.—Is there a distinction of sex in the spirit-world?

A.—There is.

Q.—Does that distinction ever cease?—if so, when does it cease to exist?

A.—We can't believe that it ever ceases, inasmuch as there is a wide line of demarcation between male and female action, male and female manifestation. We believe that it is necessary, for use, for good; and we are told that it is eternal.

Q.—By whom are you so told?

A.—By intelligences far beyond us, who have gathered more of Truth, more of Wisdom, than ourselves.

Q.—Are families gathered together in the spirit-land—husband, wife and children—as here?

A.—That depends upon the amount of spiritual affinity (we use the word for want of a better one) that may exist between the parties.

Q.—But the child that is the offspring of a parent, must have more affinity for that parent than any one else, must it not?

A.—No, not necessarily; but generally it is so. We know of certain children whose mental sphere is so widely separated from the mental sphere of their parents, that they hardly seem to dwell in the same world. But these are exceptions.

Q.—How long is it before the spirit returns to consciousness after entering the spirit-world?

A.—Generally, under favorable conditions, in a very few moments; sometimes hours, years—sometimes centuries; but under favorable circumstances, the spirit generally regains its consciousness in a few minutes after entering the spirit-world.

Q.—Where death is caused by the terrible explosion of a bomb-shell, and the body is scattered in pieces, how soon is it before the spirit comes to consciousness then?

A.—Generally there is so much inharmonious, or wild, mingling of magnetic conditions, that the spirit is apt to remain unconscious for some time, though not always, particularly if that spirit has loving friends in earth-life who are anxious for its return.

Q.—If man has two bodies, a spiritual and a physical one, how does the spiritual one exist?

A.—We believe it exists as an impalpable essence, or something not to be analyzed by human senses.

Q.—How does that spirit-body grow with the growth of the child from youth to manhood?

A.—By mind, from all parts of the universe. The soul, or spirit-body, feeds on thought.

Q.—So there is an interior essence to vegetable and animal life, as well as to the human body?

A.—Yes, we believe there is. April 14.

Richard Alderney.

I am from Baltimore, sir. [Maryland?] Yes. I was Richard Alderney, son of James Alderney, and was twenty-two years of age. I was disposed to do what I could for the Union, so I attached myself to the 2d Maryland, and did what I could to make wrong right.

Speaking about one's unconsciousness, I can tell you something about that myself. [You can?] We wish you would do so. Well, my experience was like this: I thought I was dreaming, and all my friends would say to make me believe to the contrary could not rid me of the idea that I was dreaming. I was conscious of being partly separated from my body, but I was not conscious that I was in the spirit-world; so I sort of floated between the two, in a dreamy life. I could not come back to earth to take on my body, and I could not enter the spirit-world. [Do you know how long you were in that condition?] Yes; I took note of the time as it passed, and I seemed to have had power to do it. It was about eighteen hours. I know what was passing on earth with my body, the same as I ever did.

[What was your trouble?] What was my trouble? A cannon ball. [You were not sick?] No, I never had much sickness. Yes, sir, I was divorced from my body by the interference of a cannon ball. My first idea when I was hit was that it was somebody else, not me. [Where did the ball hit you?] I was told that it hit me on the left side, but I did not think it was that way. [Then you did not sense your suffering?] No, I did not think I did. No, the suffering came afterwards, by my not being able to enter the spirit-world. Did you ever have what you call a nightmare? [Yes.] I had very much that feeling. I had not power to take my body to myself again, and had not power to enter the spirit-world, and no one would have convinced me that I was dead. I thought I was dreaming. You see, we are always expecting death some other way, and so none of us are prepared to meet it. If we were, if all were ready, you know we should know how to meet it.

I have a father, an old man, who mourns my loss. I hardly know what to say to comfort him. If I tell him what has been told me, that he will join me in less than a year, I do not suppose it will make him feel very happy, for he still clings to life, and has not got tired of it. Well, the best I can do is this: There's nothing to fear on the other side. You have just as fair a chance to get along there, as you do before you come to the spirit-world. But if he'll consult one of these folks called mediums, I'll unravel some mystery that's connected with our family that's always cast a dread of death upon him. And as for you, Mr. Chairman, if you want any pay, you must wait until you get where I am. Till then, good-by. April 14.

Annie Longstreet.

I—[Don't be afraid.] I wish to speak with, or send some letter to my father, General Longstreet. [We'll aid you as much as we can.] I was fourteen years old. I was born in New Orleans, Louisiana. I died at Savannah, not quite three months ago. [Georgia?] Yes.

I've a brother with me, who died thirteen years ago; in the West he died. I have no recollection of him here, but know him now.

Sometimes when my father is weary, and is not surrounded by too many friends or foes, I can impress him in dreams, and can cause him to think of me and others he has in the spirit-land. Please tell him, when he was summoned to attend my funeral, and could not on account of military duty, I heard him say to himself, "Well, it will be just as well. I could have done no good, and I might have been rendered unfit for duty. So it's best I didn't get the news in time." I was present, and heard what he said. Say to him, if he will take his boy Jack along, and throw him into

a mesmeric state, I will commune with him in that way, if I can't in any other way. He is a good subject.

Please say what you have to from Annie, daughter of General Longstreet. Good-day. April 14.

Eldredge Tyler.

I am here for the purpose of seeking out a brother I have in Massachusetts. He was in your city when last I had a communication from him, which was two and a half years ago. Will you be kind enough to say, through the columns of your paper, that Eldredge Tyler, of Montgomery, Alabama, visited you, reporting his death, and asking that his brother Thomas, as soon as it is possible, visit his place at the South, and do whatever he might think it his duty to do toward rendering those happy that are left there? Can I depend on you? [Certainly.]

[A gentleman present asked, "Did you know a Mr. Thornton, of Montgomery, Alabama?"] Counselor? [Yes. Can you tell me what his first name was, merely as a proof of identity?] Of that I am not sure. I'm quite sure I know the man, but I'm not sure concerning his name. I once had some little dealings with him; think you must refer to the same individual. [Probably.]

Can I trust you? [Certainly, sir.] You must pardon me for distrusting, but remember you are a stranger. I would not blame you if you were equally distrustful of me. Good-day. April 14.

Invocation.

God of the Starbeam, the Day and the Night, Guard us from danger, lead on to the right; Fold to thy bosom the weary and worn, Show them the rainbow that follows the storm.

Lord we will turn to thee, And follow thy way, On, on through the darkness, Till night's last day— Glad day, when the soul, Crowned with wisdom and love, Chants its songs of thanksgiving In kingdoms above. April 18.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever inquiries they may see fit to.

QUESTION.—The following letter of inquiry, enclosing an article taken from the New York Journal of Commerce, has been received from our correspondent, B. Franklin Clark, Esq., of New York City:

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir—On March 4th, I sent you an article taken from the New York Journal of Commerce, on the spotted fever, asking some questions in relation to it, which were answered in the BANNER, March 20. Herewith, I send another article taken from the same paper, March 25th, being a report by Drs. Sayres and Murphy, of New York. Will the spirits inform us if they approve of that report, and what remedial agents they can recommend? I am, sir, very respectfully your friend and obedient servant, B. FRANKLIN CLARK.

New York, March 28th, 1864.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS SICKNESS.—Alarming reports having reached the city of the ravages of a mysterious disease at Long Branch (Ocean Co.), N. J., Mayor Gunther requested Dr. Sayres and Dr. Murphy, the two physicians of the Health Board, to investigate the truth of the reports. These gentlemen visited Long Branch, studied the disease thoroughly, and returned yesterday with a report, briefly as follows: They say that the first indications of the disease are coldness of the feet, pains in the back and head, vomiting and chills. An inflammation of the spinal marrow, congestion of the brain and general paralysis of the nerves, are the later and fatal manifestations. The period of the disease is from ten hours to six or seven days; and about one-third of the whole number of the cases are fatal. The number of cases reported thus far is ninety, and deaths thirty-seven, out of a population in Ocean County of between five and six thousand. This is far less alarming than had been currently reported. The disease in its advanced stage yields to no known medical treatment. In every case investigated, the physician found that there had been a deficiency in ventilation, or a want of good rich food, or that four made from poor wheat, and an artificial coffee used to be prepared from rye, had been freely used, or that kerosene lamps had been burned in sleeping rooms all night. It is not supposed that any of these circumstances develop the disease, but only that they render the system liable to receive it from some mysterious source. The atmosphere of Long Branch is as free from malaria as a strong sea breeze can make it; and there are no swamps in the vicinity to generate mephitic gases, even if stagnation were possible in the winter. Fortunately the disease is not contagious or epidemic; and a compliance with the suggestions made by Drs. Sayres and Murphy, on the subject of diet and general habits, will undoubtedly prevent its further spread at Long Branch. A full and technical report of the cases will be made to the New York Academy of Medicine.—Journal of Commerce, March 25.

ANSWER.—It would seem from this report, that the medical men has at last some knowledge concerning the cause of this fatality; but it is also apparent that he has been unable to penetrate very far into the mysteries of the disease referred to. Now we do not wonder at this, because your medical men are mortal, and therefore confined to conditions attending mortality, and are unable to take cognizance of the things of the spirit.

We have little to say concerning the cause of this disease, more than has already been said. The use of kerosene in one which, sooner or later, will tend to evil; for it holds within its heart the very seeds of death and dissolution.

The use of coffee made from rye can by no possibility induce such a condition of fatality. Although we would not recommend it as a beverage, yet it is by no means so full of evil as many suppose.

The partaking of rich food can in no way induce that disease; nor can the opposite. It has been said that the disease is carried through the atmosphere, passing through it in veins or currents, is confined to those veins or currents, and leaves the atmosphere only when attracted from that atmosphere by certain corresponding elements in some physical form.

When the disease is in its advanced stages, we believe there is no remedy which you can apply successfully. You might as well try to restore life and animation to a body from which the spirit had been entirely separated. We are aware it is said that this has been done, but we know it never has, for nature is very exact; her laws are never infringed upon. When once the physical body passes under the rule of another law than that which governed it while here—when it held spirit a prisoner—then there is no such thing as restoring it again to animal life—to animation. That would be an impossibility.

We would recommend that all those individuals whose dwelling-places are where this disease is located—where this disease is prevalent—to be temperate in all things. This is all that can be done to keep the enemy from the camp.

Q.—Will the spirit discourse awhile upon the general condition of this American people today?

A.—The condition of the American people is

fully apparent. All who would, may read concerning the American people. It is not necessary that we return to hold up the picture to mortal vision. It is with you, and you have the power to view it. You know what the condition of the American people is to-day. There is no need of your speaker's talking to you concerning it. April 18.

Lieut. Samuel Walcott.

If you have no serious objections, I would like to forward a few thoughts to my friends. [We have none.]

I have just entered on this new mode of life, and I hardly know how to use that which is given for our use for a time.

I was unfortunate enough to lose my body at the storming of Fort Pillow. [Late?] Yes, about a week since, as high as I'm able to reckon your time.

Will you be kind enough to inform my friends in the South, that I, Samuel Walcott, first lieutenant in the 7th Georgia, have fallen, and am able to return. Say that my papers, letters, and a few valuables, may be obtained by writing to Orderly-Gile—Stephen Gile, of the same regiment, Company B.

Say also that I was surprised on meeting my sister in the spirit-world, who married six years ago and emigrated to California. We have had no news from her for two years. She tells me she has been dead a year.

I would be glad to send more news to my friends, but I am hardly able to give what I have given. You may rely upon the correctness of what I have been fortunate enough to be able to speak here. Many thanks, sir. I hope to pay you some day. April 18.

Charlie Mears.

Hal say, look here. [Well, we're looking.] Well, just say that Charlie Mears, of Philadelphia, died last night in New Orleans, will you? [Yes.] I was alive at ten o'clock. [What was the day of the month?] Last night—Sunday night. What are you talking about?

My age, sixteen and one month—sixteen years and one month. [Did you die in the hospital?] Yes. Tell Hannah Mears that I'm kind of whirling round just now, but I'll straighten out pretty soon, and furnish all the particulars of my death. But she need not go after my body, because it costs too much, and do not amount to anything after you get it. Good-night, doctor. April 18.

Annie M. Jones.

My mother is a prisoner with the Yankees. My father is an officer in the Confederate service.

My own name was Annie M. Jones; my mother's name, Mary Jones. I wish, if I can, to convey some message to my mother, and obtain one from her to convey to my father. My mother was taken by the Yankees as a spy.

I have not been away from earth long enough to know how to do very well, but I know enough to speak, and I remember enough to tell the truth. My father is now in Western Virginia. I would tell my mother that he will soon make attempts for her release. But of course they will be fruitless, for your President says, I believe, keep her during the war—which is very ungallant, to say the least. [Is your mother wrongfully imprisoned?] You need not answer unless you please. I might say, yes, sir, and it might not be exactly true. I wish to speak the truth.

Say to my mother, I shall be very anxious until I find a way to speak to her. I thank you, sir. [How old were you?] I was fourteen years old. April 18.

Bill Arnold.

Well, stranger, you take tickets from anybody, I take it. [Most any one. We do not refuse any here.] Anybody, it seems, then, can pass the lines quite easy; don't matter whether it's Rebel or Federal.

Well, I'm from Booneville, Missouri, and I should like to send some truck out here, if I can, about myself. The first thing to say, is, that Bill Arnold is dead. The next thing is, he can come back and talk; and the next thing is, he lost his life down to Newbern, and that he is purely decently kind of happy. Seeing as how things in the spirit-world are not as he might reckon, he's decently happy. Say that he's met Jacob—that's a brother—and my father, Uncle Isaac, Aunt Lucy, Mary Ann—that's a cousin who died just before I went away to war—Eleanor, and Frances. I can't think of any more, but there's a host of them there. [Was the person's name spoken of, Francis, or Frances?] What's the difference? [One is a man's name, the other a woman's.] Well, it's a woman I'm talking about, and it's my well-sister. T'other one is, too.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LIBERTINE.

BY MRS. G. SPENCER MATTESON.

Can it be? Is it death that is beck'ning to me?
Bidding me cross o'er the dark-looking tide?
Beck'ning and watching and waiting to there,
Over the river so gloomy and wide?
Is it death that is throwing the shadows so dark,
Over everything earthly I fain would behold?
And stilling my pulses so early in life,
With the breeze from Death's river so chilly and cold?
Ah! what do I see! My senses are growing acute!
My God! here are pains that I never have known!
I see o'er the river a form young and fair,
That my damnable lust gave a suicide's doom.
Be still! burning conscience! while I look once again
O'er the tide where the boatman is waiting for me;
By her side stands another—a fair, gentle maid,
Whom Death from my clutches in mercy set free.
Let me look! 'Tis the maid of the mill I behold—
A rosy-cheeked peasant I foolishly beguiled;
By the side of those others she is waiting for me.
Her beautiful features so peaceful and mild—
Oh! why will they look with such pitiful gaze,
Till the iron turns deep in my quivering soul?
Let me sink to oblivion beneath the dark waves,
And the tide o'er my guilt in great mercy shall roll.
I am doomed! There's no death for sins such as mine;
No dying, no chance for forgetfulness there;
Those hearts I have broken, those tears I have caused—
Oh! God! they will drive me to utter despair.
Still they come to the river to taunt with my crimes;
Those maidens deserted, those mothers bereft;
The curse of the vows I have broken so oft,
Comes up from the past with a woe keenly felt.
All too late! ay, too late! I have found that my guilt,
Although I repented full two days ago,
Is still on my soul, and repentance were vain,
Till the debt shall be canceled by suffering and woe;
Till out from my soul comes a thanksgiving shout,
That by deeds of submission redemption is done,
And those maidens whose guilt on my conscience must lie,
Are avenged by the libertine's victory won.
Huntly, Ill., 1864.

Correspondence in Brief.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Gilbert Thayer, of Windsor, Vt., in a note to us, says, "The letter you sent me in answer to a sealed letter, contains one of the most wonderful tests of the truth of Spiritualism I have ever seen; but as it relates to family matters, I cannot make it public."

Spiritual Magazine.

Mr. H. Pettenger, writing from Altoona, Pa., says he heartily second the idea of our publishing a Spiritual Magazine, adding that he is in for two copies at least, and will place the work on his counter with the intention of spreading it before the people in this region.

Spiritual Progress in Illinois.

Mr. James Boggs, book and newsdealer in Havana, Illinois, writes us a very encouraging letter concerning the progress our cause is making in the West, and the high estimation in which the BANNER OF LIGHT is held. He also speaks of the success of Miss Jennie Lord's sances, and gives a detailed account of the manifestations, expressing the opinion that she has done a good work in drawing the attention of skeptics to the subject of Spiritualism. A cordial invitation is extended to all lecturers and mediums to visit that part of the State, as "they will always find the latch-string out."

The Desire for Spiritual Knowledge.

P. Thompson, writing from Saratoga Springs, says: "There seems to be a disposition for inquiry at the present time, and it is to be regretted that there is so much difficulty in obtaining the evidence that the existence of manifestations afford. The internal consciousness of spiritual existence seems inactive in a vast majority of mortals, until roused by the light that is in through the senses. Wherever there exists freedom of thought sufficient to allow a candid examination of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, it affords a pleasure in seeing them obtain opportunities that it is not always in our power to afford. The present movement, so big with events that relate to human interest, is fitting indeed for thoughts and desires of such a nature. We are trembling in the scale of uncertainty; hopes cheerful and yet doubtful are with us continually. If this life fills up the sum and substance of humanity, there is little indeed to hope for. And yet if the old Theology and the God it presents is the true one, there is nothing in the future to wish for. We would soon the power that pertains and ennobles us in Heaven, while torturing others for an honest difference of opinion. The consistency, reason, and cheering and glorious beauty of Spiritualism will force it upon the mind of mankind—as political freedom and justice will be more clearly seen and understood when the smoke of the present conflict has passed away."

The Children's Department.

Mr. Editor—I sincerely congratulate you and the readers of the BANNER on the new feature you have introduced in that glorious sheet—you of course will understand me as referring to the Children's Department. There is not another journal, East or West, that approaches in its juvenile your Children's columns, either in the beauty of articles or adaptation to the young and developing mind. Its editor seems to comprehend the needs of the infantile mind. Her stories, always easily comprehended, always inculcating beautiful and truthful principles, never degenerate into common-place. Mrs. Willis thinks that children need as well-prepared food as adults, only plainer—more easily digestible. The distance between her stories and those in general circulation, is immeasurably great. So well written are they, that full-grown children find equal interest with those of lesser growth. Our little five-year-old anxiously and inquiringly awaits from week to week the coming of the BANNER and the reading of her stories.

I sincerely desire the collection of these stories in book-form, that the children of reformers may have better mental food than that in so extensive circulation. HUDSON TUTTLE.

[These Stories will be in due time, no doubt, be published in book-form.—ED. B. OF L.]

The West-The National Convention.

"Your valuable paper found me four years since a quiet member of the Baptist Church, acquiescing in her creeds, and yet unborn to spiritual light until spirit friends forced this beautiful theory upon me. For this belief, and my association with Spiritualists, I was called a heretic and expelled from the Church. But, guided by angel friends, I am enabled to see the spiritual star, and hope to be able to follow it."

We are much in need of lecturers and test mediums in this part of the country. Should any such pass through South-Western Indiana, they

would much facilitate the awakening of the sleeping and creed-bound people, by spending some time in this section.

As the West has not had the advantage of public lecturers, or Spiritual Conventions, and in view of the great work that is yet to be done in the West, we would earnestly request that the committee who govern the matter, would consent to hold the National Convention at Cincinnati, O., as it would greatly facilitate the spiritual cause, and in establishing the truth in the great West where religious error is so deeply rooted.
Newburgh, Ind., May 2d. T. F. BETHELL.

Dr. Newton and the West.

Mr. Editor—In the last BANNER I have a kind invitation from Dr. W. D. Holbrook, of Wisconsin, to visit the West. It would be a great pleasure for me to do so, but previous arrangements make it impossible. With many thanks, yours truly,
J. L. NEWTON, M. D.
Springfield, May 11th, 1864.

Grand Rapids Convention Postponed.

After deliberation the spiritual friends at Grand Rapids have concluded to postpone the Convention until June, until next fall, or such time as they see fit. Of such time due notice will be given through the BANNER and HERALD, and local press. By order of the Committee.
S. GRAVES,
WARREN SQUIRE,
SEBASTIAN RATHBUN.

Grand Rapids, May 3d, 1864.

After the above was in type we received the following:

Some of the Spiritualists of Grand Rapids, after engaging speakers for a Convention, and waiting until this late date to postpone the same, are evidently guilty of criminal thoughtlessness and gross injustice to the speakers engaged. As Secretary of the Convention—that was to be—permit me to say to the lecturers to whom I had written to attend the spiritual meeting, that although some of the Spiritualists of Grand Rapids seem to eschew, in their dealings with lecturers, common honesty—making and breaking bargains without consultation of the parties interested—that I do not; and, therefore, I will hold myself individually responsible for the payment of the time engaged; and, if it be their wish, that we will solicit other Spiritualists of some enterprising town in this State, to hold a Spiritual Convention the latter part of next June, where they are not afraid to extend hearty welcome, such as true Spiritualists know how to give. Address the writer,
W. F. JAMESON.
St. Johns, Mich., May 9th, 1864.

Mrs. Hoffman and Spiritualism.

I see by the last BANNER an article copied from the New York Tribune, written by our friend Charles Partridge, animadverting on the conduct of a Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, who, as principal representative of the ladies' committee on books, refused the donation of some six or eight hundred dollars, on the plea that she did not believe in Spiritualism, and on this account alone refused the donation!

Is it possible that a woman, the widow of a prominent statesman of the nineteenth century, occupying the position she occupies as teacher in a High School in the emporium city of this continent, can be so lost to sense, shame and the Christian virtues? But it seems it is so. And this woman is Mrs. Hoffman! This is the woman that does not believe in Spiritualism!

Does she not belong to the Church? If so, she lies under a small mistake when she says she does not believe in Spiritualism. What does she believe in? Forms and ceremonies without the spirit? Perhaps she does not believe in God as a spirit. She may be infidel. Perhaps she may not believe in the Spiritualism of the very Bible she so much professes to revere, or any past spiritual manifestation therein recorded. The Apostle Paul speaks of some in olden time, who, "having a form of Godliness, denied the power thereof." She may be of the same sort; she may belong to the "letter that killeth," and not to the spirit which giveth life. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace," says the Apostle. He also enjoins that we shall covet earnestly the best gifts, follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy." If she does not believe in Spiritualism, she must be infidel to these injunctions.

Paul says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister?" &c. Madam Hoffman must say, "No, I do not believe it; that is, Spiritualism—and I do not believe in Spiritualism. The books donated treat on spiritual subjects; they are spiritual books, and I don't believe in Spiritualism; therefore your books and matches I reject." Perhaps they are not enough tinged with brimstone to suit her theological taste. Perhaps, after all, she may be a very good sort of a woman; that is, that kind of goodness which Henry Ward Beecher speaks of in his discourse on the Unpardonable Sin, or on those who sin against the Holy Ghost. In this discourse he speaks of the Jews on this wise, "Who and what were the Pharisees? It was they that brought this condemnation upon themselves. They were in some respects the best part of the Jews." Perhaps Madam Hoffman is, in some respects, the best part of the Gentiles. "They were the Puritans of the Jews." She may be one of the Puritans of the Gentiles. "They were the Jews par excellence." She may be of the Gentiles the par excellence.

"They stood in the relation of excessive religiousness." She may stand on a par with them; pretty good; and yet, like them, sin against the spirit of truth; for Mr. Beecher says of them, "With all their national feeling, and sectarian feeling, and reformatory feeling, they were men of an intense arrogance of disposition—of an intense spiritual pride, and of an intense spiritual selfishness." It may be that Madam Hoffman possesses all these noble qualifications. He further says of this unpardonable sin, "It is not a single act—it is a condition that men come into by education. And in the second place, that condition is one in which there is a cessation of sensibility. It is a want of spiritual pulse." This may be her condition; and this would seem to account for her want of spiritual pulse, that she does not believe in Spiritualism.

"They were men," (says Mr. Beecher), "that while they had a certain conscience for fierceness, had no conscience for purity, for peace, for true piety. They were so completely warped and biased as to have perverted their moral constitution, so that it was no longer an interpretation to them of right and wrong." This may be the case with Mrs. Hoffman, according to the interpretation of her moral constitution. So that she may think honestly that the soldier and the citizen ought to be in the same condition she is, though it might deprive them of their daily bread, as well as of their spiritual pulse. We do not know that this is her moral condition. We hope, in all good conscience, that it is not; for we have a grand-daughter under her tuition in that "High School," and we could not but deprecate the idea of having any of our descendants under the influence of such principles. We should be very sorry to have our children obliged to expend some ten, or even six hundred dollars a year to bring a child under such influence. What do you say, Mr. Editor? Let us have your mind on the subject. Yours truly,
ASHLEY CLARK.
Elbridge, N. Y., May 8, 1864.

The Greatest Contest of the War.

We informed our readers in our last issue that the great struggle of the war had commenced, and for a week past two of the most powerful armies probably of modern times have been pitted face to face in most terrible and appalling combats, at a cost of not much less than one hundred thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, to the two armies. The heroic valor displayed by the contestants is unparalleled in the annals of history. The invincible prowess of an American army is established beyond cavil. The rebels fought with the most stubborn desperation, but were everywhere checked and pushed back with terrible slaughter by the intrepid coolness and patriotic valor of the soldiers of the Free States. Gen. Grant, aided by his able corps commanders, has shown himself to be a military genius of no ordinary calibre. We have lost many able general officers, among whom are Major-General Sedgwick, Gen. Wadsworth, Hays, Stevenson, Rice and Owens.

The telegraphic dispatches are so irregular that it is almost impossible to give a clear idea of the six days' fighting. The following is a brief summary:

Thursday and Friday. The fighting on these days was most desperate. The fighting on Friday night was a most brilliant one. The partial dislocation of the 6th corps Friday night was nothing decisive, and, if it had occurred at any time earlier, would have been repaired like other temporary reverses. But Gen. Grant concluded to withdraw that part of his line—the right—and let Lee advance there, while he threw his weight on Lee's right, or Richmond, flank. This disregard of his communications—that sensitive point of the Army of the Potomac—must have astonished Lee, who saw that this would never do, and swayed to the right and struck toward Richmond. This was satisfactory to Grant. In the game of strategy he won a complete victory.

Saturday. This was mainly a rapid marching day with the infantry of both armies—Lee striving to get into a good position on the North Anna and Grant to intercept and harass him. The opposing cavalry forces, however, had a fierce clash about six miles north of Spotsylvania Court House, resulting to our advantage. The different corps also had some fighting during the day.

Sunday. Early on this morning, after marching nearly all night, the 6th (Warren's) corps took the fighting of the cavalry's hands, and contended for provisions for the day. An artillery duel and Longstreet's rebel corps for the greater part of the day. The 6th corps partially came to the rescue in the afternoon. The battle was bloody, but the enemy were driven at every point. The field was about three miles from Spotsylvania.

Monday. There was a rest during the greater part of this day, necessary to the exhausted condition of our noble fellows, and to the perfecting of provisions for the day. An artillery duel was carried on in the afternoon. The forces were put in battle array, and toward evening Gen. Wright (6th corps) attacked the enemy in his front and drove him back with considerable loss.

Tuesday. One of the most desperate battles of the war was fought—Lee having got all his men into position, and informed them that they must fight to capture the rebel camp of Gen. Grant. But the rebel army, after a long and bloody struggle, failed in the attempt. Though the combatants stood in their tracks at night, the successes of the day were wholly ours. The losses were heavy on our side, but heavier on the rebels, while we made important captures.

Wednesday. The result of this day's fighting has been more decided than any of the others. We give the dispatches announcing a victory:

"WASHINGTON, May 12.—Very important news has just been received. The result of the last great battle is the defeat of the rebels and the retreat of Lee; 20,000 prisoners and 12 cannon have been captured. It will not take Grant 'all the summer' to finish his fight at this rate."

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF POTOMAC, May 12.—The battle was opened at 4 A. M., by Hancock. Our troops rushed in with an enthusiasm never before witnessed. Nothing could stand before them. They rushed into the rebel pits, bayoneting all before them.

The charges brought up 3,000 prisoners and several guns. The prisoners were all of the Stonewall Jackson brigade. It was commanded by Johnson, who was himself captured.

LATER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC, May 12.—A great battle commenced at 10 o'clock A. M. We have completely crushed the rebel lot, capturing over 10,000 prisoners and 40 cannon. The guns and prisoners captured have reached headquarters.

Gen. Wright, of the 6th corps, is slightly wounded, but still keeps the field. The battle is still raging with great fury, and the enemy is being driven at all points. Our men cannot be beaten now. They never fought so well before.

SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, May 12, 8 o'clock A. M.

To Major General Grant: I have captured from thirty to forty pieces of artillery, and have finished up Johnson, and am now going into Early's corps.

(Signed) HANCOCK. Lee has at last found his match in strategy, and one who has all the cool courage and persistency of purpose which alone can win against foes so determined as the rebel army.

Gen. Grant has got the entire army in just the position he wishes it, and with what he is doing in front and on the enemy's rear and flanks, it cannot take much longer to bring these series of battles to a final and victorious close.

On the Peninsula side, General Butler has advanced his army up the James River to within six miles of Richmond, cut the railroad communication between Petersburg and Richmond, thus shutting Beauregard up in Petersburg with his 25,000 men, after defeating him in an engagement. Gen. Sherman has made an advance on the rebel Gen. Johnson's army in Georgia, and after three days' fighting, won a victory. Everywhere the prospect looks bright for the Federal arms. The end is not yet, but is coming surely and effectively.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot expect to return rejected manuscripts.)

L. B. R., BEDFORD, MICH.—We will mail to your address the paper to which you allude, so that you may judge of its merits for yourself.

J. R. O., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your essay, "Is God a Personality," will appear in our next issue.

J. H. PHENIX, OREGON.—Yes.

V. O. T., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Shall print your article in our next.

R. E. D., DETROIT.—We will give you a definite answer in our next.

Life.

Life is an inner essence of an opening flower, whose beautiful whole is developed by the outward aroma of all Nature's sympathies. It is a part of all existence, from the smallest speck to the final Godhead—a principle which is never lost, but always was and will have no end.

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Three Days' Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The friends of Progress will hold their annual meeting at the village of Sturgis on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th and 19th of June. Eminent speakers will be in attendance to address the people. Ample provision will be made for the accommodation of strangers from abroad. "The latch string will be out."
Sturgis, April 2d, 1864.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar and three real postage stamps for each letter. The letters will be returned within three or four weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do so well as they can under the circumstances. Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

(Boston)—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. L. A. Bates, May 22 and 29; Mrs. M. A. Currier, June 5, 12 and 19.

FRIENDS OF THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, corner of Frothingham street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. L. A. Bates, June 5 and 12; Mrs. M. A. Currier, June 12 and 19.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. L. A. Bates, June 12 and 19; Mrs. M. A. Currier, June 19 and 26; Mrs. L. A. Bates, June 26 and July 3; Mrs. M. A. Currier, July 3 and 10; Mrs. L. A. Bates, July 10 and 17; Mrs. M. A. Currier, July 17 and 24; Mrs. L. A. Bates, July 24 and 31; Mrs. M. A. Currier, July 31 and August 7; Mrs. L. A. Bates, August 7 and 14; Mrs. M. A. Currier, August 14 and 21; Mrs. L. A. Bates, August 21 and 28; Mrs. M. A. Currier, August 28 and September 4; Mrs. L. A. Bates, September 4 and 11; Mrs. M. A. Currier, September 11 and 18; Mrs. L. A. Bates, September 18 and 25; Mrs. M. A. Currier, September 25 and October 2; Mrs. L. A. Bates, October 2 and 9; Mrs. M. A. Currier, October 9 and 16; Mrs. L. A. Bates, October 16 and 23; Mrs. M. A. Currier, October 23 and 30; Mrs. L. A. Bates, October 30 and November 6; Mrs. M. A. Currier, November 6 and 13; Mrs. L. A. 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