

EDITH H. CHAPMAN REMAINS
One of the Sabbath Discourses of
E. H. CHAPMAN, will be published in
this paper each week.

ARCANA OF NATURE,
BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

TWENTY DISCOURSES
—BY—
CORA L. V. WATSON.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

THE GREAT DISCUSSION
OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM
Between Prof. J. Stanley Griffins and
Leo Miller, Esq. Single copies 25 cts.
\$15 per hundred. Published by
BERRY, COLBY & CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VII.

{BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,}
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}
Payable in Advance.

NO. 12.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by
BERRY, COLBY & CO., in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILSON.

CHAPTER XXII. THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

"And you, who sit aloft in earth's high places,
Turbulent and your wealth so proudly show
That West and East are leaving fearful traces
Upon the rolling multitude below;
From your abundance can you not bestow
A little to smooth the weary path they tread?
Have you no sympathy with human woe?
No ray of blessed hope and joy to shed
Upon the weary hearts that toll and bleed?"
—CHARLES T. BRONSON.

The scene is changed. From the unveiled realm
of soul-land, we lead thee to the darkened earth;
from the luxuriant Tropics landscape to the wintry
gloom of the far-famed city of Brotherly Love. And
there, amid life's stern and sad realities, we meet
again with the changed Cosella. She has drunk
deeply of the trial draughts of orphanhood and
dependence since last she prayed beside the willow
shaded grave of Shion. Unable longer to endure the
shadowed monotony of her life, she has left her hum-
ble friends, and the shelter of their cozy home, re-
solved to live her destiny and perhaps realize the
wild hope living at her heart. With a morbid eger-
ness, she seeks in the newspapers for tidings of the
father she knows not how to name; she walks the
streets peering anxiously into the faces that bear re-
semblance to the one her fancy pictures. She has
put aside her costly robes, and sold all her valuable
trinkets. She wears the tatters of toil, and on her
face is the badge of untold suffering. From the po-
etic life of ease and leisure, she has descended to a
dependent's state; and in the houses of the proud
and fashionable she is received on most unequal
terms. The proud, brave spirit, that deemed itself
companionable to the highest, is superciliously shown
the place the world allots to tollers. Women, devoid
of self-culture, address her condescendingly; men,
divested of the heart rules of politeness, call her in
a commanding tone. And while the indignant flush
mantles her cheek, and defiant glances break from
her eye, her lips are silent, and the high heart is
wrung with all the bitterness the unappreciated
knows. Cosella, the dreamer of the beautiful,
the free, wild, soaring spirit, is imprisoned by the re-
quirements of the daily needs. She, who gazed upon the
glories of the sunset from the Ganges' sacred banks,
who stood beside the sphinx in solitary meditations,
who drank in soul draughts of life lasting inspira-
tion on the Alpine mountains—she is now that saddest,
most unheeded thing of earth, a seamstress for her
daily bread!

No more the soothing lullaby of ocean charms her
to sweet dreams of poetry; no more the garden's fragrant
wealth invites her wandering steps; the hear-
ons, so blue and sunlit, gleam strange and far
above the thronged house-tops, and the message of
the golden stars is intercepted. The even monotony
of one of the finest cities presses heavily upon her;
the snow-white marble of the floor steps, the long in-
terminable rows of brick houses, the denuded trees
that pry into the streets, the falling snow, the ice,
the cold, the chilling rain—all, all external changes
correspond to the gloom of soul in which the stran-
ger is so deeply plunged.

Leave girl! alone, unaided, save of spirit hosts,
she crossed the ocean and reached the land renowned
for liberty. She sought for aid and friendship from
those of her mother's race; she had read much of
the faith of sympathy existing between those of the
same faith, and she dreamt of protection, maternal
guidance, fraternal help, and sustaining friendship.
Not one of her dreams was realized.

She was rudely questioned as to her worldly
means, her parentage, her past life. "What can
you do for a living?" was demanded. And when she
replied that she had been unaccustomed to labor, she
was told that she "must learn to make herself use-
ful."

Thus repelled, she resolved to keep her own secret,
and trust to God for the fulfillment of her most
cherished hope. She therefore gave her inquirers
such portions of her history as she deemed necessary,
and looked the rest within her breast. For a few
weeks she lived in one of those economical board-
ing-houses abounding in large cities, where low prices
are in vogue, and the face is correspondingly ex-
posed. Then, finding her scanty means rapidly dimi-
nishing, she again made application to those whose
law enforced pity and protection for the orphan and
the stranger.

"I will briefly sketch from life some of the young
girl's experiences in the worldly, plausibly-reputed and
benevolent city of fraternal love.

"Can you do housework?" asked Mrs. S., a
pious, ignorant and fortune-elevated lady, of the
shrinking and embarrassed applicant.

"No, madam," replied Cosella; "I have never had
occasion to perform it."

"Very do you come from?" queried the Ameri-
canized German.

"From Santa Lucia in South America."

"That me! dat is fery far off, is it?—near Eng-
land?"

Cosella explained.

"De Spanish Mink!" exclaimed the lady; and
going to the head of the kitchen stairs, she called
out: "Modder, modder, come here right away! I
have a girl all de way from Spain; she wants something
to do; come and see her."

She was submitted to the scrutiny of the old lady,
who, taking the young girl's soft hand, said, in Ger-
man:

"Little, good-for-nothing hands! never did any
useful work."

Cosella blushed painfully. "I understand Ger-
man," she said to the younger lady.

"You do? My! how fery queer; were did you
learn? and can you talk French, and Spanish, and
Portuguese?"

"I learnt from my father," replied Cosella. "I
speak Spanish and understand the French."

"Can you sew?"

"I can."

"Can you make dresses? make shirts and boys'
panalones?"

"I cannot make dresses, nor boys' clothing; but I
have helped to make my father's shirts. I can sew
very neatly."

The coarse, wondering souls before her little know
of the heart-pangs of wounded feeling, the depth of
humiliation, she was enduring.

"Well, de neatness is all fery well; but I want
some one to sew fast as blazes for me. How many
days will it take you to make a shirt?"

"I cannot tell, madam."

There was a whispered consultation, during which
she was scrutinized from head to foot. Then Mrs.
S. rejoined, "You may come next Monday, and I
will have de sewing ready, and if you suit me, I will
make some arrangement to keep you. You want a
home and your board, and dat I will give you, and
you need a't sew on Saturdays—de always keeps de
Sabbath holy."

The old lady murmured as she retired, "She can't
do much!"

This was her first introduction into the world of
actual toil. At the appointed time she came, was
reprimanded for her tardiness, and the pile of work
was placed before her. Never had she sat at one
continued task for a whole day. But she bore up
bravely, never uttering one complaining word,
though her temples throbbed with pain, and her fin-
gers, unused to such continued labor, ached wearily.
Her handiwork was admired, but she was told she
must learn to sew faster. She was shown into a
cheerless, fireless room, and she slept, after the day's
toil, and her dreams were sweet.

From early morn until eleven o'clock at night she
was compelled to wield the needle; making garments
for the children, which Mrs. S. out, mending,
and binding and stitching, until her eye-balls ached
and her head was tortured with a weary pain. For
all this she received her board, and now and then a
penny reward. She sat all day in the close cellar
kitchen, and was the constant butt of the cross old
lady and the rude, untrained children; the only
drop of balm mingling with the bitter cup was the
kindness and urbanity of Mr. S., who treated
her poor girl as became a gentleman; but he was
away from home the greater portion of the day, and
knew not to what tasks she was subjected. He
would often say to her, seeing her ply her needle in
the evening, "I fear you will injure your eyes, Miss
Phillips," (to that name Cosella had returned.) But
she, knowing too well what was required of her,
smiled gratefully, and continued her work.

At dusk on the Sabbath eve she was allowed to
lay aside her tasks; and if the weather permitted,
she would steal forth into the open air. The Sab-
bath she spent in reading, and in taking exercise.
Sometimes she accompanied the family to the syn-
agogue, but her feelings of devotion had departed;
she saw only the outward form; she read the same
alms, the seeming, the mockery of true worship;
and she sought for light within, telling no mortal
soul of her internal struggles.

The heart that is repulsed by the world, its wealth
of love unacknowledged, its soul-needs unrespon-
ded to—that heart of necessity turns to its inner re-
sources, and forms to itself responsive and beautiful
ideals. On some imaginary shrine (imaginary be-
cause impossible of realization in this life) it places
its votive offerings of genius and faith, of truth and
affection. It endows with life and color, warmth
and music, this beautiful ideal: adding to its con-
ceptions of undying glory by day, until it stands
face to face with its invoker, and its creator becomes
a longed-for reality. Then in the actual life, mayhap,
some one bearing a faint or strong resemblance to
this image in the heavens appears; and the seeking
heart, enwrapped in its own fair and pure illusions,
on the mantle of its dreams upon the earthly en-
dowment, who thenceforth becomes a God to be wor-
shipped for his attributes; a hero form to be enshrined
with loftiest deeds; a ministering spirit, an earthly
friend. With all things high, great and good, this
one idea mingles, and the heart rendered plastic by
sorrow receives the fair and false impression it
deems indelible. Thus are wayward loves admitted
—thus the mistakes of life are made.

Solitude, uncongeniality, morbid fancies, that
gained strength by nature, past trial, and present
uncertainty; the dreams she brooded over, and the
uncommunicated thoughts, had weakened the
strong resisting heart of Cosella. As time passed
on, and the hope of meeting her unknown father
grew faint and wavering, the hoarded filial tender-
ness, the woman's love sought for a resting place
amid the turmoil of life and destiny. She found
none she could compare to her noble father. But
she gave anew the treasure of her love, unthought
and unasked for; she showered its heart-wealth on
an unconscious head; she undrew with superhu-
man glory one who returned not the blessed gift.
She waited for his footsteps, listened to his voice, and
wove sweet heart-dreams from his smile.

He was the music teacher, who came thrice a week
to instruct the oldest Miss S. in the rudimentary
elements. The strange, fantastic and bewildering
harmonies that he drew from the ivory keys were
accompanied by Cosella's unspoken improvisations
of prayer and love. Sometimes, Mrs. S. repaired
to the parlor, and, as a favor, the seamstress was
allowed to follow her, to listen to the music while
she sewed. Thus it was that she gazed upon the
intellectual face of the teacher, that sometimes she
met his beaming eyes and encouraging smile. One
day he entered into conversation with her. His
home was upon the banks of the Rhine; there yet
dwelt his aged parents. Cosella told him of her
travels; and warming with a touch of the olden
enthusiasm, her cheek glowed with his recovered
roses, and the light of a new-born hope illumined

her eye. Mrs. S. had left the room for some
moments.

"You are out of your sphere, young lady, in this
capacity," he said, as he took up a portion of her
sewing.

"I learnt from my father," replied Cosella. "I
speak Spanish and understand the French."

"Can you sew?"

"I can."

"Can you make dresses? make shirts and boys'
panalones?"

"I cannot make dresses, nor boys' clothing; but I
have helped to make my father's shirts. I can sew
very neatly."

The coarse, wondering souls before her little know
of the heart-pangs of wounded feeling, the depth of
humiliation, she was enduring.

"Well, de neatness is all fery well; but I want
some one to sew fast as blazes for me. How many
days will it take you to make a shirt?"

"I cannot tell, madam."

There was a whispered consultation, during which
she was scrutinized from head to foot. Then Mrs.
S. rejoined, "You may come next Monday, and I
will have de sewing ready, and if you suit me, I will
make some arrangement to keep you. You want a
home and your board, and dat I will give you, and
you need a't sew on Saturdays—de always keeps de
Sabbath holy."

The old lady murmured as she retired, "She can't
do much!"

This was her first introduction into the world of
actual toil. At the appointed time she came, was
reprimanded for her tardiness, and the pile of work
was placed before her. Never had she sat at one
continued task for a whole day. But she bore up
bravely, never uttering one complaining word,
though her temples throbbed with pain, and her fin-
gers, unused to such continued labor, ached wearily.
Her handiwork was admired, but she was told she
must learn to sew faster. She was shown into a
cheerless, fireless room, and she slept, after the day's
toil, and her dreams were sweet.

From early morn until eleven o'clock at night she
was compelled to wield the needle; making garments
for the children, which Mrs. S. out, mending,
and binding and stitching, until her eye-balls ached
and her head was tortured with a weary pain. For
all this she received her board, and now and then a
penny reward. She sat all day in the close cellar
kitchen, and was the constant butt of the cross old
lady and the rude, untrained children; the only
drop of balm mingling with the bitter cup was the
kindness and urbanity of Mr. S., who treated
her poor girl as became a gentleman; but he was
away from home the greater portion of the day, and
knew not to what tasks she was subjected. He
would often say to her, seeing her ply her needle in
the evening, "I fear you will injure your eyes, Miss
Phillips," (to that name Cosella had returned.) But
she, knowing too well what was required of her,
smiled gratefully, and continued her work.

At dusk on the Sabbath eve she was allowed to
lay aside her tasks; and if the weather permitted,
she would steal forth into the open air. The Sab-
bath she spent in reading, and in taking exercise.
Sometimes she accompanied the family to the syn-
agogue, but her feelings of devotion had departed;
she saw only the outward form; she read the same
alms, the seeming, the mockery of true worship;
and she sought for light within, telling no mortal
soul of her internal struggles.

The heart that is repulsed by the world, its wealth
of love unacknowledged, its soul-needs unrespon-
ded to—that heart of necessity turns to its inner re-
sources, and forms to itself responsive and beautiful
ideals. On some imaginary shrine (imaginary be-
cause impossible of realization in this life) it places
its votive offerings of genius and faith, of truth and
affection. It endows with life and color, warmth
and music, this beautiful ideal: adding to its con-
ceptions of undying glory by day, until it stands
face to face with its invoker, and its creator becomes
a longed-for reality. Then in the actual life, mayhap,
some one bearing a faint or strong resemblance to
this image in the heavens appears; and the seeking
heart, enwrapped in its own fair and pure illusions,
on the mantle of its dreams upon the earthly en-
dowment, who thenceforth becomes a God to be wor-
shipped for his attributes; a hero form to be enshrined
with loftiest deeds; a ministering spirit, an earthly
friend. With all things high, great and good, this
one idea mingles, and the heart rendered plastic by
sorrow receives the fair and false impression it
deems indelible. Thus are wayward loves admitted
—thus the mistakes of life are made.

Solitude, uncongeniality, morbid fancies, that
gained strength by nature, past trial, and present
uncertainty; the dreams she brooded over, and the
uncommunicated thoughts, had weakened the
strong resisting heart of Cosella. As time passed
on, and the hope of meeting her unknown father
grew faint and wavering, the hoarded filial tender-
ness, the woman's love sought for a resting place
amid the turmoil of life and destiny. She found
none she could compare to her noble father. But
she gave anew the treasure of her love, unthought
and unasked for; she showered its heart-wealth on
an unconscious head; she undrew with superhu-
man glory one who returned not the blessed gift.
She waited for his footsteps, listened to his voice, and
wove sweet heart-dreams from his smile.

He was the music teacher, who came thrice a week
to instruct the oldest Miss S. in the rudimentary
elements. The strange, fantastic and bewildering
harmonies that he drew from the ivory keys were
accompanied by Cosella's unspoken improvisations
of prayer and love. Sometimes, Mrs. S. repaired
to the parlor, and, as a favor, the seamstress was
allowed to follow her, to listen to the music while
she sewed. Thus it was that she gazed upon the
intellectual face of the teacher, that sometimes she
met his beaming eyes and encouraging smile. One
day he entered into conversation with her. His
home was upon the banks of the Rhine; there yet
dwelt his aged parents. Cosella told him of her
travels; and warming with a touch of the olden
enthusiasm, her cheek glowed with his recovered
roses, and the light of a new-born hope illumined

her eye. Mrs. S. had left the room for some
moments.

"You are out of your sphere, young lady, in this
capacity," he said, as he took up a portion of her
sewing.

"I learnt from my father," replied Cosella. "I
speak Spanish and understand the French."

"Can you sew?"

"I can."

"Can you make dresses? make shirts and boys'
panalones?"

"I cannot make dresses, nor boys' clothing; but I
have helped to make my father's shirts. I can sew
very neatly."

The coarse, wondering souls before her little know
of the heart-pangs of wounded feeling, the depth of
humiliation, she was enduring.

"Well, de neatness is all fery well; but I want
some one to sew fast as blazes for me. How many
days will it take you to make a shirt?"

"I cannot tell, madam."

There was a whispered consultation, during which
she was scrutinized from head to foot. Then Mrs.
S. rejoined, "You may come next Monday, and I
will have de sewing ready, and if you suit me, I will
make some arrangement to keep you. You want a
home and your board, and dat I will give you, and
you need a't sew on Saturdays—de always keeps de
Sabbath holy."

The old lady murmured as she retired, "She can't
do much!"

This was her first introduction into the world of
actual toil. At the appointed time she came, was
reprimanded for her tardiness, and the pile of work
was placed before her. Never had she sat at one
continued task for a whole day. But she bore up
bravely, never uttering one complaining word,
though her temples throbbed with pain, and her fin-
gers, unused to such continued labor, ached wearily.
Her handiwork was admired, but she was told she
must learn to sew faster. She was shown into a
cheerless, fireless room, and she slept, after the day's
toil, and her dreams were sweet.

From early morn until eleven o'clock at night she
was compelled to wield the needle; making garments
for the children, which Mrs. S. out, mending,
and binding and stitching, until her eye-balls ached
and her head was tortured with a weary pain. For
all this she received her board, and now and then a
penny reward. She sat all day in the close cellar
kitchen, and was the constant butt of the cross old
lady and the rude, untrained children; the only
drop of balm mingling with the bitter cup was the
kindness and urbanity of Mr. S., who treated
her poor girl as became a gentleman; but he was
away from home the greater portion of the day, and
knew not to what tasks she was subjected. He
would often say to her, seeing her ply her needle in
the evening, "I fear you will injure your eyes, Miss
Phillips," (to that name Cosella had returned.) But
she, knowing too well what was required of her,
smiled gratefully, and continued her work.

and rude—just the man to inspire Cosella with a
fixed and settled aversion. He had offered her his
hand and heart, and dry goods store, all of which Co-
sella had twice refused. "But the persevering await
still hoped, and still visited the house, in the hope
of winning the "spunky Southern girl." Mrs. S.
used every argument within her reach, but in vain;
and as her seamstress threatened to leave the house
if she were persecuted on that subject, Mrs. S.,
fearing that her sewing would suffer, yielded re-
luctantly, and ceased to urge the suit of the wealthy
Helmerskop.

Cosella sewed and stitched from early morn till late
at night, determined to earn her bread. She sewed so
swiftly that soon there was scarcely anything left for
her to do; for Mrs. S., availing herself of so favora-
ble an opportunity, at so cheap a rate, had provided
herself and family with all the necessary garments
for a long time to come. The seamstress was then
informed that she might seek for employment else-
where; and for a few weeks only she found it be-
hind the counter of a trimming store.

One day, she saw an advertisement in the paper,
that an interpreter (a lady) was demanded by a
family from Cuba. She applied for the situation,
and was told by the swarthy and haughty senora,
that she required a person to assist in the charge of
her little girl, do her shopping, interpret for her, and
that person must submit to eat at the servants' ta-
ble, and sleep in the same room with her child's
black nurse.

Cosella told the lady she would submit to all the
requirements of the labor, but not to any personal
indignity. She would take her meals alone, and
have her own bed; if the senora saw fit to engage
her under those conditions, she was willing, not
otherwise. The proud Creole reflected; she had
admitted many times without result; all that had
been applied were women of coarse exterior and uncul-
tivated minds, or ladies so refined and fastidious
they would not accept anything less than a menial's
post. But this girl wore the semblance of lady-
hood; her speech was gentle and melodious, yet she
was humble, too. The proud Cuban knew not that
she had less dollar rested in the young girl's pocket.

"You may come, and make what arrangement
you please," she said; and Cosella sped away with
a lightened heart.

CHAPTER XXIII. TOIL AND SUFFERING.

"Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green cushions, a pleasant shade,
At summer's noon is ready;
And when twilight hours
Kneal the long breath of the enamored flowers,<
Dream I. For where the golden clouds lie,
At sunset, lay over the flying sea;
And in pure eyes the beauty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

But when the luscious fruit
Of love and hope, and of heaven's throat,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till the day is gone, and darkness does begin,
Dream I. As in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky,
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven,
Yet, then, blind, soulless, frozen, yet I dream!

And yet I dream—
Dream with, when more just, I might have been."
—FROM A VOLUME OF "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS."

For three months of slavery, the young girl abode
with the purse-proud task-mistress, subsisting to all
the varied humiliations that dependence imposes.
She was employed as errand-girl, attendant, nursery
maid, secretary and interpreter, all for the munifi-
cent sum of two dollars per week. But the labor
and fatigue bore too heavily upon her, and she in-
formed the senora of her intention of seeking other
employment. She was haughtily dismissed; and
around the wide city she looked for the means of
obtaining her subsistence, for the shelter of a home.

There lived in a fine house, with all the appliances
of ease and comfort, an invalid old lady, with whom
Cosella had become acquainted. Thither she re-
paired for a few days, until she should again obtain
a situation. She was cordially welcomed by the
helpless mistress of the house, but sternly scowled
upon the housekeeper, who feared every new
comer might prove her rival in the affections of her
employer, although affection was not the bond that
linked her to her service; she held much control
over the purse strings of the old lady, and ruled the
house at her own sovereign will.

She was a being low of moral stature, unrefined
in soul, and odious of speech. A thorough worker
as regards the vigorous use of broom and scrubbing
brush; she delighted in the confusion of house
cleaning, in the infliction of those minor deluges
upon windows and pavements, which form one of
the cardinal doctrines of Philadelphia cleanliness.
What stranger visiting that beautiful city, but has
gazed in wonder and alarm upon the torrents pour-
ing from four story windows? upon the winding
streamlets underfoot? Immutable as the decrees of
the Gods, as the "I have spoken," of the ancient
Sachems, is the custom upheld; and was to the un-
initiated, the forebode not the coming waterfall, and
cannot angrily spring from the daily inundation.

Miss Detsley Brian entertained a high opinion of
her own literary acquirements, choice use of lan-
guage, and elegance in dress and manner, no less
than in her peculiar and thorough-going mode of
housekeeping. The feather beds received not only
the due amount of lawful shaking, but also sundry
twists and punchings, as if an evil temper sought
to wreak the malice it could not vent elsewhere, upon
the passive mass; pie boards and rolling pins, broom
handles, and all things susceptible of the appli-
ance of scrubbing brush and soap, received such mar-
velous applications of what she refinedly termed "el-
bow grease," (that is strength), that their broad and
fair proportions shrank visibly, and dwindled away
from week to week. She was a wonderful cook, too;
she prided herself upon the invention of various
new and inappreciable dishes; she seasoned apples
with vanilla, and put her favorite essence of pep-
permint into soups and sauces. She was peculiar
in many ways; she sat down upon the floor to
knead her bread, and chop the mince-meat; sudden-
ly recollecting some branch of her duties that had
been neglected, she would run and leave the dough

upon the board, the meat with its accessories upon
the floor. At such times, puss would help himself
and Miss Detsley returning with flushed face and
gray ringlets streaming, would vow to kill and for-
ever exterminate that nuisance of an animal! Then
she would chase grinning through the house, and
panting with excitement, "saw" that she would
murder him at the first next opportunity.

Miss Brian wore spectacles, curls, collar and cuffs,
in the afternoon when her work was done, and she
sat down to her sewing. Her morning toilet con-
sisted of a short petticoat, a night gown, and a cap
to correspond. Of course she was invisible to
callers in this costume, therefore she managed to
keep a "half-grown girl," to do her errands, attend
to the door bell, and to bear with her outbreaks of
ill-humor, for Miss Detsley indulged in a "tantrum"
often, and the Irish girls she had hired could not
stand its exhibition.

She disclaimed the "horrible vulgar idea" of Hil-
berian descent; and told long and contradictory
stories of the glories of her ancestors, and the piety
and wealth of her forefathers. On her wrinkled
face there dwelt an expression of low cunning, and
the daily outpouring of an avaricious spirit had
tightly screwed up her mouth into an utter denial
toward all charitable appeals. Affected, ignorant,
professedly religious, and practically selfish and
mercenary, this woman yet had her redeeming traits.
Toward the swarm of peepwoms and nieces that
towered her with visits, and urgent demands for aid,
she was kind and benevolent. Her heart, closed to
the duties of universal love, opened wide at the ap-
peal of kindred; that voice of nature that was al-
lied to her by the ties of consanguinity never pined
in vain; many a freshly roasted fowl, fine dish
of vegetables, or tempting tart, found its way to the
larder of her poor relations. From her own code of
honesty, Miss Detsley reasoned thus—

"The old thing I live with, do a't eat one half she
makes me get; and it is a sin to waste vittals; my
folks need it, and they shall have it, while the
breath of life is in my nostrils!" and the emphatic
individual enforced her resolve by a resolute up-
and-down shake of the head and a stamp of the foot.

Her life's ambition rested upon the hope, that the
old lady would make a bountiful provision for her
in her will. In view of attaining so great a boon,
she was profuse of flattery and attentions, little
deeming it possible, that the sharp eyes of her world-
wise employer saw clearly through her every artifice.

The old lady had often requested Cosella to make
her home there; a widow, her two sons living in
another city, she found in the pale, reserved and
silent girl that which touched her heart. Without
an effort, the orphan would have won her love, and
the rest of a quiet home. The helpless invalid,
yearning for some responsive soul to cling to, felt
her motherly affections going warmly toward the
unprotected girl. But she imprudently expressed
those thoughts before Miss Detsley, and that lady
formed her plans accordingly. She received Cosella
with a mixture of condescension and reserve, with
an occasional frown darkening her face.

"Dear me! Miss Phillips; I should think you
could have worried along with them Cuban folks a
little longer. See what I have to put up with. Mad-
am is calling, calling, all day long, and at night I
don't close my eyelids; it's up and down, and up and
down, the blessed live long night. I think sometimes
I shall expire of heart-disease. And I have so much
to do there's pies to bake, and clothes to air, and
sewing to get off, and general sweeping, and last
week's ironing to do, and all the beds want shaking,
and the dust scouring; the windows must be wash-
ed, quilting done, and the preserves overlooked. Do
you know what a housekeeper's trial is? I swear,
you do not! I have marketing to do, the dressmakers
to hunt up—the desert to make, and that imp of a
girl to look after. *Scat! scat!* you best," she cried,
addressing the delinquent cat, who had mounted the
table with a chicken wing in his mouth. "You
abominably obnoxious critter! you vill you cat! you
villainous thief of a mischief! you sallow-gundian
scamp! you go-away! you scratching Lucifer! There,
now, bid, scratch, if you dare!" and she ap-
plied in quick succession a number of heavy strokes
with a brush handle to the unfortunate cat.

"Now go out of doors, you incorrigible demon! I
you pestiferous, owlish, miserable creature! If
you dare to come into the house again to-day, I'll
chop you up for mince-meat, and sell you to the
butcher—the Dutchman that bays up everything
that crawls, for sausages! I swear if you come
again in this blessed day, I'll murder you, as sure
as my name is Detsley Brian!"

"Please, please!" interposed Cosella, as taking
the cat by the nape of the neck, she was about to
inflict a second series of strokes; the young girl's
tender heart could not brook cruelty to animals.
Miss Detsley took a few rapid strides toward the
door, and with a parting kick dismissed poor puss.
She returned looking flushed, weary, and exulted.

"See here, Miss Phillips," she said, placing her
arms akimbo, pulling off her spectacles, and speak-
ing rapidly, "you and I must come to an under-
standing if you want to make this house your home.
I won't bear no interference with my domestic and
household arrangements. I'm second captain here
and I won't give up to no *ferriner*. I hate ferriners,
anyhow, they're so tricky and intriguying; and if
there's a earthly thing I abhor, detest and abomi-
nate, it's intriguying and manuevering! So do not
go to put on no airs; for I swear, I won't abide
it. I say to the young man, you can't get a living soul
to do for you as I does, and if you mean to set any-
body up over me, why, if they stay, I'll leave! That
settles the Madam; she grows as soft as a new kid
glove. I'll have no intermeddlers with my affairs;
the cat belongs to us. You may go up stairs
now, and see the Madam; but do not stay long in
the room, for it exhausts the Madam; and do not
talk much to her—that excites her nerves, and I'm
nervous enough myself. I'm ready to drop, with
all the work before me. You can read to the Mad-
am—that will keep you from gab. What a pity she

likes those old, trashy novels, when she ought to be
studying her prayers, and preparing for the great
eternity!" And Miss Detsley cast up her eyes, until
the whites above were visible, and commenced sing-
ing, vigorously—

"If I can read my little clear," &c.

Cosella sighed deeply, said not a word, but went up
stairs, and to the "Madam's" chamber.

She was cordially received, and indulged with
conversation that did her good; nor did she notice
that the old lady grew excited. On the contrary,
she seemed to brighten visibly, and said she felt less
of pain and weariness when in the presence of a
congenial companion. She was pouring out some
medicine, at the invalid's direction, when Miss De-
tsley entered the room. "What are you doing there?"
she exclaimed, snatching the phial from Cosella's
hand. "What makes you interfere? I always give
the Madam her medicine; if she trusts to such as
you, she'll get herself poisoned some day."

"I asked Miss Phillips to pour out my medicine,"
said Mrs. Rollins.

"You did? and what for, I should like to know,
Madam? Have n't I served you on my bonded
knees and hands, for four long years? And is this
a return for my devotion and sacrifices of home and
friends? Can't I make my living in the first
houses in the lands? It's only for affection for you
that I sacrifice my nights and days for your sake.
I tell you one thing, Madam; if you are going to have
any pets and favorites, and ferriners, around you;
why, if they stay, I'll leave, that's all! Let me
give you your medicine; she would as soon give you
hartshorn as anodyne. I swear, you are as fault as
everything!"

"You exult me, Detsley, you talk so long and so
loud," said the invalid.

"I do? and other folks talk soft and easy? Oh,
my blessed Saviour! that I should live to have such
monstrous ingratitude, thrown in my teeth!"
And Miss Detsley burst into tears.

Pale and alarmed, Cosella ventured upon an ex-
planation.

"Be still, be still! you exult the Madam! If she
dies and leaves me in this dark, wicked, terrible,
slandrous world, what will become of me? Oh,
Madam, dear, good Madam! let me give you some
broth to revive you! Here is your medicine, just
ten drops. Dear Madam, can Detsley do anything
for you?"

"Help me to the bed," she whispered. Cosella's
assistance was waved back, and Miss Detsley mo-
tioned to her to leave the room. In a state of be-
wildered, she complied, and followed the house-
keeper to dinner. Not a word was spoken during
the meal. The dishes were pushed toward her; and
Miss Detsley, leaning back in her chair, and heaving
deep sighs, did not touch a morsel; probably she
had fortified herself with a substantial luncheon
that afternoon Cosella was advised not to return to
the sick-room. Tea was disposed of in the same
lugubrious manner as dinner. Only when alone in
the silence of her chamber did she give vent to the
feelings so long repressed. "Oh, my father!" she
cried, "with these what a different fate were mine!"

She found that Mrs. Rollins, through sickness and
helplessness, was completely at the mercy of the
domineering Detsley, and that her home could not
long prove a shelter.

She sought in the newspapers, and among the
"Wanted," again; and, finding that Miss Detsley
took every opportunity to keep her from the old
lady's room, and that she sought by every insinua-
tion in her power to persuade her that "Miss Phil-
lips was a lazy, proud and irreligious girl," and that
Mrs. Rollins was fast yielding to the inroads of
prejudice, she determined to submit to the unavaila-
ble, and seek employment in the world. Miss De-
tsley even took the trouble of seeking a situation for
her; but Cosella indignantly scorned the offer of a
place as waiting-maid in a wealthy family.

"While I have one remnant of health or strength
I will labor, but I will not serve!" she said. "I find
in this boasted land of liberty that servitude is as
humili

to see their father's example; and the girls delighted in the repetition of words that caused Cosella to blunder as if in the presence of an unbroken and growing child. They amused themselves, these princely dreads of children of the rich, with calling Cosella "our hired girl."

"You are hired to sew, and that is the same as being hired to cook," said the rule Lucius; and his brother, Marcus, called her, "Old white face" and little Olivia, when desired to be quiet, gently replied, "You are my mamma, and this is not your house," and Sarah, the oldest, took a malicious pleasure in making the loudest noises whenever the poor seamstress's head ached. They threw books and papers, balls and tops at her, and to her imploring entreaties to desist, laughed mockingly; and in reply to her indignant remonstrances, they threatened to "tell mamma."

"Mrs. Na—coming in, in the midst of the hubbub, would remark that children would be children, and that Miss Phillips must learn to exercise patience, and control her temper."

Oh the little thorns, the prickly briars of daily life! how the soul is fretted and the throbbing heart is choked by these petty cruelties! The daily amenities, the sweet, humble courtesies—how they cheer and strengthen! How wearisome the plodding daily labor that is unblest by the sympathizing smile!

Cosella drew a grateful sigh of relief when the three weeks came to a close. Mrs. Na— paid her for her unremitting labor, not as had been agreed upon, but deducted a quarter of a dollar from each week.

"You have made a mistake, madam," said Cosella, gently. "I agreed to sew for you for a dollar and a half a week, and though you offered me less, you at last agreed to my terms."

"There is your money," said the stately lady, in a quick, impatient voice. "I shall give you no more."

"Don't you pay any more than you bargained for," said the lordly and tyrannical husband, who was sitting beside her and leisurely enjoying the fragrance of a fresh Havana.

"There is your money; take your things and go," said Mrs. Na—

"I agreed for—"

"I want no words upon the subject," interrupted the lady. "Here is your money, and there is the door!"

She took the money with a trembling hand; she controlled her quivering nerves; she bade the loud, indignant throbbing of her heart be still. A flood of recollection rushed over her spirit; Rhina's unflinching gentleness and goodness, the luxury and comfort with which Manassah had surrounded her, the past life of travel—dreamy, positionally fraught with varied and sometimes pleasant incidents—and now, the life of bitter toil and deepest humiliation! All the inborn pride, the outraged dignity, asserted its way. With deeply flushed cheek, kindling eye, and proudly erect figure, she confronted her oppressors and spoke:

"You may wrong the orphan and the stranger, but you will not wrong the richer, none the happier! To willfully defraud me of the proceeds of my hard-earned labor, is becoming to such as you! But never, if I have to starve, will I touch a needle for you again—your purse-proud, vulgar, ignorant aristocrats! I feel myself your superior, and your money cannot buy that superiority! Your religion is a sham, your lives hypocrisy! I scorn, I shrink from association with such as you!"

She rushed from the room as they recovered from their open-mouthed astonishment at such audacity. Out in the open air, she stopped and cried exultingly:

"I spoke my mind; I broke the slavish fetters of silence! I am not a slave; I will confront and confound these petty tyrants, though it cost me my life!"

The next day she sent for her things, and proceeded to fulfill an engagement with a shopkeeper whose principal gains were derived from the manufacture and sale of articles of female apparel. Cosella was employed, at the rate of a quarter of a dollar per day, in the making up of silk mantillas of the style and workmanship known as "slop goods." To sew fast, not neatly, was the chief aim of those employed, and it is customary for "smart hands" to make as many as nine per day.

The owner of the establishment was a shrewd, life-and-good-living Jewish son of Judah. His wife was a small, over-dressed, fussy and novel-douring lady; their daughter, Marianna, a spoilt, affected child, putting on many premature young-lady airs. Such souls could not peer into the sacredly veiled recesses of Cosella's heart or mind. But as in life, the ludicrous stands ever beside the gate of tears, and the heart-pangs of a settled sorrow may be momentarily lightened by the amusing occurrences of the day; so Cosella was often drawn from deep and painful musings, by the profound reflections of Mrs. A— upon historic characters, religious themes, and criticisms of the world.

"Oh, Miss Phillips," said the lady, one day, entering the back parlor where Cosella sat bowed over her work; "what a beautiful world it is that these novel-writers tell about! I got carried out of myself when I read those glowing descriptions of duchesses, and queens, and royal princesses. I can fancy myself in the boudoir of Anna of Austria, and the fine figure of the Duke of Buckingham rises before me, all in velvet, and plumes, and diamonds! That blessed Alexander Dumas! to write so beautifully. I have read the 'Three Musketeers,' and am going on with the whole series. Dear me! what sorrows these heroes and heroines get into! and at the end of the chapter, or the week's newspaper, they always leave off in the most interesting place—leave them hanging head foremost down a precipice, or in the power of robbers, or just escaping, or being caught, or something else that is heart-rending and terrible!"

"Nonsense, nonsense! stuff and tomfoolery!" good naturedly laughed the husband, who had come in in time to hear a part of the address; "novels are good for nothing trash. I want the news in a paper, and the price current—none of your highfalutin love-sick twaddle. I'd rather eat a good beefsteak any day than read a book."

"That's just like you men!" said the lady, with sentimental sigh. "We, of more delicate and ethereal organizations, we understand the ideal life; and it is hard for such refined tendencies to meet the roughness of the world and the ungentleness that surround us. I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, but, how I adore it! Delightful Shakespeare! gigantic Milton! beautiful Byron! how I worship their writings! I and my Marianna, we ought to live in a world of our own—not in this tawdry, plodding, mercenary world we live in."

"It's as good a world as you've ever been in," retorted Mr. A—, "and I wouldn't exchange it for the silly things you read about. What good do you get out of all that fustian?"

"What good? Oh Adolphus, you have but half a soul! Don't I learn of all the miseries that afflict humanity? Don't I learn how great griefs are borne in silence and resignation? Don't I learn how kings and queens and princes live, and how they

come to poverty, and nobly bear it? Don't I learn—"

"It's all a pack of trash!" interrupted her husband. "If you're in search of misery, there are plenty of beggars to see after; you can take a ride to the almshouse, and see misery enough in one afternoon. You're not overfond of that sort of thing."

"I don't like vulgar misery," she replied.

"Misery is misery, high or low, you romantic goose! And what have we to do with royalty? We sell dry goods and mantillas, and go to the quarter-dollar place in the theatre."

"I don't!" said the lady, drawing herself up. "My motto is, 'the first place or none'; but it is useless to argue with you, Adolphus. I live in a paradise of my own—I soar away to the scenes of grandeur, I reach the stars, while you—"

"Stand behind the counter, or eat my dinner sensibly," replied the still smiling husband.

"Dinner?" she scornfully replied; "how can you dwell so everlastingly upon your animal propensities? When I become absorbed by the delicious descriptions of high life, I forget all about such vulgar things as eating!"

"See here, Sallie; don't young kings and high-lifers, your queens and court damsels ever eat?"

"Oh, Adolphus, pray do not call me Sallie—that vulgar name! You know I cannot bear it. Do call me Belinda! Why, of course the queens and princesses eat, but it is gossamer food, aerial dainties, nectar and draughts."

"Is that Greek you are gabbling? Can any of those articles be found in market? Is it fish, fowl, or vegetable?"

"You are incorrigible! Come here, Marianna, my love," she said to her daughter who had just entered. "Bless my beauty!" she continued, as she kissed the young girl on the cheek. "If the desire of her mother's heart were fulfilled, my daughter should marry a royal prince," she said.

With an amused smile, her husband responded: "How does that agree with your religious scruples, Belinda? There are no princes of the line of Judah, and would you have our child marry a Christian—any Belinda?"

"No, no; certainly not."

"You would not give our Marianna to an unbeliever, even if he were worth a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Sell my religious principles for a paltry hundred thousand dollars! No, indeed, never!"

"But consider, Belinda; supposing an English duke or a German count were to ask you for your daughter?"

"A count—a duke?" she said, hesitatingly. "No, I would not consent."

"Well, then, a Prince of the blood royal, as heir to the king's throne—what, then, Belinda?"

"An heir to the crown? And my daughter stand the chance of becoming a Queen? Oh, he should have her! I would not withhold my blessing," rapturously exclaimed the ambitious mother.

"But your religious scruples, wife?"

"I would submit to the will of Heaven, providing so glorious a destiny for my only child."

"But the sin of marrying a Christian? She would have to conform to the usages of the unbelievers."

"I would sacrifice my own feelings for the aggrandizement of my child. Yes; if a prince of the blood royal should seek my daughter's hand, he shall have it!"

"In spite of religion and prejudice? Eh, Belinda?"

"In spite of an opposing world!" she enthusiastically exclaimed.

"Yes, Marianna, my love; the crown-prince shall have you, whether your father consents or not!"

Mr. A— left the room holding his sides. Marianna innocently inquired:

"Where is the prince you are talking about, mother?"

Cosella leaned back in her chair and indulged in a hearty outbreak of laughter. Mrs. A—, descending from the lofty and the regal, examined the work, praised Cosella's swiftness; and, with her daughter, returned to her room to commence the first chapter of a new novel.

From thence, after six weeks' constant and laborious toil, Cosella wandered to another transient home, still continuing the only available branch of labor that she felt competent to follow. She could not teach; her wandering life and desultory studies had unfitted her for that vocation. Her fine ear, and useful appreciation of music had never been cultivated; her knowledge of languages was confined to an intuitive acquirity, that learnt easily, but could not impart its knowledge unto others.

Ever mindful of her ease and comfort, Rhina, with mistaken indulgence, had kept her aloof from all ordinary lore and household offices. Cosella could write poetry; and compose, as it were, without thought, prose-poems couched in choicest language and deep sentiment. She possessed enthusiasm, moral bravery, a tender heart, a soul overflowed with beautiful visions of the beautiful. But what aces the working, gold-worshipping world for this? She was not rich; what cared the careless passers-by on life's high road, for all the heart-wealth of her being? Once, her cheek had glowed with the fresh roses of health and happiness; now they were pale by sorrow and hard toil. Once, the sunlight of prosperity, the joy of independence, the inner calm had spoken from her face, and made it lovely. Kind hands had twined the curls around her brow, and placed sweet flowers and the shining tresses. Now, the light of soul seemed withdrawn from every location, and the care-mark stamped the brow; apathy and listlessness, distrust and hopelessness, rendered her almost invisible to praise or blame—alone the light from her eye, and the beauty of expression from her face. Her hair put plainly back, revealed the sharpened outline; only momentary excitement could restore the rose flush to her cheek, the haughty self-possession to her manner. Yet she repelled all that savored of humiliation; she resorted to every insult; she allowed no doubt to linger on her name. Friendless, orphaned, solitary, she confronted the libertine who would avail himself of her helplessness, with the thundering accusations of innocence—with the seething rebuke of fearless virtue! She turned from the tempter with defiant horror; from a mercenary marriage with the shuddering of a virgin soul. The dying words of Rhina returned to her in all their awful clearness. She awoke at midnight, and beneath the plying pain of stars, she heard the solemn, thrilling words of the departed:

"Be ever true and pure, my child!"

And, "I will, so help me God!" replied the sufferer, feeling love and hope's renewal.

She went from house to house for many weary months, unappreciated, superciliously regarded, poorly paid. She dwelt awhile with those of minds of coarsest mould, with those of most unfeeling natures. She labored where refinement and politeness were as things unknown; she lived on miserable fare, and slept on wretched beds.

In the houses of the wealthy regarded as an inferior being; by the coarse and vulgar treated as a companion, sometimes as a mere hireling, with no settled home anywhere in that wide and hospitable city; it was to be wondered at that the heart of Cosella grew utterly suspicious of its fellows? that she became moody and skeptical toward the highest institutions of her soul?

The spring time came, and she who loved Nature with an undivided heart, could not go abroad to cult the early violets and to sit beneath the leafing trees. She dared not leave the implement of torture that gave her bread even for a single hour. Oh, how she longed to gaze upon the sun's benignant face at early morn! to revel in his setting rays! to look once more upon the face of smiling earth, abroad in the fair green fields!

Summer passed; and she could not gather the June roses, nor twine the abundant garland for her brow. With a wild, vain, speechless yearning, she stretched her arms toward the sea, and beholding not its azure mirror, hearing not its sweet and solemn murmur, she would cry in soul to God, for one hour of freedom, for one ramble by the sea; for one glimpse of mountain and of plain! She was a captive, soul-bound, chain forged, unto toil. So weary did she become when her week's tasks were over, that the exertion that would have led her footsteps to the summer fields, could not be taken. She threw herself upon her bed and slept, or indulged in the luxury of tears, from pride restrained during the laboring six days. Sometimes she visited the famous "squares," those miniature parks of Philadelphia, and beneath the tall trees there, and by the fountain in the "square" called by the name of "Franklin," she would sit and dream of the one waiting hope of her solitary life.

Autumn came and passed; the Indian summer with its hazy mantle and balmy breath, lingered long and lovingly, and still the child of misfortune wept and wailed. She barely earned her subsistence; the last vestiges of her former condition were gone; the last dress and trinket sold. She could no longer be distinguished from the sisterhood of toil that abounds in cities. She had another offer of marriage, but her soul rebelled, and she cast aside the glittering chain.

Winter came its snowy drapey o'er the earth; Cosella shivered 'neath its cutting blasts, and drooped before its long continued gloom. The winters of that city are proverbially mild and pleasant; but to the dweller of the Tropics, the spirit long unused to the sudden changes of a variable climate, it was uncomfortable in the extreme. With scanty clothing, mechanically tolling fingers, almost breaking heart, she saw the seasons come and go; bringing to her nothing but pain, and no rest, to her soul so change. Thus four years passed; and she, once the admired of many, was known as "the cheap seamstress;" wearing life-dresses, soul-prophecies, and heaven-thoughts, queries and answers, in with the garments that her fingers wrought. And as time passed on, the hope that had cheered and brightened slowly died away; until she deemed that Manassah had spoken falsely, even in his dying hour. The future looked before her, dark and desolate; with clasped hands and eyes upraised, she would faintly murmur: "I can but die!"

Thus it was that her youth was passed and lost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OVER THE RIVER.

Dedicated to my friend Maggie D., of Salem.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I am bidding in the valley,
By the river's side;
Drearily 'neath the maple shadows,
And the mountain's pride.

On the river's placid bosom,
Sweet reflections rest;
Of the glowing noonday splendors,
And the gorgeous west.

Silver clear the Nymph mirror,
Beauty-haunted by the forms
Of the cloud-land, changes darkly,
'Neath the summer storms.

Leaves wild its o'erblown billows
With a moaning loud;
Faintly gleams the guardian mountains
Through their misty shroud.

Scattered wild the fragrant blossoms—
Whirling past the leaves—
Rain-drops musically patter
From the sheltered eaves.

Till anon, the crimson portals
Of the sky unclose,
And the azure's sunlit glory
O'er the hill-tops glow.

Then again the shrined mountains
Stand unveiled and fair;
And the sounds of summer
Fill the perfumed air.

Gleaming, low, and sweet and tender,
Hark! the vesper hymn,
Of the woodland choir, ascending
From the forest dim.

'Neath the elm trees' drooping branches,
'Neath the alder retreat,
Of the lingering hours;
From the village street—

From the hill-top and the valley,
Music sweet is borne;
O'er the bright dividing river,
Climes of ere and more—

And I dream beneath the shadows,
Of another land;
And muskings that'er the waters,
Come my household band.

With his many form of beauty,
And the smile he wore;
Uttered low the fervent blessing
Dearly prized of yore—

Comes my father—long a dweller
Of the land of rest;
And my mother holds me smiling
To her angel breast.

And the guardian of my childhood
Lingers with me long;
And my place of dreams is hallowed
By the angel's song.

And I see the sunset mountains,
Beautiful, afar—
And a holy light is beaming
From night's earliest star.

Thus I dream beneath the shadows,
Dream of life above;
And the South-wind's fragrant sighing
Wafts the bearded loe.

Of my spirit to the star-land—
To the mount and sea;
Wafts it to the land eternal;
And, thought-friend, to thee.

Brings thee blossoms rich and fragrant,
From the inner shrine;
And the South-wind's fragrant sighing
Wafts the bearded loe.

Buult gleams of joys perennial;
Gems from Wisdom's fane;
Flowers immortal as the glory
Of Love's seraph reign.

All from spheres of light and beauty,
Greet my heart, and thine;
O'er the amaranthine clapsnet,
Shed a ray divine.

O'er the bright dividing river,
Maggie, dear, they come!
They, the loved of earth and Heaven,
Those of heart and home!

Thus my dreams beside the river
Are of Paradise;
'Neath the watchful care of angels,
Close my weary eyes.

Hadley, Mass., May, 1860.

Violent habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed, both from God and man, and had no future punishment attached upon them.—Cicero.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

MUNDA TWELVE.

There were in Gentile, as in Jewrydom, as we have already seen, many phases of prophetic or mediocrity shade and light, ranging from darkest depths of hocus-focus up to greatest light resulting in the sure word of prophecy. But false prophecies and true are not so separate by impassable barriers that truth is always of the one, or falsehood of the other. The prophetic function is open to interchanging relations. Clouds and sunshine, darkness and light, may alternately rest upon it according to conditions, surroundings, or whatever may be the higher best for results to be obtained. Jehovah speaks through the wizard, or seer, or prophet, though he is not in the canon as one of the higher prophets. So, too, Samuel speaks through the woman of Endor, though she would be deemed unaccounted in the ways of the Lord, who

"Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

But while no medium or prophet is infallibly secure against the less unfading spirit whose outpourings may mislead, yet each effort for the broader, higher life is a rising from the pavilions of darkness to be robed in the higher light. The attractive forces, or status of the soul, are the more apt for the counterpart in the spirit-world. Thus each one is more or less the measure for the outpouring of the spirit. Thus each one creates his God in his own image, and too often assuming more than heaven—makes himself the measure of the Most High, to subdue and control with a "Thus saith the Lord." But those who aspire more humbly and purely in search of truth for the largest good of the life, for the love and unspokeable riches of the higher life, without purpose of exclusive creed, family or nation, for no foregone conclusion, but for the highest whole, will the more likely be in that higher rapport which opens to finer sight the linked categories of upper and nether worlds. Not even the better class of Hebrew prophets were always in fullest view of clairvoyant light, but often far from it, with clouds and darkness begetting them around, and deceiving their oracles with riddles, dark sayings, and misleading omens. Upon their vision were cast false lights, which they deemed true augury of salvation. Mirages emanated around them, pressing the presence of the Lord, with word of promise to the ear, but broken to the hope. It was thus old Jeremiah was exasperated when he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, thou hast deceived me! Will thou be altogether unto me as a liar and as waters that fall?" How much more unsafe, then, to seek to those of lesser growth, who yet congenially sojourn in the darker spiritual unfoldings for thought of Christ born, and blowing as the wind lieth, if downwards to the valleys, and not along the mountain crests, light may fall to meet and purge the vision to see upwardly away.

The prophets of Greece foretold the duration of the Peloponnesian war; but here were false or lesser prophecies at work, and leading astray, as in old Jewry. Upon the contemplated invasion of Sicily, the Idoe Alcibiades drew to a lying spirit, as in those of Abas, as per Hebrewdom. On this occasion the Athenians were prone to listen to the oracles; prophets for whom the Gods would destroy their first make made. They sought not to the greater light, but only to such as equaled with their foregone conclusions. Thus, prophecy and prevarication may prove the speediest way to ultimate destruction. Such must be the result when the lesser obtain the precedents of the higher light, and the abounded bears away in place of the unvelled vision.

The Lord's word which came unto Socrates was very different from that which came unto the seers of the Alcibiades. On this wise man, by the usual tokens, that the expedition would prove fatal to Athens. Says Plutarch: "He mentioned this to several of his friends and acquaintances, and the warning was commonly talked of in every quarter of the city. Spirits were seen in funeral processions, and the women accompanying them with dismal lamentations." Thus was the spirit open to behold coming calamities. Thus the inner or clairvoyant vision of what soon would be the outward facts; and thus the

One likewise, too, saw the Christian visionists when they supposed that graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves, after their resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." These seeing mediums had been so warped in their educational Judaism, or materialism, as to suppose that spirits went into the graves with their bodies, and could only get out but with the reviving of the dead shell or body. The Apostle Spirit sees saw the new bodies in likeness of the old, and mistook them for veritable bodies of flesh and blood, which cannot liberate the kingdom of heaven; though the counterpart is often so visibly exact that it requires thorough testing to decide whether the spirit is in or out of the flesh. It is the darkness of old education that suppresses the spirit makes its abode with the body in the grave, and has ever made death as afflicting to the tender heart. Spiritualism dispenses all this darkness, and reveals the spiritual body in freedom from its shell.

There were persons, too, of a slender cast, the metal being interpreted, were ominous to Athens. Meton, the Astrologer and "Hierophant" of the starry heavens, seems to have discovered something out of gear, as when the sun went twice backward on the dial-plate as a sign from the Lord in old Jewry. "Isaiah the prophet rebuked to the Lord, and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Abas." Those who are curious to know more of the ancient engineering of the sun, moon, and stars, or all the host of heaven, can consult the works on ancient astronomical worship. Mr. Stewart's late publication, "The Hierophant," will afford quite a pleasing sketch of the same in lieu of larger works.

The prophetic function, or seership, is as infantile in character as the organization of man, and manifests itself in all the variety of temper, conformation of brain, and report of modes of being. Lurid and bright lights are interchangeable through the same vessel, as through mediumistic Harris among the moderns, and Gentile Olympia and Hebrew David among the ancients. Olympia, who was the wife of Macedonian Philip and mother of Alexander the Great, was one of those strange beings full of religious devotion and wild frenzy, and apparently as ready to put her enemies under axes and harrows of iron as was the man after God's own heart. She might not have been able to accompany herself on the harp, in sometimes sweetest penitential strains, as could the lion of the tribe of Judah; but Harris is more of poet than philosopher; can sing something after the manner of David; and, in some of his revolving phases, is as ready to hush all hell upon his neighbors. He would seem to lack only the power to measure time with lines, pass them through brick-kilns after the pattern of the Hebrew, and call upon the Lord to bless the sacrifice. We see the analogy of this in the old ideologies whose combatants, in seeking to be Pope and viceregent of the heavens, assume Jove's thunderbolts with such a frown.

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Capricorn;
As when two black clouds
Over the Capricorn;
As when two black clouds
Over the Capricorn;

affrighting the groundlings, causing angels to weep at such fantastic tricks; or, in gamesome mood, to laugh at such pretensions of premisses to lead the "embalmed seraphim to war."

It would seem that Harris, having been educated in the priest-caste, would be leader of a spiritual hierarch; and without the devil to flank him, cannot bring his people into line. He also belongs to that order of development of whom it was said by Shakespeare, that such are "of an imagination all compact, and are more

devils than vast hell can hold!" Hence, in their way, we behold the Miltonic spectacle of "hell broke loose." This is all well enough as a poetic sweep—but if closely scanned, it might be found to vary somewhat from the literal truth. The flux is colored by the medium through whom it passes; and we thus behold in the unhealthy physical and mental estate of Harris, the dark surroundings through which his inspiration flows. His case is not singular in diagnosis, but that of very many who have lack of physical and mental training, and are thus possessed not only of seven, but of seven thousand devils. Had he given more thought to physiological laws, and other scientific studies, he would not have gone to a Mountain Cave in Virginia to receive oracles from the Lord, nor have preached his January sermon at London in a state of spiritual *mania-poti* or *delirium tremens*—the result of a nervous system stranded, under spiritual stimulus with no counterpoise in healthy physical status, or breadth of philosophical training. Brother Harris is lamentably in that state of retired recluse or hermit who so much abounded in the past in wilderness and caves, and in unduly stimulated nervous systems, were over in constant warfare with legions of devils. Harris, with other Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, and over-wrought religionists generally are within this category, and it is very far from being a happy one, as it is a state of physical and mental disease in action and reaction upon each other—but often made bearable to the patient by intense Phariseism. What is required in these cases, is little or no drugging, but exercise in the open air, with as much sun as can be found; and when in house, thoroughly ventilated rooms with cheerful company. Let the food be such as the state of the body indicates; for a knowledge of chemistry and physiology shows us how to find our apt medicine in our food. Let the clothing be apt and natural, and not fashionable. Let the skin be kept in condition by vapor or cold baths, or by both, or by warm water as may be found most fitting, agreeable, and convenient. In Brother Harris's case, a little undeveloped medicine would seem to be indicated—a vermifuge of some kind of snake-root, as there appears along the alimentary canal the simulacra of serpents, which, in moving, appear to his inverted spiritual vision as legions of devils led by the great red Dragon of the Apocalypse, as set forth in the "Bible Testimony," or Hierophant," of Mr. Stewart. In our patient's case, though the terrible Dragon may be only a tape-worm, yet he so magnifies his calling as to appear to draw after him not only a third, but almost every part of heaven—so that there is but very little of the kingdom of heaven left in him, but hell, rather. Now we must get our patient and his like out of this horrible pit and miry clay, or they cannot see God, but must continue in their abode of orthodox devility, which constitutes so much devilish engineering in affrighting the ignorant and superstitious, when engineered by such as Elder Knapp; is claimed to be, though we have not witnessed him in this mode of operation.

Having brought our patient by laws of health to a normal physical status, he will now see how naturally the kingdom of darkness is transformed into a heaven of light; still there is yet needed somewhat to bring his moral and spiritual into harmonious tone; for as he is too mightily subject to the leaven of the Pharisees, he beholds alone himself is good, and every other mind. The Pharisees would see in Jesus only a devil, and that he was master or prince of a house of devils. Harris, in like egoism, sees but little of God or good, but only the universe full of devils. If he would meet these, whether in or out of the flesh as the children of a common Father, instead of floating them with "I am better than ye," he might be surprised to find how many of his devils in their God-head were as good or better than himself. If he were highly born of the spirit, he could love his enemies, and deal kindly with them, and experience in return, deep, heartfelt gratitude; while the Levite who seeks to exorcise them by self-righteousness, would find himself sorely beset in his Phariseism. In our communications with the spirit-world, we have found it like this in which we are now living—none all good, none all evil—but all in order of progression, according to the laws of their being of light and shade in infinite variety of an universal whole, where all must live, and move, and have their being. They find brightest light, whether in or out of the flesh, who are moving upward in all the larger and better growths of the soul, even though they seek not unto priests, nor familiar sermons, nor cry Lord! Lord! I have not done many wonderful things in my name?

There are good things in the sermon of Mr. Harris. There is need of enlightenment and warning in regard to the spiritual world as with this; but we are not to let the priest so far as to make greater the darkness we would remove. It is in this way that ignorance becomes the mother of devotion, and crushing superstition sits like an incubus upon the soul. Spirits in the flesh memorize each other in all the relations of life. Spirits out of the flesh do the same. If there may be rupture of nervous odyssey in the one case, so very there be in the other. Friend Harris is in this very estate now, through the low tone of his physical, and the least granitine of his spiritual status. He is in open rupture with both worlds for more of the slady than of the brighter inspirations. Let him bring forth words meet for physical and mental repentance. Let him bask himself in due measure to agricultural pursuits, and to such studies as are therapeutically pertaining, and his overflow of devil-world—blue devils and gray—will retire in the ratio of his return to physical and mental integrity. Let his mental food be more varied in its character, by taking in the sciences as ballast to his spiritual intuitions; and then we should not again have to witness his ludicrous ballooning as a spiritual Quixote against the Prince of the Power of the air. Let him come unto more healthful estate, and he would not be so ambitious to be the Sir Oracle Windbag to blow all hell into a flame; but rather he would leave all superfluous devility to the old ideologies, which cannot stand without very much aid from the devil to flank them. Know ye not that those who believe so much in devility, may find the most about himself? He will attract such in and out of the flesh. Let all such beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. Ward Beecher has prescribed somewhat similar to himself to such of his church members who felt themselves and their neighbors were possessed of the devil. As a preliminary, he would cure them of dyspepsia, and other damnable diseases. Brother Beecher's prescription is good, and if Harris does not recover under our prescription, if strictly followed, or no cure, no pay. Adieu!

So long as ignorance and superstition rest their thick darkness on the domain of mind, but little can be known of meretricious or spiritualistic laws. This field should be cultivated, and its normal truths unfolded. More is now known than ever before, but much is yet shrouded in terrible night. If there is a commercial revolution, there is a flux to the temples, and prayer-meetings at noon-day. The multitude rush to and fro, and revivals, like hurricanes, sweep over the land. In their circuits, they embrace affrighted mortals to whom appears the sun refusing to give her light, and the moon turned to blood. Men's hearts failing them from fear, hear the seas and waves roaring as the gathering wrath of heaven. From none of these things is ignorance the savior. The clergy seize the whirlwind and direct the storm; and catch the sprays and minnows which are stranded or laid out along the way. In the mystic centre of these gyratory sweeps, the priests pipe Jewish timbrels to the praise of their book-Jehoi, till gloomily there is conjured to the view,

"Gather round like open presses,
To show the dead in their last dresses."

And thus affrighted, the masses are as scared as when at Sinai's foot they stood, fearing that the Lord would break forth from his cloud and transfix them with his lightning bolts. Then comes the varied outpourings of the spirit, as the fitting finale of so much ignorance—the mother of such devotion.

Not in the source, but in the ways and means, is the divergence of the ancient and modern influx. Jews and Gentiles differed somewhat in the mode, as on the likewise the modern may differ from the old. The one

great fount of all was the source of the various streams. When Caesar was about to clutch the throat of Rome, not to Urim and Thummim, nor to dreams, nor to the women of Endor, did the Romans "inquire of God"—but

"The state thus threatened, by old custom taught,
For counsel to the Tarquin prophets sought:
Of these the chief for learning fame and age,
Arms by name, a venerable sage.
At Luna's side, none better could desert
What bode the lightning's journey through the sky:
Treading reins and flares and fire, he came,
And omens read aright from every wing that flew.
And now the Seer the sacrifice began—
The pouring wine upon the victim ran.
The mingled meat upon his brow was placed,
The crowded knife the destined line had traced."

But the Lord was unpropitious in the sacrifice, as when Balam sought him on likewise for Bulak in old Jewry. The Romans, like the Hebrew Boothsayers, sought to console his employers by oblique suggestions, and said—

"But may the Gods be gracious from on high,
Some better propensities grant supply,
Whence may arise a better sacrifice

Let every one make his life real and earnest. Let every one feel what is the greatness of a life that takes hold on God, and which is sheltered in Jesus Christ; such a life as that which partakes of the living head, and drinks of the living springs. We may never be satisfied; God be thanked, the human soul never can be satisfied; but it will always find enough for its want; it will always be supplied. Terrible things do not always give a supply. The fall when we need them most. They slip from us when we are most hungry. Let God's truth, Christ's love and spirit be always near; and although we never are completely satisfied, there will always be satisfying. Oh, my friends, let us seek ourselves with some consciousness of fear, as well as hope and faith. Are we dreaming or awake? Are we living life of illusions or realities? We shall wake by and by. Something will wake us up, death if nothing else; and it is terrible, when one does awake, to find that the soul is empty. God grant that we may awake to life, to duty daily, to a sense of our mutual relations; that we may awake now to communion with God and Christ, which is the true waking; and the true life forevermore.

How much have cost us the evils that never brought peace!

papers about bees.

is vain and worthless.

DRUMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

QUESTION.—What is the theory that man is controlled by an absolute law of necessity in all his acts, be productive of morality or immorality?

Mr. Elson in the chair.

Dr. CARR.—Is the recognition of the fact, that everything that is necessary, injurious to the morals of humanity? In answer to this question, I would ask, is a recognition of truth is injurious to the morals of humanity? Is a recognition of the complete power and wisdom of God in the government of everything is injurious to the morals of humanity? Is it a higher exhibition of morals made manifest, when a man stands apart and affirms that he transcends the laws of God in nature by living in opposition to those laws; by resisting temptation; by living and running counter to the natural tendencies of his soul? If he there be—and I believe there are some, so called—in the physical world, this affirmation, it seems to me, must be a large one. Is it good morality to tell lies? Is it not better morality to see God in everything, and have faith in his wisdom, power and love? No man runs counter to the natural tendencies of his existence. It is an impossibility for him to do so. Gravitation holds the physical body of every man and woman close down to the earth. This power has never ceased to exist for a single instant. This law is a necessity. Who can run counter to it, and not fall if he does? Every law of nature holds us just as sternly and inflexibly as does the law of gravitation. This is a law of God and it speaks to us in silence every second of our earthly being. It is so common and so silent in its action that we are heedless almost unconscious of its existence. Pitch a man over a precipice, at any time, and the law of gravitation will speak to him in silence, but with awful power; he can't hold himself when he is falling. This law of gravitation holds our bodies down to the earth at all times, and in all cases, evenly, positively, inevitably. This is a law of nature, a law of God, and a mighty, and yet unbroken law. This law we cannot dodge, keep back, alter or break; no matter to what extent our conceived powers of self have grown, or to what heights our morals of self-righteousness have risen, we must obey this law of gravitation, and it is a necessity to our existence. A law of necessity that governs, is the law of gravitation. Everything we do in life is no less the consequence of the laws of nature over acting, than is that power that makes a man fall when thrown over a precipice a consequence of a law of nature. Everything is natural. And everything to nature and in nature is a necessity. Let nature cease to be, and all creation ceases to be; all existence is a blank. Laws of necessity to us, exists everywhere, in everything.

At the conclusion of Dr. Child's remarks, the chairman stated to those present that this was not a dispute, but a conference, merely, and all were at liberty to offer their views on the question.

Mr. EDDY.—I accept what Brother Child has just stated. It is true, beautifully true, yet I think it might have been said in a very different manner. He has spoken of the laws of nature, and contends that every law of nature holds us as firmly as the law of gravitation. I understand man to be a dual being. He possesses two natures, the spiritual and the animal, and there are two classes of laws in society to which he may be obedient—the higher, or spiritual laws, and the lower or animal laws. These laws clash. We cannot serve "God and Mammon," I know by experience. Man, it seems to me, lives in the natural. What may be natural to me now, may not have been a year ago; hence, what is natural for me to do today, may not have been then, and may not be in the future—for I progress. I like this question, because it opens up the affectional nature. The great thing needed is a desire to do as well as we know how, to develop and unfold the good in us, so that it—the high and good—shall be natural to us. True religion is said to be "visiting the sick and the widow." True religion possesses makes that style of living natural to us. It seems to me there are many men who profess Christianity, who do not express anything like that style of living. Why? Because they are obedient to the lower law of their nature. It controls them as rigidly as the law of gravitation. There are higher laws which will control the individual, and in proportion as they unfold their higher nature these laws will work. Dr. Child says "everything is natural." All things are not natural to all men. It is natural for the pirate to rob and murder. It would not be natural for some to do so. Two classes of laws control man. The pirate is controlled by one; the man who cannot do these things is controlled by another. It is not in his sphere. I maintain that Jesus was controlled by the lower law when he betrayed his master "for thirty pieces of silver." It was absolutely necessary that Jesus should commit that abominable act. (The speaker mentioned the case of Dr. Pomeroy, and held that it was absolutely necessary that he should do as he had done, in order to demonstrate to his own mind the wickedness of his own acts, and come into that condition we call repentance.)

Mr. WILSON.—I am somewhat disappointed in the form in which this argument has been carried on. I must ask what is necessary? The speakers have failed to tell us. Is it necessary for me to reach out my hand and rob my neighbor—to lie, or to traduce my sister? If so, then Doctor Child's argument may stand good; if not, it falls to the ground. Whenever you appeal to the murderer, the pirate, or the prostitute, through the material relations, you touch the well of human kindness, and draw from them sympathy. They manifest repentance and humiliation. The speaker mentioned the case of obsession with which Dr. Child was connected, and asked whether it was a necessity that the spirit Dr. C. cast out should hold control? Is not, said the speaker, the necessity manifested in the expulsion of that spirit rather than in the control of the spirit? Jesus betrayed his Lord; but when he saw the heinousness of his crime, did he not go and execute himself voluntarily? Which was the necessary act? Brother Child tells us again that "whatever is, is right." Is it right for me to strike Brother Child to the ground? If so, there is an interpretation to the word "right" he has not yet given to the world.

Mr. TRAYER.—It seems to me the question before us this evening is a perfect anomaly. Let us look at it. I shall assume, if this theory is correct, that man can not do an act that is either moral or immoral. How can a man do a moral act if he does what he does from necessity? He does it because he can't help it. Is there anything moral in that? You convert him at once into a machine. I take hold of a machine and put it in operation—it does its work. Is there anything moral in it? If man does everything from necessity, because he can't help it, it is no credit to him if he does good. It is no discredit to him if he does bad. He can't help it. If I put my finger in a machine and get it out of gear, can I blame the machine? Of course not. Therefore if this theory of necessity is true, there is no responsibility resting on man whatsoever.

Mr. SPOONER.—I haven't had a single doubt in my mind for the last twenty-five years that man is a perfect machine, and nothing else. It's a satisfaction to me to think so, for I think I shall be operated upon better than I could operate myself. About all the comfort a philosopher can have is to think that some body else is moving the machine better than he could do it himself. All of us practically recognize this truth. The laws of mind are just as much fixed as the laws of matter. My opinion of this theory of necessity is, that it is a humbling one. The effect is to make man better. A man who believes in it, is likely to be a better man. I cannot see how it has any tendency to make a man immoral. What is morality and immorality? Those acts which contribute to the happiness of mankind are called moral. Those which tend to the unhappiness of mankind are termed immoral or bad. We say it is immoral for a man to eat too much. Will he be likely to do it again if he has had too much? Won't he see that he should not make a gourmand of himself? Now I can't see that this theory is going to make a man any worse. I think it is the other way.

Mr. TANNER.—It seems to me the speakers have departed widely from the question. As I understand it, it is simply whether the promulgation of the doctrine that man is governed by absolute necessity in all that he does, would produce morality or immorality in society. That is the way I understand it. They have argued it in the form of whether man is a free agent, or governed by circumstances. I should take the position of the affirmative; that this theory of man's being governed by necessity would produce morality. Man is a machine—a thinking and acting machine. Can any individual, did any individual, ever perform an act in his life that he could have done differently under the same circumstances which surrounded him? The fact that man performs an act, shows that he is governed by motives. I think this theory would be productive of morality, because it begets within society at large the largest kind of charity. Suppose a man goes South and preaches the doctrine of emancipation. Take it for granted that the southern people know that this man is governed by a law of absolute necessity—that he must pursue his course anyhow—that that is a fact and what would be the consequence? Would they not say, "The man is necessitated to do as he does—let him alone." I believe there is a higher law, and a lower law. I believe an individual can be controlled by both laws, and to the same day. A man may be controlled by the lower law, one hour in the day, to commit a wrong act, and, at another hour, be controlled by the higher law, and repent of what he has done. In one, he was governed by the law of his animal nature; in the other, by the law of his spiritual nature.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—There seems to be a difficulty in my mind. One gentleman says he has "thought for many years that he was a machine," and is happy in the thought." In order to sustain this idea, the gentleman will need to explain some problems that seem rather difficult to me. If men are machines, and not only as they are acted upon, of course some superior power must exist; and to say, when a wrong act is committed, that the superior intelligence was its cause, is to me rather unexplainable. One of the gentlemen speaks about a man going south, and preaching emancipation, that it was a necessity, &c. But, can't the slaveholder come forward, and say, it is a necessity for me to keep my slaves? This philosophy is unground from the fact that man has a consciousness of right and wrong; and the idea of his doing every good act as he does by a fatal necessity, is contrary to his own consciousness. I can no more believe that I do wrong, or right, I do so from an impulsive necessity, than I can believe the world is upside down to-night.

Dr. GARDNER.—I look upon man as a dual being, and as a being that is controlled by the law of necessity, absolutely, fully, entirely, wholly. I fully endorse the ideas of Mr. Spooner, but I should like them expressed in a little different language. I did not understand him to mean that man was a machine like a printing press, or a locomotive, but an intelligent machine. It seems to me man is controlled by two sets of laws. First, that when he would do good, he had evil present with him—both of them absolutely necessary—necessities in his existence. One of the speakers mentions Jesus, and the betrayal of his master, and either brother, whichever you may choose to call him. The bribe that he received led to this betrayal, and his own consciousness of having done wrong led him to repent and hang himself. Here are the two natures. Paul speaks of the two laws, the animal and spiritual. Which was the animal law? That which caused Jesus to be bribed, and to betray Jesus for the thirty pieces of silver. Which was the spiritual law? That which caused him to repent, and voluntarily execute himself. I assume that man is governed by philosophical organization. A being is brought into this world without having the privilege of choosing his own parents. Under a law of absolute necessity, operating previous to his birth, all his animal faculties are largely developed—sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, &c.—while the top of his mind is flat and low, almost entirely deficient in the moral and spiritual region. Now, can that man prevent the manifestation of these lower and selfish faculties? Certainly not. It is an absolute law of necessity that he should be subject to these influences, and he cannot avoid it. But using him up, if such a thing were possible—give him vigorous health, let his intellect expand, let him have the same strong animal passions, bring some influence to bear upon him, and he will strike a blow to kill a man. At once the moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties will be brought into action, and he will regret the act, and manifest his sorrow for it. The first of these examples is the control of an absolute law of necessity, working through his animal propensities. The second is the opposite law of his spiritual, intellectual and moral nature, manifesting itself through an equally absolute necessity, and demonstrating the fact that he is possessed of these two natures, each absolute in its own sphere. No man can act without a motive, and the strongest motive will govern us. You never performed an act but by some motive. I take the ground that this theory must be productive of morality. It would, as one has remarked, develop "the largest kind of charity." It would lead us to look with more kindness upon the wrong acts of humanity.

Mr. GOSWORTHY made some remarks, and quoted a great deal of Bible testimony to prove that man was not a creature of necessity, but a free moral agent, and accountable for his own acts. He thought the idea of a man being a "machine," was rather strange. He said God looked upon man as a reasonable being, for he said, "Come, let us reason together."

Mr. TANNER commenced to make a few remarks, but gave way to

Miss LIZZIE DOWEN, who was controlled by a spirit, and spoke as follows:

I must tell you now something that the medium don't believe herself. I must speak what I think—not what she thinks. She thinks belief in this theory of necessity would tend to immorality—I don't think so.

You teach the law of necessity, and it will tend to the highest morality. It is a law of necessity that evil shall be overcome of good. It is a law of necessity that truth shall triumph over error. Teach this to man, and it will make him no worse—but better. Teach him that there is that in his nature which will enable him to progress from the lowest to the highest of principles and things; that from the lowest worm to the highest angel it is necessary that they shall pass from heaven to hell—from the state of innocence and ignorance, and pass again from hell to heaven. When there is any positive good in this universe, it will tend to morality—to nothing else. Teach man also in being instructed in this way he will achieve his highest good, and you will never find it tend to immorality. In connection with this, I would repeat to you words previously presented through this organ. It is the voice of truth speaking a high word of promise for the future—

The world is my child. Though willful and wild, I know that she loves me still. For she thinks I fed with her holy dead, Because of her stubborn will. And she weeps at night when the angels light Their watchfires o'er the sky. Like a maid o'er the grave of her loved and brave; But the truth can never die!

One by one, like sparks from the sun, I have counted the souls that came From the hand Divine—all, all are mine, And I call them by my name. One by one, like to the sun I shall see them all return. Though tempest-tost, yet they are not lost, And not one shall cease to burn.

So you see that when you carry out this great doctrine of necessity, it is not a necessity that man should be evil.

The spirit in control elaborated quite largely on this head, and also on the point of man's responsibility; but want of space prevents a more lengthy report. The same question will be discussed next week.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1890.

Henry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

WILLIAM DERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

PUBLICATION OFFICES:

3-19 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM DERRY, Boston; J. B. BRITTON, New York; LUTHER COLBY, Boston; J. R. M. SQUIRE, London.

Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner or Light," Boston, Mass.

For terms of subscription see First Page.

Henry, Colby & Co.

RAINY DAYS.

When we go into the country to stay awhile, we like, of all things, on pulling up the quilts around us and settling our head in the pillow for the night, to hear the rain drip from the eaves upon the roof of the piazza. It seems to make the sense of coziness and comfort complete. If we were sure the world was to be drowned again before morning, it would scarcely rattle the repose of our spirit one whit. We lie and think of all brakes, pearly with rows of rain-drops, emptying their buckets into the tops of our boots—of wet bows in the woods, flapping their separate showers in our neck and face—of mill-dams carried off by rising floods, bridges gone, and Noahian deluge coming down between the singing shingles on the roof; but the effort is too great, and we sink to slumber among the murmurs of the rain as quietly as a child goes off, with its latest plaything held tight in its little hand.

They have no rainy days in the cities—such are only dark days, dirty days—days of mud, and slosh, and sour tempers—days of soggy boots, spotted hats, and wet clothes. In the country nature consents to show you her face; and here it is not towey and scowling—it is fearful, more or less "blubbery," as Spooner would say, but all placid and calm underneath. The rain is no more than a mood here—nature comes out of it all the brighter and happier.

It is hard to tell if any two persons, harbored in the same place, get just the same sort of experience out of a rainy day. We have listened to the narrative of a great many on this theme, but each, we found, belongs to its owner, and to him only; the heavens do not shed the same influences upon all.

Rain affects us differently, in different places. It is one thing if you are snug at home, at the opening of a gray November storm, such as booms the hills of New England with wild-like mists—or chance to be weathered in some little country tavern, a long day and night before you, and nothing but a handful of loaves, a checker-board and a fowl stove for social consolation. One might make himself very happy at home, with dog and cat and books and family all around him; but in these by-places the sentiment is rubbed off by the dirty clothes, and trampled to death under the muddy boots. They are very prison-houses for the spirit, then.

It is delicious to hear the big drops pattering on the roof; the garrer is the place to catch the true inspiration from the rain. What realism of pleasure do not the boys and girls explore there, rummaging the old garret over from end to end! Side-saddles and ancient bonnets come forth from their twilight dream to do service once more for a generation not dreamed of at the time of their reign and glory. Paded pamphlets and one-cornered books—perhaps a fragment of Josephus, or the remnant of an old volume of Belshazzar's—History of New Hampshire, or, more likely, a pile of old almanacs, laid out and overlaid with dust, and eaten of rats—fan the embers of the youthful mind into a bright flame, and hours go by as silently as one's self off into deeper darkness. The Saturday afternoon is almost sacred for the memories they have stored away in their minds; and the very mention of them with rain and country garrets, is enough to bring a man back entirely to himself again.

Rainy days at home, too, are apt to suggest thoughtful ramblings, slow and silent, over the domestic premises. We generally take these occasions to poke our nose into every old corner there is in a certain indefinable association, in our mind, of out-of-the-way books with old, rainy days. To listen to the water falling into the bog-hole, at the corner, from the eaves, is better than Cassia Diva, and the melodies strike faster in the heart. About the sheds bubble the poultry, then, with drooping tails and well-soaked feet; they stand in little, close groups, watching the rain, and listening to its sounds. All they fairly fall asleep on foot from the narcotism of its monotony. The dog goes from the barn to the shed, and from the shed to the kitchen, and then back again, occasionally there is a weather-wise eye up at the clouds, as if he were wondering when it would clear off again. The cows have gone under the barn, and there they ruminate, and give off clouds of steam from their drooled noses. The horse looks out of his stall window, becomes disgusted with the prospect, and draws his long face in again.

When the Spring buds are just ready to burst in millions of little green parachutes, and the brooks are rising, and trout leap for their stray tributaries as they come swimming down, to be out in the rain is a happiness one may speak of as long as he lives. Then the drizzle is delightful. It seems to permeate the skin, and somehow refreshes, while it equalizes, the animal spirits. With such weather the sound of the running brook is in perfect tune. In the low, alluvial tract, sprout green sheafs of marsh plants, of gigantic promise, among the weeds that people swampy regions. The rain-drops fringe the black birches and the alder boughs, like lines of bells, dripping from them in rows with the slightest shaking. Then the torpid old fisherman, like the sun-forgotten turtle, may be seen glued to the rock by the pond-side, waiting for bites and a precarious dinner; yet if you go and sit down beside him in the same spirit, he will let you further into the still secrets of nature—about fish, new moons, mist-traps, high waters, wood craft, and river lore—than you will get out of the poets from a three-month's reading; and it will all be fresh and reliable, too.

A gray November rain, coming over the hills as if eager to wrap you in its chilly folds, has its charming side, too. We like to be in the pastures then; the stripped trees, the brown and matted grass, the faded ferns, the straggling sheep under the lee of the stone wall, and the distant woodland receding like cities in vast fog, press upon the thoughts with a crowd of familiar associations. The home comforts rise up before the vision, and the winter months are green with the landscapes of newly returning pleasures. These rains of the Autumn seem to shut one in upon him, self, and hence heget the close and cozy feelings that invest their coming with so much delight; if we look near enough, we can always detect the secret law that holds our souls to the heart of Nature.

The falling rains of this season shed stout pills of wood about the sheds, ready for the busy axe of December, when the mercury is low and the blood is sluggish; they drive valiantly at the many-paned homestead windows, and generally manage to force their way in a little, before they are done; they drip and drip from the boughs of the old elm before the house, and make sorry-looking work with the apple-trees behind it. Then, too, the barns swarm with associations, that draw one's feet to them magnetically. The bay is piled full, and the scaffolds overhanging with their sweet-scented burden. The poultry struts about the allot flowers and in out the secret nooks made by the hay, pecking stray seeds and enjoying the perfect protection from the storm. The cows love to stay late in the morning in their stalls, nor do they venture far from the door when let out. Occasionally, an old cat, half wild in her looks, crosses the hay-mow up near the ridge-pole, making rustling footfalls that break the silence ominously.

On rainy days, the old home-kitchens, so spacious and clean, are alive with work of all kinds; if it chance to be baking-time, the scene is one of industry indeed. Bowls and trays and wooden spoons, iron kettles of brown bread, pies by the dozen, and hogs pieces of meat all ready for the spit fire on the hearth, and fire wandering to and fro over the concave roof of the oven; mixed accents of all good things baking and simmering; every one busy and intensely interested; and the whole a picture of a family laboratory, where choice gratifications are produced for every variety of appetite. None but the thorough, well-ordered household has such an exhibit to make, and then it is one of the greatest of home attractions.

We like, too, to be riding in a rain—if the country roads are at all passable, shut in from the wind and storm, dry and snug as a mouse in a Cheshire cheese, your steel strong and sure-footed, and his face turned homeward—one feels a glow of spirits even in the spongy day, while driving, between dark stone walls and drowned reaches of woodland, that is truly exhilarating. Then it is pleasant to trundle by old farm-houses, seeing the smoking cattle in the barnyard, and the usual signs of inquisitive human life at the front windows; to catch the sounds of threshing flails from distant hill-side barns, of barking watchdogs, and shrill chattering in the pines. It is the more welcome and cheery, because home is ahead, with its bright fires and loving faces and dry comforts uncounted.

A rain need not be a spell of gloom, to be worried through as good people get through the annual Fast Day. Why should the clouds make or mar our happiness? Does not the sun shine at the centre of our being forever? On the contrary, rainy days, by all their ordered associations, make us better acquainted with our own selves, external attractions having lost their force; in this sense, they are over to be welcomed, and hoarded away as the golden days of our existence, on which we journey more pleasantly than on any other. At home, they serve to wash the heart of its worldly cares, even as they wash the windows with their welcome flood.

The Doctors.

The world moves. Harvard nods, but the world shakes its locks and looks around for all that. Dr. Holmes—an "Automat" by divine right, as both his speech and writings show—has thrown a torpedo into the ranks of the medical fraternity, by boldly telling them, at their late anniversary meeting in Boston, that the world was drugged and doctored too much. There isn't a doubt about it. He bluntly remarked that doctors knew better than to take their own pulse, and that their families were the least drugged of any on the face of the earth. They all know it, so, too, they have to be told of it. And coming from a less man than the famous Dr. Holmes, who was able both by his reputation and attainments to maintain himself against all their frowns and growls, it is likely to perform a good service, not only upon the profession, but upon the minds of the unthinking public also. As it was, they hesitated a good while about agreeing to pay him the compliment of publishing his address, but finally compromised the difficulty by enacting a medical statute to this effect: that no person should be admitted to a membership of the Massachusetts Medical Society for the future, who practiced the art of healing by the aid, or after the methods of Spiritualism, Homeopathy, or Thompsonianism! That is to say, unless mankind will consent to be healed by the traditional, blind, and exploded methods known by the name of the "regular practice," the Medical Faculty would rather, a thousand times, make him should be delivered over to the fate! The doctors and the ecclesiastics will evidently go to the bottom in the same boat. They declare, with the Frenchman, that "they will drown," and that "nobody shall help them." Well, if we must all turn our backs, and take our leave of them, we don't see how we can feel responsible for their fate. They have been welded to false idols, and have obstinately turned away their faces from the living ones. And these are the men who think they hold the world in the hollow of their hands; who throw away the profound truths taught by intuition and by exact science, for the sake of old smoky superstitions and traditions that have been put too open shame by superior intelligence and knowledge, long ago.

The Reverend and Grand Discernment. We now have this interesting debate ready for delivery, and call the attention of all parties interested to it. Mr. Grant is acknowledged to be one of the strong, out-standers of the strange and unreasonable theology he advocates, and this fact, of itself, speaks volumes for the weakness of the whole "annihilationist" superstructure. With Mr. Loveland all our readers are more or less acquainted, and in the discussion we are speaking of, he wielded the *baton* of truth with his usual ability, and completely overthrew the arguments of his opponent—a task quite devoid of effort.

This discussion will well repay a diligent perusal, and will serve to demonstrate to the unbiased mind the utter absurdity of such a faith as Mr. Grant dismounts, at the same time showing how perfectly harmonious is the doctrine of human and universal immortality with all nature's laws, and consequently with God's.

The same book contains the affirmative of an argument between Dr. E. L. Lyon and Mr. Grant, and can be had at our office. Price thirty-seven cents.

About the Lungs.

It is well to know a little something about these matters—the liver, lungs, heart, nerves, &c.—and we quote from a recent writer, who says that the injurious effect of compression of the chest is shown by the fact that a man in a nude state is capable of inspiring one hundred and ninety cubic inches of air at a breath; but when dressed only one hundred and thirty inches. Ladies who encase themselves in tight-fitting undergarments, should remember this fact. Though we draw into and eject a similar amount of air, it is not of the same quality. The air thrown out of the lungs has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from three to six per cent. of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen and other volatile substances.

Hitness of Edward Kendall. We are pained to learn that this eminent artist, whose bugle performances have made his name famous throughout the globe, is now confined to his bed by consumption, and will never appear again in public. His friends in Boston are getting up a concert, to be held at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, June 20th, the proceeds of which are to go to Mr. Kendall and his family, who are in needy circumstances. Hall's Boston Brass Band, Mrs. Kempton, (Jennie Twitcheil), Miss Edna Brown, Mr. J. V. Fontarive and other artists, have generously volunteered their valuable services. They have prepared an excellent programme. Readers of the BANNER will not now, after he has added so much to your enjoyment during past years, do what you can to smooth his path toward the grave?

Sunday Meetings at the Melodeon.

During the warm season, there will be Conference meetings held at the Melodeon every Sunday, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock P. M. The morning meeting will be for the consideration of subjects having special reference to the sublime and beautiful teachings of spirits from the angel-life, by speakers in both the normal and abnormal states. The afternoon meeting will be for the discussion of all questions of a Philosophical, Scientific and Metaphysical character, having reference to the physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual development of man. All persons interested are invited to attend. A small admission fee of five cents each person, will be taken at the door, to defray expenses.

Bound Volumes.

We have a few copies of Volumes 5 and 6, bound in durable shape. Price \$3, at office.

Prince Napoleon is coming to this country.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Merle May in Her England Travel on the Thames; A Yorkshire Anecdote; The American Association at Charing Cross; Kelllogg, the American Artist; An Original of Raphael; Spiritualism in England; A New Correspondent.

DEAR BANNER.—Who would not continue to exist in the merry month of May, even if it had been a constant wish of his faint heart for the remaining eleven, to be relieved of the ceaseless care and turmoil of this mundane sphere? May, a month of budding trees and blossoming flowers, a season when it seems that the joyous Spring has poured the last drop of incense from her magic censur, until the very air is laden with perfume, and we grow fat in among the roses and carnations. In May the earth puts on her greenest green, and the giant oaks, that look their oldest among the bleaker winds of March, or through which the Northern blast mildly swept, till every limb, like some mammoth string, gave forth the music of the storm; they too, pulse with the balmy breeze and put forth their tender leaves to kiss the zephyrs that venture in their midst. The birds tell their songs with merrier hearts, sweet tales of love, and tenderness, and promise of the which we know not, save that they are very sweetly told.

Even the rivers, all except the Thames, hurry on in their channels with a newer life and more livid sound—faster for the Thames, doomed to a life of filth and slough, poisoned by the refuse of mighty London, it glides sluggishly on, dark, dirty, and odorous, by dusky walls and bristling towers erected years and years ago, as unlike the yellow Tiber that rolled by the purple hills of Rome, as one could possibly imagine, who has only read the poetry about the latter, and has seen enough to destroy any romance of the former. Still the Thames glories in being about the most useful of its kind in the world, and while we cannot with propriety speak of it as

"Threading its silvery way beneath the sun,"

it is but justice to say "where would London be without it?" From 3 A. M., to midnight, pass swiftly back and forth countless grim little steamboats, loaded with living freight from Southwark, Waterloo, and Hungerford, from Chelsea, Putney, Blackfriars, and Vauxhall piers, passing by Police hulks, coal barges, cutters, greasy wharves, breweries, wholesale public houses, grim and dirty, etc., etc. And this is the every day life of the great Thames river! May is nothing to it, neither is December, save that the freshening airs of winter leaves it to glory in a sweeter season.

How different the poetry of the babbling, babbling, sighing, singing brook, that finds its way through blooming fields and over pebbly beds. But this has little to do with London—great mart of men—where feelings are battered, bought and sold; where business occupation means fever, and rest means planning. But London had its May-day. Long years ago, a fair patrician lady lost her boy, a jewel set in the ruby of her heart. London resounded with the hunt—every street out of its usual thoroughfares echoed with the tread of the crier and every lane gave back the sound of his hoarse "Lost! Lost!" Every post, pillar and fence told its story of a child lost in the great heart of Babylon—of a mother gone wild in the greatness of her love. The boy was found, brought back to his mother's stately mansion in the black arms, folded to the white heart, of a sooty chimney-sweep. The proud lady, at sight of her restored child, with a shrill cry of joy threw her alabaster arms about the neck of the astonished sweep, and kissed his smoky face and blessed him with all a mother's love. The story ends. She prepared a gorgeous feast, at which she presided. To this she invited the sweeps of London on the first of May. They came, clad in all the fantastic costumes of a wild rite, uncivilized taste; and ever since that feast the first of May and the week following sees in the streets of London the jubilee of sweeps, masked as in a miniature carnival—as New Orleans on Mardi Gras.

A good thing went the rounds in London not long ago. A Yorkshire man whose father died intestate came to London for the purpose of settling some points at law. On speaking of the matter to his friend, his friend replied:

"You say your father died intestate, without a will, leaving three children, all infants except yourself, and you wish to be his executor?"

"Yes, that be it," replied the man.

"Well, then, go to the Temple and ask to see a villain and state to him the facts," said the other.

Off starts Mr. Yorkshire for the Temple, where the first man he meets he accosts with the following:

"Sir, be ye a villain villain?"

"Do you intend to insult me, sir?" said the villain.

"No," replied our hero, "I came to insult ye. Me father died detested against 'is will, leaving three children, all bludfeds except myself, and I want to be 'is executor!"

It needs no further remark; for the safety of the buttons on our waistcoat we objected to hearing anything more.

I took a stroll, the other day, with my friend, M. K. Kellogg, the American artist, into the American Association, Charing Cross. I was gratified to learn that this Club numbers over two hundred members. It is decidedly a national affair, and one of its prominent features—beside home-like comforts to its members, American papers, and that perfect liberty of manner so valued by the true American, so astonishing to the monotonous Englishman—is the faithful remembrance of the memorable 22d of February, which gave us as true a patron saint as ever any land could boast. It is a comfortable, genial home-place, to which I advise every American to go and see for himself.

Mr. M. K. Kellogg, at present residing in London, is a painter of no ordinary standing, and destined to win a reputation second to none. The most unfaltering attention for years in the theatres of the old masters—in fact, on the very stage where they figured so prominently—cannot but insure ability and success. Such has been the course of Mr. Kellogg, and no one who has either sat for him, or given his productions a fair investigation, has ever failed to accord him a very superior artist.

Mr. Kellogg has in his possession a picture of incalculable value, and the possession of which is destined to render him not only famous, but in case of its sale—which by good rights ought to be a national affair in England—very handsomely off. It is no less than the original "La Bella Jardiniere" of Raphael. For the picture, it is a most wonderful production, and bears every evidence of being the handiwork of that great artist; it has been unhesitatingly pronounced to be what Mr. Kellogg claims for it, by every one who has taken interest enough to go and see it; and amongst those rank some of the best judges. Mr. K. is about to issue a statement of facts which go clearly to prove it the original; and, whatever opposition may be met with, there is little doubt but what the picture will eventually win, and its claims be recognized.

London, May 17, 1890.

Mr. Charles Waterman.

Messrs. EDDY.—I read the communication of the above person in your last paper; and there has nothing occurred within my experience that has afforded me such strong evidence of the fact of spirit communion as this communication. I was well acquainted with Mr. Waterman, having boarded in the same house with him for some time, and had received intimate information respecting some of the events of his life to which he refers, and they are correctly stated by him. It is a fact that he died as he states in the insane asylum at South Boston, and that while there he exhibited strong symptoms of insanity when conversing upon religious subjects," as he also states. The cause of his insanity, to which he alludes, and which he says is well known to his friends, and which he does not wish to make public, as it was of a domestic and personal character, is well known by me. And, so far as my knowledge extends, I should say that the whole communication is strictly correct. He has a brother now living in Boston, who can probably also verify this communication.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Miss A. P. PHARAS AT TAMES HATCH.—This good lady, we understand, is giving to the friends at the far off city of the Wabash, much pleasure and instruction at circles, by tests in writing, and in seeing and describing spirits, even to the surprise of witnesses—strangers to her—giving the names of their departed friends, of whom she had never heard a word. Her lectures, too, in public, have been well received. Some of them are regarded as very beautiful, and all of them are argumentative, logical, and well-expressed. Her mode of speech only lacks, it is said; some of the forcible eloquence of Miss Sprague, or Miss Harding; yet it is pleasant, graceful and persuasive.

DEDICATION OF THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL SHIP.—The fine ship "Massachusetts," which has been fitted up with great care and completeness for the purpose of a nautical school, in which to educate boys to become accomplished seamen, instead of educating them to become accomplished criminals, was dedicated by appropriate services on June 6th. The whole cost of both of the vessels to the State is about \$30,000, and for that sum everything has been purchased which can increase the efficient furtherance of the objects sought to be attained.

ed with wisdom pertaining to your own life, you are not a subject of sin, but so long as ignorance

love, there is thought that man can do to me that prevent my offering a hope to all.—(The Spiritualist, Jan., Georgia.)

FROM the California Hieroglyph.

REMARKS ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

BY JOHN S. MITCHELL.

about ten years ago, a new and important theory, both scientific, and partly religious in its character, was published to mankind. It now stands before us as a new religion called Spiritualism, or Spiritism. Its origin in the most enlightened part of the world; within a decade of years, has gained several millions of believers, mostly intelligent people, some then holding high positions in science, literature, and society; and it is still advancing. It presents to our singular problems and puzzling facts to the physiologist and physician. Its adherents do not form any adopted any statement of their creed, nor are they all agreed upon it; but I believe a majority of them will consider their main doctrines to be fairly given in the following points:—

1. The human soul is immortal.
2. After the death of the physical body, the soul pos-

5. The soul is not strictly immaterial, but it is of an aereal essence or substance, which has the form and likeness of its animal frame, and when seen is recognizable by that likeness.

4. Spirits can and do, under certain circumstances, make themselves perceptible to the sight, hearing, and touch of men in normal life.

7. The spirits are perceptible directly to the sight, hearing, and touch of high mediums, and to low mediums, and persons not mediums, they show their presence by physical and psychical manifestations.

D. The psychical manifestations, made through a medium who is possessed by a spirit, consist in telling events occurring at a distance, describing places never seen or heard of by the medium remembering faces unknown by him, but lost to his memory in the past.

10. Manifestations are abundant in spiritual circles and may be seen by any one who industriously seeks to learn the truth in this matter.

13. The spirits have much knowledge not directly attainable by men in normal life, and often communicate such knowledge to the living.

14. Their statements are not always true.
15. There is a personal Creator and Governor of the universe, whose essence is similar to that of the exalted human souls.
16. Spirits continue to learn and grow wiser and better.
17. They have a happy intercourse with the Deity and with one another.

19. Jesus Christ was no more than a man.
20. The Hebrew prophets and Christian apostles had a higher inspiration than that possessed by the spirit editors in this age.
21. There are no such personal devil and material evil, as are believed in by Orthodox, Catholics, and protestants.

Such are the main points in the creed of the Spiritualists, as it has been explained in my presence by various persons prominent in their sect. The creed may be divided into two parts: first, that relating to questions of fact, that is, the genuineness and honesty of

It is generally admitted, I believe, by scientists, who have given any attention to the subject, that the burning of tables in spiritual circles is caused by an

voluntary or unconscious exertion of the muscles of the persons sitting in the circles. There is no trickery in this. It is further admitted by a majority of persons, (not Spiritualists,) in the most intelligent districts of the United States, that numerous other physical manifestations are made without any trickery, on the part of persons of the circles, but entirely by some unexplained or supernatural agency. Many in-

agine that the devil is at the bottom of it; they admit the genuineness of the manifestations, but say that they are made by the power of darkness, and that it is wicked for men to examine or meddle with the matter. Others say they are convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, but they say there is no sufficient explanation of the cause, and they reject the influence of spirit agency. The persons who have witnessed the manifestations, and who are the subjects thereof, are

ne impositions are not rare in the highest classes of
 our society. Unfortunately for the cause of truth,
 many reared by the abuse heaped upon Spiritualists are
 unwilling to bear witness publicly to the facts, which
 they readily tell privately in confidence to friends. I
 have heard men as high in the public estimation as
 any in this State, relate wonders which they had seen
 and heard in spiritual circles; but their evidence has
 never been published, and, I greatly fear, will not be.

never been purchased, and probably never will be. I must confess that although it is said that I am a medium, and although I have sought opportunities to witness Spiritual miracles, I have seen but one manifestation that puzzled me, and that one was Mr. S. B. Collins, when tied hand and foot securely by myself, and placed alone in a dark room where no one could have access to him, was untied, (by the spirits, as he asserted) in twenty-two minutes, after another person

This exploit, however inexplicable, would have no influence upon my reason, if performed by a professional juggler, and would have little as coming from a jester of a new jellison, if it came alone; but its

genuineness is so indirectly corroborated by a multitude of other marvels, reported by men known to me personally and by reputation, that I confess myself completely puzzled. While it is plain that **any one** recorded manifestation might be done by trickery, yet when we consider all the reports together, and remember that most of the performers have no interest to practice deception, and evidently make a religion of

their spirit theory, and persist in attesting its honesty and its truth, and agree generally with each other in their statements, we almost feel as though we must believe their reported manifestations generally, or discard all human testimony. The psychical manifestations are far more wonderful than the physical, and yet they include little more than such facts as have so often been observed in catalepsy, mesmeric trance,

spontaneous somnambulism, and Od. facts investigated and reported with the greatest care by highly competent and trustworthy witnesses. If we acknowledge that somnambulists can foretell future events, and have a supernatural range of perception and clearness of memory, it appears but a small matter to admit that a table may be raised in mid air when no one is touching it, and under such circumstances that no known

The leading Spiritualists, however, wish no one to admit anything without examination; all that they ask is inquiry, no matter how skeptical. Their fear is not investigation, but the refusal to investigate. And truly they are right, for the policy of the enemies of Spiritualism is now not to prove the falsehood of Spiritualism by investigation, but to deter people from in-

quiry by Abood. The first plea against inquiry is, that the devil is the author of the manifestations. That game of asserting that the devil is the father of facts which overthrow our theories, is, to use a bit of popular slang, "played out." It is an impudent assertion, incapable of proof, and evidently resorted to only because the party making it, cannot establish his theory with evidence convincing to reason. It is a base appeal to the credulity of some of the weak-minded and

The next plea against investigation is, that belief in Spiritualism makes people crazy. Instead, however, of that being a reason why people should not investigate it is a strong argument for the encouragement of inquiry. Insanity comes from mental excitement—of which the world has never yet had enough. To set people a thinking, we must run the risk of losing a

low by lunacy. Insanity is a measure of the intellectual activity of a people; while a great evil in itself, its frequency is a symptom of high enlightenment. It is a common and just remark that a blockhead never goes crazy; he has not the sense to serve as a foundation for insanity. Mental excitement is the beginning of the reign of reason, and the overthrow of all superstition, and in whatever form, it deserves encourage-

ment: The investigation of Spiritualism deserves encouragement; but it should be observed that the cultivation of the power of mediumship is dangerous to

