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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

"A DOLLAR OR TWO;"

—OR—

MR. SILVERBURY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SILVERBURY PROPOSES TO REFORM THE WORLD.

It was very evident that Lorenzo Woodruff, the junior partner of the firm of Goldthwaite & Woodruff, was in great haste; yet, nevertheless, an insuperable barrier was placed in his way, in the person of a fashionable lady, whose amplitude of skirts and flounces quite monopolized the narrow sidewalk, and left no alternative for the followers in her rear, except of rushing recklessly past her or of stepping aside deep in the mud which filled the gutters. Lorenzo Woodruff glanced impatiently to the right and left, and then made a desperate rush, but, unfortunately for the success of his movement, a button upon his coat seized fast hold on the rich fringe of her mantle, and obliged them both to perform several evolutions highly amusing to the old apple woman at the corner. In the utmost confusion he turned to apologize, when, to his inexpressible relief, he recognized in the person of the lady the beautiful daughter of his partner, Miss Nelly Goldthwaite. The look of indignation which at first disturbed her faultless features, was changed at once to a smile, and she greeted him with a pleasant "good morning."

"Indeed, Miss Nelly," he said, slackening his pace for a moment, "you must excuse my haste and rudeness, for my mind was wholly absorbed in business. I see, by the morning papers that the Clara Jane, which we had about given up as lost, has arrived at New York, and I expect letters by this mail."

"Oh, I am so glad!" returned the fair lady in the sweetest tone imaginable, "for now I do hope that father will allow me to have that rich bracelet I have been longing for, but which he declared I should not purchase until he heard from the Clara Jane. Well, that is good news, Mr. Woodruff, and I freely forgive you for putting me out of sorts."

Mr. Woodruff smiled and nodded, and was about to quicken his pace once more, when he was immediately seized in a most unceremonious manner by the skirts of his coat from behind, and a loud, hoarse voice called out directly in his ear:

"Thank goodness, I have you at last, Woodruff! I've been after you for these last five minutes, and do not believe I should have overtaken you at all, if it had not been for this lady."

Miss Nelly turned a scrutinizing glance upon the speaker, whose thread-bare coat and rusty beaver did not speak much in his favor, and would have condemned him at once in her opinion, had not his animated countenance, lit up by a very handsome pair of eyes, been turned with an admiring gaze toward her. She bowed slightly as Mr. Woodruff introduced his friend Silverbury, and then turned immediately aside into the store of a fashionable jeweler.

"Woodruff!" exclaimed Silverbury, as he seized his friend by the arm with a tragic air, "if there is anything in the world that entirely upsets my philosophy and makes a complete simpleton of me, it is the face of a handsome lady. But just now I had a most splendid idea in my head, and came after you like an express train to astonish your ears with its utterance, when, at the sight of those rose lips and violet eyes, it vanished at once into the regions of nowhere. But never mind," he continued, as he tightened his clasp upon Woodruff's arm, "just come round the corner of the street here, out of the crowd, and you shall have it yet."

"Not now, for goodness' sake! some other time!" remonstrated Woodruff, as he vainly endeavored to free himself from that determined grasp; "I tell you I am in a deuced hurry."

"Well, but it is worth your while," persisted Silverbury; "I tell you it is the most splendid idea I ever had in my life, as you yourself will confess if you only allow me time to bring it out in the right shape."

"Impossible for me to stop five minutes!" said Woodruff; "let me off now and I pledge you my word of honor I will hear you at another time."

"Another time is very indefinite," replied his persecutor, "and the homely old saying is true, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! But what in the world is all this hurry about?"

"Why, you see the Clara Jane has arrived from the West Indies, with a cargo of rum, molasses and sugar. These commodities command a high price now-a-days, and the sooner they are in the market the better."

"Yes, yes, Woodruff, I know the price of all sweets are up in these degenerate times, except the sweets of social intercourse, which are as cheap, as coarse and as common as ever, and that brings me directly back to my idea."

As he spoke, through an artful movement, accompanied by the look of hopeful promise with which he usually succeeded in entrapping his listeners, Silverbury drew his friend around the corner.

"Well, go on," said Woodruff with the look of a martyr, "only be quick as possible."

"Certainly! but I must begin at the beginning. You know I have been trying all my lifetime to do or be something, but have not succeeded as yet."

"That's a fact," said his friend significantly.

"Now don't be sarcastic, Woodruff. You should not have answered at all. The subject did not require it. But, as I was saying, although I have never accomplished anything heretofore, yet I am sure of something now. All the knowledge which I have been so long in acquiring—all my past experience in life is now culminating to one point, and in the end you shall see that you have no reason to be ashamed of your friend Silverbury. I shall only need a little friendly assistance, just a word of recommendation, and perhaps a dollar or two to help me along till I can bring my project to fulfillment."

"Well, what is it?" said Woodruff hurriedly, for his thoughts were still busy with the Clara Jane.

"Do not mention it, Woodruff; but I'm writing a lecture, and such a lecture! I know I shall bring down all the newspapers in the land upon me, but I will risk the result. I have put my armor on, and intend to charge full tilt upon the great mammoth sin of the world in general and Americans in particular. Yes, Lorenzo Woodruff, my lecture is entitled, 'A Dollar or Two; or the Extent and Evils of American Avarice,' and if it does not raise as great a commotion in the world as the doctrines of Martin Luther himself, then I am wonderfully mistaken. Men will shudder to have their cupidity, meanness and duplicity exposed to view, yet I shall do it with a steady hand, for the world needs reformation in this particular more than in any other. A man will work night and day for a dollar or two—sacrifice the nearest and tenderest relations—ruin his own health—yes! and sell himself, soul and body, to Satan, all for the sake of a dollar or two. Oh, this cursed love of gain! how it blights and bleaches all that is beautiful and lovely in the earth!"

"Stop! stop!" cried Woodruff, entreatingly; "I have no doubt you will make a good lecture of it, but do not give it to me now. I am somewhat sensitive on that point."

"I know it, Woodruff, and you need salutary reproof as much as a rebellious child needs correction; therefore I feel bound to administer it. Allow me first to state my position. I claim that, as the love of money is the root of all evil, so I can destroy the whole of this great moral upon which now overshadows society, by striking a deadly blow at its roots. The lecture season is fast approaching, and there will be an innumerable host of Honorable, Professors, Reverends and Doctors in the field, who will thunder harmlessly over the heads of the audience, but I intend to thunder directly into their pockets."

"And lighten them, perhaps, of a dollar or two," remarked Woodruff, dryly.

"Why, yes, Lorenzo, that's an important part of the play. And suppose a dollar or two should exchange owners, what then? Why the brisker the circulation the brighter the coin—and, between you and I, a man can't do without it."

"Oh?" said Woodruff, significantly.

"Yes," replied his friend.

Silverbury thrust his hand into his pocket and slowly drew forth a time-worn port-monnaie. He opened it, and, with a sigh, displayed the contents, which consisted of five tarnished coppers, two of which were outlawed from American currency, on account of one bearing for a device a Scotch thistle, and the other a very correct representation of a certain animal world renowned for stubbornness and stupidity.

"There," he said, "that is the extent of my wealth, and it is yet two months more before the lecture season sets in. I am quite certain of success in my undertaking, but what I shall do until then is a mystery. I might indeed go to pegging shoes with old Fairlee, or sell yarn for Mrs. Bluthorpe, or, worst of all, write miscellaneous articles for some newspaper. But no! not this will I debase my intellect for the sake of a dollar or two, or sell my birthright of high and independent thought for a mess of pottage. The world has bowed down to Mammon long enough, and I shall do all that lies in my power to save her from further idolatry."

Nevertheless, my good friend," continued Silverbury, with a very winning look, "a man must live, and if I could only have a dollar or two—just a dollar or two until then, I should do finely. You understand, Woodruff? I know I'm over head and ears in debt to you already, but as I said, just a dollar or two more will make but little difference, and I can easily pay all up as soon as I can bring my lecture into the field."

"All right," replied Woodruff, as he drew his wallet from his pocket without hesitation and extracted from it a five dollar bill, "I know you, Silverbury, to be a smart fellow, though you are not generally appreciated. As I said before, you have not done anything wonderful as yet in the world, yet I am expecting every day that you will, for you certainly have the talent for it. Therefore, take this for the present, and when I am more at leisure I will see what else I can do for you."

"Thank you! thank you, my most beloved friend!" exclaimed Silverbury, with great earnestness, as he seized Woodruff's hand and the bill at the same time. "Oh, if it had not been for you I should have died of despair long ago; but you shall yet be rewarded, and at the same time be proud of your friend Silverbury. I believe I have said all I want to, and I need only add that I hope you will dispose of the Clara Jane's cargo to the best advantage."

Woodruff touched his hat and the next moment was far on his way toward the post office, while Silverbury sauntered leisurely homeward, to prepare his dinner and another paragraph in his proposed lecture.

The house where Mr. Silverbury kept bachelor's

hall was owned by a very singular old widow lady, known as Mrs. Bluthorpe, who, with her adopted daughter, Eva Leslie, occupied the first floor. Mrs. Bluthorpe was an English woman, and clung tenaciously to the forms and fashions of the past. Despite the invasions which modern machinery had made upon female labor, she still continued to card her wool, which she received from the farm of her brother in the country, and convert it into yarn, which, on account of its durability and superiority to that produced by machinery, always commanded a few cents more than any other in the market. Moreover, she and the quiet little Eva employed themselves very busily evenings in converting much of this yarn into stockings and mittens, which brought them many an honest penny and amounted to quite a handsome sum at the end of the year.

Mrs. Bluthorpe abhorred an idler above all things, and though she had pronounced Mr. Silverbury as such without hesitation, yet by the same unaccountable magnetic attraction, which he seemed to exercise upon all who came within his influence, he had won her favor also, of which she had given convincing proofs in the shape of several pairs of stockings, which even a grand duke might have taken comfort in wearing.

Moreover, if a button or string was missing, or unseemly rips and rents disfigured his garments, Mr. Silverbury appeals to the fair Eva with such a winning look and smile, that she could never find it in her heart to refuse him. And then he would sit beside her as she sewed, gazing into the depths of her clear blue eyes, scanning the smooth, peculiar swell of her fair forehead and the way outline of her auburn hair, which rested in the most bewitching ringlets upon her glowing cheeks, until he quite forgot his poverty, and became the proprietor *pro tem.* of a most magnificent castle in the air, of which she was the presiding genius—his "Angel in the House." Yet Mr. Silverbury was a careful soul. He never committed himself by word, for he very prudently thought that under different circumstances he should feel differently.

As we have already said, Mrs. Bluthorpe occupied the first floor of her dwelling—Mr. Silverbury a front chamber alone on the second, while the remaining rooms were let to a very peaceable, well-behaved German family; above them all, up in the third story, dwelt old Joseph Fairlee, a shoemaker, with his invalid wife and his daughter Eugenia, (better known as Genie,) a young woman about eighteen years of age, who kept house and bound shoes for her father. Mr. Fairlee's parlor was his workshop, and there he sat and hammered away most industriously from morning till night.

When Mr. Silverbury covenanted with Mrs. Bluthorpe for lodgings beneath her roof, he inquired very particularly if among her tenants there were any amateur performers on the flute or violin, and, being assured to the contrary, he took up his abode there quite contentedly. But he soon found that between the tap of old Fairlee's hammer and the buzz of Mrs. Bluthorpe's spinning wheel, when both were in operation, he could be nearly driven to distraction.

Thus was it upon this particular day, when he ran up the stairs to his room and seized his pen to take note of an idea, which occurred to him just as he came down the street. Buzz, buzz, tap, tap; what a confusion! As the saying goes, he could "scarce hear his own ears."

"The American Eagle," he commenced, "the glorious American Eagle has been torn from his transcendent height among the stars and stripes of our national flag, to be ignobly stamped upon paltry coin—snatched at by the greedy hand of avarice, and associated forever with dimes and dollars in the calculations of sordid souls."

"That is splendid!" said Silverbury, as he read it again. "Now I'll just attend to my dinner, and then write a little more, for by that time perhaps this confounded racket will have ceased."

Two parsnips and a few slices of salt pork were the sole eatables of which Mr. Silverbury's cupboard could boast. Nevertheless, he set himself to work to make the most he could of these, and after the cooking was fully under way, he returned once more to his writing. It was quite impossible, however, to pursue any connected train of thought with such a whizzing and clapping in his ears. He thrust his fingers through his hair in vain, and tormented his brains till he was almost frantic. A very pungent odor, however, saluting his nostrils, recalled him to the consideration of earthly things; and, upon examining the stew-pan, the contents of which he had left simmering upon the stove, he found the water had disappeared, and the remaining condiments were burned nearly to a cinder. "Alas!" he said, with a sigh, "that proves how impossible it is to live both in the actual and the ideal! Well, I have lost my dinner, yet, nevertheless, when my lecture is finished and the proceeds in my hands, I will live like a king."

Mr. Silverbury was very hungry, yet he summoned up all his philosophy and was about to return to his writing, when there came a light tap at the door. He opened it, and there stood Genie Fairlee with a bowl of smoking hot soup.

"Here," she said, in her usual straight-forward manner, "we have more than enough for ourselves and so father sent this to you—hope you'll like it for I did my best in making it."

Mr. Silverbury bowed most graciously as he received her favor with repeated thanks. His esteem for Genie Fairlee was very great, although he dreaded her plain, matter of fact way of speaking, and he thought her very homely. She was uncommonly

tall for a woman, with large grey eyes and dark brown hair, which, although it was always arranged neatly, never received any coquettish touches. In fact, she was a useful, true-hearted woman, gifted with an extraordinary degree of common sense, which did not please Mr. Silverbury, as he was a poet, and often said and did ridiculous things—which poets are apt to do—while people of common sense consider very foolish. Nevertheless, he placed the greatest confidence in her judgment, and seldom undertook anything without first consulting her.

"Ah, Miss Genie," he said, "you have come at exactly the right time. I have written a most splendid passage and want to read it to you; pray, come in."

"Well, you must be quick," she said, as she seated herself upon the corner of a chair, "for I have a heap of shoes to do before night."

"Look here," continued Silverbury, as he gathered up numberless scraps of paper of all sizes, shapes and colors—"all that written."

"Well, what is it all about?" said Genie.

"About!" repeated Silverbury in surprise. "Why, it's my lecture entitled 'A Dollar or Two,' being a grand expose of American avarice—do you remember? And here is what I was looking for." Thereupon Mr. Silverbury proceeded to read the last triumphant effort of his pen.

"There," he added, in conclusion, as he nodded to her across the table, "what do you think of that?"

"Well," she said, after some thoughtful hesitation, "at first it sounds like something pretty bright, but, when you think about it, it seems gasy."

"Hum—" said Silverbury.

"Well, do not you know," she continued, with the greatest coolness, "that all young lecturers talk largely about the 'American Eagle and Star-spangled banner'—just as Fourth of July orators do about 'our glorious Union,' and visitors at Plymouth Rock about the 'Pilgrim exiles'? Now I would leave that out entirely, and in its place I would write something about the manner in which rich and prosperous employers grind the faces of the poor, and mention editors and publishers in particular, who thank contributors for articles which put a dollar or two in their own pockets, while the poor souls who wrote them have to satisfy themselves with empty fame."

She looked mischievous as she said this, for she knew that Mr. Silverbury had been victimized several times in this very way. She had touched an answering chord, however, for he seized his pen directly.

"I will have both ideas," he said.

"Well, then, seriously," she replied, as she rose from her seat, "I would not have either; I would not write any lecture at all, for I don't believe that it will ever be good for anything. What I mean is, that the ungrateful world will not appreciate your efforts for its reformation, and will give you few thanks and less money for your pains." She stood holding the door open and looking back at him as she continued, "If I were in your place I would go into the country and help some farmer harvest his produce. It will be better for your health and your pocket, and the satisfaction of earning a dollar or two by honest labor, is one of the sweetest things in existence. Good day, Mr. Silverbury."

"What an ordinary piece of earthware that girl is!" he muttered to himself as he listened to her step ascending the stairs. "No more imagination than an owl!" and after giving this slight expression to his indignation, he continued his writing.

CHAPTER II.

MR. SILVERBURY CHANGES THE SCENE, AND LABORS UNDER A MISTAKE.

Long continued mental labor is far more exhaustive than physical, and thus Mr. Silverbury found it, when, at the close of the day, he laid aside his pen, and seating himself at the window, leaned his head against the sash. He had no appetite for his supper, and, moreover, was at variance with himself and all the world. As he looked out into the street and saw the people returning home from their labor, he wondered if there was any one in the world so lonely, so sorrowful and unfortunate as he. An old countryman, seated upon a rough board in his team, was whistling a psalm tune, as his oxen moved leisurely along the street. He had exchanged his produce for groceries, and was now returning to a happy home and cheerful fireside.

"There!" exclaimed Silverbury, with much bitterness, "of what use are all my aspirations and attainments, when this poor, unlettered man enjoys so much more of health, wealth and happiness than I? O, heavens! why was I born with a mind so far above my condition!"

The countryman passed on, and Mr. Silverbury looked over to the apothecary's shop, opposite, where they were just lighting the lamps, and wondered whether arsenic, opium, or strychnine, would end his misery most promptly. As he sat thus, indulging in these dismal reflections, a hasty step was heard on the stairs, and the next moment the door was thrown open by his friend Woodruff.

"Where are you, Silverbury?" he said, as he glanced around the room in the darkness; "oh, I see—got a message for you. Miss Nellie Goldthwaite sends her compliments, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you at her soiree this evening."

"Me?" said Silverbury.

"Yes, you. Now, don't say you can't go, or that you won't, for I am determined upon it. Your light has been under a bushel long enough, and now I want you to display it to the world. Say yes

at once, my good fellow, and I will call for you a little after eight."

"Yes," said Silverbury, "I will, though there is nothing I detest so much as being patronized, and if I meet with anything of the kind from these purse-proud aristocrats, I will show them directly that Solomon Silverbury knows what true independence is."

"Poh!" said Woodruff, "make yourself look as well as possible, and the ladies will all fall in love with you, without stopping to think whether you have ten dimes or ten dollars in your pocket."

Thus saying, he closed the door, and ran down stairs, leaving his friend to make the necessary preparations.

Well, said Silverbury, "this world is all a fleeting show, and as I am obliged, perforce, to become an actor upon its stage, I will do the best I can."

He found, upon examination, that his best black suit, although rather threadbare, would do tolerably well for the evening, but his vest was worn to tatters. He hesitated about purchasing a new one; but upon the consideration presenting itself to his mind that he should need it when he commenced his lecturing career, he sallied forth immediately to the nearest ready-made clothing establishment, and supplied himself with as good a one as his means would admit. He also purchased a handkerchief and a pair of gloves, which he considered indispensable. The bill which his friend loaned him in the morning, precisely covered the amount of these articles, and thus he found himself reduced to his five coppers once more.

Yet of this most deplorable fact he became wholly forgetful, when, a few hours after, he found himself standing in Horace Goldthwaite's parlor, with the charming Nelly leaning on his arm, ready for a waltz. He glanced at the mirror opposite, and saw to his satisfaction that a very fine-looking couple was reflected there. Then the music sounded, and away they went in a most bewildering whirl.

This was Mr. Silverbury's first appearance among the upper circles, although he had been known for some time as a young man of fine talents and uncommon intellectual endowments; and this was true of him, his main want being that of sober, common sense, which is not gained from books, but from daily experience alone. This evening he felt himself to be under inspiring influences. The five paltry coppers in his pocket did not weigh heavily upon his heart at all. He moved as if in his native element, and therefore appeared to the best advantage. Miss Nelly had a generous heart and was willing to play his patroness, while Silverbury was so bewitched by her dazzling beauty that he forgot to maintain his independence as he had resolved.

Moreover, Nelly was a famous coquette, and could not possibly resist the temptation of bringing every one under her influence. Mr. Silverbury was a new conquest, and also served as a rod of terror to her old admirers, who looked on with jealous eyes as they twined their moustaches and shook their perfumed handkerchiefs, wondering how far the fellow would carry his impudence. This did not escape the observation of the fair lady, and therefore Mr. Silverbury was overwhelmed with attention and favor, and he, in return, so great was the transition from his little poverty stricken room to this bewildering scene—was perfectly intoxicated with delight. He danced, and laughed, and promenade in arm with the fair Nelly, entirely forgetful of his former self, and feeling as if he were the possessor of millions.

"Well, Silverbury, how do you enjoy yourself?" said his friend Woodruff, at a late hour, as he found him leaning against the wall in the refreshment room, leisurely disposing of a glass of ice cream.

"Ah, Woodruff!" he replied, "I feel as if in Paradise among the Peri, sipping the nectar of the gods. Oh, I tell you, this is too much for me!" he continued, as he took another spoonful of the cream.

"Well, said Woodruff, mistaking his meaning, "you are not obliged to eat it all."

Silverbury gave him a despairing look, but was saved from a reply by the appearance of Miss Nelly, who begged him not to absent himself from the company any longer, as they were about to take their places for a military cotillon, and he should, if he pleased, lead the march with her. Down went his glass in a moment, and drawing her hand within his arm, he conducted her at once to the place of honor.

One could easily have mistaken Mr. Silverbury for some foreign nobleman, or prince in disguise, with such a stately step did he keep time to the music. Mr. Christopher Ridley, one of Nelly's most aristocratic admirers, leaned against an exquisitely chiseled Apollo, and looked on with jealous eye. At every turn in the march, when the triumphant couple passed him, Nelly would give an extra flourish to her fan, and look up in her partner's face with an expression that made Ridley almost crazy, and he grimly resolved that if any reasonable excuse could be found, he would send the fellow a challenge next day. Not with the expectation, however, that Silverbury would accept it, for Ridley never fired a pistol in his life, and the very smell of powder made him nervous. Yet Silverbury, wholly unconscious of his murderous intentions, passed on as happy as a king, although, now and then, a dull click in his side pocket, informed him that the five coppers lay in an uncomfortable position.

At length the grand performance was ended, and people began to take leave. As a parting favor the mischievous Nelly presented Mr. Silverbury with a cluster of moss rosebuds which she had worn in her hair, and with the pressing invitation to call often, now he had found the way, she allowed him to depart, at the same time turning quickly aside to con-

ceal a smile, excited by the exceedingly crabbed expression of Mr. Ridley's countenance, who had overheard her.

That night—or morning rather—Solomon Silverbury laid his head upon his pillow in the firm conviction that Nelly Goldthwaite was deeply in love with him, which, in reality, was a very great mistake.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HARRIET G. HILTON.

Two sisters sat in the approaching twilight of a November day. One rested her head on her hand and gazed out into the growing darkness, watching the stars as they came out one by one from between the heavy clouds. Her beautiful face wore an expression of sadness, and occasionally a tear from those large dark eyes fell on the hand which held Cora's.

A deep sigh caused the latter to start; and, looking up into her sister's face, she exclaimed:

"Isabelle, why should you feel so badly to have Wallace leave you? You surely have patriotism enough to be willing to make some sacrifice that we may be free!" and her blue eyes flashed in the twilight, and she shook her golden curls proudly at the thought.

"It is not a lack of patriotism that causes my sorrow; but I have a presentiment that he never will return. An unaccountable sadness has possessed me to-day, and I cannot but connect it with Wallace. I almost wonder that you can be so light-hearted; yet it is better you should be so," said Isabelle, sadly.

"I let no such sad thoughts as yours trouble me," replied Cora. "I think only of the honor Henry is to win, and that, before many years, he will return, and we shall live in peace and happiness, and such a cozy little home as we are to have!"

Isabelle smiled at Cora's frankness, and was about to reply, when she saw two figures approaching the house. She turned a shade paler, but made no remark as the two gentlemen, the affianced of the sisters, ascended the steps. She knew this was their farewell visit, and that the morning would find them on the way to join their regiments at—. The knocker sounded, and in a moment the gentlemen were shown into the room where sat the young ladies, who immediately rose to meet them—Cora all animation, Isabelle equally delighted, but not so free from sadness.

"Isabelle," said Wallace Harrington, as the lights were brought in and he noticed the unusual pallor of her countenance, "you are not well; you look as if a walk up and down the avenue would benefit you."

"My head aches badly. I think the fresh air may do a great deal toward reviving me," and she went for her bonnet and shawl, and they left the house together.

"You take my departure too much at heart, Isabelle; I shall soon return, and, when the war is ended, we shall find more than happiness enough in that favorite spot of yours where our cottage is to stand, to counterbalance the sorrow of parting."

A blush stained Isabelle's cheek at Wallace's words; but she merely replied:

"I wish I could be as hopeful as you are. I do not know why it is. It is not my habit to repine, and yet I feel so disheartened about your going away. I am afraid I shall never see you again."

"Oh, Isabelle, you are too sad. You have thought of the matter until you imagine things to be much worse than they really are. See! the clouds are rolling away. Look at the stars; do they not tell you to hope? They were never more brilliant than now. And see the moon, bright and full! It is almost laughing at your fears. That is the symbol of our life. At first, clouded, then coming forth with renewed brilliancy."

Isabelle's eyes followed his own; but at that moment the moon passed behind an inky cloud. Isabelle shuddered.

"Oh, Wallace, a symbol of our life, you said. May it not be?"

Wallace could not at first reply. A strange terror seized his heart; but struggling against it, he replied:

"Like any one's life, checkered by clouds and sunshine. In a moment it will beam forth again with its accustomed brilliancy."

They stood together for some time watching for its reappearance; but the thick cloud excluded every ray. It was not until their return, as they were passing through the avenue, that they saw, through an opening in the trees, the orb of night sail majestically out from the black cloud. Then Wallace exclaimed eagerly:

"There, I am right—See how brilliant she is again; and that black cloud renders her the more brilliant by contrast. Is not it so, Isabelle?"

"I will try and think this is the case," she replied, as they entered the house. Wallace and Henry not long after took their leave, and Isabelle and Cora repaired to their own apartments; the former to dream of brilliant victories and gallant officers—the latter to pray that her heart might be relieved from the load that threatened to crush her to the earth with its weight.

Months passed away. The sisters heard regularly from their absent lovers, who wrote always in excellent spirits, and were now predicting a speedy termination to the war, the victory at Saratoga having enlivened the heart of every soldier and inspired him with new courage. Isabelle had so far forgotten her sorrow at parting with Wallace, as to talk rapturously of his return and speak hopefully of future years. Every one noticed that her rich color was restored, her light step had come back, and as she went about the house, or sat at her sewing, she would sing to herself, while her eyes sparkled as brilliantly as ever. Only occasionally the old feeling would return, and hushing her song, or silencing her laugh, she would suddenly burst into tears, and for a long time remain inconsolable.

One afternoon she had been unusually lively, and had spoken encouragingly to Cora about the close of the war.

"How different you are at times, Isabelle," said Cora; "one moment your gaiety will exceed mine; at another, you will predict all sorts of evil for Wallace and yourself."

"Am I?" said Isabelle, abstractedly, and she unconsciously became wrapt in thought. Cora spoke to her; but receiving no answer, she did not interrupt her reverie, and soon after left the room.

Isabelle's head sank lower and lower on her breast, and she soon fell fast asleep. Before her in her

dream, stretched a long battle field, friend and foe alike mingling in horrid confusion. Around lay those who had fallen—torn, mangled and bleeding. Sounds of distress—screams of those in death-agony, reached her from every side. She groaned at the sight, and, shuddering, hastened on.

Far distant in another part of the field, was a figure which engrossed all her attention. He was in the thickest of the fight, his sword dealing death-blows at every stroke. Brave and courageous he is; but does he not see his danger? His men are falling thick and fast around him; numbers are pressing upon him. "Yield, or die!" rings out on the clear evening air.

"Yield? Never!" is the reply, as he again raises his sword. But his opponents are too powerful for him, and receiving a severe wound, he sinks faint and bleeding to the ground. That upturned face! O, Heavens, 'tis Wallace! and uttering one prolonged, terrific shriek, as she rushed forward to protect him, Isabelle awoke, to find herself standing in the centre of the room in which she had fallen asleep. Cold drops of perspiration stood on her brow; her eyes seemed starting from their sockets; and her long, disordered hair hung wildly around her shoulders.

"Merciful Heavens! 't was not a dream! He is dead—he is dead; and I could not save him. I cannot breathe. I am suffocating!" and she rushed into the open air.

The moon beamed full upon her. "A symbol of my life," she repeated—"A symbol of my life! No, it cannot be; so bright, so brilliant! Ah, no, my life is all sorrow, all darkness, black, inky darkness. But I must go in; they will bring him home dead, soon, and I must be there to receive him. O, that dream! Was it a dream? No, it could not be. I saw it all too perfectly, and heard their dying groans, O, Wallace! if I could only see you once more in life—if it were but for a moment, I could submit to anything;" and falling on her knees she implored Heaven to grant but this wish, and she would willingly submit to be separated from him, forever after, in this world.

She arose in a calmer frame of mind than when she knelt, and entered the house. She proceeded to her own room, where she bathed her face and rearranged her hair, before meeting the family at tea.

All observed her deathly paleness. But when she told them of her dream, they tried to drive away her impressions, endeavoring to persuade her it was only the effect of her train of thought before falling asleep; and not, as she asserted, a prophecy.

Mr. Rayner did not give utterance to the fears that filled his own mind, nor did he inform his daughter of the fact that the evening previous a desperate battle was fought, in which he knew Wallace was engaged.

That evening they were all sitting together when the tramping of feet in the avenue was distinctly audible. Mr. Rayner's fears were instantly increased, and he cast a hasty, though anxious glance upon Isabelle, who spoke not, but sat motionless as a statue, showing signs of life only by her increasing paleness.

She knew, she felt it all. And breathing anew a prayer for strength, she patiently awaited to hear the worst. It was as she had feared. Wallace, mortally wounded, besought his friends to take him to Isabelle, that he might see her once more, and die in peace.

As Isabelle saw the prostrate form of Wallace, she said not a word. But when he opened his eyes and faintly breathed her name, her agony was for a moment forgotten. Her prayer was answered. He lived! He recognized her! She could endure the rest with that comforting assurance. The best of medical aid was procured, but no hope could be given to the anxious friends.

Isabelle bent above his couch, watching the conflict between life and death. If fervent love and agonized prayers could have been thrown into the scale, then must life have triumphed; but the fiat had gone forth; and even while she watched his every motion, hoping, yet sorely daring to hope that life would prevail, he breathed his last.

Isabelle Rayner had loved Wallace with all the fervency of her noble soul. Her heart was one, which, having once truly loved, could never forget. Its object was its idol, and thus it was no wonder that all her life and gaiety fled, when she found herself thus alone. No wonder that in Wallace's grave she laid her last hope for happiness in this world, and calmly waited the time that should unite them in another sphere.

At the close of the war, when our country, relieved from oppression and embarrassment, begins to flourish, we again look upon the family circle, and find there, instead of the oppressor-token of sorrow for the departed, the blossoms of the orange, fit emblem of the loveliness and purity of Cora, the bride. The bridegroom is Henry Iretton. At Cora's earnest request, Isabelle had finally consented to rob herself in "snowy white;" but her thoughts were thus perhaps the more directed to the past—the more she thought of the manly form that might have stood by her side, as Henry now stood at Cora's.

Perfect happiness filled every heart, and sparkled in every eye, and wreathed every rosy lip with smiles.

The ceremony began. Isabelle's eye was fastened on the bridal pair; but just as the priest was about to pronounce the final words, a shudder passed through her frame, and she became as cold as ice. A deathly sickness came over her, and, trying in vain to control her feelings, as soon as possible, she left the room.

Her mother, remarking her absence, went in quest of her, and found her in her own chamber, trembling from head to foot and as pale as death.

"Isabelle, my dear child, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, mother, only I feel sick just now. Please excuse me to the company. I cannot go down again to night; but do not stay with me—I shall be better soon."

Her mother sat by her side, and gently smoothed back the hair from her damp brow.

"Mother," said Isabelle, "last night I dreamed of Cora's wedding. She was standing with Henry by her side, and the priest was about to pronounce the final words, when Wallace came up to me, and, taking me by the hand, led me up to where Cora and Henry were standing. I started, his hand was so cold. I looked up in his face. Oh, it was so white and deathlike! but his eyes looked on me the same as ever. I looked again—the dark mantle which he had worn had fallen from his shoulders, and there he stood in his grave clothes, exactly as I saw him last. I dropped his icy hand and fell at his feet. Then, with his cold fingers he raised me, and gradually

disappeared. I endeavored to follow him, and I awoke. I looked around me. The morning was just breaking, and Wallace's eyes still seemed to beam on me from out the dispelling darkness; but in a moment the vision vanished. To-night, as I saw them standing exactly where I dreamed they stood, and the priest was about to pronounce the final words, unconsciously I looked around me, but no Wallace was there; then, I remembered my dream, and, freezing and trembling, I sought my own room. I did not tell Cora of it; for I knew it would trouble her, and she is so happy I would not mar one moment's joy with my own misery. She will miss you. Go down to her, and tell her my head aches so badly I cannot make my appearance again to-night, but I think I shall be better to-morrow. Good night. Willie will stay with me. If I need you, I will send for you."

Mrs. Rayner left the room, returning as often as possible, to see to Isabelle's comfort.

The next morning Isabelle arose and pursued her accustomed avocations. A stranger might not have observed any difference in her appearance; but those of her own household saw with pain that her cheeks became more transparent than ever; the dark rings around her eyes grew deeper, and day by day she grew weaker and weaker, until within two weeks from Cora's bridal night, Isabelle Rayner peacefully died.

In an ancient burying ground, in her native place, the stranger still may see her grave, beside Wallace Harrington's. The moss of many years has collected on the humble stone, yet there it stands, as eighty years ago it stood, when the heart beneath the turf had not long since ceased to beat, and when old and young, rich and poor, met to weep over the early death of one whose good deeds and philanthropic heart made her a ministering angel on earth—now, we trust, one of the brightest seraphs in Heaven.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

We see through a glass darkly, and dim shapes are moving there over the deep ocean of the other world.

From distant darkness, see! even from that vast and shoreless sea, white hands are lifted, beckoning; yes, after all, 'tis only a barrier of fraillest glass that separates the present from the other world. Against that frail barrier for ages the waves have been breaking, and their murmurs have been to us whispers of eternal truth.

We stand in cold and darkness—our hearts bowed, our feet weary, our eyes heavy with much watching—while before us stretches that dim and awful glass, the only barrier that divides us from eternity.

Now and then lifting our eyes, we gaze through the darkened glass and feel some glimpses of the fathomless sea that rolls beyond it.

We listen, even in weariness and despair, and hear some murmurs from that sounding sea, and many a white form glides by us, and many a word, spoken in some well-remembered tone, floats to us, and then the dark ocean, no longer dark, is set with islands of living light.

A sad, yet beautiful, contrast. Here, all cold, all weariness, all despair; there, opening deep after deep, groups of happy homes swarming with happy faces bathed in eternal light, and only a glass barrier is between. Here, wandering children seeking with blind eagerness some glimpses of the Father's face; there, the wandering child is home again. There, ranged in countless circles that spread deep after deep through the abysses of Eternity, is seen nothing but children gazing in the Father's face.

Not vague, nor vain, nor transitory is the life of the other world. It is no dream, but a reality—a reality so beautiful that our hearts, sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future—always golden steps to mount.

Sometimes the glass barrier becomes transparent in dreams, in sleep, in visions, which for a little while free the soul from its casement of clay, and sometimes in those thoughts which imperceptibly and voicelessly sink into our souls. And in these times we gain a vision—rather a clear sight—not so much of the gorgeous complete of Eternity as of some single home of the other world; some home where live as in our world men and women and children, but men and women and children redeemed and purified by sacrifices, and with their faces glowing with the highest, deepest thought which God ever implanted in the breast of an immortal nature.

Then in our dreams let us a little while alight upon the shores of one of these happy islands which are strewn along the deep clear sea of Eternity. Let us enter for a little while one of these homes.

Listen! There are voices sounding now which we heard in old times when we were of the lower earth; our hands are grasped by hands that we, thought long ago were chilled by Death, forgetting that in God's universe there is no such thing as death, but in its place only a transition from one life or state of life to another.

And dwelling thus a little while in a home like this, we will be very silent, for the faces that we once knew are again gathering around us, and the voices that we once heard—hark!—are in our ears, and at every step a form arises, white and beautiful, that long ago we had given to the dust. And surveying this one home, we find that here are repeated all those affections which made supportable our dreary way in yonder earth—affections, stripped of all that clogged their brightness, and made eternal.

But when leaving this one home we raise our eyes to the higher mysteries of Eternity, we fall back dazzled and bewildered with excess of beauty, conscious, however, that throughout the eternal world, alike in every sphere, however different in intellect and in gradations of intellect, this law prevails—the heart in every sphere is one; and, one fathomless chain of love binds the humblest intelligence and the greatest to the heart of Divinity.

Thoughts like these are but a part of the mysterious murmurs which now, as in all ages, break against the darkened glass. And let us not, although dazzled and won by the brightness of the prospect yonder, forget that here on this earth we have a way to walk and a work to do.

Here—the darkened glass shall not offend us for us be lifted, but always—always—always when our hearts are saddest, and the cloud of life hangs heaviest, let us bend our ears and listen to the murmurs of the Eternal Sea, for those murmurs, after all, are but dim or faint echoes of the voice of the Father. And when faith is dim and cold, and doubt is on us,

and we cannot hear the voices of that sea; when the darkened glass grows yet darker; let us then, in childlike gentleness, retreat within ourselves and look into our own hearts.

The Eternal Sea is always sounding there.

"KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY."

DEAN BANNER:—Your issue of April 13th, contained a charming poem entitled "Katie Lee and Willie Grey." If you will consent to meet the romance of so sweet a thing, please publish the following as a continuation, by

KATIE GRAY.

But the burden that it bears
Addeth much to Katie's cares;
Sleepless nights and days of thought,
Have a change in Katie wrought—
Is it valiant Willie still,
Asks for burdens up the hill?

Katie Lee, when young and fair,
Was a poem, rich and rare,
For like sunbeam from above,
Was to her Willie's love;
And the basket in her hand
Held sweet flowers from fairy-land.

As she travels on life's way,
Shifting scenes around her play;
Heavier still the burden grows,
Turning all her life to prose.
How has Katie's trust been met?
Walks he brave beside her yet?

Charming Katie, with a laugh,
Said to Willie, "only half."
When her burdens all he sought,
Light of heart and free from thought,
Katie knew not on that day
Why she said it, Willie Grey.

Katie since hath come to know
That a woman's life has woe,
Which alone herself must bear,
Spite of all her Willie's care;
But her heart is satisfied,
If he's faithful at her side.

Then when "shadows, cold and deep,"
Threaten round her heart to creep,
Be you near, O, Willie Grey,
For you can keep the fear away:
What Katie said may not be wrong—
But she is weak and you are strong.

Some Willies may be good and true,
Performing all they thought to do;
But there are those, I've heard it said,
Who soon forget when once they're wed.
Now, Willie, which of these are you?
Pray think awhile, and tell me true.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

In the early ages of Christianity the inconsistencies of the Bible, as of divine wisdom and goodness, induced one part of the primitive church to assert the existence of two Gods, or independent principles—the one evil, the Creator of the world, and the God of the Old Testament—the other good—the supreme God and Father of Jesus. This was the old Zoroastrian or Persian theology which somewhat influenced the Jews in the Babylonian captivity, and dominated in growing extent the founders of the Christian system, as may be seen throughout the New Testament, and through all the after ages to our own day. The God on the shady side was and is termed the Devil, Satan, &c.,—sometimes called the Prince of this world, and by Paul the "Prince of the power of the air. Origen was staggered at the God of the Old Testament, and declares that the "simpler Christians ascribe such things to him as they would not believe of the most cruel and unjust of men;" and in order to soften the character of the grim Jehovah, Origen fixed him into allegory for the better contemplation of the more humane minds. The Ebionites cast the God of the Old Testament out of their synagogues, as being a fallen angel, while others finding a mixture of good and evil, sought refuge in enigmas, symbols, and allegories—"dark sayings and riddles."

The Egyptians, the Hebrews and the Greeks, all sought to hide the damnable stuff of their superstitions under a veil of mystery. These mysteries of godliness have always vitiated the bitter parts of all religions. Even Celsus admits that the better instructed of Jews and Christians were ashamed of the old wife's story of Eve's beginning from a rib in the garden of Eden, and other Biblical nonsense. The enlightened Philo, the Jew, considered the literal reception of the Bible as "incurable folly—"a piece of rustic simplicity to imagine that God really employed the labor of six days in the production of things." Of course there follows no institution of a Sabbath-day from such premises.

Eusebius excuses the Biblical blunders, by saying that it was not a part of the programme of Moses "to give a philosophical account of the formation of the world." Cyril, to escape the scoffs of Julian, has to declare "that the view of Moses was to accommodate his story to the ignorance of the Jews." Origen, Austin, Ambrose, and others, have to hide their heads in the mysteries of godliness, or like ostriches in the sand, to escape the open light which hardly yet glimmers in our modern churches.

"What man in his senses," says Origen, "will believe that the first, second, and third days, and the evenings and mornings passed without sun and moon and stars?—and the first even without the heavens? Who so silly as to think that God, like an husbandman, planted a garden, and in it a real tree of life, to be tasted by corporeal teeth; or that the knowledge of good and evil was to be acquired by eating the fruit of another tree, and of Adam's hiding himself among other trees, &c.?" And he finds "the Mosais history interspersed with absurdities and impossibilities." One holy father made a voyage round the world in the search of the garden of Eden or Paradise, while other more primitive fathers declare it to be "the place into which Enoch and Elias were translated, and into which St. Paul also was caught up in the third heaven; which Irenaeus affirms to have been taught by the Apostles, and delivered to him by those ancient men who had been their disciples."

"Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and "their learning," says Middleton, "especially in things sacred and divine, was wholly mystical and symbolical; proposed always under the figures of men, beasts and birds, which were called hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, invented and used by them as Kircher has shown before the time of Moses. Amongst these, the serpent, as all authors inform

us, was of more common use with them than any other animal. Yet it is this story which our orthodox churches gather to their aid in the name of the Lord for the perpetual subjection of woman to the grosser brutalities of man.

Says our author, "The Egyptians were governed by laws and customs peculiar to themselves, and different from those of other nations; were more addicted to prodigies and miracles than any other people; had one high priest as well as hereditary priesthood, descending from father to son; suffered no blemish or imperfection in the beast they sacrificed; were superstitiously nice and scrupulous about washing and cleansing themselves; nor durst appear at divine worship when defiled by the touch of anything unclean; would not suffer any leprous person to come within the city; abhorred swine's flesh as abominable. All which customs of theirs, and many more, that we meet with in the Jewish law, as they seem the plain effects of Moses' Egyptian learning, so they furnish still the more ground to suspect that circumcision might have the same origin. Egypt was a great and powerful nation, famed everywhere abroad, and valuing themselves highly at home, for their wisdom and learning; so that the philosophers and learned of all countries traveled thither, as to the best school of arts and sciences. Pythagoras, we read, brought all his knowledge from thence, and complied so far as to be circumcised amongst them, on purpose to procure a more intimate admission into their mysteries. The Jews, on the other hand, were an obscure, contemptible people, famed for no kind of literature; scarce known to the polite world till the Roman world dispersed them, and then the more despised only for being known."

On this account, Spencer supposes God transferred the Egyptian worship into the Jewish law, "the better to accommodate himself to their humors and affections;" and so our churches think proper in this nineteenth century of another dispensation, to transfer the "humors and affections" of old Jewry into our common literature, Sunday schools, &c.; thus constructing a Sabbatarianism as fished up to suit the "humors and affections" of a dark and barbarous people three thousand years ago.

How many of our day would nourish the same old "humors and affections" under a liturgical veil or ossified creeds, wherein the mysteries of godliness should garnish the rottenness of old time. Dr. Middleton complains that the diviners of his day would force you to swallow, veiled or unveiled, the putrid remains of the Jewish banquet. He says "the chief provocation to men of sense is to see a set of rash, dogmatical divines, whose minds, prepossessed with systems, and darkened with prejudices, could never see through the mists their nurses and mothers had spread about their eyes, setting themselves up for the only guides and teachers of truth to the nation—requiring the learning and reason of mankind to submit to their arbitrary decisions, and branding with the name of skeptic and infidel, &c. They expect to treat rational creatures as farriers do their horses—tie them up by the nose—and so make them swallow whatever they think fit to throw down. These are the men I shall ever quarrel with as the tyrants and oppressors of reason and conscience, and consequently enemies to the peace and happiness of mankind." This clergyman, though of the Church of England, was the Theodore Parker of his day. They are strong men, with souls so full of outgushing light as to make the church grubbers for head and position tremble in their darkness. Hence always the stoning of present prophets while garnishing the tombs of the old.

Christian Clemens, of Alexandria, supposing that the Greeks borrowed the art of lying in governmental matters from Moses and Eusebius, upon "the necessity of contriving proper fables and fictions for the good of the people, declares the case to have been just the same with the Jews, and that in the Books of Moses there are infinite examples of this kind of fiction, contrived for the benefit of the multitude. We recollect of reading in this same Eusebius some quarter of a century ago about the necessity of lying to the multitude as fitting medicine for their wants. As we intend to read this author again, we say no more on this head at present, except as quoted by Middleton, who is honest, learned and safe to follow.

Says this author, "It would be endless to run through all the Jewish customs which men of the greatest learning and experience in these studies have deduced from the practices of Egypt. There is such an affinity, says Kircher, between the Jewish and Egyptian rites, sacrifices, ceremonies, &c., that either the Egyptians must have been Hebraised, or the Hebrews Egyptised. But which of them followed the other in these rites, is so clearly decided by the learned Spencer, that no man unless supremely credulous, can believe it to have been the Egyptians. Indeed, both he and Marsham derive the whole ritual law from this very source of Egypt; the movable tabernacle, the ark of the covenant, cherubims, altars, sacrifices, priestly vestments, the Sabbath, festivals, washings, purifications, oracles, prophecies, divination," &c.

To which, adds Middleton, "This notion of the greatness, antiquity and learning of the Egyptians, superior to all other nations, is fully confirmed and asserted by all the primitive writers, both Jews and Christians." Philo, the learned Jew, who himself lived in Egypt, tells us that Moses learned of his Egyptian masters—who were sought out for him from all parts—arithmetic, geometry, music, and their philosophy expressed symbols or hieroglyphics under the figures of animals and mathematics, of which the Egyptians were especially fond.

Clemens, of Alexandria, who lived likewise in Egypt, exactly follows Philo's account, and ascribes to the Egyptians the invention of the principal arts and sciences.

Eusebius affirms the same thing, and declares that the Egyptians had the clearest and most undoubted monuments of their antiquity, and that the Greeks borrowed all in a manner from them. To the same purport Josephus and others.

"Now," adds Middleton, "if there had been any prejudices in these Jewish and Christian writers, who were all zealous and orthodox in their religion, it must needs have been on the other side of the question, in thinking it a diminution of the authority of Moses, that he had borrowed anything from Egypt; but the notoriety of the fact and the testimony of all history obliged them to allow and assert the truth, which can never do hurt to any cause that is good." Some of the Christian Fathers, in order to elevate Moses, show his agreement with the Greeks, and above all with Plato—that the Hebrew with the Gentile oracles have the argument and harmony of a well-tuned lyre, giving Moses the precedence from whom Plato learnt "that children ought to be trained up by fables," thus making Plato's lessons to be

those fables with which Moses tuned the "children of Israel" in the name of the Lord, and thus Plato responded to Moses, "like the harmony of a well-tuned lyre." It also appears that Plato had a Paradiacal story, with the same side out, just like Moses, and the pillar of the Christian church. Eusebius justifies fictions and fables in religious matters, saying that "it is necessary to use a lie instead of physics for the good of those who want it, and that there are many instances of this kind in the books of the Hebrews." So that it would be rather difficult to say how much of the Bible is medicinal fiction, as milk for babes, or how much is genuine truth, as strong meat for men. Another pillar of the Church, Clemens also "allows the Greeks to have learnt from Moses, among other lessons of policy, the proper use and application of lying and fiction." Such oracles, whether of Moses or Plato, appear to us to afford a very slippery basis for the rearing of a church.

Laetantius, another orthodox builder of the church, believed in miracles when "impossible," because, "among those who seek power and gain from their religion, there will never be wanting an inclination to forge and to lie for it."

The learned Du Choul says, "If we consider the case attentively, we shall find very many institutions of our religion to have been borrowed from the ceremonies of the Egyptians and the Gentiles—all which our priests now make use of in our mysteries, by referring to the only true God, Jesus Christ, what the ignorance, false religion, and senseless superstition of the Pagans had applied to their gods."

That is to say, the Pagan mantles were holy enough to rest on Christian shoulders, and the saints sit in the seats of the heathen gods. The practice of presenting infants to the Lord of old Jewry, to the heathen gods, continued with only change of name to the deified Saints, Jehovah, the god of battles, and Mars, the god of war, declines to gods and goddesses more or less up.

"Grim ogres hence expelled each martyr'd maid, Then claimed the worship which to them was paid."

Saints and angels fought visibly the battles of the church, in place of Israel's God or Gentile Mars. The rod of Moses, however, was preserved in the Christian church, and shown with great devotion to the wonder gapers among the faithful. So, too, was the rod of Romulus, with which he performed his auguries, preserved by the Gentile priests as a sacred relic of old Rome.

Dr. Spencer says, "There were no two nations which have so corrupted histories, and obtruded so many legends upon the credulity of the world, to enhance the credit of their own people, as the Jews and the Grecians; and a Bishop of London maintains that 'obscurity is the peculiar character of Scripture prophecy,' to which Middleton adds that 'his Lordship's character of prophecy tends to the same end as that of another author, whose purpose was to show that the prophecies of the Old Testament, as they are applied by the Apostles in the New, are, in reality, no proof at all, nor capable of persuading any but the weak and the credulous. The prophecies of the Pythian Apollo were indeed obscure, equivocal and ambiguous, admitting not only different but contrary senses. So the character here given of the Scripture prophecies was undoubtedly true of them, that no event could restrain them to one determinate sense, when they were originally capable of many. For if the obvious sense failed, as it often did, to the ruin of those who acted upon it, there was another always in reserve to secure the veracity of the oracle."

The Bishop further tells us, "that these ancient prophecies, these supports of faith and religion, were not understood by those who delivered them, though they searched diligently into the meaning of them, and if the inspired and righteous of the old world, to whom the word of God came, did not understand them, it is certain that others less qualified could have but a confused and indistinct notion of them;" that is to say, God spoke in "riddles and dark sayings," past finding out; and so "his Lordship's purpose is to show that the Scripture prophecies were never intended to be a very distinct evidence; and, if considered singly, are incapable, from the nature of them, of affording any satisfactory proof, when they come to be confronted with the objections of unbelievers."

Now the nature of Hebrew and Gentile prophecies is easily understood in our day, when trance, clairvoyance, and mesmerism lift the veil, and show from the very nature of the mode of being, that infallibility is not to be expected, but rather fallibility, though much may be seen and known beyond the scope of the more fleshly vision. It is ignorance that has made oracles of us all and foolish adepts of unknown Gods. The souls, spirits or angels, who spoke by the Jewish prophets or mediums, doubtless spoke as fully as they could from their mount of vision, sometimes higher and sometimes lower, and sometimes beneath the vision of spirits in the flesh. To call such prophecy the word of God, in any exclusive sense of the word, is simply self-stultification, well worthy of an ignorant, infantile and barbarous age, but utterly revolting to the open understanding. Shame upon the ways of our churches, which propagate and perpetuate the darkness of old time—"the smooth and plausible things," says Middleton, which are so easily allowed by those who take every thing for sacred which is delivered from the pulpit. But few are the open Middleton D. D.'s to expose these things. "The prophets prophecy falsely in my name, and the people love to have it so."

Says Dr. Burnet, "Great is the force of prejudice and preconceived opinions on the minds of men. We receive as from the mouth of Moses without examination or hesitation; but if we had met with the same doctrine of the origin of men and things in another writer, in a Greek philosopher, for instance, or in a Jewish or Mahometan doctor, the mind would have been perplexed and set fast, in every period, by doubts and objections. This difference arises not from the nature of the thing, or the matter of those writings, but from our opinion of the credit and authority of the writer, as of one divinely inspired. We should call fabulous in others what is considered divine in the Scriptures."

These exclusive claims of divine origin, says Middleton, have "no weight with inquisitive men, who know from all experience that the testimony of tradition is of all other the most fallacious, and ever found the most fabulous, in proportion as it is ancient."

We must now dismiss Middleton, though he has much more to the same purport as that we have already quoted. He is good as showing that Hebrew and Christian ground have no pre-eminence over the heathen as to miraculous interventions. All writers of his day, however, down to Strauss, Mackay and the Westminster Review, almost as blindly reject all

as the simuletons and crafts of the church affirm all of that domain which modern Spiritualism is reducing to law and order. The magnetic or mesmerio world must first be discovered and received, before judgment can be fairly and fairly meted to the seemingly miraculous phenomena it embraces. However, we shall not complain, so long as Heathen and Hebrew and Christian are measured by the same rule, by poet, prophet, medium, and through all the range of widest manifestation of the spirit, through all subjective, through all objective modes of being. The dreams and visions of the Bible must have a common measurement with those of Sophocles, Eschylus and Euripides, and all the seers, clairvoyants, or men of God, of every age and clime. Not to old Jewry was confined the out-pouring of all spirit. Not all of spiritual light had birth through Judean visions, seeing God with his hand upon the prophet whose oracles were often "riddles and dark sayings," as a "Thus saith the Lord." So, too, the Gentile poet Eschylus:

"When retired to rest, air-bodied forms Visit my slumbers nightly, soothing me with gentle speech."

Again—
"The night returns, the visionary forms Return again, and haunt my troubled soul, Forbidden rest, till to my father's ear I dare disclose the visions of the night. So Pytho, to Dodona's vocal grove He sent his Seers, anxious to know what best Was pleasing to the Gods. Return'd they bring Dark utter'd answers of ambiguous sense. At length one oracle, distinct and plain, Pronounced its mandates."

A Divine Fury says, Philo and Josephus possessed the Hebrew Prophets or Seers. The prophets themselves testify to the same. This Fury they called the "Burden of the Lord"—"the hand of the Lord"—"the burning fire of the mighty terrible one." They were as fools, madmen and snarers, to the hard shells who witnessed the manifestation of the Spirit. To such, says Hosea, "the prophet is a fool—the spiritual man is mad—the prophet is a snare of a fowler in all his ways." So in Apostolic times, the Divine Fury, or Holy Ghost, overshadowed like a "mighty rushing wind," while the hard shells supposed the recipients to be "full of new wine." So, too, Cassandra, the Prophetess, in the Agamemnon of Eschylus—

"Again the furious power Swells in my lab'ring breast, again commands My bursting voice, and what I speak is Fate. Or in less 'ambiguousgivings out'—and in milder and more open mood—

"The Oracle no more shall shroud its visage Beneath a veil, as a new bride that blushes To meet the gazing eye, but, like the sun, When with his orient ray he glides the east, Shall burst upon you in a flood of light, Disclosing deeds of deeper dread. Away, Ye mystic coverings! And you, reverend men, Bear witness to me, that with steady step I trace foul deeds that smelt above the earth."

The Prophetess was also in the gift of tongues claimed to be of grace from the Gentile Lord, Apollo.

"Yet speak I will the language of your Greece, The gift of Phoebus, this, no trivial grace. Ah, what a sudden flame comes rushing on me; I burn! I burn! Apollo, O Apollo!"

"Here too we find consuming fire, As in the bones of Jeremiah."

When—
"Weary with forbearing I could not stay."

So, too, Cassandra—
"What must come, will come; and ere long with grief Thou shalt confess my prophecies are true."

So, too, the cloven tongues of fire which cleaved the Medians in Pentecostal outpourings of the spirit, whatever the fountain name may be, "Burden of the Lord"—"Apollo"—"Holy Ghost"—"New Wine"—or a "Thus saith the Lord." All is music from the same scale of being—the Mesmerio fount of Diety, sweeping the Harp of a thousand strings.

As Jeremiah complains that his Lord deceived him, so too, Cassandra—
"But now the prophet God, Who with his own arts graced me, sinks me down To this low mire."

Jeremiah exclaims, "I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts. . . . Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar and as waters that fail? . . . O Lord, thou hast deceived me; thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed; I am in derision daily. . . . Cursed be the day wherein I was born."

The Priestess in the Furies of Eschylus, invokes "Supreme, All-perfect Jove," and declares that her voice utters what the God inspires. The hearers of these voices were the Gods, Angels, or Souls. One of these was named Apollo, equivalent to Gabriel, or to Michael, in the hierarchy of the Lord of Hosts. Apollo says—

"Will I speak and truly; For never shall the God of Prophecy Pronounce a falsehood: never have I uttered From my oracular seat to man, to woman, Or state, save what the great Olympian Sire Shall have commanded." Of his sovereign justice Learn you the force, and how to his high will."

The Olympian Sire is equivalent to the Sire of Mount Sinai, Carmel, Zion and other Sires of the Jewry hills.

Our ignorance is shameful that we should continue to bow to the Spiritualism of old Jewry, as an exclusively sent word of an infallible God. No less foolish would it be to maintain that the Hebrew cornet, flute and saabut, dulcimer and harp, discoursed music from a scale not common to the Gentiles. No less foolish to maintain that trout, caught in Silon's brook, would prove a transubstantial dinner to the Lord, and quahaugs prove Divine, if Jerusalem priests should tread them out of the Jordan.

It is time we were born of the spirit, rending our fossil encasements, and catching the first broad glimpse of the morning that opens the full mode of being to the soul. Then it is we behold the foundations of the Most High resting on principles and laws everywhere manifested alike under similar conditions. If our own growth is begun and continued as knowledge and wisdom shall dictate, there are beautiful responses to the harmonies of heaven. C. B. P.

SCORCH WRIT.—A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round about his neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh! doggie, doggie! and dy ye live wi' your uncle, tae, that your're so thin?"

A gentleman calling at a stable to see a pair of horses that had been advertised for sale, and finding but one of them there, asked the man in attendance, "Where's his mate?" "Faith, sir, and I think he gives 'em mate but won't a week," was the reply.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ALL CASTLES.

BY E. A. HOLBROOK.

I've a castle fair,
Though built in air,
To others' senses seeming;
But to my sight
'Tis a castle bright,
With real Beauty gleaming.

No mortal eye
Can it descry,
Though it stands just o'er the river;
But an inner light
Shines through the night,
And I see the castle ever.

Its lighted halls
And Jasper walls
Invite me to press onward;
The weary soul,
To seek its goal,
Just over the river homeward.

Sweet voices there
Ring on the air,
Of some long since departed;
Their brilliant smiles
Light up those aisles,
Brighter than e'er we parted.

Off in a dream
I've crossed the stream
That ne'er was passed by mortals,
And hand in hand,
With angel band,
Have entered its bright portals.

Although in air
This castle fair
May vanish on my waking,
Its light I see,
And know for me
Its inmates stand in waiting.

I'll keep in sight
This castle bright,
And, thankful to the giver,
My soul prepare
To enter there,
When I pass o'er the river.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

NUMBER ONE.

There are those who think that I have weakened the effect of the revelation in the cases of the Knapps, the two Doctors and Zack Taylor, by omitting the greater portion of the dialogues; and this is my own opinion, and as each of them present striking but different phases of spirit-life, I hope you will consent to publish them as written at the time.

I called to me one afternoon, Joe and Frank Knapp, and Richard Crownshield, the murderers of Mr. White—Mr. Coleman, Frank's spiritual adviser, and Mr. White. The Knapps had been hanged, and Crownshield committed suicide in prison after his condemnation. Joe Knapp and Crownshield were the guilty ones, and were in a terrible state of mental and physical suffering, and felt as if their sufferings were to be eternal. Of course I gave them words of comfort—"that they were still the children of God—that no one had a right to judge them, as that belonged solely to themselves," &c. They were much affected, and said these were the first words of sympathy they had received, and hoped that I was not deceiving them, though they did not doubt but that I believed what I said to them.

I then told them that they must have the forgiveness of Mr. White—that they could have no peace of mind till this was obtained. This distressed each in turn as he came to me. They could not ask his forgiveness, as he never would forgive them; and Dick said he had rather remain in hell.

To Crownshield:
"Are you not sorry that you took his life?"
"Sorry—yes, for though I felt no remorse when I stabbed the poor old sleeping man, yet half an hour afterwards I would have given my own life to have restored his."

"Then go to him, and when he sees that you are repentant, he will forgive you, for, if he did not his own condition would be worse than yours."
Frank had nothing to do with the murder; only he did not reveal and prevent it. The most that troubled him was the belief with many, that his father and mother had perjured themselves to save him, which he said was not true; that when he took his candle and bade them good-night, they thought he had gone to bed—he did not do so; but they thought he had; and they only swore to what they believed to be true, and he was anxious that I should make this known.

I then called Mr. Coleman. He stood upon his dignity.
"Pray, sir, may I ask why you have called me, a clergyman, into this place?"

"I have called you from a good motive. There is some work for you to do."
"I have finished my work," he replied.

"I am surprised to hear you say that. You, who preached progress, talk of having finished your work! Why, your work has but just commenced."

"And pray, sir, what is the work you have called me for?"

"I have had here the two Knapps and Crownshield."

"And what have I to do with them?"

"I think you have much to do with them, both as a minister of the Gospel, and the one who received the confession of Frank—who listened to his tale of sorrow."

Again interrupting me:
"I know I have been blamed for giving my testimony."

"I never blamed you, Mr. Coleman. I blamed the judge for compelling you to testify under a threat of imprisonment for contempt of Court; and I blamed Mr. Webster for using his power to persuade the Court to do wrong; and more than all, I blamed the Governor for suffering the poor boy to be hanged; but you, I never blamed. I thought you then, and believe you now, to be a good man, but with a very imperfect knowledge of your duties."

This had the desired effect.
He was sorry that he had spoken so abruptly, and hoped I would forgive him. "Yes, yes, I will find those poor brothers, and they shall have my prayers and my tears, if these will comfort them."

"And I wish you to see Mr. White. They must have his forgiveness, but they are too timid to ask it."

"I will see him."

And then, in a very impressive manner, he thanked me for calling him.

"You have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. I preached progress, but knew not how to practice it."

I then called Mr. White, and soon came the feeble voice:
"You called me. I am a poor, feeble old man, and what do you want of me?"

"I see you are feeble, Mr. White; are you ill?"
"Oh yes, here—here," laying his hand upon his breast.

"Stop, till I can relieve you."
I then administered a cordial with which I am accustomed to relieve spirits of the pangs of thirst for strong drink.

Then came forth the strong voice:
"My God, what is it that you have given me. I feel like a new man. Will it last?"

"Yes, forever."
And then he broke out into exclamations common to all, thus aided, who feel as if they were redeemed from hell.

"And now, my friend, what is it you want of me? I am sure it can be nothing bad."
Then I told him about the Knapps and Dick, and that they wanted his forgiveness.

"My forgiveness! poor boys, poor boys. Yes, tell them to come to me, and I will forgive them."
"But Mr. White, I want you to go to them. They are sorrowful, but timid."

"Yes, yes, I see—poor boys. I will go to them, and they shall see that from the bottom of my heart I forgive them."

"And now, Mr. White, I wish to ask you a few questions. What have you been doing, for these twenty odd years?"

"Doing? Why nothing but waiting for the judgment. And oh, what agony I have felt at times, lest I should not be among the elect."

Then followed the teachings given in such cases, and the old man departed, feeling that he was still capable of doing good, and with less fear of an Orthodox hell.

Doctors Webster and Parkman.—I called Mr. Webster first, and reminded him that he had expressed a wish some months ago to one of my family to speak with me. He said he did so.

"And why, Doctor?"
"Because I thought you would feel a sympathy for me."

"Have you the same desire now?"
"Yes, I am miserable. I am in hell, and do not know when I shall feel better."

"I told him not to despair. That there was a way open for him, as for all others; to be relieved from these sufferings. Have you seen Doctor Parkman?"

"Yes, I see him, but we do not speak to each other."

"Well, Mr. Webster, in expressing a wish to see me, I presume you wanted advice as well as sympathy?"

"Yes, certainly."
"Then I must be frank with you, and tell you that before you can make any advances to a better state of feeling, you must obtain the forgiveness of Doctor Parkman."

At this he winced. He did not know how to approach him.

"Can't you tell me what I must say?"
"You say you are in hell. Call upon him to come and help you, and if you are sincere, that will be asking his forgiveness."

He said "he thought he would," but I did not think him very earnest.

He then spoke of his past life.

He could not account for the strangeness of his temperament; ordinarily, he was kindly disposed and unwilling to do wrong; then, without knowing why, he would have the most hateful feelings, and was utterly reckless as to the means of gratifying his wants; that when he 'out up' Doctor Parkman, every blow of the hatchet gave him the most intense delight; but when it was over he felt sorrow and remorse, till self preservation taught him to be punning lest he should betray himself. "In fact, at times, I used to think that I was possessed of the devil."

I told him that I did not think the devil had anything to do with him; but from what he said, I inferred that he was influenced by dark spirits, who left the earth with revengeful feelings, and made him their instrument to gratify their hate.

At this he seemed to brighten up.

"Why, if that was the case, I may not have been so bad after all."

"But stop, Doctor; though this supposition may be some mitigation to that particular offence, there is something behind for which you are accountable. If you had been spiritual, and had high aspirations for the future, you would have had pure and exalted spirits about you, and these dark ones could not have approached you; but I infer that you were earthly, sensual and selfish, and therefore receptive to these dark and hateful influences. You must have higher aspirations before you can emerge from your present dark condition; and, as I named to you at first, the first step in progression is the forgiveness of Doctor Parkman."

I then called Doctor Parkman.

"I have heard what you have said to Doctor Webster, and I am willing to meet him halfway."

"Half-way, Doctor? That will not do; you must go the whole way. Please listen to what you will yet say of yourself. You inherited great wealth from your father, but, not contented with this, you went on grasping for more. I do not say that you oppressed the poor, for I have heard otherwise, but you made gold your idol, and worshipped it. You loaned Doctor Webster money on certain securities, and he afterwards borrowed of others upon the same securities, and you called upon him to repay you."

"I had a right to do it."
"Yes, a legal right, doubtless; but, Doctor, you knew he could not do it. Was it not so?"

He was silent.

"You know he could not repay you, and instead of forgiving him the debt from your abundance, and bidding him do no more wrong, what did you do? Doctor Webster held a responsible position in Harvard College. His wife and family were about him, all highly respected, and you then called upon him to do what you knew he could not do, under a threat that you would expose him, and bring upon himself and family disgrace and ruin. This you did, and by your act, lost your life and made Dr. Webster a murderer."

He was silent for a time, and then said:
"You judge me most severely."
"No, Doctor, it is not me that is judging you. God forbid that I should do so. You are judging your-

self; for I am only giving utterance to the reflections of your own mind."

He was silent, and, at first, I thought he had left. I said:

"Doctor Webster says he is in hell; are you happy?"

"Happy? No, I am miserable—most miserable. In life I was respected; but here I wander about alone, for none care for me. When I strive to get out of this place, there seems a weight upon me that crushes me down. I don't know why it is."

"Shall I tell you? God works by immutable laws, and as you sow, so shall you reap. You lived a life of selfishness, and are reaping its legitimate fruits. If you would progress from your present condition, you must forgive those who have injured you, and obtain the forgiveness of those you have injured, and then let the past become a myth to you; and if you use the talents that God has given you in aiding others, you will soon find yourself laboring with those you respected on earth."

All this may seem somewhat egotistical, but no matter; the strong man was subdued. Doctor Webster has been to me since, and says that they are reconciled to each other, and Parkman really believes that of the two he was more to blame.

Zachary Taylor and his Daughter, Mrs. Jeff. Davis.—I called the President first, and there came a rough voice:

"Well, sir, what do you want of old Rough and Ready? I heard you call, and you said you could do me good. What good can you do me?"

I asked him if he was not suffering from a disease. He had a devil gnawing at the stomach, he said, which tormented him, and when he took the cure, the effect was electrical.

"What does this mean? Why, it's all gone. How long will it last?"

"Forever!" I replied.

"Do you mean to say that I am cured forever of that devil?"

"Now, Mr. Taylor, you have another disease to be cured of—a heart disease."

He did not understand me.

"Have you seen your daughter?"

"My daughter! No. Do not want to see her—do not know anything about her."

"But you must see her before you leave this room. Did she not send for you before she died, and you refused to see her?"

He was silent.

I then told him that so long as he indulged in such feelings, he would be a miserable old man; his clothes would be dark and soiled, and unfit to be seen in the society he was accustomed to associate with on earth; and I told him I had some expected Mr. Davis.

Here the old man's temper showed out.

"If I see Jeff Davis, I will give him a good shaking."

"No you won't; but he is not here."

Finally, the stubborn old father was subdued.

"I will see my daughter."

"And be reconciled to her?"

"Yes."

"And love her as you did in life?"

"Yes, but I don't believe I can speak with her tonight."

"Well, please not leave the room."

I then called the daughter; and there came the low wailing voice that I had listened to through Mrs. Conant, when she pleaded for her husband's life, if he should be taken prisoner.

The Doctor, or controlling intelligence, had said:
"Here is a lady who is very sad."

"Oh, yes! I am sad and miserable; sick in body, and sick at heart."

I asked her how "sick in body?"

"She did not know, only that she felt miserable."

"Please excuse my asking—perhaps you sometimes took stimulants?"

"Only when I had a sinking, weak feeling, I took something to give me strength."

"And have you the same feeling, now?"

"Yes, only a thousand times worse, and I cannot account for it."

I then told her that Swedenborg had given me a prescription that might afford her relief, and asked her to take it.

Gifted women have a wonderful power of expressing strong feelings, and she poured forth a thanksgiving to God for her deliverance from her suffering.

"But you cannot afford comfort to the longings of the heart?"

"Perhaps I may. Would you like to see your father?"

"My father! See my father?" Then came forth a wail as from a broken heart. "My father is cold and stern, and will see never see me, and the thought that I should never meet him again has crushed my spirit."

"But your father will see you, and be reconciled to you, and love you as he once did in life."

Then came forth other impassioned exclamations:
"Why! what do you mean? How do you know?"

"He has promised me to do as I say, but he may not speak to you tonight. Look around, and you will see him."

Then the gaze, and, at last, the recognition. She saw her father. Then followed a pantomimic action with arms extended, and indicating intense emotion. When calm, she said to me:

"Yes, I have seen my father. He cannot speak to me to-night, but to-morrow all will be forgiven. Oh, the inscrutable ways of God! But a few minutes since I was diseased in body and with a broken heart, and now I am well in body, and with a heart bounding joyously," &c.

My namesake uncle has been to me since, and says he witnessed the reconciliation between the father and daughter, and thought I might be satisfied that mine was not the work of the devil, as I had told him that some of my spirit friends gave it that name. My uncle was educated at Harvard, and was a Sandemanian minister, is an advanced progressed spirit, and says that Swedenborg is unable to tell him the philosophy of this case, but that it would be made known to me at some future time.

PAUL PAR.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR BRITTON.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDS,
New York, Oct. 21, 1861.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER.—The attentive observer of men and things may find much food for profitable contemplation in the peculiar state of our national affairs and the stirring events of the times. Our wonderful adaptation to circumstances; the grace with which we bow to the shocks of misfortune, and the elastic vigor of the nation, as displayed in our speedy recovery from serious disappointments and reverses, excite no little astonishment, even among the very people who are most distinguished for these characteristics. We become more vigilant, and we seem to gather new strength from every disaster. Above every storm-cloud, and amid each succeeding scene of ruin, the Genius of the nation rises with a prouder mien and with a firmer self-reliance. Even now our powers and resources as a people are in a great measure latent, and the possibilities of the nation are but imperfectly comprehended. With calm deliberation and unflinching purpose, tempered with a serene and solemn trust in God and the justice of our cause, we approach the great practical demonstration of the unyielding spirit and unmeasured capabilities of the North.

The Metropolis exhibits great activity at present. The immense preparations for the Army and Navy bring a great number of strangers and a vast amount of money to the city. Business revives under the stimulus of the great occasion; and if some of its old channels are obstructed, human enterprise is rapidly opening new ones—required by the exigencies of the times—while capital, like the circulating medium of the human body, flows where its vitalizing influence is demanded to sustain the life and to promote the activity of the system. The spectacle presented on Broadway, in the pleasant afternoons of this glorious autumn, was never surpassed in animation and splendor in time of Peace. The broad windows of our palace-stores are filled with rich goods, while millions are displayed to advantage on the fair forms and moving figures that throng the great thoroughfare. The innocent creatures do not appear to be in distressed circumstances on account of the unsettled affairs of the country, and the national debt is not likely to give them the nightmare. Their smiling faces and gay habiliments contrast strongly and beautifully with the iron-visaged men and the heavy paraphernalia of war. The City Hall Park is a great camp, and men in military costume meet the passer at every step. During the past ten days the grim war-ships that are to constitute the great naval expedition have been moving, one after another, out of our harbor, freighted with the elements of the terrible storm that is to break like midnight thunder and sweep along the coast of Secession.

Familiar themes and all subjects of ordinary concern—in a great public crisis—give place, in the popular mind, to the momentous issues of the hour. Thus the overshadowing interest and importance of our great national controversy render it difficult or impossible to interest the public at large in themes that are either foreign or but remotely related to the management and prospective results of the war.

The contributions to the current literature, and the new discoveries in science and art, rest on the shelves of the ware-room, in the Patent Office, or in men's brains, for the present, except such as sustain some practical relation to the art and the business of war. Of necessity this, for the present, is our principal occupation. Just now the new implements demanded for field labor are revolving pistols, rifles, batteries, and other infernal engines. It is well if these destructive implements serve but to hasten the triumphant termination of the deadly strife, and to render the occasion for such struggles less frequent in the future.

Since the public mind has been so generally occupied with national affairs, comparatively little attention is paid to certain reform movements which formerly and for a number of years occupied the thoughts and employed the time of a large class of our citizens. The conviction prevails that the elements are at work beneath the surface, and that the current of events is rapidly bearing us on to the grand issues foreboded by the Post-prophets of all ages. Many believe that the passage of this Red Sea leads to the Promised Land of a wider and truer freedom for this country and for Man. It will doubtless dissipate our false ideas, demolish many old political idols, revive our patriotism, and purify the government. It will expose the wicked devices of many traitors to public observation. By its fearful attritions it will remove the gilding from the holiday heroes and sham-patriots of the time, and leave a hard company of hobby-riders *hors de combat*.

The season has been glorious. Autumn never came with a more noiseless step, or put on her purple robes with an easier grace. May we not find consolation and the elements of a great faith in the fact that Nature is too great, and God too wise to either turn aside or be disturbed by our petty antagonisms, and the small substance of human deeds? The clouds that gather over governments and peoples; the war-storms that break with desolating power over the political fabrics of the world, leave the natural sky as clear and the sun as bright as ever before; and the earth may be greener and more beautiful after the baptism of blood, since new life, in some sense, ever comes.

"Out of the ashes of a sure decay." Of course we hear comparatively little of Spiritualism now, as we do of the several phases of moral reform, or of the more popular systems of religion. Yet the facts of our experience have not become fancies, nor are its principles any less a divine reality. Our friends have not lost their immortality. The beautiful immortals still minister to the willing mind and heart. Indeed, the fact of their existence must be associated in the rational mind with the idea that they come and go, and minister to mortals. Have they not visited us—at midnight, in the early morning and at even tide? The spirit within responds with the vehemence of a profound conviction, and the solace of a sweet and solemn consciousness that wavers not. From the illuminated side of the veil they come into our immediate presence while we yet remain in the shadow of the world. They clear the vision and dissipate the clouds that darken the mental heavens. Their delicate fingers play on the sensories, until every nerve becomes a musical chord; they impart such strength that we rise as "on wings of Eagles," and the whole being is pervaded by the soul of harmony. They supply the sources of a living inspiration, and we find a silent and inexpressible joy in the realization of their presence. They stand between us and the shadow of our earthly lot, that we may be patient under disappointment; that we may be serene when Fortune frowns, and even hopeful when Hope—with face averted from the world—only lingers on our threshold while she points to Heaven.

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ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

THE GOOD WITH THE EVIL.

There appears to be a sort of fatality about some persons, that leads them, as if against their very will, to see only the evil which they should shun, and avoid the actual good which they are all the time after. A large part of humanity is occupied with grumbling over their lot, when every circumstance suggests to them the possibility of improving it. Nothing but the evil rises to their sight, in what they encounter—the good, there is scarcely any to be found.

Why is this so? For what reason do men go directly in quest of that which they would shun, and suffer from contact with objects which they would avoid? Why, again, do they fall into the habit of complaining because matters are so mixed, and still take up with the poorest and most worthless half of the mixture?

All good, in this world, comes along with the evil; that we know. A man seeking jewels in a heap of rubbish, knowing that they are indeed there, never complains that there is so much rubbish and that the jewels are so few, but he hunts, and stirs, and pokes eagerly and industriously, seeking only that which is good and valuable, caring little what amount of rubbish he is obliged to overturn, so he does but find the articles of value. But in morals, and in actual life-experience, it is not thus; men do not thrust aside the rubbish from their sight, as when hunting for jewels in mixed heaps, but seem to be considering that alone, groaning and grumbling because there is so much of it, or, indeed, any of it. Why do they not pass what is worthless by, and go in quest of what they really want?

A miner strikes a "lead." He follows it with patient toil as far as it leads him along in the bowels of the earth, grumbling at none of the hard lot which labor imposes on him, shoveling out load after load of wet and heavy earth to get but a few grains of the pure ore, and glad enough to think that he has found any of the precious metal at all. Suddenly his lead breaks off; he tries the pick, this way and that, but to no present purpose; yet he is not cast down; he never stops to compare the little ore he has dug with the large amount of dirt he has thrown out, but feels glad and grateful for what he has got, and keeps at work in his search for more. The fact that his lead had broken, does but excite him to greater exertion. And he feels his way along, patiently and laboriously, with his thoughts only on his past good luck, and his hopes directed to something better yet to come.

Now take the case of a man in the course of his ordinary experience; what a marked contrast between him and the miner! The former believes that there could be none but an evil design in giving him so much work to do, in order to get at the little good he finally secures. He does not do as the sensible and trusting miner does—feel thankful that he has found any "lead," that is good, and dig and work away to secure all it is inclined to offer him; but he growls and grumbles because he has such a load of rubbish to throw out before coming to the little that is valuable, and, in fact, loses a great share of his native energy, if not quite all of his heart and trust, before he sets about his work in seriousness at all. No wonder that so little progress is made in moral life. The desire is not an earnest one, simply to gain and progress, but is mixed with indolence and envy, seeking good ends by easy and impossible means.

Is this because men do not place so high an estimate upon morals as they do upon money, because they are willing to take any pains to replenish their pocket, but begrudge all pains employed in the work of enlarging their morals? Do they think it of less account that they should take pains, and drudge, and perspire, and deny themselves, and keep laboring patiently, for a mere temporary end, than that they should be only equally exercised for an object and end momentous beyond comparison with any other?

It shows how we estimate matters, when we betray impatience and disaffection only with the trials that bring rich and abiding experience, but are willing to delve silently and uncomplainingly along, under vexations and burdens innumerable, in quest of gains and goods that are perishable and comparatively worthless. Not many of us can well speak of the advancement of the age when this is the plain show matters make at almost every turn. We have made but little progress in real morals, when we are so ready to prefer the cheap to the valuable, the perishable to the lasting.

Let us stop and seriously consider. Of what value to us would be attainments of any sort, unless they were reached through long and weary efforts? Labor, which we all call a curse—styling it the curse that came by Adam's fall—is just the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to the human race. It makes no difference whether it is the labor that is put forth to secure present benefit or lasting development and riches. Nothing is ours but as it costs; and we own nothing except what we have paid for. We are never enriched—in the true and living sense of that word—by accidents or inheritances; such possessions did not spring from us and our own exertions, and consequently have no root in the soil of our na-

ture. What is ours, is ours only because we have earned it; we may claim other things, but at every turn we are bidden to make our claim good.

We are not to imagine, either, that we can get any good—that is good in fact—without taking a great deal of pains for it. That is the law of nature. All valuable possessions are hedged about with just such circumstances—considered to be obstacles, or conditions—as put us on our mettle in the endeavor to grasp them for our own. If we could do with nothing but wishing, this would hardly be the world many of us would like to live in. Fortunately, however, it is out of our power. Sacrifice upon sacrifice is required of us, before we can get near the objects of our desire; and often, when we do, a huge wave comes roaring in from behind and sweeps us back out to sea again just when we thought our hands were fast hold. All this is well-meant by nature, and it is best. It is excellent for discipline, in the first place; and, in the next place, it stamps value upon objects which we ought to desire, or negatively proves worthless many an object about which we should have no concern.

An Old Man.

Gen. Scott—for example—is an old man, as men go. But see the vast amount of work he has done and is doing. "His eye is not yet dimmed, nor is his natural force abated." So it was with John Quincy Adams, so with Wellington, so with the aged Field Marshal Radetsky. They were all Nestors in their day and generation, and have left an impressive lesson behind them. Why need we think, as too many hasty people do, that unless one's work is done by the time he reaches thirty, or thirty-five, at furthest, he need not think of trying to be useful any more? It is a fold-out, young America notion, and nothing more. Webster did not make his immortal reply to Hayne, till he was fifty; though we acknowledge he showed great powers when he was much younger—his argument in the Dartmouth College case, before the Supreme Court at Washington, having been made when he was near thirty years. Burke wrote his "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful," to be sure, when he was only twenty-seven; but his famous speeches on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, came at a time of life when his experience had become enlarged and ripened, and the varied culture of his intellect, the comprehensiveness of his sympathies, and the mellowness of his imagination combined to make him known and felt as few men of his time were known and felt.

The art of growing old wisely, and of course gracefully, is not easy to learn; because it presupposes constant and continued attention to the discipline of the nature, the heart and intellect together. Yet no sight is more charming to the common eye. Instead of peevishness, because one has kindly been permitted to live so long, to behold gratitude and a sunny temper—to hear measured words and soft ones—to feel the genial atmosphere of the old man whose silver hairs render his appearance venerable—this is so much preferable as to be positively delightful. If men were men, that is, wise men and reflective—they would readily see what an advantage it is to go to their earthly end as one goes up to his chamber at night, lamp in hand, and bidding all his friends a cheerful "good-night," hoping to meet them safe and well in the morning. Old age ought to be as beautiful as Youth. Nature so designed it. We have not yet found her out, thinking that she refuses to be our friend at every milestone we pass on the road.

Domestic Life.

It has been said of the American people, before now, that they live too much in and for the public eye. We cannot deny the imputation. Not that it is literally true of each and every one of us, but it is undeniable that thus are our young men and women directly trained. The mouthing of their names by persons whom they know nothing of, appears to many to be actual fame, and it tastes as sweet to them; whereas true fame rests on sympathetic appreciation, and not at all on the popular repetition of parroted phrases and catch-words. If Tom, Dick and Harry are said to speak favorably of us, we are happy; but neither Tom, Dick nor Harry may have ever heard a word of us before, may know nothing of us now; and would probably speak just as well for the town-pump or the sign-post, if so it suited their pleasure, as for ourselves. This is the merest superficiality. There is nothing in it. If life brings us no more than this, it can hardly be said to be worth the having.

The seat and centre of all earthly happiness ought to be in the home. This sentiment the English thoroughly understand. It inspires them continually. No matter how *hassé* a man may be with them, he does not relinquish his hold upon his home; that is a sentiment of which he is not ashamed. Not so the Frenchman. All his domestic enjoyment he takes in public. For him is the *café*. He frequents the theatres, the gardens, the boulevards. His life is nothing, except while in the public eye. He exists for effect. But what a contrast! How widely the Frenchman and the Englishman differ. The more domestic man certainly possesses more and truer virtues. He is the better citizen. He works better, and wears well, also. The influence of the calm, sweet, pure domestic life over his spirit does not merely tame him and tone him down—it fills him full with purer purposes, develops his moral sentiment, civilizes the barbarism that lurks in him by nature, and fits him exactly for those delicate and humane offices which belong to the very existence of modern society. Our men and women need not be afraid of becoming too domestic—of loving home and its influences too much; the danger is, that they may drift very much too far the other way.

We shall all meet again.

We came upon an extract from the discourse by Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, the other day, in the course of which, speaking of the expected Resurrection, he breaks forth in this rhapsodical style:—"We shall meet them all; patriarchs and kings, and prophets, apostles and martyrs, sages and saints: out of the dim ages that lie behind the Deluge, out of Israel and Judea, out of all the Christian generations from Pentecost till now, out of all the Christian generations that are to come, till the whole harvest has waved and ripened. Enoch and Abraham, David and Isaiah, Stephen, Peter, Paul, John, Luther, with all the heroic and all the gentle spirits that are yet to come and go. We shall meet them all; not as shadows meet shadows, sitting in dim twilight through vast spaces, but as man meets man, as conqueror meets conqueror, all clothed in white, and waving out palm branches, as we march and sing." A sure promise that none who die are dead in truth, but have only passed on, and await us on the other side. Now, if all these spirits are still alive and expectant of our

coming—if they continue to know us even through the veil that now divides us one from the other—what is the difficulty in believing that they are all around us constantly, that they are loving us and watching over us still, and that they seek to commune, and do commune with us, for our own good and the happiness of both? The person who does not like to believe this would prefer annihilation to immortality.

The Regiment of Spiritualists.

We have been able to glean a few facts in relation to this corps, which we give our readers. We learn that the regiment will be commanded by a well known Spiritualist and medium, whose thoughts are often communicated through the columns of the BANNER. He is the grandson of two of the most heroic patriots and officers of the revolutionary army; he is both a college and military graduate, and has served in all capacities up to a field-officer. The Lieutenant Colonel is a Spiritualist, and a Massachusetts man, who has commanded one of the divisions of the Massachusetts Militia. The Major is a hero of the German and Hungarian wars, and a gentleman of refined manners and collegiate education. The Adjutants, Captains and Lieutenants are mostly Spiritualists. Some of them are powerful physical mediums, all gentlemen of military experience, good intelligence and courteous bearing. The Surgeon and Chaplain compare favorably with any in the service. The Chaplain, Mr. Fishbough, is well known to all old Spiritualists. Mr. Clark, of Weston, whose advertisement appears in another column, holds a Captain's commission and seeks a company entirely made up from the Spiritualist ranks. He is one of our subscribers; and he is a practical man, a thorough Spiritualist, and good medium—a farmer by profession, though adapted to lay hold of whatever may seem most necessary for the time.

We have no doubt but this regiment of mediums or spiritual batteries, unintentionally to itself, may become one of the most marked objects of the campaign.

We think it belongs to the Spiritualists to take up this subject with energy. There are many men with families who would readily enlist if fair provision could be made for their families. Perhaps a suggestion would not be amiss to those enterprising minds whose business detains them at home, that they interest themselves in the matter of provision for the families of those who enlist.

There are many comforts, not provided for in ordinary camp life, which can be secured for our soldiers by the exercise of a little forethought and consideration on the part of the many who read the BANNER from week to week.

It is from and through Spiritualism that the light must come, whose brightness shall serve as the morning star that is to herald the dawn of the day of universal freedom.

A beautiful design for a banner will be furnished by the unseen world, if a company of ladies or gentlemen will furnish the means to obtain the material and pay a moderate sum to an artist for painting it. As a body, Spiritualists have done nothing yet for this movement—probably on account of the limited publicity it has had. All the "religious" societies are engaged in knitting and sewing and doing and giving in various ways. The Spiritualists in all the large towns might congregate and do somewhat toward the furtherance of this move on the part of the world of causes. It would not surprise us at all to find growing out of this movement a brigade of determined men who have no cause to fear death, and who will be commanded by some mind that should receive inspirations calculated to accomplish a more decisive work than any yet in the field seem capable of accomplishing. It is during a period of revolution that these mighty powers have to come uppermost; and inspirational minds must lay off the passive state of negative receptivity, and become positive in action and do.

We can answer further inquiries on application to us, at this office.

To our Patrons.

We wish it distinctly understood that this paper is established on a firm basis, notwithstanding we have passed through severe trials and expended large sums of money to bring about that result. Hence our former patrons need not fear to renew their subscriptions. We shall give them an equivalent for their money without fail. We make this explicit statement in consequence of rumors having reached us from the West, to the effect that the BANNER was to be discontinued.

We are putting forth all our energies to make and keep the BANNER a first class journal; and, in turn, we hope our friends, and the friends of the cause in which we are engaged, will use every exertion in their power to extend its circulation.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON, of New York, whose talents as a writer are too well known to need eulogy from us.

Miss EMMA HARDING has also volunteered her services to become a regular contributor to the BANNER. Nothing need be said in her praise. Her self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of down-trodden humanity have already established her fame far and near.

A series of sterling essays, by EDWARD LAWTON, M. D., of St. Louis, will appear in our columns in due time.

The First Frost.

It has come at last; but how kindly it has held off from the gardens and the flowers. The passing Autumn has been one of the pleasantest we have ever known on the planet. The woods were never in more beautiful dress for display or for companionship. To walk in their "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" has this year excited unusual feeling. It appears as if the Indian Summer had been trying to work into the season, and make a copartnership affair of it; but that simply cannot be, because we are to have that somewhere along in November. But, speaking of the Frost, what a series of cold, bright, sparkling, biting, gleeful, hearty, merry days stretched all along through the winter, does its coming prelude! Jack Frost and Winter—they are burly, rugged, hoary, unconquerable fellows. They are going to have their "run," very soon, now, and nothing to think that we can do will suffice to check them. But, if we take heed and get out in the fresh air often enough, we shall be surprised what a set of ruddy cheeks and how many pairs of bright eyes the next Spring will lay its fair suns upon, welcoming them as fresh children right out of the cloak and furs of old Winter.

A woman takes pleasure in giving herself away; she likes to be in the dative case of the grammar of life.

Book Notices.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The Atlantic opens this month with an article from the noble-woman pen of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, entitled *George Sand*. She treats of one of our favorite authors as one should, who is able to appreciate true worth under all conditions, and is so considerate as to acknowledge the power of circumstances in bending and sometimes turning human lives away, and skillful enough to detect the heart and noble purpose through all the masks, false relations and an unhappy life have put over them. "Hair Chains," follows, an absorbing story of singular plot, which keeps up its interest to the end. "The Flower of Liberty," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Alexis De Toqueville," is an historical sketch of one of those noble and gifted Frenchmen whom America loves, and whose memory she will cherish to her latest day. "Agnes of Sorrento," continued, by Mrs. Stowe. "Health in the Camp," a judicious paper, by Harriet Martineau. "The Stormy Petrel," a vigorous poem. "A Story of To-day," part second. "Concerning People who carried Weight in Life; with some thoughts of those who never had a chance," is a long article, and as good as it is long—brim-full of suggestions, which go home to all of us. "Why have the North felt aggrieved with England?" by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, D.D. "The Wild Endive," sixteen lines of beautiful verse. "The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe," a political article, up to the times, by Edward L. Pierce. The last article in the book, besides the book notices, is Prof. Lowell's poem, "The Washers of the Shroud." It is full of the poet's old fire—and worthy of the pen that has appalled us with the "Legend of Brittany," and the "Ghost Seer," and filled our hearts with love by his "Sir Launfal," and made us laugh over the patriotic misfortunes of poor "Bird-of-freedom Savin." We let our readers have it on the eighth page.

LADY MAUD, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase; or, The Earl Gower, or the Secret Marriage. By Pierce Egan. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

There is another of Pierce Egan's novels, and of course a stirring one. The one above named illustrates the powerful and fertile resources of the gifted author, whose numerous romances have given delight to thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH, containing Medical Prescriptions for the human mind and body. By Andrew Jackson Davis.

This is Mr. Davis's last work, and, to our mind, one of his best, because practical and *apropos*, instead of metaphysical and abstruse. There is a quiet vein of humor running through many of the prescriptions, which makes them attractive, and, in many other cases, the author's far-seeing sense enables him to strip off the husks of prejudice and falsehood which envelop so many minds, and thus drive to the wall many erroneous ideas. We shall notice it further next week, after a careful scrutiny.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY?" Inspirational Discourse, given extemporaneously at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, August 25, 1861, through Emma Hardinge, by the Spirits.

This discourse we hear extolled in the highest degree, as handling the subject in the most thorough manner. It contains passages of thrilling eloquence and verbal splendor, wreathed around startling facts and bold statements. It is for sale at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston. Price 5 cents.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, edited and engraved by Benn Pitman, Cincinnati, Ohio, is a publication got up with much care, printed in phonographic characters, and intended as the organ of phonographic reporters in America. Mr. P. is a brother to the founder of the art, and a gentleman of much talent, skill, and perseverance.

Napoleon III.

This enigma sits at the heart of his puzzle again, and nobody on this side of the Atlantic can tell what to make of him. We hear it said that he has been formally petitioned by a committee of the National Legislature to extend recognition to the Southern Confederacy, and thus end the war on this continent; and there are well informed persons who really think he is about to do so, at whatever cost to our own pride or interests. But we may count with certainty on one thing in connection with such a step; he will hardly dare to take it without the aid and alliance of England. Thus assured and strengthened, he will probably feel that he could make so bold a move on the chess-board of national politics, with impunity. Our newspapers reason it out—and they do it unanswerably, too, just as they did the certain defeat of the rebels at the Bull Run engagement—that neither England nor France can afford to provoke the United States Government to open hostilities by measures of this kind, since they cannot do without our grain during the coming winter, nor can they afford to lose their profitable trade with the North.

But, for all this, it would surprise us but little to find that we were placed in just such a fix by the combined action of England and France, at a not indefinite time in the future. They think they know their own interest best, of course; and if they prefer taking one risk to enduring another, it will clearly be for them to settle their own account.

Much depends, just at this time, on the nod of Napoleon. We can now see what vast power one man may come to have, by the mere force of circumstances, and himself a circumstance among the rest, over the destinies of the civilized world. What Napoleon may conclude upon is going to have a great influence upon our national future, both as it regards our stability and our progress. Not that Napoleon's direct influence on us will ever be much, but he has the power of playing out such deeds in the game of national chances, as shall give shape and direction to our affairs for generations to come. We can but watch and wait, at any rate.

What Readers Like.

They do not like, nor do they require, that an author should tell them everything. He need not be at the trouble to say *all*. It is just as well to leave some things unsaid, presuming that a fair share of intelligence resides with the reader and recipient, sufficient certainly to enable him to find his way along into a writer's meaning. "Writing," says Sterne, in his inimitable *Tristram Shandy*—"Writing, when properly managed, is but a different name for conversation. As no one who knows what he is about, in good company, would venture to talk all; so no author who understands the just bounds of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all; the truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself." Sterne was a man of sense, as well as

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by a spirit who has been in communication with the BANNER, and is published on account of its literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those who wish to communicate with spirits.

We wish to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than virtuous beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: "Whatever is, is right." Joe Forbush, Wells, Me.; Alfred Rundlett, to his brother James, Portsmouth, N. H.; Susan Brown, Lowell; Caleb French, Sanborn, N. H.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Page, Boston; J. Madison Page, New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: "How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGinnis, Washington Village; Adeline Wilson, Augusta, Maine.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: "Are any of the planets or our solar system inhabited by human beings, and if so, what is their condition?" Geo. A. Redman, New York City; Aunt Milly, (a slave), Charleston, Miss.; Mike Yagin, Battery-march street, Boston; Eunice P. Pierce, South Danvers, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: "Memory and its laws in a spiritual state?" Jessie Cook, Troy, N. Y., and Harriet Page, East Cambridge, Mass.; Jack Collins, N. Y.; Zouaves; China Walker.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: "Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Transfiguration true—or did ever any one depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?" Blomont Comer, Belfast, Me.; Nancy Ballard, Medford, N. H.; Maria Thompson, San Francisco, Cal.; Augusta Walton.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: Marriage Affinity; Obstacles of unbelief; Isaac Herrick, Cincinnati; Emily Shorey, Kenebunkport, Me.; Little Ida Carter, Canton, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest?" Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marjatta Barret, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hobbs.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: "Variety in Soul Principles;" Rev. Moses Hallowell, Plainfield, N. H.; Robert Collins, to his brother Richard, Cleveland, Ohio; Wallace Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Abby Shute; Betsey Woodward, to John Woodward.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Magnetism;" Robert Arlington, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Bicknell.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: "The existence of the human soul previous to birth in material form;" Daniel Dougherty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemuel Goss, New Orleans.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: "The sexual functions in Spirit Life;" William Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lilly Washburn to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6.)

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: "Hope;" John Francis Whorlton, London, Eng.; Frances Somers, New York City; Eddy W. Locke, Boston; Patience Ripley, Yarmouth, Me.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Feats the Saviour of the World;" Will Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Henrietta Laurens, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burdell.

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, (up stairs,) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

William Wheeler.

My dear Brother—I promised you I would come to you through the BANNER, and tell you where I died. I died in Louisville. Our brother Webster is there at present, and he is sick, and he and his family are in distress. Please send him what you think of, right away.

WILLIAM WHEELER.

To Willard Wheeler, of Sudbury, Mass.

Oct. 17.

[We have taken occasion to test the above communication, and find it correct in every particular.—Borron.]

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit of Universes, thou who art the same yesterday, to-day and forever; thou who art the great central source of life; thou to whom all Nature prays; thou to whom all things offer up the words of thanksgiving and praise, once more we would offer up our thanks to thee through the tomb of mortality. Once again we send forth our tiny offerings into thee, feeling thou wilt accept it, small though it be, and that it shall not be lost.

Oh, our Divine Father, we ask no favor of thee; we ask no blessing, save that which thou hast ready to bestow upon all. For light and for darkness, for good and for evil, for night and for morning we bless thee, feeling thou hast called them all into being, and spoken them into life and action.

Sept. 5.

Development of Spirit.

If there are any questions for elucidation to-day, we are ready to hear and respond to them.

A visitor submitted the following:

Some spirits say that when a child spirit passes away, its development is not perfect, and it must return to earth and pass through all the vicissitudes incident to a life on earth, up to manhood, or womanhood, before it can be fully prepared to enjoy happiness in the spirit-land. Is it not purely of character here that constitutes a perfected spirit hereafter?

The spirit, as a principle, is ever perfect—no more so to-day than it will be thousands of years in the future; no more so thousands of years in the past, than it is to-day. When we speak of spirit, we mean that part that is God. But mortals are too apt to confound the internal with the external, and thus they get mystified lost in the darkness of materiality. We repeat it: the spirit is ever perfect in itself. This must be so, as it hath come to us from the hand of the Creator—from the great fountain source of all things—God. But the Infinite hath not perfected its earthly mission. It hath not, when it starts out, got the experience it requires in going from an undeveloped to a higher condition of material life, or a higher degree of manifestation. Those who pass to the spirit-spheres in infancy, must return to gather to themselves those things their condition required for the perfection of their organic life. That initiatory experience, we say, is as necessary to the unfoldment of the spirit, as death is to immortal life. There can be no immortal life without death. The infant in spirit-life is brought back always to the natural and material conditions necessary for its development—necessary to remove that ignorance that does so much to keep the soul down. When the little one passes from your midst, you often look upon the circumstance and say, "Our God hath called up higher." We will tell you in one sense, God has taught to do with it. The reason is to be found in the material surroundings of the child for its early entrance into the land of disembodied souls. But Nature giveth her lessons to each and all of her children, and the primary lesson must be learned through external conditions, must be imparted through mortal forms; and if the spirit is deprived of the material, ere it has learned its first lessons in life, then must it return and learn them through some other instrument—some other body in rapport with its own.

This is law—it is natural, it is Godlike. The path from the lowest stages of existence to the highest, is a path all must walk. It has been supposed that when the little ones pass off this sphere of life, they are called into the celestial degrees, at once. So far as purity is concerned, they are indeed there; but as they have not lived through those experiences that belong to a life on earth, they are just so far ignorant, and, therefore, weak.

So, oh mortals—ye who have been deprived of those infant ones so dear to your hearts, remember you have only been deprived of the bodily shroud of your loved ones, but the immortal, the real part is still with you, gathering to itself those lessons of life that it failed to gather while with you in the fleshly

tabernacle. There can be no transgression of the law of the spirit. What belongs to the soul, the soul must have.

All things have their crude foundation in the material, and it is necessary, as we have said, that all should have that elemental experience that properly belongs to earth, ere they are fitted to enter in their progression toward the higher degree of spirit-life. One lesson cannot be learned before the one before it is mastered. Should the mortal enter the spirit-spheres before it has gained those experiences necessary, through its own material form, then it returns to gain it through a parent, or perhaps the magnet. In attraction is transferred to a stranger—some one who is in no material rapport with the little one, but in a spiritual connection. The law of spiritual life, we say, is perfect, and all its unfoldments will be perfect, also. The Great Architect of all things spiritual and material, doeth all things well. So the little one, who went forth in the unlimited future as into the dark, is enabled to obtain that light it requires, and would have gathered, had its life been prolonged in mortal, in its primary condition. Do you understand us?

Sept. 5.

Samuel Kimball.

I can't talk like some. I was poor when I lived here. I did not have the advantages some have, so I did not get much of an education. But that does not matter, they say. I've got a work to do, as well as others, and I do not suppose it depends upon the amount of book learning I got when I was here. If it does, I'll come off slim.

I used to live in the town of Derry, in the State of New Hampshire. My name was Kimball—Samuel Kimball. It is most thirty-five years since I went away, but most of the time I've been so excited on account of the ideas of religion I had, that I could not think of anything else. I had not hardly got out of my old way of thinking yet. It seems to be in my way, and I can't get along very fast.

I've got children. I should like to be able to talk to 'em some time. I do not know as I ever shall, but I hope to. I've seen a good many strange things since I left 'em—good many. I find God is just as mysterious now as he was when I was here—that is, I do not understand much more of him, and they say I never will, and I do not expect to, now, I've waited so long. They tell me God is within us. I suppose they know, but I do not understand how it is.

I was a farmer, once, but I lost my worldly goods a good while before I lost my body. There was a reason for it, I suppose. My parents were honest people, but poor—very religious. They brought me up very strictly. I never had a chance to break the Sabbath, nor do I break it now. I have learned how to do. But I may say if I had gone down to the very bottom of my nature, and followed every impulse of my spirit, I should have been as well off now as I am, on account of my ignorance concerning spiritual matters, which resulted from my firm hold upon religion. I did not progress out of my state of mind for a long time. It is bad. People do not get rid of their religion here for years, sometimes, and that time is all lost to them. They pray to God, and think he'll come to them; but they never find him.

Oh, I hope my dear children will not be as badly off as I was. I want to warn all that ever knew me against giving up their whole faith to the church. If you have children, show 'em everything—show 'em everything you can, and then let 'em choose for themselves. Maybe they'll not choose as you did, for there are more kinds of religion than you ever dreamt of. They tell us everybody has got a religion of his own—they tell me so; but it is not the religion I used to believe in. I know of more than fifty who have come to the spirit-world, who used to go to the same church I did there in New Hampshire, that are worse off than I am. They stay down in the dark, till they learn their religion has nothing valuable in it at all, and become willing to be taught like a little child.

I do not know as I'll be received back to earth, but I'll cast my bread upon the waters. I hope to be able to come to them in some other way than this soon. I was not quite sixty-three. I lived near the old Baptist meeting-house—not a great way from the school-house, in the upper village. Things have changed, I suppose, since I was there. I was buried in the old burying ground. Mr. Parker preached there when I lived—I went to church there.

Sept. 9.

Henry T. Harris.

Will you favor me, sir, with a list of your regulations? I am not used to this manner of communicating. I never even undertook to control a subject before in this way. I have tried to write a few words, but I never succeeded very well.

My object in coming here to-day is to commune with my father, if I can do so. I am from Carleton, Alabama. I was seventeen years of age. My name, Henry T. Harris. My father's name, Henry Harris. My father is what you at the North would style a rebel, I suppose. No matter; he is my father, and as I am your guest, you are bound to respect him as you do me.

I suppose it is very hard for any spirit to get into communion with the friends of earth, when those friends have no knowledge of these spiritual manifestations. I suppose you know I expect to find hard to get my communication to my father; but I am going to try. I have been around there, and I have tried hard to find one through whom I could manifest. I heard of this medium, but I did not care to come so far North, and do not know now as my father will receive my message. This, you see, is my first lesson; and they told me if there was anything I did not understand, to ask you, and so I did.

We all have a special object, I suppose, that brings us to earth. I have, but I do not care to make it public. It is not necessary, is it? I am not satisfied here, and do not know how I can be, but I'll have talked with my father; so I want to let him know I am coming, and am just what I claim to be. I am not going to say whether it is right for the South to fight against the North. If I was here in my body, I know what I should do. But these things that have called me here are not in relation to war, but of a domestic and private nature—some things that are foremost in my mind, and I cannot get rid of very easy.

I know things are in a bad state between the two portions of the country, but if things are made right with my father, I would ask him to come this way, so that I can speak with him. I suppose he can't do this, but I'll tell him the next thing to it. Just as soon as he gets word, I want him to open a correspondence with me through this medium as carefully or as mysteriously as he pleases—and if I can't meet it, it's my fault. I do not know of any better way. That he may be satisfied of the spirits coming, I shall expect him to come here, so I can talk with him as I do with you. Do I expect too much, sir?

My mother is with me, and I have no need to send any message through the material telegraph to her. I have sisters, and one brother. I would like to commune with them, but must speak with my father first.

Now, sir, is there any way by which you can get my communication, when it is published, through the Federal into the Rebel country? I think I can assist you somewhat.

I suppose the real cause of my death was a fall from a horse. Fourteen months before I died, I fell and ruptured a blood vessel, but after a while I got over it, and was supposed to be cured; but a general weakness seemed to come over me, after that, and it ended in consumption. I have been a spirit without a body, since last March.

I have been here in Boston before, a few years ago, with my father. I was acquainted with one George Fellows. I believe he was out at Harvard College. There was another by the name of Winslow—a Doctor's son, I think. I do not know as I have any other friends here—can't call them to mind, now. I came with my father when he came on business, and we stopped at the Tremont House. Now, with my best regards, I bid you good-day, sir.

Sept. 9.

Ida Main.

I wish to come back at home, and speak, as others do.

My name was Ida Main. I used to live in Brooklyn, N. Y. I was only eleven years old. I've only been here not quite three weeks. I'm very happy. I would not come back on earth again to live, if I could; but I want to come back at home and talk, as others do. Please to say, for me. Spell my name right, sir—there's no one in it.

Sept. 9.

Prophecy.

We are now ready for what questions our friends may have to put to us.

A visitor asked:

"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?"

The philosophy of prophecy, the speaking of things that are to come, the stretching of the faculties into the future world! Prophecy! It is a reflection of that which is to come—a foreshadowing of the future—a reality—a something more than mortals have any idea of. Prophecy! It gives man not only a knowledge of the future, but it presents the present more clearly to his view.

Minds in the past have spoken of things that you of to-day realize. By what power are they enabled to do this—by the power beneath? Nay, by the powers around them? Nay, by that which is above them, and superior to them. Men prophesy because they are allied to God. What is it? What is it on the plane of the present that is enabled to read the unfolded mysteries of the future—what but the Infinite Spirit of the Almighty, sending truth to mortals on the wings of prophecy, that they may know God lives in and with all; that he is the spirit of all that is, was, or ever will be, and is never at rest. This is the spirit of prophecy—the spirit of the living God.

All men are created differently. There are no two humans alike, as there are no two things alike in all the vast created universe. So each and all have various capacities—various degrees of unfoldment. Each and all have a mission to perform, and a law to unfold them in the world. Now, he or she who hath been endowed with the spirit of prophecy, or the clairvoyant power which reads the future, or that portion of the future which the Almighty is able or willing mortals should know, is the recipient of greater gifts than most mortals are entrusted with.

The prophets of old were clairvoyants, or, in other words, reflectors of the spirit of prophecy; and that spirit is God. The present age prophesies of the future; and there have been no age, however remote, that hath not had its prophets. And why? Because the spirit of the Most High hath always dwelt with humanity. There hath never been a time when that spirit was not allied to humanity. It has found its channels of transmission in the Christian Church, in the past, it is true. Inspiration, which is the true servant of Prophecy, is the life upon which the souls feed. Without it, none could be immortal; without it, none can be allied to God—none can progress without it, for it is a part of creation.

Inspiration is that which cometh down from the Great Spirit, from God, and which sweeps down continually through all the ages of the world, giving to mortals that bread of life that is so requisite to their unfoldment and their progression. Prophecy! The spirit of Prophecy—again we say, it is the Spirit of the Most High God, acting through clairvoyant powers, telling man of the future, which is the fruit of the present. Oh, when the spirit of Prophecy is rife among you, you must know that the windows of Heaven are open wide, and the Spirit of the Most High God is giving you to know something of that you are hastening to. Prophecy! It began with God; it ends only with God.

Daniel Meagher.

It is very hard for me to convince myself that I do right in coming back this way. I know there are many better than myself who come, and they speak of being much benefited by coming; but I do not know. Since we have been selected to die, I do not know as it is right for us to take upon us another body when the Great God has deprived us of our own. Maybe, too, the Great God wills us to come in this way. But then we know so little of him, it is hard to tell what he wills and what he does not will. I thought, when I had got beyond the tomb, I would have a very clear insight of things, and particularly some things that were so dark before I left. But I find it is very much the same as it was before I left. I am not any more acquainted with things that are mysterious to me, than I was before leaving my body.

I have a cousin in the body—a priest of the Catholic faith, whom I would like very much to speak with. I have talked with folks here, and they do not seem to know any more about things than I know myself. I would like very much to talk with my cousin, and perhaps he can tell me some things I want to know.

My father, a long time ago, committed some kind of sin—crime, I suppose I ought to call it. All of us children were kept in ignorance of it, except that our father had done something that was against the church, and that he lived in disgrace. I have not seen him at all since I came here. I do not know why, but I cannot rest. I feel within me an eager desire to know what it was my father was guilty of, and where he is. I know my cousin knows about it, because I had proof enough of that before I left. My father was taken away when I was quite small—before I could remember anything about him. I suppose, in all, I was about seven months old. I should think I had had time enough to find all the people I want to find; but it is the grand desire of my heart to find my father, and in that I have not succeeded.

The last place I came from was Liverpool. I suppose I am in America, now—I know very well I am. I suppose my death was occasioned by some kind of fever—of the brain, I believe. I have cousins here. I have one who is thought very well of in America, I believe. Thomas Francis Meagher is his name. I hear he's well thought of here.

My cousin I want to talk to is a priest in the church. He is in Mobile. My own name is Daniel Meagher. I was only about twenty-three years old. I have been trying very hard to speak before to-day, but as to this coming back, I supposed all the time it was not the right thing. I suppose it must be right, now, and I have learned myself how to talk in this way. Had I known of this before, I might have done many things I left undone.

If I had lived on earth, I should have entered the service of the church; that was my intention. Maybe I was somewhat bigoted—I do not know. There are some, I find here, who were very high in the Church on earth, who are in the dark here. I do not know how it is. Ah, sir, it's a fine thing to feel you are the means of doing some good, whether it is so or no. I have thought, sometimes, that the priests thought too much of themselves, and fancied themselves equal to the saints in heaven. I do not wish to speak improperly of them, but it seems very strange. I made up my mind to enter the church, had I lived long enough, and thought as I then thought; but it pleased God to take me to another place—if there is a God; for, in one sense, I do not know as there is any. I have tried hard to understand this mystery. If there is a God—a superior intelligence to us, I would bow to him, gladly. I have prayed long and earnestly to know, if that I was taught to believe on earth, was true. But it is of no avail. I pray to the spirits that may have influence with the great God. To whom else would I pray? I know you Protestants pray to God; direct; but that, it seems to me, is going too high—bringing poor mortals into too close contact with the Deity. I always supposed God placed saints between us and him, that they might make intercession for us. If I am wrong, God help me—that's all. Perhaps you Protestants are correct—I do not know. I'd like very much to receive all the light I can. I do not feel that I can cut loose from the ideas I was brought up with from my childhood, but I cannot say what ideas I must accept.

My cousin in Mobile is named Jerome. You will recollect some time since one came to you calling

himself Father Jerome, from the St. Mary's Church, in Mobile. He was an uncle to my cousin—very old. I know very well that that veil of mystery that hangs over certain parts of the life of my father, my cousin can raise, for me, and I wish him to. I can't be at peace at all without finding out about it. I expected to find my father here at last, when I lost my body, but he is still separated from me for some cause or other.

I was born in the city of Dublin. I believe it is your custom to receive such facts as go to prove the identity of the spirit controlling. It is of some consequence to those desiring light and truth.

I have talked to those here, but they all refer me back to earth. "Go back and learn," is the invariable cry, wherever we go. We are directed to this place, which they say is always open to strangers.

Do you say all churches must be overthrown? The Catholic church is a strong power of itself, and it will take ages to overthrow it. I can't honestly say that it is all true, but I do not know of anything better. I find bishops, priests, cardinals and all, have very little knowledge here. I am much inclined to believe you speak the truth. They all point us back to earth. We say it is all dark and mysterious, and they say, "Go to earth and learn."

Now, sir, I suppose I may ask if I may get a hearing with my cousin. I am sure I can find no peace of mind till I hear something from my father. If it is asking too much for him to come out and give me a hearing, then I'll be willing in any other way to obtain the wisdom I seek for.

I have said all I can say. I thank you for your kindness in writing for me, and those present for all they have said to me.

Sept. 10.

Frances Isadore Staples.

Oh, this is earth! These are bodies so dark! I have thought much of earth, but I have known but little of it by actual experience. I left the earth when I was nine years of age. I have been in the spirit-spheres eighteen years. Now for the first time, I return to give love to those dear ones who have ever mourned my loss. A mother, a dear mother I have on earth, but, oh, I cannot reach her! She is covered with the dark things of earth. She has wealth; she is surrounded by folly and fashion. Oh, my mother! my dear, dear mother!

On the 17th day of November, eighteen years ago, I was burned, so badly that my spirit was obliged to leave the body. I lived in Princeton, N. J. My mother lives now in Williamsburg, New York State. She knows I am dead—she believes I am dead. Oh, tell her I live; tell her I come here asking her to let me speak with her—asking her to lay aside for one brief hour the follies of fashion, and earth-life, and let the spiritual come to her. There is a weight upon her soul—upon my sister's, too. Oh, they are in darkness! Moral darkness surrounds them, and I will do all in my power to rescue them from the arms of that death.

I have tried long to come here, for I could not be happy while my dear mother is in her present condition. Oh, will she receive me? There is no joy, no happiness, no pleasure in the life they lead—no heaven there. She asks to be happy. Oh, tell her that child who left her eighteen years ago, will lead her to happiness and rest, peace and heaven. Tell her the child she mourns as dead, lives, and lives to rescue her from the second death. Oh, may she receive me ere she comes to this land, where fashion is unknown, where truth reigns supreme.

My name was FRANCES ISADORE STAPLES.

Sept. 10.

Johnson Pierce.

I've seen some pretty hard times on both sides of the water, but I haven't seen any hard enough to swamp me yet. When I was here, I did not believe in any hereafter. I did not believe there was anything higher than man, and when he had done with earth, he had done with everything. I'll own up I'm mistaken in that, because I was. I'm mistaken. But there's some other things I was not mistaken in. I always said I was as good as those who professed so much and accomplished so little; for I never professed much, anyway. I believe a man has a right to do just as he chooses; and I don't believe anybody has a right to set up an inflexible rule of right. I believe it is right to do exactly as you please. Now, I sold rum when I lived. I drank rum—consequently, I was a drunkard, and I made drunkards. I was the indirect cause of drunkards being made, I suppose. I did not believe when I was here that I did wrong, and I do not believe it was now. I believe if God had intended me to go into the pulpit and teach hell fire, and all that sort of thing, he would put me where I could do it. But he made me for a rum-seller, and I sold it; he made me for a rum-drinker, and I drank it; he made me to make drunkards of others, and I made them. I suppose I'm made for one of the reprobate ones. I suppose things grow better as you grow older. I am precisely the same as I was when I left.

Well, I went off in 1859—let me see, it's only two years ago—hardly long enough to go round much. I haven't been to hell yet, so many thought and wished I should go to, and do not know when I shall. I am in a hell of inactivity, but as to going to the hell my wife used to tell me of, I ain't there. She used to say to me, "Jock"—that's a nickname: my name was Johnson—"Jock, you'll go to hell, as sure as you do not repent!" Said I, "My dear old lady, I do not believe in any such place"—and I haven't found any yet.

I've got two sons. One is some like me, and one isn't. That's the difference, you see. Now it's right we should get all the knowledge we can; but if I do not know much, I can tell them some things I do know. One is that I live—the same Jock Pierce yet, I am. There's no difference, as I see. Then I suppose all the rest of the folks will find out that they live, too. This talk about a heaven and a hell is all nonsense. You inquire for them here, and they laugh at you. Then you can take another body than your own and talk to your folks, if you want to—that's another thing I've learned.

Now, I want to talk to those two boys. One's like me, I said, and one is like his mother. They're good children, both of 'em. I have no wish to displease her, but I must say she used to displease me. I used to say, "Well, my dear, do go to meeting if you want to. I am willing; but I do not believe in your religion, so I sha'n't go." What little I did know, I tried to be sure of. I used to drink, and that was right; I suffered for it, and that was right, too—if anybody here or anywhere else can show me it wasn't right, I'll thank him to do it.

Now, I want to speak to the boys and the old woman. She'll be coming this way before long, and I want to post her up. She'd as soon think of seeing the devil as she would be. I died in a sort of bad way, but I was cared for all the time as tenderly as could be, and I know who did it, so I'll offer the best thanks I have to her from this side of Jordan.

I have got down what I want to say, have you? I am unaccustomed to handling a body like this. How much do you want for your trouble, sir? Free? Sort of a Spiritual Free lunch, eh? Well, then, give me a drink, and I'll pay for that. I ain't got any money? Well, I did not think of that.

I've seen the time since I've been here when I'd given twenty thousand dollars, if I had it, and if it was as much to me as it was on earth, for one single horn of brandy. I don't know as I need it now, but I thought as you did not charge anything

for writing for me, that I'd take a drink, and pay for that. I can't say as we drink or eat here. I don't know as you call it so, but we have the desire, and that desire brings us to those who do drink, and we are satisfied. I don't know how else to express it.

Well, remember me to the old woman, and the rest of the folks. She is coming here pretty soon. She says she ain't afraid to die. I hope she ain't. She asked me if I was not afraid to die, without a God. I told her no. Tell her when she comes here she'll open her eyes.

Well, I want to tell her she'll be a little disappointed in not seeing some of those things she used to talk so much about; but if I can help her out of her trouble, I'll do it. Help her? I'll tell her a lot of things she do not know. Suppose she do not know who she is, I'll tell her—she probably won't. I needed somebody to tell me, when I came here. Oh, I'm all right, now, I suppose. When I was last here, I was fifty-one years old.

If any of my old friends want to talk with me, and will find a way, I'll come, and they must take me for better or worse—that's what my wife took me for, and she got the worse, I guess. I suppose my son, my little liquor of Crocker, in Fulton street; they'll know where he is.

I do not know as it is any harm for me to swear. If you think it is wrong for you to, you had not better do it. What's the use of trying to be a saint? The cloven foot will stick out. My wife used to say the cloven foot stuck out when I came home a little set up. I don't want to come talking, so folks want know me. Well, bub, good-day to you. Sept. 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AFTER A PICNIC.

BY ANNIE.

Nature with her countless beauties,
Calls upon us with a voice
From her calm, maternal bosom,
Bidding every heart rejoice.

Freedom is with every leaflet
Borne upon the passing breeze;
Liberty, with every streamlet,
Seen meandering through the trees;

While sweet songsters of the grove,
Revering in Nature's power,
Warble forth their songs of love—
Delightful music! and the hour

EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1861.

The subject for Miss Hardinge's discourse to-day was, "The Church and the Lyceum."

"The truth shall make you free." No pastor who said, was more opposed to earth's institutions than this. The Church had claimed to be the embodiment of truth; but was man free in it? What is the test of truth, but freedom? "The truth shall make you free," says the rising thought of the nineteenth century. The spirit of the nineteenth century is investigation; and the inevitable result of investigation is the breaking up of all that cramp and holds the soul. Hitherto, the Church has taken to itself the entire right to legislate upon the soul and its relations to eternity. Mystery and fear have been the stronghold upon which the church has been built; but whatever is true in that stupendous institution, cannot be harmed by the freedom of our remarks to-day. The time has come when the Church must undergo the inquisition of thought—pass through the crucible of sense and judgment. Large numbers in the past have rested everything upon the Church of Christianity. In the first place, we know that at least one-fifth of the people's wealth goes to maintain that Church of Christianity, which amount is either locked up in its treasury, or circulating among its ministers. Also, one-seventh of their time is devoted to the service of the Church, by humanity. If we could say the return was equal to this outgo, we should say the amount of time and money was well invested. But we must admit that more falsehood is circulated by her than truth. The world knows nothing of God, so the Church essays to teach of him.

Science defines the framework, and regulates the machinery of man; and laws regulate him in social life; but the invisible power that acts through it, science has nothing to do with, and hence man falls into the arms of the Church, to learn that which science denies him. So of the spirit. Hence the Church is made the only school-house where we can learn of God, of man, or of spirit.

But God is in all Nature—in everything mortal and material as well as spiritual. From the forest tree to the plank, and machinery, to the power that placed this table here. God is the Alpha and the Omega of creation. What a wealth of power is conveyed by that little word!

We turn to the Lyceum to learn of the life power in man, but the Lyceum is silent. She deals with effects, but with causes she has nothing to do. So man is compelled to turn to the Church, rather than be taught the lies of civilization, that one man may not kill, but ten thousand may; that one man may not steal, but an army may to its heart's content.

You need that power which will adjust the difficulty between the North and the South. That power which will temper human souls to a rational forbearance; which will save your millions of dollars, and your more valuable lives—that power which will eventually raise the standard of freedom—not of a nation, but of the universe.

If your country is not a unit, you are nevertheless but two. But how shall you divide with sectarianism? The Universalist takes exceptions to the Presbyterian, the Quaker to the Methodist. It is division of division, and subdivision of subdivision, till it would seem to be hard to find any God at all in the sects.

Yet we have no recourse but Reason, to save us; and yet her name has called from the Church the rack, thumb-screw, faggot and crucifixion, ever since the blessed one prayed on the cross for God to forgive his enemies.

Let us take a brief review of some of the peculiarities of Christianity. You take, as your foundation, the history of one of the most rebellious, blood-thirsty nations of earth—a nation bent upon rapine and destruction, but whose career was checked by an era of captivity. At this time there uprose a sect, believing in a unitary God, and the immortality of the soul, whose belief was made practical by the blessed teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, and extended these principles through the brotherhoods teaching good will and charity. For such doctrines as these, the hard-hearted and stubborn Jews crucified him. The Church of Jesus was the foundation of its religion before the Christian Church was thought of.

There was a vast amount of discussion that Christianity was not action, but belief—a set of intellectual notes of belief, instead of deeds or words. Another event soon following, was the changing of the Roman Catholic Church into Protestantism, when the voice of reason had triumphed over the scourge and rack. It remained for Martin Luther to lay the primal cornerstone of the glorious Reformation, which, with all his errors, was the glory of his age. Hard upon him came rigid old John Calvin and others.

But, taking the cast off garments of Jewrydom, the friends of Protestantism succeeded in carrying the Reformation through the furnace of persecution, against the spirit of sectarianism, which endeavored to tear it limb from limb. You must at least acknowledge that Christianity has been at least firm and persistent in defending its idea of the fundamental attributes of God. Let us see what they were, men of the nineteenth century. Let us behold, as in a glass, the attributes and character of the Christian God.

A great sculptor designs to fill his studio with a gallery of angels. Chisel and marble are before him. They are not responsible for the work, but are mere instruments in the sculptor's hand; and he puts them to work. When the work is ended, the sculptor rests, and the world is called in to see the gallery of angels; but the world calls them fiends. The sculptor has made a mistake. So disappointed is he that he proceeds to destroy them—they are an abomination, unworthy of his hand, and he breaks them into fragments. But seeing he has no power to rest he finds no higher model, but restores eight of these, and then calls upon the world to praise them. But the world is obstinate in its vision, and beholds only images of sensuality, intoxication and desperate wickedness. He curses his work, and when he returns to his gallery, his works look hideous in his eyes. But he is determined upon a work of renovation. It is no longer a work of destruction, but of regeneration. The sculptor then cuts off his right arm, and calls upon the ugliest of the statues to fall down before it; when this is done, he is satisfied, and the statues are beautiful in his sight. This is somewhat of our conception of that God; that he create, and is pleased with his work, and then becomes angry at the wickedness of his children, and pours out his wrath upon them! This conception is so hideous, you cannot recognize it as divine. You cannot see the portrait of the one who causeth his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust, and mak-

eth his children to say, "I will arise and go to my Father, where I will find mercy and forgiveness." But this is the God Christianity has proclaimed for eighteen hundred years. Is it the God upon whom we are to look for justice, and to adore? Is such the religion that your hearts demand? Oh, American people, ye who were a poor colony, and in whose land there was no power such as the earth recognizes, when, poor and friendless, you called upon your God, and in his strength one man chased a thousand, and a handful put ten thousand to flight, and you became one of the most stupendous and powerful nations of the world. You called upon God, and you were strong in his strength; but it was not the God of the deformed statues—not the God of the vicarious atonement, but the whose laws were written in the soul of every living creature.

The Lyceum denies the existence of the soul, and the people are driven to the Church to know of it, and the Church of the past has left their wants unsupplied. It was left for the present to unfold the anatomy and physiology of our forms and bodies, and their relation to the spirit, and tell to a noisy purpose of every organ of the brain. We have even ventured behind the veil which is before us and our God, and we can feel the sunshine of God's love streaming through upon us, and can know of him by his presence in our souls. But the Church tells you the very principles which substantiate the existence of God, are blasphemy and infidelity.

It remains for you to determine whether with such tremendous issues as are at risk, you will leave that which is unworthy of the name, because of its mingled ignorance and selfishness, to be your guide and teacher in those things which underlie all the foundation of the universe. Intelligence is the ruling power, and matter is only acted upon; but after all, it remains an unsolved problem.

You may have a Church that will demonstrate God and appreciate man. You may determine to yourselves whether you will live hereafter, and let the deeds that are the characteristics of the present, follow you through eternity. This is the Church you may have; and to you, Spiritualists, is left the mission to be the builders of that Church, to carry out the glad tidings to the universe of souls. It has been the aim of those you call "rappers," to lead you to this result. We look in vain to see the lyceum opened; to see the foundation of the church laid where the demonstrations of truth which science respects, can be applied to the world. We see the little hand beckoning at the bridge which lies between the living and the dead; we hear the echoes of the dear voices in their beloved tones, too, as they call upon humanity. Oh, how great is that power impelling you on in the chosen path. We see the toll-worn fisherman seeking for a place in the tapestried church which was named for one like him, but driven like a beggar from its portal. We have seen the poor Magdalen turned away from the house where the portrait of one like her hangs in a gilded frame. We have seen the mother of the man of sorrows driven to the house of vagrants, by those who profess to love the meek and lowly Saviour.

Oh, when the son of man returns, if he seeketh the fruit of that germ of truth which he planted here eighteen hundred years ago, he will find it not in the church builded in his name! Ye who follow in the footsteps of stern old Paul and impulsive Peter, look to it that the Church of God is not made the church only of sense; look to it that in the poor, the beggar, and the prostitute you turn away from your doors, you do not reject the living God. Look to it that you are true to your trust, that God does not give your work to the Gentiles! The ear of progression will go on, whether you hinder or aid it, and you will yet have the Church, where the truth will make you free.

We regret not being able to print Miss Hardinge's evening lecture in connection with this, for it was intimately connected with it—in fact, a sequel to it. We shall give room to it next week, and our readers can then read the two in connection.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1861.

QUESTION.—Why are Spiritual communications contradictory?

DR. GARDNER had given a great deal of thought and investigation to the subject of spiritual communication; and his investigations had led him to conclude that the cause of apparent contradictions in these communications, was chiefly owing to the ignorance of those who received them. I will use a familiar illustration. Suppose, for instance, that spirits from our earth are endowed with a language so as to be able to convey their ideas to the inhabitants of Jupiter. A spirit from the torrid zone of our earth is announced through a medium, at a spiritual circle, on the planet Jupiter. The question is asked—Are you from the earth? Yes. Is it hot there, or cold? Always hot. Water never freezes—clothing is unnecessary to keep us warm. What are the productions of the soil? Fruit grows spontaneously, luxuriant and abundant, which constitutes the chief articles of diet. What is the character of the inhabitants? Dark colored, sensitive, impetuous, strong to love and strong to hate.

This spirit has little, if any knowledge of any climate on the earth but that of the equator; of any productions of the earth but those of the equator; of any inhabitants but those of the equator—and he answers the questions according to his knowledge.

Another spirit from the earth is announced to the same circle, on the same evening, through the same medium. This spirit was an inhabitant of the frigid zone; and to prove the truth of the statements of the spirit who has just communicated from the earth, the same questions are again asked. Are you from the planet earth? Yes. Is it hot or cold, there? Very cold most of the time. Water is frozen into solid ice; mountains of which are perpetually in sight. The warmest garments of wool and fur are indispensably necessary for the preservation of life; for more than half of the year cold is very intense. What are the productions of the soil? Little if any fruit; cereals and roots are cultivated with difficulty and uncertainty; the inhabitants subsist chiefly on fish and fish oil. What is the character of the inhabitants? White complexion, dull in perception, stupid and inactive.

Now these two communications from two spirits of the same planet, the earth, are true, each one to its own condition—but to the unenlightened mind, whose knowledge does not cover the ground of each, they are conflicting and contradictory. Hence we may conclude that it is ignorance that makes us call spiritual communications here, false and contradictory.

It is through the peculiarities of the organisms

from which, and to which, thought is communicated, that misunderstandings come. So I conclude that when we are able to take into consideration all the circumstances that produce and influence spiritual communications, we can account for a large part, if not all, the apparent deception and contradictions. I doubt not that there are wicked and lying spirits in the spirit-world, that have a desire to, and do lie; but for this I believe there is a use.

JACOB EDSON.—My experience and observation in Spiritualism, lead me to the conclusion that we, finite spirits in the form, images of the Almighty, upon whom we are dependent for inspiration, or capacity to understand and be instructed in spiritual realities, ought not to expect very spiritual communications, or much satisfaction in spiritual communion, until the spiritual desire, or divine aspiration, is awakened or born within us. It is written, "We must be born again," and not only so, but again and again we must be transformed by the renewing of our spiritual affections, as we pass up the spiral stair of divine aspirations step by step, toward the top of the mount where everything that is, is true and right. I am satisfied that in our Father's house, the spiritual universe, there are many mansions, occupied by meditative minds, through which each soul born of the spirit, or in the affection of good and truth, may go or be drawn in accordance with the law of love into the very presence chamber of the Almighty, where love absolute and eternal is so expressed in truth as to render and adopt itself its good—its use, untold conditions of being.

I believe it may be possible for all in the spheres of charity to so blend their desires in spiritual aspirations as to move the inspirations of the Almighty, causing love to flow through the understanding in such a manner that error, discord or deception, regarding the way of life, or spiritual realities, would be impossible. I believe in spiritual realities, or that the spiritual universe is within the material, and is its constructive apartment, which has within it the divine essence or creative power to fashion substance in its own image through which it unfolds and reflects itself in proportion to the degree of spirituality obtained. I am satisfied that there are many lost or unfound conditions of soul in the spiritual universe, as yet unoccupied departments in our Father's house, except by the unborn sons or Christ of God, which exist as essence in the bosom of the Father, until he, or it, the true affinity, comes to our conscious souls to unfold, fit and fill the purposes of God within.

All such lost, unfound or discordant conditions of being, which in the affection of evil, delight in mischief, malice and war—incurable and useless as they seem to be, have their origin in good, and though separated from it by impassable gulfs of unattuned love and affection, and must remain (so long as incurable) necessities as means to ends, or stepping places in the eternal standing stool of law, which, under God, is our schoolmaster striking and punishing us, except we stand erect. I believe that mind, the inborn life or spirit in matter, is one and the same thing in all human souls, and that the difference in manifestation, is the result of peculiar individualization, brought about by the providences of God, through which each soul, not finally incorrigible, obtains the same essential elements, differently proportioned, combined and conditioned. These differences, which, under God, unfold the dynamics, rhythm and gamut of life, will enable each soul, when voiced in harmony with the celestial, to understandingly perform its part in the anthem of life. Judging from the communications, we find about the same difference in spirits as there is among souls in earth-life. Some are so harmoniously unfolded and spiritual in their tendencies, that spiritual love, light and life flow from or through them to bless, reform and beautify all who come within their sphere; they bring the balm from Gilead—the essence of goodness—its oil and wine, which being poured into wounded souls, unfold the tree of life in the garden of the Lord. Others less harmonious and differently conditioned, being deficient in this element, or superabounding in that, are so contentious and animal in their tendencies, that all who do not passionately cooperate in their extreme ideas of reform, or combat and strive against them, are presumed to be short-sighted and "old foggy," or self-righteous bigots, who think themselves better than all the rest of mankind.

I have friends among the lets, in all the isms that have been taught since Noah came out of the ark, and so far as I have been able to judge, those that have drawn the finest lines of metaphysical or qualitative distinctions in character, have, as a rule, been the most humble, self-sacrificing and devoted to what all enlightened nations accept as justice, mercy and truth. The fact that a soul makes fine distinctions between the good, better and best, and knows that it is not possible for it to do those things which others delight in doing, does not necessarily imply self-righteousness; after quite the opposite, and in many cases it evinces a debt of gratitude, springing up within, to be paid through less fortunate souls to the infinite Giver who has guided and protected the recipients in the way of life.

"Preposterous" as the "idea" may seem, I have no doubt that such souls as are shadowed forth in the characters of Abel, Enoch, Melchisedek and Jesus, have lived, and were tempted like as we are, yet without sin. I believe that such souls may suffer, in temptation, for the sins of others, far beyond our capacity to conceive, and because of such suffering, open a fount of affection, or degree of spirituality in themselves, and others, that otherwise could not have been obtained. If all the communications, purporting to come from the spirit world, were alike spiritual and divine, it would not be evidence to me, that finite spirits who once lived in the form had anything to do with them; as it is, I find no difficulty in accepting them as the truest and best that could have been given under the circumstances. I cannot account for any considerable proportion of these peculiar and conflicting statements; and seeing their use, as I think I do, I would not, if I could. I do not believe it would bring the unregenerated soul into a perfect affection for good. The cavilling mind is not convinced of sin, or transformed in its love by literal resurrection from the dead. It is a long process of spiritualization, to be outwrought from within.

THE WARRIORS TO THE WOMEN.

Oh! Women at home—list awhile, we implore ye, To us as we tell the sad tale of our woes; Though 'tis chilly and damp out, we forced are to camp out.

And march o'er rough roads in the thinnest of hose; While in comfort you're sitting, thick stockings be knitted.

For winter is coming on, bitter and drear; Through benevolent channels, send blankets and flannels, And show that our welfare to women is dear!

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, October 22, 1861.

QUESTION.—What practical results are deducible from the phenomena of Spiritualism, as related to individual and social life?

MR. PARTRIDGE.—Considering this question in relation to the individual, I remark that, hitherto, our spiritual teachers have taught us to believe a thing, not because right, or wrong, but because so recorded, or because "Thus saith the Lord." They have taught people a great deal of superstition about the spirit-world, future life, &c., and created a great deal of fear, which has had its play and has done its work—perhaps a useful one, in some cases. The fear of eternal torments has undoubtedly restrained many from sinful indulgences—but such persons are virtuous in conduct, not from any sympathy with the absolute Right, but through apprehension of an exercise of arbitrary power, if they strayed from a certain course marked out for them. We have not been sent back to the fundamental principles on which the "Thus saith the Lord" was stated; the promulgators of the Law had the reason; we have not. Now, the first practical effect of Spiritual phenomena, of the communications of our spirit-friends, is to convince us, beyond a doubt, that they do not live in any mysterious, incomprehensible state, that they know nothing of hell-fire—that they are still our parents, and brothers, and sisters—and thus we are at once released from the iron despotism of fear, and allowed to speak and act out our native selves, without any other restraint than that imposed by public opinion. When people find themselves thus emancipated, like children just out of school, or colts in a pasture, they will amuse themselves, and exercise their new-found freedom in all sorts of wild gambols, some of which may be very absurd to the highest moral tone of the community; and this is one of the immediate effects of Spiritualism. But Spiritualists are fast passing from this stage, and emerging into a knowledge of the realities of this life and of the next; they are coming down gradually to solid principles, as their science discloses to them the universal relations of things. When Spiritualism shall have been thoroughly imbibed by man, it will render him as much superior, in his daily life and conversation, to those now under the yoke of superstitions fear, as Jesus surpassed the virtues of mankind at large. Meantime it is better that men should commit great errors in coming into the freedom of their manhood, than that they should remain in an abject bondage.

MR. R. P. AMBLER.—Spiritualism has introduced a new method of arriving at moral, social, political and religious truth, viz: the multifarious experiences of the masses. Before, standards of faith were erected by a very few persons, and the effect has been to prevent the free exercise of human faculties. Spiritualism unfetters the various faculties, and gives the individual larger liberty, and the conscious right to work out a moral problem from himself, and not from the dicta of a creed! and that this was the sum of the teachings of Christ, is evident from his own words, "Why judge ye not of yourselves what is true?" Spiritualism says not "Believe," but "Exercise your reason; unfold the varied capacities of your being, so that out of their activity shall come the knowledge ye seek." In individual cases, this latitude often results in temporary disaster, but the grand issue must be one of happiness; for at last, after all aberrations, men must be brought back to the great laws of human conduct. The effects of Spiritualism upon social life are similar, but more direct and positive; because nations and governments can move only as the opinions of the masses are formed. The unfettering of the human soul, its entrance on a life of experience in principles, at once arms the spirit with a double power; it becomes the positive pole in God's great battery of existence, as well as the negative. Mere acquiescent belief is a negative state of the mind—it partakes, but does not impart influence. Spiritualism, on the other hand, is a positive power. It is the greatest glory of man that he is continually seeking to better his condition, and this must work out good. Though we cannot always see where our road lies, yet the grand object is before us, and from experience, we are sure of reaching it. But the intellect is dwarfed by truths received by mere faith in blind tradition; it lies in a sepulchre where it needs the trump of its own experience to call forth its immortal powers. The laws of God cannot work evil; and Spiritualism is but the voice of God, proclaiming to man his origin and destiny, and especially the road to that destiny. It will yet teach us the laws of social and political construction, as it has taught us those which tend to individual perfection. Its practical result will be a life of obedience to the law of our being—but its truths cannot be realized except in a life of freedom. The experiments of such a life may fail the first, and second, and third times; but, were they to be repeated till seventy times seven, the great law of charity bids us not utterly condemn or despair. Some are doubtless slow to learn, but at last, the footsteps of all humanity shall safely tread the narrow way of life to the wide gates of eternal existence.

DR. GRAY.—The case of the individual, the effect of Spirit communication is to demonstrate to him that the skeptic and infidel of his former acquaintance, instead of having passed into hell because of their unbelief, are still capable of healthy apprehensions and feelings, and the pillars of the Church thus shaken, that individual can never be the victim of the same superstition. He learns that each kind word, each fraternal act lives in eternity, and is the beginning of an infinite series of good. The primary crystal of society is the family, and the infinitely grand and new significance of the individual and of the family, revealed by Spiritualism, discloses also to you a State which shall have a corresponding glory and significance. So long as the family is a divine crystal of adamant, so long the State is unconquerable. The constitution and administration of a State, founded on the laws of life here, and of eternal existence in the Future, must have regard to the perpetuity of each individual of each family, and even of each nationality. The bond and cement of the family, and necessarily, of the State, are the obligations of religion, in its primary form. Father and mother are only united by a recognition of God, their Creator; without whose effluence there could be no such thing as marriage—nothing but the union of the sexes on the animal plane, which is not a family connection, nor marriage, is not human.

MRS. SYMS.—The preceding speaker has left little to be said; but I rise to emphasize his exceedingly useful recognition of God in man; of the Divine Spirit in man, as the only God that can be known, or that we have any occasion to know. In this deity, the Trinity becomes a scientific truth; for he consists of an intellectual front-head—a back-head, the seat of his affectional nature—and the coronal region, which is his spiritual part. This constitutes the God within man. When we truly understand ourselves and Nature, we are able to do everything we want, according to reason and law; attraction is found to be in proportion to destiny, and destiny to attraction. The attractions of man's soul, leading him on, say to him, "This thing will do thee good, will lead thee to everlasting life and happiness." I have discovered that man is Lord within himself—that God is in him—in his beautiful intellect—his perfect, holy affections, and his divine spiritual element. We are approaching the seventh race—verging upon the confines of the glorious sphere to come. We Spiritualists are the children of the future. Law is only a mode of action of spirit through matter, as shown in God's creation. When we understand how God acts through matter, we shall imitate His example. Thus it becomes the religion of the future to comprehend the laws of Nature, and be not only like God, but ourselves all the God we need. When all men shall be Deities, and nearly able to create a world, what need will there be of these little, teasing, contracting laws! how simple will be the rules of society! The world is but a great laboratory, and man is the chemist. How severe we are in denouncing our brethren who are trying experi-

ments! Cannot we allow them a little liberty? Man is coming face to face with the comprehension of the divine principles and laws of the Universe—he is fast getting to be almost as wise as the God that made him.

Let us learn to discriminate rightly between the uses and abuses of things. The antics of some Spiritualists are only the compensative vibrations of the pendulum, which, by-and-by, will swing in perfect equilibrium. The new Constitution which shall be framed by this nation, when the pending struggle is decided, will be merely a clear and forcible exposition of the equal rights of all races and colors, and of both sexes, without any exception, save in the case of children.

DR. YOUNG.—Spiritualism frees us from the control of dogma in moral and spiritual questions; but there is a practical evil resulting from this, inasmuch as all men are not governed by love. Whether this evil is counterbalanced by good, is a momentous question, not for us Spiritualists merely, but for the world at large, which is gradually being indoctrinated with our notions of freedom. There is a great deal of practical nonsense in the freedom of Spiritualism—for I have never been able to ascertain how a single atom is created—how the Universe was planned, and is sustained; or how God controls it; and that God, who is simply a chemical or magnetic God, is none at all. A God must be a moral being that has love for his offspring, and manifests that love by his presence and example.

We commonly judge of the practical effects of our opinions by their influence on ourselves, by observing how far they have built up and strengthened among us a fraternal state of feeling—for it is only so far, and in that direction, that they can shape the world. What others may see in the dim future matters little to me—until I see the promised practical effects among ourselves, I can have little hope of their realization. We are all looking to the future—somebody wants to alter the work of regeneration to-day, and in his own immediate sphere. There is no moral code—no hope can be reposed in our scientific, abstract, mathematical God—and whatever is Right! Now, we know that we can cultivate everything around us into our own natural nature, and there make use of it, either on the animal or spiritual plane. We do it knowingly, and of free will, and that system is just as bad as Orthodox Christianity, which would sacrifice God, and crush out the vitality of all religion, by a cold blooded philosophy.

From the Atlantic Monthly for November.
THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked last night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chance me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the meadow mist,
Their halos, wavering thistle-downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud—ill thing to hear!"

I, knowing then, beheld the ancient Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless braid,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crowns were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have sown!"
So sang they, working at their task the while—
"The fatal rafters must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's Isle?
Or what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer core,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his post-horse,
The forest-feller, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammer, youngest son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmur'st thou, and what are we?
When empire must be won, and shroud be drawn,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deluged to wear it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned. "So strong, so fair!
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would brook ere will
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Cather the ravens, then, 'in fumer, in flame,'
For him, life's morn-gold bright yet in his hair?"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unyielding dames!
I see, half-seen, Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must nobler aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands!
Must Hesper join the wailing goss of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew,
Ye deem we choose the victors and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet here the victory is, if ye but knew."

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will—
These two are strong, but stronger yet the third—
Obedience, the great tap-root, that still
Knelt round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill."

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law behests all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The wavrer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwars it to peril: which shall Hesper be?"

"Hath he left valtures climb into his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of his mad?
He be the M. n'y's plaudits found more sweet
Than wisdom? heed! Ophion's wind for law?
Then let him heed for the headman's fee!"

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flint-stone rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chaffin's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would seal the block."

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see only strong the Good,
Yet hope to balk Doom's fire with walls of toy."

"Time was unlocks the riddle of Time is,
That offers choice of glory and of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall be surely his;
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where an ocean rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar—
Not yet his thews shall fall, his eye grows dim!"

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires:
Not he, but he, that faint heart is worst of foes,
And he no less born son of cruel fires,
Whose eye need drop, confronted with his foes."

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the enemy's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle-din,
The wisest ear some text of God divines;
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."

"God, give us peace!—not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on high, and brow with purple knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her port all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
Her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So said I, with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones, and the world's side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking, and again
The echoes bayed far down the night, and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.