

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SONG WE USED TO SING.

BY MARY BURT.

Out of the past comes a voice to-night,
Cheerily over the grass-grown years;
And the tones sound strangely familiar—
As I listen, my eyes dim with tears.

'Tis his voice, who left us, long ago,
For a home on the "other shore,"
Whose feet grew weary ere yet it was noon
And faltered, then—walked no more.

Suns have risen and gone to their rest,
And months have grown into years,
Since the still small voice I have heard to-night,
Made music for my ears.

I remember the day that the angel came,
Though we saw not his shining wings;
He folded them round our blue-eyed one—
Since then—with the angels he sings.

And the song he is singing floats down to us
From his shining home above,
And it sounds like one we used to sing,
The one that he most did love.

We have sung it oft at the twilight hour,
In the olden days, long gone,
And it drops on my heart with a healing balm,
Every word of that dear old song.

And I love to think, as I sit to-night,
He remembers it all as of yore—
For the angels have taught him sweeter songs
Since he lived on their own bright shore.

We shall sing it again, I know we shall,
That song of songs which we love;
I'll practice it here, earth-taught awhile,
Then together we'll sing it above.

Milan, Ohio, March, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

On our way home, the events of yesterday were narrowly discussed.

"Now confess, mamma," exclaimed Miss Blackburn to Lady Orford, "that you do admire Sir Wilford?"

"I own his fascinating manners, and of course I can never cease to feel deeply grateful to him. I admit that these emotions have made sad inroads on my dislike."

"I am so glad, for you do know I have promised myself much enjoyment in his society, and I could not bear you to disapprove him."

"I should be wretched, Aletha, if I thought there were any danger of your taking a warmer interest than friendship," Lady Orford hurriedly rejoined, with ill-concealed agitation, which struck me as being disproportionate to the cause, "but you would not so openly praise him, if there were even a tendency that way."

"You are quite right," replied Miss Blackburn, "I could never be in love with Sir Wilford. But I do like him immensely, do not you, Judith?"

"Most certainly," I answered slowly, still recurring to the singular resemblance to my cousin.

"Why, I declare," said Aletha, laughing, "you answer so absently that I doubt you know what I asked."

I repelled this charge, but stated that I was thinking of the likeness Sir Wilford bore to an old friend of mine.

"I hope I need not repeat the warning which I gave to Aletha's cousin," said Lady Orford, smiling uneasily. "Sir Wilford Dudley is not a marrying man."

"Indeed, mamma, I cannot help laughing; you seem to have taken a sudden spite against marriage, or at least, in the case of the gentleman in question. Pray what has he done that he shall end his days a bachelor? Do you fear he would prove a Blue Beard?"

And Aletha gave way to the mirth which this amusing pertinacity of her mother provoked.

"You speak very lightly, my dear," replied her ladyship, gravely; "there are other Blue Beards than such as behead their wives. Some blot the heart, and cruelly spare consciousness. That is suffering worse than death."

Miss Blackburn was silent from respect, but I was pained to have a doubt of Sir Wilford's chivalry suggested. Why did not Lady Orford with her accustomed frankness say what she had against him that even her debt of gratitude could not cancel? But did she not expressly state when his name was first mentioned that she had only a prejudice inherited from a friend? With a sigh I gave up the subject, wondering if mystery were to be my portion and surrounding through life.

At dinner that day the gentlemen renewed the discussion; but devoted as Lady Orford was to his stepmother, and unanimous as they generally were in opinion, it was Captain Yarrington who now agreed with her ladyship, while Lord Harry warmly sided with Miss Blackburn. I hardly knew to which side I belonged. I was favorably impressed with the part our new acquaintance had played thus far, yet I could not disregard the judgment of two such sound and mature minds as were against us.

"Here is Miss Kennedy now," said the Captain, "who says nothing—under which King, Benjamin?"

"I am puzzled," I answered. "Sir Wilford's countenance is certainly impassible, yet I think he was not always thus seemingly cold and exclusive—he may have seen sufficient sorrow to chill a once impetuous nature."

"He has certainly caused enough to make him look grave," exclaimed Lady Orford with a slight tremble in her voice; "he is not a bachelor—but was the husband of a lovely woman who was devoted to him, and he broke her heart to return."

A sudden silence succeeded; then Lady Orford resumed:

"Perhaps I have done wrong to speak of this matter which is forgotten by nearly all but the principal actors; I could not, however, hear you wasting your sympathies on him and remain silent."

"I heard something of this while abroad," remarked Captain Yarrington, "but I was not sure of my informant's correctness, and then there are always two sides to these reports."

"Yes, indeed," added Lord Orford; "now this wife may have had two faces under one hood, and death may have released Sir Wilford from martyrdom."

"My dear Harry," exclaimed Lady Orford, "I assure you that she was a truly angelic woman."

"Then, *belle merr*, I can easily comprehend that she might have been wearisome beyond expression—for my part, I shall never marry until I can ensue Petruchio to a Katherine. Ah, now!" he continued, coaxingly, seeing an expression of pain on her ladyship's face, "I beg pardon if I have wounded your feelings, but there are so many slanderers who especially delight in attacking matrimonial reputations, and magnifying disagreements, that I am very cautious of crediting rumors to that effect. I can cite you an instance in point. There is a worthless half-pay captain, whom one meets at every fashionable place of dissipation in Europe—he is an unprincipled, but clever fellow, the younger son of a branch of the Saville family; I dare say you've met him time and again," turning to Captain Yarrington, who nodded acquiescence; "well, he had a lady-like, broken-spirited, invalid wife, as all these aristocratic spendthrifts who live by their wits have, and a daughter that not even the confusion, neglect and exposure of their wandering Dedoulin-like existence could contaminate—she was as shy and beautiful as a fairy, but as enthusiastic and artless as a child. I never knew the exact circumstances, but I heard that she married a young Englishman—they eloped, I think—and his friends were informed by some mischief-maker that he had thrown himself away for a miserable, low-born woman, the associate of gamblers, and the incarnation of everything that is crafty and shameless. Without giving the poor child a chance to refute these slanders in person, this young man's mother disinherited him forthwith. Do not you remember hearing the story, Dick?"

"Perfectly. Miss Saville was deserving of your praises; but I believe you mistake about the elopement; there were some very romantic circumstances though; she only lived about a year afterward, and fortunately her husband had property of his own, so she did not suffer from having caused his ruined fortunes."

My heart beat quickly. Might they not be speaking of my cousin?

"Do you recollect the gentleman's name?" I inquired, as calmly as possible.

"It was Scotch—Murray. Were you acquainted with these events?" replied Captain Yarrington in surprise.

"I knew a family of that name—but then there are so many Murrays."

"His Christian name was—?" (I suppose the Captain understood the entreaty in my eyes that he would not proceed, for he concluded:) "A surname, as is the case with so many of those clanlike Scotchmen, they are difficult for strangers to recollect."

I breathed more freely. I was sure it was Richmond of whom this episode was related, and having never mentioned that he was married, I disliked that Lady Orford should now hear his history. And I had thoughtlessly told Captain Yarrington that my cousin was free; I could not recollect if I had mentioned his name; if so, why should not the Captain have told me these circumstances when we were speaking of him the evening previous? If I had not, the identity need never be known, or I supposed to be ignorant of the facts.

"At any rate," Lord Orford remarked, "this lovely young wife of Murray's was an angel almost, and yet persons were not wanting sufficiently malicious and untruthful to represent her in such a light as to cause her husband's disinheritation. A few similar cases have taught me great caution."

"I agree with you generally," said Captain Yarrington; "I only believe my own feelings and perceptions in judging another—in comparison with that test I pay but little heed to the good or evil reputation a person bears with others. Even public facts are deceptive—unless you know the hidden springs, you may put any but the right construction on them."

"But we are wandering from the subject under discussion," interposed Miss Blackburn, "we were settling Sir Wilford Dudley's claims to our confidence and esteem. Here is Miss Kennedy, who is almost a witch for arriving at correct conclusions, and she ought to give us the benefit of her opinion."

"I am indeed," responded Lady Orford; "I never saw keener insight."

"I am particularly interested in your decision," said Captain Yarrington, in a low voice, fixing his eyes on me with an expression I could not define. Were his words mere compliments, or did they veil some deeper source? For, though a gallant, he was not an insincere man, and this unreserved demonstration surprised me. Instantly, however, I reflected that circumstances like those we had so recently shared, alter after-intercourse materially, and with my previous frankness, replied:

"I hope you will agree with me in favorable opinion, Captain Yarrington, for I owe more gratitude to him than to any other person save yourself, and I should not wish our opinions to conflict."

"Then you side with Harry and Miss Blackburn against Lady Orford and myself?"

"If you are hostile, sir. But I can understand her ladyship's reasons for looking unfavorably on Sir Wilford. Your sentiment has not so clear a cause."

"I can hardly account for it myself—one of those refusals to affinitize, that no chemists of humanity have yet sprung up to explain."

However decided the opinions expressed, they seemed to influence future actions but slightly, for Sir Wilford became almost as frequent a guest as Captain Yarrington, between whom and himself a certain distance, amounting to coolness, never diminished, but rather increased.

CHAPTER VII.

Not long after the conversation above recorded, as I sat one afternoon under the shade of a fine old tree on the lawn, sketching a favorite bit of landscape, I heard mingled voices, and directly after, the whole of our now increased family party came through the walk where I was seated.

"Come Judith," said Lady Orford, "we are going to stroll about; will you join us?"

I declined, on the plea of finishing my sketch while the light was most favorable to the scene before me; and, although the others urged me, I remained firm, Sir Wilford declaring I would not go lest I should fall to his lot during the walk. Even that failed to move me, and they were soon gone, Aletha leaning on the arm of Captain Yarrington, while the other gentlemen took places each side of Lady Orford. As I looked after them I could not but notice how the tact with which the Captain supported Miss Blackburn disguised her infirmity, and how animated her fine dark countenance was with her wide-brimmed gipsy hat shading the rich flush of exercise, and play of expression. Her companion was uniformly fascinating, but there was a tenderness in his manner as he supported her steps that bespoke a devoted delicate nature, worthy any true woman's heart.

"It is evident Miss Blackburn will not sign that name much longer," I meditated; "she will make a wife one can be proud of, and doubtless become more suave than now—yet I should hardly have supposed her capable of awakening such compassionate softness, as her slightly defiant disposition did not invite it."

Gradually I became absorbed in my occupation, when a shadow fell across my paper, and to my surprise I beheld Captain Yarrington advancing toward me, wearing an expression I could not analyze, and quite alone.

"I thought you were taking a ramble," I said; "where are your companions?"

"You are not aware how long it is since we left you—more than an hour; and as the ladies are taking a siesta after their fatigue, I concluded to remain out of doors rather than share the smoking room with Harry and Sir Wilford."

There was a slight symptom of irritation in the Captain's voice, which I did not understand. Had Aletha wounded him by some sharp speech?

"May I look over your sketches?" he inquired, taking my portfolio from the seat.

"Certainly; but you will find little to interest you—they are principally unfinished, mere suggestions to be worked up at leisure."

"You draw figures as well as landscapes, I perceive," remarked the Captain, holding up a crayon of Miss Blackburn.

"I have not much proficiency in portraiture," I replied, "but Lady Orford requested me to make the attempt. I am aware it is a poor one."

"It is like. The features are quite exact, but there is a peculiar expression that I consider more pleasing than the one selected—allow me, since you are not desirous of retaining it." And taking a crayon from the box, with the skill and rapidity of an artist, he retouched the picture. The effect was magical—the rare but brilliant smile which had irradiated Aletha's face, as she had passed me, leaning on Captain Yarrington's arm, that afternoon, was transferred to paper, by a few altered lines and arrangements of light and shadow.

I was delighted, and inquired if such success always attended his efforts.

"That depends on the original. Anything marked is more easily copied than a harmonious sweetness; but whom have we here?" he exclaimed, as he resumed his inspection of the drawings.

I had been so impressed with the resemblance between Sir Wilford and my cousin, that I had made water color portraits of both, and in so doing had been more than ever struck by their similarity.

"I do not understand these, Miss Kennedy. Are they of the same person?"

"Oh, no; do not you recognize either?"

"To be sure. This is Sir Wilford Dudley; but this—were you endeavoring to picture him as a young man?"

"I intended different individuals. But why do you ask if I were trying to portray Sir Wilford as a young man? You surely don't consider him an elderly one?"

"Elderly has various degrees, Miss Kennedy," responded my companion, smiling; "but if you mean, do I look upon him as a man no longer young, I reply Yes."

"I have supposed him about thirty, but he has the appearance of one who has lived much in that time."

"Thirty is a low estimate, in my opinion, but you will think me entirely prejudiced after the many occasions on which I have differed from you in regard to him."

"I do not think it prejudice, but one of those singular cases where total absence of sympathy repels all association."

"Whatever the cause, our repulsion is mutual, as I presume you have noticed, Miss Kennedy?"

Thus appealed to, I could not avoid answering that

I thought they were attracted to each other less than to any member of our party, while both were favorites with all."

"I must confess myself at a loss for a reason," said the Captain, "but I have a theory that all inexplicable dislikes are grounded on injuries past, present, or to come; that is, they are either instinctive, though ignorant resentments, or warning impulses, which should be more regarded than they are generally."

"But don't you think such a theory likely to bring about the best result?"

"I do not think it causes, it merely prophecies the inevitable."

"What a lovely old place," Captain Yarrington resumed, after a short silence, and holding up a picture of Morton Manor.

"That was the scene of my happiest hours; it is my cousin's homestead."

"The one you spoke of some time since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Singular that he should choose to remain abroad, especially when he has a congenial female relative to make his home cheerful."

"Meaning me?"

"Exactly, for I suppose you must be attached to the place, and willing to reside there if he should return."

"I never anticipate that."

The words escaped my lips before I was aware how much they implied a mystery, and my companion looked slightly surprised.

I might have said that his health demanded travel, or coined some other fashionable subterfuge, but I was not given to them; and had I been, Captain Yarrington was the last person to whom I should have offered deception. A sudden thought came over me—here was one who must know something of Richmond—perhaps had actually met him. A longing to hear of my cousin possessed me, and the Captain was eminently discreet; under these united temptations I ventured.

"Do you recollect the incident Lord Orford related of Miss Saville who married that young Englishman?" I inquired.

"Perfectly, you are acquainted with the parties?"

"Not with both—but you said the gentleman's name was Murray, and I may know him."

"Were the circumstances we discussed new to you?"

"Some of them. I heard of Mr. Murray's marriage with an adventuress, as they were called, but nothing subsequent. Were you a friend to either party?"

"I was to Miss Saville—Mr. Murray I never met."

"Then you do not know where he now is?"

"The last I heard of him was that he had fallen heir to a large property."

"Yes, by the death of his mother."

"I understood that she disinherited him on account of his marriage."

"Nevertheless he is her heir—there was no will found."

"So he gets his rights, after all; pity the forgiveness should have come so late. I felt sure his mother could not have denied that his wife was a sufficient excuse for a hasty marriage."

"It was a very sad thing. I doubt, however, that Mrs. Murray would have been reconciled to her son, as I think she had selected a wife for him, and was more incensed at the destruction of her plans than anything else, otherwise she would have waited his account before judging."

"Pardon me if I am intrusive; but, if Mrs. Murray had a preference in regard to a daughter-in-law, was her son aware of it?"

"That I do not know; his marriage was so sudden and youthful, that perhaps she had not thought it time to speak of it; beside, he was ever in the habit of consulting her, and the news came like a thunderbolt."

"You are an intimate friend of Mr. Murray's, I presume?"

"He was a relative, sir."

"Indeed! Then of course you understand his character. As I have said before I was deeply interested in his wife, and consequently any particulars concerning him at the period of their marriage are interesting to me. May I ask what you suppose his motive was in not announcing his intentions to his family?"

"There again I am ignorant. Directly the news came, all mention of his name was prohibited, and as I was not in correspondence with him I have not heard from him since, except through one short letter on business chiefly."

"But still you probably have some opinion—and if you choose to give it to me I should be pleased."

"First then, I was quite sure that he was blameless throughout, and that he would never disgrace himself by any low connection. Further than that there was absolutely no room for conjecture; now that I know his wife was a lady by birth, even if not happily circumstanced, I wonder he did not signify his intentions, but I am sure he had a good reason."

"Mr. Murray is a favorite with you, Miss Kennedy?"

"I have a thorough confidence in him, sir. I had an intimate knowledge of him as a boy, and he was all that was true and noble. He could not be Richmond Murray and become otherwise."

At this moment the sound of the piano reached us.

"Miss Blackburn is playing one of Sir Wilford Dudley's favorite airs," said Captain Yarrington, hurriedly; "she too is in favor of him; he is a most fortunate person to secure the esteem of so many fair critics."

I began putting away my drawing materials, and the Captain absently assisted me. Our walk to the house was silent. What was the cause of my com-

panion's repressed excitement whenever Sir Wilford was in our family circle? Was it jealousy? As we stepped on the portico we saw through the drawing room window that Sir Wilford was leaning on the piano while Miss Blackburn executed with great feeling a plaintive aria. As our steps reached her ear, she turned her head, and the look of sadness was exchanged for a gay recognition, while Sir Wilford, on the contrary, appeared a trifle colder, if possible, than usual. Captain Yarrington remarked, in a voice full of some subdued emotion:

"How finely Miss Blackburn plays! Do you object to leaving your portfolio with me a short time?"

I gave it into his hands, and went to my room to prepare for dinner. While dressing, my mind was busy reviewing the day's incidents, that seemed to indicate a mingling of interests.

There appeared to be little doubt of the attachment of Captain Yarrington to Aletha, and I was quite as certain that she was not indifferent to him; but what was the magnet that drew Sir Wilford so frequently to the house? His resemblance to Richmond led me off to more immediate interests, and I rejoined the family in that state of mind which sad retrospection causes. As usual, music was the amusement of the evening, and I noticed with surprise that while Miss Blackburn played, it was Sir Wilford, and not Captain Yarrington, who turned the leaves and suggested the pieces. In a formal meeting this distinction would have been due the superior rank of the baronet; but during this season of seclusion, etiquette was set aside, and equality established between all admitted members.

The Captain consequently divided his attention between Lady Orford and myself, and if he were dissatisfied or jealous, his manner, serene, and full of its usual charm, betrayed nothing of it:

The evening was oppressively warm, and I suffered from the heat in an unusual degree. Lady Orford, noticing my flushed cheeks, remarked:

"You must have a headache, Miss Kennedy; I believe I never saw you with a vestige of color before, except a passing blush. Did you get overheated today?"

"The wind was sultry as I sat sketching, and my black dress makes me warmer."

"You should wear grey or lavender—you know it was admissible some time ago."

"I am so used to dark colors now, Lady Orford, that I should feel unlike myself in anything else."

"I suppose you were much attached to your aunt, but I really think you should change for the sake of comfort."

I presume your authority as regards feminine apparel, is unquestionable, Lady Orford, but Miss Kennedy appears to me to have been specially formed for wearing mourning. It may be because my first associations of her are in black, but I am quite sure it would take some time to reconcile me to an alteration."

"But then you know, Captain Yarrington, a young girl cannot always be clad thus, and though Judith was doubtless much attached to her Aunt Murray, the time for resuming colors must come sometime."

Aunt Murray! So now there was no secret on that head between the Captain and myself, I believe I felt a sense of relief, as I was sure he would not reveal the identity of Richmond with the hero of Lord Orford's story. Though I was certain that Captain Yarrington must have connected the threads into a distinct web, no look or gesture indicated such to be the case—his delicacy did not permit him to know anything beyond what I confided.

Meanwhile Miss Blackburn and Sir Wilford were absorbed in their music, until Lady Orford, with the uneasiness that only the latter ever awakened in her uniform temperament, managed to draw them into general conversation. It so chanced that the subject of antipathies came under discussion. Sir Wilford Dudley talked remarkably well, but it appeared to be a faculty acquired by long cultivation, and his views were cynical, while Captain Yarrington possessed the gift of rare eloquence; the thorough experience of life, which evidently was his, also, had elevated and developed a noble nature, and, when he spoke, there was a magnetic conviction in his hearer's hearts, while Sir Wilford merely succeeded in confusing the intellectual forces. One felt and believed—the other reasoned and doubted.

"For my part," said Miss Blackburn, "I am amazed that there is so much submission to social customs. This creed of loving one's relatives before all outside the family circle, is monstrous to me. We do not choose our kin, yet they consider themselves privileged by mere consanguinity to dispense with that politeness which makes life endurable, and then claim from accident what others expect from merit."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One of our exchanges tells us the following laughable incident:

"A servant girl in Newburyport recently went to the venerable Dr. Spofford for advice, declaring her ailment to be a pain in the bowels. The venerable Doctor gave her a cathartic, and requested her to call again in a few days, which she did. He asked her if she had taken the medicine, to which she replied in the affirmative. He then asked her, 'did anything pass you after taking it?' 'Yes, sir,' said she, 'a horse and wagon and a drove of pigs.' The Doctor collapsed, remarking 'I think you must be better.'"

A Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, 'The meeting then dissolved.' He could not define the meaning of the latter word, so he referred to his dictionary and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Monty said—'They must have werry hot wedder dere in New York. I ret an account of a meeting where all do peoples has melted away.'"

Wherever God in his Providence places you, there and nowhere else are you to seek to glorify Him, and to obey his will, and to fulfill your obligations. The post of duty is holier than altar or shrine—it is the holiest place in Christendom.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE WINDS OF SPRING.

BY A. F. M'COMBS.

The balmy winds of Spring are here,
From emerald isle and tropic vale,
With song and sunshine in their rear,
And Flora with her blooming trail.

They struggled hard with blustering March,
But triumphed o'er his shivering chill,
And softened down the icy starch
That Winter gave to mountain rill.

They've played along the sunny stream
That wanders where magnolias bloom,
Or through the broad Savanna's gleam,
That never slept in Winter's tomb.

They've strayed mid palm and orange groves,
O'er rubied sands, and spiky dells,
Where rich perfume in freedom roves,
And rosy summer ever dwells.

They've fanned the cheeks of Peru's maids,
And dallied with their golden hair,
And danced with the Caribbean maids,
O'er seagirt isles of beauty rare.

They come with soft and dewy tread,
Scattering the mild and pearly rain,
And gently wooed from their brown bed
The tender green along the plain.

They've kissed young April's downy cheek,
And now she smiles and robs her tears,
And dons her dainty robe so meek,
Where violet's modest blue appears.

They've wakened from their quiet sleep
The pinks among the forest trees,
And fondly round the primrose creep,
And softly kiss the anemones.

Upon their fragrant breath they bring
The annual songsters of our bowers;
On earth's bare bosom cause to spring
The rosy tints of coming flowers.

They've robed our groves in living green,
That now resounds with songs of glee,
Strewed garlands o'er May like a queen,
And scattered daisies o'er the lea.

Our childhood's days to memory give
Our faded hopes, and present pains
Are all forgot. Again we live
Where they sport o'er youth's vernal plains.

Written for the Banner of Light.

KATE MALINE.
A HEART'S HISTORY.

BY PIERCE OWEN.

It was a June evening, balmy and fragrant. The air was heavy with the perfume of roses and the plum-like luscious flower, drooping thick from the branches of the graceful trees which clustered round the stately mansion of General Maline.

A broad avenue led from the house to the road. On one side was a sloping hill covered with noble forest trees; half way between the house and gate was a shelving rock, the edges and crevices filled with fern, wild roses and honeysuckles, and a sturdy oak with its broad branches kept it always in shade.

It was an evening for love and poetry, and the two figures who now stood on that rock, seemed to realize those feelings. I wish I could picture to you Kate Maline and her lover as I saw them then, and many an evening before.

I was on a visit to her mother of a few weeks, and we had gathered out on the piazza after tea. Arthur Mills had ridden from the city about four o'clock, and was now trying to tear himself away; but it seemed more than he could accomplish.

Never did I see brother and sister more alike in general expression—with the same dark, soul-stirring eyes and raven hair. Kate's full red lips, slightly parted, spoke a world of feeling; while his, thinner and closed, spoke firmness and decision. Her complexion had all the fairness of the lily without color, while the olive tint of Arthur's cheeks glowed with a bright flush.

Kate's figure was tall and queenly, and as she stood in the softened light of a mellow sunset, with her simple white wrapper and a wreath of the loudest bloom Arthur had placed on her brow, I thought her beautiful; but he who stood at her side thought her more than that.

How often in my presence has he called her his guardian angel, and said she had been the bright spirit that saved him from ruin, when father and brothers had cast him off for a wild freak of boyhood.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, but his lingering beams still rested on the tips of the distant hills. Twice had Arthur started and unfurnished his horse which stood pawing and restless at the gate, and again returned to say a few more words.

General Maline walked the piazza in an impatient mood and with knit brows; something was wrong I could see, but what it was I could not tell.

Mrs. Maline laid by her netting, and seemed to be enjoying the beauty of the evening in her calm manner; the children had gathered into the parlor round the contre-table, with their books, and the soft light of the solar lamp gleamed out through the lace drapery of windows opening down to the door.

Twilight deepened, the moon came out full and bright—higher and higher it rose, flooding that whole scene, and bathing every shrub and tree with its glorious light, and still Arthur lingered, and still that proud, stern father paced up and down with restless steps and a frowning brow. Stopping at length in front of his wife, he said:

"Call in that imprudent girl; it is quite time this farce was ended."

I proposed going for her, and my deep mourning dress hid my approach until quite near them. Arthur was on one knee before her, while she playfully chided him for the attitude.

"Nay, Kate, you are my guardian angel, and as such I kneel to you; tell me again you love me, and I am off. This has been the happiest evening of my life. I see Miss D— bringing you a summons from your mother; once more, farewell."

And soon the rapid strokes of his horse's feet were heard in the distance. Wrapping the shawl round her which I had brought, she proposed we should walk along the bank and enjoy the moonlight on the water, for the beautiful stream of C— wound like a silver thread a short distance from the house.

"How strange I feel to-night, Aunt Mary. (Although there was no tie of relationship between us, she always called me so.) A something comes over my spirits at times, checking their flow with a chill. Do you believe in presentiments? I have strong faith in them. Arthur says this has been the happiest evening of his life—it is Friday, and the third day of the month; on such a day and date we first exchanged vows. Oh, what a wild dream of happiness it has seemed, almost too blissful for me to realize, whose whole life since childhood has been saddened."

She spoke to me with the freedom of an old and long-tried friend, who had known both her and mother's trials in whatever shape they came.

"Kate, you must not borrow trouble; it is the night-air causes your chill; come home, or your father will read me a lecture for keeping you out."

All around seemed still and quiet as we approached the house; the children had retired, and Mrs. Maline sat alone waiting our return.

"Kate, your father wishes to see you; he is in the library." Kissing her good-night, she said: "how pale you look; it is wrong to stay out so late in the dew."

Kate did look pale, but it was at the summons from her father. Were her forebodings about to be realized?

Mrs. Maline had been a beauty and a belle in a quiet New England village when General Maline married her. He came a stranger in the place, with a fine figure, plenty of money, and a free, dashing manner, and she was wooed and won, and borne off to a new home, far away from her native hills, all in a very short time.

But it was mating the hawk with the dove; there was no congeniality, and when the novelty of her beauty wore off, he called her tame. The calm demeanor of the New Englander did not suit him. He was jealous and tyrannical by nature; children came, and he was jealous of her attention to them. He forced her into society, until the silent grief began to tell on her faded cheek; then he grew careless whether she went or stayed.

She was a devoted mother, and her children only kept her to his side. Many and many an hour had she prayed for strength to bear her through, for her children's sake; and two boys and two girls now nightly knelt, and asked for blessings on their mother's head.

Kate had been a companion more than a child to her for several years. The oldest was a son, married, and in business in the city. There were several years between the two oldest and youngest.

General Maline seldom spoke to his children, except to chide them for some fault, and they were always restrained in his presence. No wonder Kate turned pale at the summons.

I sat down in my room to finish a book, and half an hour after, I heard Kate's step along the passage. She did not come in, as usual, but passed into her own room and locked the door.

I had been asleep, and something woke me; some unpleasant sound. I listened. Kate's room joined mine, and it came from there—moan after moan. I started up, threw on my dressing gown, and knocked at her door. After some time she opened it, and Oh, my God! I believe that figure was our darling Kate, whose radiant beauty I had gazed on so lately in the holy moonlight! Pale indeed, she was, but haggard and wan; those glorious eyes blood-shot and wild, and her long black hair sweeping the floor. The storm had indeed been terrible that crushed our lily so.

"Come in, Aunt Mary. I was afraid it was me."

One glance round the room showed her bed untouched. On her open writing-desk lay a package of letters tied up, one or two little parcels, and Arthur's miniature open, with those dark searching eyes looking up from it.

The tale was soon told. Kate's father had forbidden her seeing Arthur again. There had been a jealous feeling growing up between him and Arthur's father for some time. One counted on his family, and the other on his dollars. To-day they had met at a dinner-party, and both being heated with wine, words passed between them which exasperated General Maline so, he swore a bitter oath that no daughter of his should wed one of the family.

"I allowed your interview this evening, knowing it should be the last, and it shall be, or you quit my presence forever, my father said."

Aunt Mary, I wept. I went on my knees and implored him to wait a few days, and he would think differently. But no, his heart was flint. He spurned me, and commanded me to write to-night my last letter, and tell him I could see him no more. "Now do not go and consult your weak mother, but do as I bid you, and never let me hear the subject named again. Return his gifts and letters. I want no whining faces round the house. I will show his purse-proud father we can live without an alliance with his family."

Oh! Aunt Mary, it will break Arthur's heart. Noble, good, generous and brave, and I must resign him for a foolish quarrel. Were it not for my poor mother, I would leave all and follow him; but I could not leave her and know that her life was wasting away in sadness and gloom, without one cheering spirit. Oh, God! I am not my lot a hard one?"

"Yes, it is, Kate; but it must be for a good purpose these trials are sent."

"Oh, I have said that so often, and it is one sad scene after another, constantly. When my childhood's eyes were first opened to my mother's unhappiness, and day after day went by and I saw no change, I said perhaps it is wisely ordered. When my dear brother George, my companion and adviser in all things, married in opposition to my father's wishes, and left us so that we had almost lost sight of him, I tried again to console myself with these words; and now, when all that seemed to make life desirable is about to be taken from me, must I echo them again? I cannot—nature rebels. Oh, you do not know how every fibre of my heart is wound round him. It is not alone since our engagement, but for two years before. You remember the winter I spent with his sister when you kindly consented to stay with me. Then our acquaintance commenced. Evening after evening we met. Sometimes in a crowded assembly, sometimes in a social circle at his sister's, my sweet friend, Mrs. C—, and sometimes alone. I could not tell how it was, but I had learned to look for him on all occasions. He called me sister Kate, and told me to look on him as a brother and use him as one. Our tastes were congenial in all things—books, music, paintings, our views of society; and in all things we seemed to feel alike. A few weeks before I returned home, a trifling misunderstanding occurred between him and his father, and in the heat of passion he was ordered from his home. He came to me, and told me all, and said: 'I am going out into the world now, to make my own fortune; but one promise I ask you to make—that you will always answer my letters.' I did so, and for more than a year we corresponded, always as brother and sister. But another feeling was ripening and strengthening both in our hearts. He has told me repeatedly that those letters have saved him from some rash act, when thoughts of home and his father's disapproval had driven him almost to distraction. It was not until father, brothers and sisters had written repeatedly to recall him, that he consented to return; but he knew his mother's heart ached in sorrow for her youngest boy. I remember well our first meeting after he came back. His last letter said nothing of returning, only hoping we should soon meet. It was the lovely Indian summer, and about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was sitting alone in the parlor, with my guitar in my lap, not playing, but humming one of his favorite songs. The windows were all open, and the sweet autumn air filled the room. A step on the gravel walk roused me; at the same moment Arthur sprang on the piazza, with his dog and gun. I started forward to meet him, but felt that I was lost, when he said, 'Will sister Kate kiss me after my long absence?' One year had greatly changed his appearance. He was stouter, wore whiskers, and exposure had made his complexion a shade browner, but his eyes and smile were the same. For hours we walked and talked along the creek. Oh, it was a glorious afternoon, and my favorite season. Arthur had so much to tell me; and now he had come home to stay, and we could have our old meetings again; and during all that lovely season he came often, and never without a new book, a piece of music, or something that struck his fancy, and he knew I would like. Before winter came our vows were plighted, now—Oh, Aunt Mary, am I dreaming? Oh, God! spare my senses, for my poor mother's sake."

I strove to calm her, but words would not come. I only felt how deep must be the feelings she was called on to crush, and in all of her wretchedness, thoughts of her mother's unhappiness could not be banished. I insisted on staying with her, but she would not hear to it.

"No, Aunt Mary, I must be alone with my God, and as you value my peace, never breathe to me what you have witnessed to-night."

Morning came and found Kate in her usual place, beside the coffee urn—a post her mother had resigned for some time, owing to delicate health. To-day she was confined to her room with one of her nervous headaches and it was well she could not see that sad, sweet face, so pallid in hue and so fearful in expression. General Maline ordered his horse and rode to the city, and all that long day did Kate sit in her mother's darkened room, and with noiseless step and low voice minister to her wants.

Oh, are not children sent as blessings! What would life have been to that mother without?

The day was sultry and close, and ended in one of the most terrific storms I ever witnessed. No curtains could shut out the lightning's glare, while crash after crash of thunder seemed to shake the earth. Trees bent and snapped before the blast, and rain fell in torrents. General Maline always sat with his wife at such times, "trying to cure her of her timidity," he said. He would throw open the shutters and sit at the open window; but, like his whole course toward her, it only terrified her more. There was no soothing word, or kindness of manner, and it was always painful to me at such times to be near.

I left the room to seek Kate, knowing her timidity, too. Her room was vacant, but I found her in the parlor pacing the floor with rapid strides and blanched face. She started forward and threw her arms round me.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," she said, "it is all over—I am indeed desolate. To-day when old Isaac took the package to Arthur, he sent back this note—read it, and see that the elements, too, have conspired against us."

I received the package, and a shudder came over me ere I opened it. Oh, Kate, we are indeed separated! You are but doing your duty, and I must not blame you. Only one request I will make—meet me at "the Rock" this evening at eight o'clock, and there let me take my last look and farewell of one who has been my guiding star through life. To-morrow will again see me a wanderer—I care not where—without one cheering ray to light my future. I know well how crushing the blow is for you, but your woman's strength is strong in the right.

Arthur.

Alas, poor, stricken ones! To-morrow saw him stretched on a sick bed with brain fever; and for days there was no hope. Kate never knew it, but the excitement and exposure to the storm that night produced it. We sat talking until past midnight, and it was only then that the storm spent itself. I was obliged to leave the next morning, and as we drove down the avenue and passed the Rock, marks of horses' feet and men's too, were there. A heavy branch had fallen across the rustic bench and crushed it down. What matter now? Hearts, too, were crushed in that storm.

It was late in the fall before I again visited Fern Dale. The house had been closed all summer. Mrs. Maline's physician had ordered sea-bathing for her; and General Maline, glad of an opportunity, had hurried Kate from one watering place to another, thinking to banish the past. I heard they were home only a few days before, when, one morning, a note came to me from Kate, saying, "Can you come to us, dear Aunt Mary? Father is very ill, and we so nervous I cannot leave her alone." An hour's drive brought me there, but I had learned how matters stood from old Isaac, as we drove along. He had lived in the family before Kate was born; many a time had General Maline's harshness and ill temper almost driven him off.

But, "missus so good and kind to old Isaac," he said he could not go. "Then Miss Kate is such an angel nothing bad can come near us; but oh, Miss D—, she is so changed—she is so pale, and looks as if she would soon take wings and leave us. Massas sold all the time we were away; he want her to dance and sing, so many fine looking gentlemen want to drive her out; but she always prefer old Isaac's driving and missus beside her."

I found a great change in all when I arrived. General Maline was tossing in the delirium of a raging fever. He would let no one come near him but Kate and old Isaac. Mrs. Maline wandered from room to room; she had taken a severe nervous spell on seeing her husband's sufferings, and the Doctor had forbid her entering his room again. Little Annie and Willie were home from school; George and his wife had been sent for, but not one of them could share Kate's vigils. I felt I could be useful, and prepared myself for it. The Doctor was in constant attendance; but he told me soon after I arrived that he had little hope, and so it proved. The third night after, the soul of General Maline was called to render an account to its Maker.

It was not until after the funeral, and we were quiet and settled, that I saw our darling Kate was changed. The pallid hue of her face, contrasted with the deep mourning dress, was startling. There was no murmur of complaint; she was always with Annie and her lessons, or hovering round her mother. Although Mrs. Maline had benefited much by sea-bathing, the shock of her husband's death had shaken her nervous system very much. The Doctor said Kate had over-exerted herself waiting on her father, but she would soon rally; and so we hoped; but winter came and passed, and brought no lightness to that weary step, or color to that pallid cheek. No allusion was ever made to Arthur by any of us; but often in our walks, as we passed the rock which must ever call up a haunting vision, I could see Kate's color come and go, and I could scarce keep back my words of sympathy. I knew Arthur had made a home in the South, and wealth was said to come to him unsought.

A hasty summons from a dear sister who lay ill

took me off, and it was many weeks before I could quit her bedside. A slow nervous fever kept her down, and Spring was again on the earth before I was free from the sick room. I had had several short letters from Kate; she spoke seldom of herself, but often of her mother's improved health, and how much they missed me.

Two weeks had passed now, and I had heard nothing from Fern Dale. I was about to write again, when I received a few lines from Mrs. M. saying Kate was very ill. I knew from the tone of it that she wanted me, and now dear Sue was improving so rapidly, and leaving her with one of the most devoted husbands, I felt I must go to them. I started that same evening, and reached Fern Dale a little past noon the next day, and my heart sank as I drew near the house and saw the tan-sprinkled walks and drives, the heavy knocker muffled and shutters closed.

Our darling Kate was dying! A severe cold settled on her chest, and the exertion of coughing had brought on hemorrhage of the lungs, which prostrated her so much the doctor said she could not stand another, and the least excitement would cause it.

Poor Mrs. Maline looked so haggard and worn, I took her post by the bed and sent her to seek some rest. Everything was so still round the house, for Kate was beloved by every child and servant. I sat looking at that wreck made by a parent's harshness and felt that he had a heavy reckoning to make.

Kate had been sleeping since noon, from a heavy opiate; it was now four o'clock, and she still slept. I thought I heard carriage wheels, and supposing it was the doctor, for a moment forgot it. Kate stirred, and her lips moved. I bent my ear to catch the sound, and she murmured:

"I knew you would come, Arthur; my spirit called you."

A whispering outside the door caused me to open it. Arthur, haggard and wild, stood before me. One glance at the bed, and he passed me. An instant more and she was folded in his arms. I trembled at his rashness, and hurried to expostulate, but Arthur's anguished countenance I can never forget. Another hemorrhage followed, and the doctor arrived at the same moment it was checked, but Kate's hours were numbered. It would be cruel to separate them now one instant.

The doctor sent for Arthur, in another room, and told him she could not live, and that excitement of any kind would hasten her end. He dropped in a chair, and clasping his hands on his forehead, groan after groan came from his heart, as though the fibres were being rent. We left him alone in his grief.

Half an hour after, he glided into Kate's room and sat down by the bed, so pale, so calm, no marble image could be more so. She slept again; another opiate had soothed her.

Arthur persuaded us all to lie down, and he would watch, and call us if needed. The doctor gave all his directions, and said he would be back early in the morning. Old Isaac sat outside the door, ready to be called, and with the watchfulness of a faithful dog, he never slept.

Feeling that she was in trusty hands, after seeing Mrs. Maline in her own room, with Annie and Charlie, for the doctor said she must not lose any more sleep, I lay down in my own old room, adjoining Kate's, and from having traveled all night before, I must have slept very heavily.

It was day-light when I awoke. I started up in affright, and opened the door softly. The morning sun was flooding the room. One window was open, and the breath of roses and luscious blooms was again filling the air round those youthful forms. Kate slept with a wreath of the same luscious blooms on her brow, but it was the sleep of death.

Arthur rose to meet me, and with a sad smile, said:

"Do not blame me that I did not call you; her pure spirit left me a little past midnight. The angels were impatient for her and hurried her away. But oh, she is and always will be near me, until I join her in the heavenly spheres."

He spoke with a calmness I could not then understand; and it was several years after, before I knew what supported him in that hour of trial.

Ten years had passed. I had made my home with Mrs. Maline since Kate's death, and Annie and Charlie were under my tuition.

We were passing through the city of —, on our way to the Falls of St. Anthony, and joining a party of fellow-travelers, went to hear a woman lecture in a trance. The speaker was already on the stand when we arrived, and the large hall was filled to overflowing. One other person was on the stand, seated at a little distance from the speaker. I could not be mistaken. It was Arthur Mills! calm, pale, and listening with rapt attention to every word. Mrs. Maline and myself recognized him at once, and for a few moments her agitation was so great, I was afraid we would have to leave.

"Who is that gentleman on the stand," I asked, of a clever-looking person at my side.

"Oh, that is Mr. Mills, one of our wealthiest citizens. People say he is a little eccentric; but he is a man of much moral worth, and is truly a friend to the poor. Wealth seems to come to him unsought, and he makes a good use of it."

The lecture was over, and giving this person a card with a request that he would hand it to Arthur, we drove back to the hotel.

We were to leave the next day at noon; but we had scarcely risen from an early breakfast, before Arthur was announced. Changed, he was indeed, from the ardent, impulsive lover. Now calm, serene, hopeful-looking forward to a bright future, talking calmly of Kate and the past.

"Yes, I am happy," were his last words. "She is near me always, and I only wait for the summons. I care not how soon it comes to take me to her," and so we parted.

"How strange Arthur talked," said Mrs. Maline.

"Yes," said I, as we tied on our bonnets to drive to the boat. Arthur Mills is a Spiritualist!

MAY TO APRIL.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears.
If you do not weep,
My blossoms sleep.
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze
My blooming trees,
To forfeit thus their sweets resign.

For April dead
My shades I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs in one day.

Thus to repose
All Nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom.
Time on the wing
May end the Spring,
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

Original Essays.

NOTES HERMENEUTICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY HORACE DRESSER, M. D., LL. D.

NUMBER TWO.

The terms, sacred scriptures, as used by the pulpit, and as accepted by the people, in these days, are applied solely to the book called the Bible, whose title page reads thus: *The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments.* Scripture—the scriptures—in common parlance, are terms conveying the same signification, and without the adjective words, sacred or holy, which commonly accompany them, denote the Jewish and Christian compilations embodied in the Bible, which is the English of the Greek word *Biblos*. This volume has come to be received by Christendom as the sole treasury of all that is sacred and holy in the literature of the world. Besides such high and exclusive claim—sacredness and holiness—for this collection from Hebrew and Greek authors, the pulpit has decreed and the people have submitted to the edict that these productions are inspirations of the Deity in some sense higher than and different from all others outside its pages, search for them world-wide and world without end, however carefully we may; that they are the only scriptures having origin in the divine Element—that they are the all and singular God-breathing words given for man's guidance and assurance forever and forever—*par excellence*, the alone word of God. Let us examine the qualities claimed for them by the clergy, to wit, superior sacredness and holiness—diviner origin and inspiration.

The inculcations and teachings of theology in the past, have established in the minds of men the belief that all scripture, meaning by this, as we have stated, the Old and New Testaments only, that which is canonically embraced within the leaves and limits of the Bible, not including the apocryphal portions found in some editions, is given to man by inspiration of God, and hence is holy—is sacred—is oracular. Such a faith is absolute and governing in all the churches—Protestant as well as Catholic—a blind faith at best in each, extorted by their creeds and books of confession and enforced by their discipline under the domination of a sovereign priesthood.

But what if proper translations of the writings of the Bible and the uses of language shall unequivocally demonstrate that these writings are not all the scriptures in the world—that all scripture is not confined to the pages of the Holy Bible, but that these terms are co-extensive with and take in all that was ever written since the world began—will the blind believer admit that this mountain mass of literature—some of it good, some of it evil, as it certainly has been, has come or been given by the inspiration of God, according to the lessons learned him by his sagacious and sacerdotal teacher? Will he not deny that all the bad writings, at least, that have had existence, could have been given by the inspirations of the Divine Being?

This notion of the people that all scripture is comprehended within the range and extent of the books of the Bible, and that what is there found, is the totality of the inspirations of the Deity during all the ages of the world, no doubt has been derived from the false teachings of hierarchs and the unwarranted version of a passage in one of the letters of Paul to Timothy. This Apostle never taught his son in the Lord, as he affectionately called his *protégé*, that all scripture is imbued with theopneusty—inspiration of God. He never affirmed that the Hebrew Bible, the Old Testament, the Holy Scriptures of the Jew, those writings which he tells him are able to make him wise unto salvation, were theopneustic throughout, from first to last, in all their particulars, and in all their varieties, much less would he aver that all scripture, in the general and etymological sense, which embraces all writings whatsoever, had such quality. But we will proceed to ascertain what he did affirm in this behalf, and to correct, if able, a passage doing mischief in its English presentment. We deem it a proper and useful exercise for our present notes. We copy from the

COMMON VERSION.

2 Tim. Chap. 3, Sec. 15. And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

16. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

17. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

GREEK TEXT.

Epistola Timotheon Epistola deuter, Keph. 3, Sect. 15. Kai oti apo brephous ta iera grammata oidas, ta dionomena es sophias eis soterian, dia pisteos tes en Christo Iesu.

16. Pasa graphé, theopneustos, kai ophelimos pros didaskalian, pros elegchon, pros epanorthosin, pros paidaion ten dikaiosunen.

17. Ina arlos o tou theou anthropos, pros pan ergon agathon exertismenos.

1. KAI OTI, ETC. We have placed before us the fifteenth section, not so much for the purpose of varying its language by another version, as for the purpose of introduction to the next section, which will be mainly the subject of the present inquiry. We prefer, however, other language, and shall exercise here our preference, though the proper sense and idea do not suffer by the words used in the common translation. With the statement of facts and the doctrine of the section, we have no fault to find. But we remark, it may be remembered that Paul and Timothy first made acquaintance at Lystra—that Timothy was "the son of a certain woman which was a Jewess"—that "his father was a Greek"—that Paul, after Timothy had agreed to go forth with him through the cities and provinces of Asia, "took and circumcised him because of the Jews which were in those quarters." That he was a believer in the New Faith, and fell in at once with the protasis of Paul to preach the Gospel of Spiritual life—that he was an inheritor, on the maternal side, of a faith in Judaism—that Paul failed not to commend "the unfeigned faith that was in him, which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice." All these circumstances render it plain that the favorite of the Apostle was versed in the Holy Scriptures. We have the authority of the words of his great patron—*ARO NERHOUS TA IERA GRAMMATA OIDAS—ever since an infant thou hast been acquainted with the sacred writings.* These were the books of the Old Testament, as we have seen. That they had been operative and influential on the child, cannot be doubted; but however useful they may have been to him, and however necessary they might be for him in his future career as a teacher of the truths of the New Dispensation, there were other writings which he might not neglect, as will be seen in examining the next section. Paul fully appreciates them, and awards to them all due weight and importance. What more need be said of them to commend them to the consideration of men—*TA DR-*

NAMUNA SU BOYINAI TH BOYINAI—means or things potent to give the wisdom in respect to thy welfare. Notwithstanding the high estimate placed upon them, we plainly discover that he deems them deficient in one element of power; let that be infused—take in to the mind of their receiver and student, and they will become mighty instrumentalities. There is no discussion to their continued use, but they are deemed and declared to be a dead letter without the vitalizing impulses of faith in the Messiah, of whom they all along make mention—mere exponents of a coming era, of another and better age of the world, of the establishment of the kingdom of heaven among men on the earth—*NA PISTOS TES EN CHISTO JESOU—through faith, a faith in the Gospel of Jesus.* We depart here from the common translation, "through faith which is in Christ Jesus." It will be observed that the words *Christ Jesus*, in the Greek, are not in the same case; taken literally and signifying the same person, it would seem that we should find them agreeing in case, both of them in the dative, or both of them in the genitive, and hence in apposition, to use the language of grammar. They are often found thus posited, and almost always in the same case. But sometimes the word *Christos*, by metonymy, is put for the word or doctrine of Christ—the Gospel—the Christian religion. In the present instance all difficulty is obviated by the use of the figurative, instead of the literal meaning; accordingly we have chosen to use the former.

2. *PASA GRAPHS: Every writing whatsoever—not the scriptures of the Old Testament alone, to which reference has just been made, but the writings of poet and philosopher, of whatsoever age and nation of the world, come as well within the all-embracing category of just claim, to impart their power also in the spread of knowledge and truth, in their contribution to the humanities.* Homer and Hesiod, Plato and Socrates, are here to instruct and make wise the young disciple of Christianity, as well as Moses and Job, David and Solomon, provided they evince the breathings of divinity—qualifications indispensable in each. The so-called sacred and profane have been marshaled in beautiful antithesis—let the Apostle settle their claims and dispose of them according to their fitness to help humanity. His transition from speaking of the scriptures so sacred to the Jew, to those of the Gentile world, and bringing them both into immediate and collateral comparison of uses, are remarkable features in the passages chosen for this present criticism. His origin and education had qualified him above all men, to pass an impartial judgment in respect to the relative value of each, in the matter of well-being; born a Jew, but a Roman citizen; brought up in the Jew's religion, but a Christian; the Old Testament to him classic, but no more so than the writings of the men of Greece and Rome; to the dweller at Jerusalem quoting the Hebrew prophets, but to the sages on Mars Hill, at Athens, reciting from Aratus; to Titus, Bishop of Crete, polishing a paragraph with a passage from Epimenides. We deem it safe to heed his declarations, set forth in a familiar letter to his adopted son, on the immensely interesting subject of Faith in the Gospel of Jesus. The occasion certainly called for candor, and his knowledge and wisdom in divine things afforded him abundant illumination to teach truly. We accept his arbitration in the premises.

3. *THEOPNEUSTOS: God-breathed, God-inspired, breathing of Deity, divinely inspired.* such Paul designates the quality of the scriptures or writings that are useful in the affairs of life. All scripture—every writing—most certainly has not such quality, though the Common Version declares it has, thus: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." No limitation here; but everything written is scripture, and everything written is, therefore, given by inspiration of God! How widely different is the Greek—*every writing divinely inspired* is profitable, etc.—limitation here to what is God-inspired alone.

It should not be forgotten in this connection that the words which we are considering are found in the letter containing the charge in respect to the duties and doctrines which a beloved son was to observe in the course of his ministry as the bishop of the church of the Ephesians. His part as a preacher of the gospel of a Higher Faith, among a people of such culture and refinement as obtained in the cities of Greece, at that time, would seem to demand of him various learning and comprehensive views of affairs—hence the suggestions touching the importance and value to him of becoming familiar with all literature, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Paul himself had known its advantages in the wide field of his labors, then drawing to a close. His great learning and resources had extorted from the Roman Agrippa the declaration, "Much learning doth make thee mad." This letter was dated at Rome when he was brought before the Emperor Nero the second time, and suffered martyrdom. Hear him say in this incomparable valedictory from which we have chosen the passages for the present notes: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

4. The literature here recommended is deemed *ORISALIS, beneficial, profitable, useful, serviable; PROS DIKASALIAN, for instruction; PROS ELKACHON, for demonstration; PROS EPANORTHOUSIN, for emendation; PROS PAIDALAN, for nurture; TEN EN DIKASOUNE, a nurture in piety.* Thus equipped for the work of a preacher, not limited to the learning and books of the Jew, which without faith and practice in the doctrines of Jesus, it is implied, would not bring safety more than any other writings, but at liberty to draw upon the learning and libraries of the universal Republic of Letters, for all of inspiration that they may contain, do we behold the pupil of the Apostle. That he judged all these things necessary for a herald of the Higher Faith, appears distinctly in the next section.

5. *INA ARTIOS, etc.* We give the sentence this version; that a man of God may be complete—fully prepared for every good office. The words *TOT THEOU ANTIDOTOS, man of God*, are not intended to designate a bishop more than any other teacher or receiver of the doctrine of Faith in Jesus, more than any man of piety, more than any Christian. A bishop in the time of Paul, and in his mind, meant merely a public teacher of the Christian Faith—it did not then as now in the Roman and Anglican Church, signify a superior grade or class of clergy.

Though not referred to by the Apostle in the text taken for this occasion, that reference being solely to what kind of literature he would have his model preacher at Ephesus study to make himself complete, there is no other matter seen in other parts of his letters to his pupil, which should not be omitted here, as an important item among the things which go to swell the catalogue of qualifications for completeness of the man of God. This thing had been mentioned in the early pages of the Epistles—we mean the mediocrity, in the modern sense of the word, of Timothy, whom Paul himself helped to de-

velop, to use another word of modern sense and application. Once in each letter he brings it to his consideration and urges its importance. He uses this language, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." Again: "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee, by the putting on of my hands." We have not space here to dwell upon the question, what was the kind or nature of his mediocrity? His great patron deemed it something not to be neglected—something worthy of being aroused and pressed into the service of his Master; not, like the modern clergy, denying the existence of such gift, and denouncing those who believe in and exercise it.

We feel justified, from the examination which we have given of the selections from Paul's Epistles, to present the following version:

15. And that ever since an infant thou hast been acquainted with the sacred writings, things potent to give thee wisdom in respect to thy welfare through faith—a faith in the Gospel of Jesus.

16. Every writing breathing of Deity, is beneficial, for instruction, for demonstration, for emendation, for nurture—a nurture in piety:

17. That a man of God may be complete—fully prepared for every good office.

SPIRITUALISM VS. POPULAR THEOLOGY.

I noticed an article in the BANNER of Feb. 2, headed "Professor Anderson and Spiritualism in California," in which the Professor tries to prove that (in California, at least,) Spiritualism is a fruitful source of insanity.

The able reply by R. B. Hall very fully and truly refutes the scandalous charges, so unblushingly published, by one who acknowledges he gets his living by humbugging and deceiving the public.

I have taken considerable pains to investigate the subject of Spiritualism for several years past; looking at its facts and philosophy, its practical workings upon individuals, and its influence upon the human mind.

I have never yet known of a case of insanity caused by Spiritualism; although I have taken special pains to make inquiries when I have heard of such cases in the papers, headed, "Another victim to Spiritualism," &c. There was the case of Mr. Upson, of Waterbury, in this State, who, after heavy losses by fire, became low-spirited and committed suicide. This case was extensively published in the papers as favorable directly to Spiritualism. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Upson, and the reply was published in the BANNER and Telegraph some two years since, showing most conclusively that Spiritualism had nothing to do with it.

I recently saw a statement that a man in the eastern part of this State had become insane by Spiritualism. I notice that about once a year such reports go the rounds of the papers; and every suspected case is sure to meet with the greatest publicity.

Two years ago I fell in company with Dr. Butler, for many years and still the able physician and superintendent of the Insane Retreat at Hartford, and had a lengthy conversation with him on the principal causes of insanity. I asked him particularly if any cases of insanity from Spiritualism had come under his care. His reply was in substance like this: "We have occasionally had patients brought here, said to be insane from the above cause, but I never considered them really insane, but more properly under the influence of a miserable delusion, and they generally soon get over it; we never have had many such cases to attend to."

Dr. Butler also gave me the full particulars of the case, only a few years since, of a wealthy gentleman of Chicago, Ill., (his name I cannot now recall) who became a convert to Spiritualism, and in following its teachings, strove to relieve the cases of suffering and want that came to his notice by the free use of his money, and was really enjoying "the luxury of doing good." It was soon noised abroad, and the "hoirs expectant" of his property became alarmed, and conferred together as to the most successful method of preventing him from squandering his property. They finally decided upon a plan which would apparently accomplish their object. Under false pretences they deceived him from home, put him aboard of the cars, hurried him away more than a thousand miles, and confined him in the Insane Retreat at Hartford on the alleged plea of insanity. Dr. B., with his long experience and thorough knowledge of insanity, in all its various manifestations, was not long in discovering that his patient was the victim of a cruel conspiracy, and that he was not really insane at all. Dr. B. at once conferred with the Mayor of Hartford and other prominent citizens, and the unanimous conclusion was, that they would clear their hands of all complicity in the matter. The result was, they released him from confinement, and sent him on his way home rejoicing.

The opponents of Spiritualism, the Pharisees of to-day, have changed but little from their brethren of nearly two thousand years ago. Even our great spiritual leader, Jesus, was often accused of being under the influence of Beelzebub, the Devil, &c.; and we read that on one occasion "his friends went out to lay hold of him, for they said, he is beside himself."

Ancient historians, speaking of Jesus and his followers, call them the infatuated victims of a miserable delusion.

I do not think it need excite wonder or surprise that some persons of peculiar temperament, when the truths of Spiritualism first dawn on their minds, when for the first time the joyous truth that their loved ones who have passed from the form still live and demonstrate their presence and affection for them, should be fairly delirious with joy; but the mind soon becomes tranquil, and, as Dr. Butler truly said, "such cases are easily cured."

I will now as briefly as possible state some of the fruits of the popular theology in producing insanity. I have traveled considerably in many of the United States, and find that the effect is the same South as at the North, that our popular religious teachings often produce insanity, more especially during times of great religious excitement, called revivals. Examples are so common as scarcely to excite remark. They are found in every community.

During the great religious excitement of 1857-8, there was a fearful increase of insanity, as reports of our Insane Hospitals will attest; and out of the whole number I did not see a case reported in one of our religious papers, and very rarely in the secular papers, and then the cases were so smoothly worded, that no ignorant of the facts would not know the true cause. Why is this studied concealment, or entire suppression of facts on this subject?

I wish some competent person would publish a volume calling the public attention to the subject; he would not have to go far for abundant material. Such a volume would reveal most astounding facts which are now studiously concealed.

Dr. Amariah Brigham, formerly Superintendent of the Insane Retreat at Hartford, afterwards Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, N. Y., more than twenty years ago, published a volume entitled "Influence of Religion upon Health, and the Physical Welfare of Mankind," which created considerable sensation among theologians, and was rather severely criticised by the religious press. Dr. B. had made the subject of insanity, in all its forms, his special study for many years; and probably but few, if any, could have done the subject more completely justice. He showed in a masterly manner the fearful ravages of insanity, and traced a large part of them directly to religious excitement. His statements and arguments were supported by a long array of facts. Names, places and particulars were given, and no candid reader could peruse the book without being convinced of the dangerous influences on our popular theology, more especially during the periods called revivals. The book created a profound sensation at the time, as the whole was so painfully true; and could be verified in every community by witnessing some poor shattered intellect, made so by the teachings referred to.

And still theologians are blindly pursuing the same course, well "knowing how their ox is wont to push with the horn, and they would not restrain him." Some of them know better, while charity would lead us to hope that the most of them, owing to their early training and ignorance of the results, are more to be pitied than blamed. Of all such we would say, may God forgive them, "for they know not what they do."

I could give many facts, some of them painful and distressing in the extreme, which have come under my own personal observation, verifying the statements I have made.

Not a reader of this, or scarcely a person of adult age, but who has witnessed some cases of insanity caused by the awful doctrines of hell-fire and eternal torments, an angry, offended God, and the fiery billows rolling beneath.

Thank God, these monstrous doctrines are losing their hold on the human mind. The glorious light of Spiritualism has again dawned upon the earth, and is rapidly dispelling the mists of ignorance, superstition, and intolerance which has so long bound the human mind, and we hear the glorious news from every quarter of the globe, of the gradual spreading of our beautiful philosophy, which is destined surely to bring "peace on earth and good will to man."

Collinsville, Ct.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE IDEAL ACTUAL.

I walk with shadows as in dreams:
Bright forms around me rise
Within the watch-light clear that gleams
From Memory's sleepless eyes.

Impalpable the Phantoms glide
My spirit's pathway o'er;
And yet I see them at my side,
Companions ever more.

A Puritan grandfather bold,
Firm treading, kind, but grave,
Seems sadden'd that I left the fold
He deemed alone could save.

Yet, with the troubled look of grief,
A hope seems blending there,
Which calmly says—"There's one relief:
The Sanson arm of prayer!"

His stately partner 's at his side,
That ne'er knew woman's fears;
But shared her love, the living tide,
And sympathy and tears.

I see them now—they're in my ways
Where'er I rest, or roam—
The lingering light of early days
Round childhood's sunny home.

But nearer glide, and hand in hand,
The two that blest my birth—
They've joined again the severed band
That linked their lives on earth.

He, sound of mind as hale of frame—
She, fragile as the flower;
But strong in love, the quenchless flame
That makes e'en weakness power.

A brother, plucked in manhood's dawn—
An only sister dear—
How full their cherished forms are drawn,
In heart-light, warm and clear!

Ah! holler visions still I greet!
A mother and her child!
The wife and daughter!—forms more sweet,
More seeming, undelid!

They smile to rest the stern alarm,
As in the days of old;
And grasp my hand, as when this arm
Was steady, strong and bold.

Their coming is not such as seems,
When evening shadows fall—
Not airy emptiness of dreams,
But spirit-presence, all!

They ne'er have left me—ne'er will go,
Awake, or when I sleep;
But, night or day, or cheered, or low,
Their vigils round me keep.

Kindred and friends, loved less or more,
Are ever with me here—
I see them as in days of yore,
With joy, and oft a tear.

I know they wait my advent, where
All mortal sorrows cease—
Where conflicts that I ill can bear,
Bring the sweet boon of peace.

I know that still their consciousness
Of unions past, abides;
That felt by them is each success,
Or trial that betides.

The change from life to life has broke
No tie that bound us here—
From out Death's shadows they awake,
To life more pure and dear.

So walk I now as one that dreams—
With phantom shapes that rise,
And seek me where in spirit gleams
The light of Memory's eyes.

Be such an earnest to my heart,
Of clearer sight, above
The clouds that earth and heaven part;
And ties of spirit love.

Marco Milton.

New London, Ct., 1861.

There is in Spiritualism that which comforts the mourner, and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smooths the passage to the grave, and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the Atheist, and cannot but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous, amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life; and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain.—*Judge Edwards.*

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in St. Charles, Illinois.

Will you allow me, through the columns of your welcome paper, the privilege of informing the friends of progress spread broadcast throughout the civilized world, what the light of the New Dispensation is doing for us in this place?

Last November you will recollect that you published the proceedings of a three days Spiritual Festival we held the last days of October. Since then we have been wonderfully blessed with frequent spiritual showers, or in other words with lectures from some of our best trances and inspirational speakers; and have a promise of a continuation of the same blessings. We have had, in all, thirty-seven lectures since the festival closed. Among the speakers who have delivered regular courses of lectures, I may be permitted to mention the names of the following, as worthy of patronage by a deserving public:

Miss Bell Scougall is a trance speaker of great merit—a young lady who sprang up from the humble walks of life, and is now, under the power of spirit control, confounding the most highly educated Doctors of Medicine and Divinity, and bringing thousands to a conviction of the truth of spiritual intercourse.

Bro. E. V. Wilson gave us a course of his very best lectures, calling out large audiences, who, on leaving at the close of each lecture, were anxious to return the next evening to hear more of the strange and new, yet pleasing doctrine, and wondering that they had never before seen that the Bible was full of proofs of the doctrine of spiritual intercourse.

Mrs. A. L. Streeter, whose name was mentioned in the report of the Spiritual Festival, has been here again and delivered a long course of masterly lectures. She is a wonderful medium—had very limited advantages of education, was married at the age of fifteen years, has a family and three children, and has always been in very limited pecuniary circumstances; yet in spite of all adversity, she has been developed to a plane of mediumistic powers truly astonishing. She will, although a little frail woman of twenty-four years, hold an audience spell-bound for two hours at a time, with a voice that fills a large church, and repeat it every evening in a week and three times on Sundays.

Brother J. H. Randall gave us a course of his beautifully logical and metaphysical lectures. He has a remarkably fine intellect, and uses chaste language, and is brilliant in the expression of thought. He is just the medium to settle down and lecture to a good, well organized society of Harmonical Philosophers.

Brother H. P. Fairfield, one of the very best lecturers we have ever had, gave us five of his very excellent lectures, the last of which was from the control of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow.

Among the very pleasant and agreeable spiritual treats we have had this winter, has been an exhibition of the spiritual paintings by the celebrated artist-medium, E. Rogers, now deceased. These paintings are owned by Brother W. F. Jamieson, a young trance speaker of promise, who is now exhibiting them to the public. They are worthy of patronage. They commence with the death scene, then trace the spirit through various unfoldings in the spheres, showing spiritual scenery of great beauty and interest.

This evening Mrs. Stowe commences a course of three lectures. We are expecting Brother S. B. Whiting here to lecture to us next week. Our beautiful church, which the Universalist Society so kindly tendered as the use of for the ensuing year, is usually well filled at our lectures; and although it has been almost a protracted series of lectures during the evenings of the past winter, yet the interest in the great cause of "Harmonical Philosophy" is greatly on the increase, and rapidly extending among our very best citizens. The same interest felt in this place is being extended to adjacent towns and villages. I remain fraternally, S. S. Jones.

St. Charles, Ill., March 25, 1861.

Centre Lisle, Broome Co., N. Y.

Between the Sundays of Oswego and Utica a call for laborers brought me from a contemplated rest, a visit down the Binghamton railroad to Lisle, where I switched off in a buggy three miles to this little Centre village, where the people have erected two houses for the worship and glory of God, and the trustees here closed both of them against such heretics as Jesus and his disciples taught and practiced, and excluded the teachers who show any of the signs of believing his doctrines. Brother Root, who had borne willingly his share in building one church and supporting preaching, but who had become too spiritual to feed on husks all the time, being refused the use of the church for preachers of the living gospel when it was not needed for the old and dead, resolved to hear, and have those who had ears, and were desirous to hear such as had new religious, scientific, or moral truths to proclaim, and for that purpose he built, finished and furnished a neat and commodious hall—called the speakers and invited the people, and the prospect is, what might be expected, that soon the other churches will be "empty and to let." Several speakers have been here before me, and more are engaged.

The people come in freely and contribute liberally for such preaching as is in harmony with science, nature, reason, common sense and the religion of Jesus. Hundreds of places which I have visited could by a like effort of one or more friends get up a neat and commodious hall like this, and then have no difficulty in supporting speakers who are competent to feed the multitudes which are almost everywhere "an-hungred" and will continue so until they get some better food than Orthodox pulpits furnish them. To-day (Friday) I am to have two meetings, because I cannot stay over Sunday, and the people are anxious to hear more than I can say in two evenings. All through this region of Central New York the people are awakening and calling for honest, earnest and enlightened teachers of spiritual truths, of the life to come, and intercourse between the two spheres of human existence.

April 5, 1861.

A New Speaker.

Please mention, under the head of trance lectures, the name of "Mrs. Jennette J. Clark, care of Wm. S. Everett, Esq., East Princeton, Mass."

In behalf of Mrs. Clark, who is a most worthy and estimable woman, I would state that she has entered upon her mission as a lecturer, by the urging of our spirit friends, who are now aiding and prompting her onward (as they say) to a noble and glorious work.

Already in the "circle," she has given some very remarkable tests; but her mission hereafter is lecturing mainly, and from those already given by her in this vicinity, we have much to hope for her in the future. Wherever she may be called, she will take such compensation only as the friends can afford to give.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, The Light Blinded in Darkness—See Ye Only Who Will.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLAIN DEALER:—Please allow me through your independent Democratic PLAIN DEALER, a little space in vindication of the right against the wrong, of the true against the false, of the wisdom of the unseen spheres against human weakness and folly.

A few evenings since a party of gentlemen and ladies were invited to the house of a well known and highly respectable citizen, to witness the manifestations of spirits through the mediumship of Mr. H. M. Fax. Among those present were two gentlemen who are well known as skeptics and hostile to this order of phenomena, and we have no doubt honestly so. At an early hour one of these gentlemen announced that he had brought with him a cord, with which he proposed to tie the medium so that he would not get released until he was lost to mortal hands. To this Mr. Fax very justly objected, as he did not claim spirits could untie a string or small cord. After some discussion, in which the medium was called an impostor and other epithets not of a flattering character, the party was assembled in the room set apart for the occasion, the friends of the medium ordered by the gentleman aforesaid on the back seats, while they took such as were nearest the medium, so as to be handy to catch him when he "left his seat" to float the violin over their heads.

With such an arranged circle, every one who knows anything of the philosophy of physical manifestations of spirits will readily understand but little could be done by spirit power, while no obstacle whatever to deception, if these phenomena are such, would thus be interposed. A medium could of course tie and untie himself as well in the immediate vicinity of a skeptic as that of a believer. Had the miracles of Jesus been of his own power, he would never have left the record that he could do no mighty work in Nazareth, in consequence of the unbelief of the people—a fact that in these skeptical times would be deemed a rather severe comment upon the character of a medium.

Manifestations being slight, it was finally consented that a young lady, who is a Spiritualist and a medium, should take a front seat, on condition that it should be between the gentlemen who had thus far defied the circle; which, with a few other changes being made, a voice through the trumpet requested that all but a few who were named should leave the room. This request complied with—amid much irrelevant talk and unseemly jeers from a few of the persons passing out—we were promptly told through the trumpet that manifestations present contemplated breaking up the circle by acts that most of necessity destroy all power to manifest. Here was a decided manifestation of intelligence, foreign to the medium, and which was vouched for by a party who, by his near proximity to the conspirators, overheard the plan.

The gentlemen who were thus excluded because they would not regard the regulations of a circle, of course left, no doubt thinking it was their superior sagacity and acumen that had prevented interesting demonstrations in their presence, instead of the fact that they had violated natural laws of which they were ignorant.

The circle having re-assembled, the medium was soon tied and submitted to a committee of two, to see if he could place himself unaided in the position found, when the light was struck. One of the gentlemen instead of reporting upon the question, soon announced that he could release the medium's hands. This was as positively denied by other parties; and the medium having lost in some degree his usual forbearance, under all the imputations and abuse of the evening, declined to submit to any forcible manipulations not in the order of investigation. The question was not whether spirits could tie his hands so that mortals could not untie them, but, rather, that he was tied in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of his doing it himself.

With this dominant spirit again manifest on the part of guests, in violence to all courtesy and order, the circle was dismissed by announcement through the trumpet, and a few who had come there ostensibly to see demonstrations of spirit presence, by which man's immortality is brought to light, went away with the gratifying reflection that they had so interfered with conditions that they had seen and learned nothing of importance.

These details, which of themselves are by no means interesting, suggest several ideas which are of more or less importance to the philosophical inquirer. No more common mistake is made than that of assuming unbelief, of skepticism to be a mark of sagacity and wisdom. This is the origin of more opposition to new developments than anything else. Pride of opinion masters such men. Watch them and you will find they are ever ready to accept a popular delusion. Unbelief in that which is true is a mark of ignorance. Deacon Homespun could not believe the world turned over, because he did not understand the philosophy of the earth's motion. The mind that cannot discern the principles involved in certain phenomena, sees them as vulgar, isolated tricks, and no amount of argument or demonstration can convince such a person for he has not grown in capacity to the condition for their reception.

Franklin said the great error of mankind was in not believing enough. In spiritual matters, Jesus taught that through belief came development, and consequently salvation.

That egotism which commits a man to the assertion that a certain thing cannot be true, because he has not been convinced, against the combined testimony of all who have had a fair opportunity to judge, is one of the weakest traits of human nature, and ought to take its place among the defects of character which forbid confidence in his opinions.

The common assertion that the physical manifestations of spirits in tying a medium to reveal their power, and, in speaking through a tin trumpet to manifest intelligence, are low and vulgar, is also evidence of a very limited view of the subject. Does the wise builder rear a superstructure without first having laid deep and broad the foundation in rough stone? Shall Spiritualism take in all of God, man and matter, and is already the mightiest power that wields the destinies of mankind, be devoid of a basic structure in elementary facts, because some persons of limited conceptions see in them only the rough external development? Thank God, time is without end, and the law of man's being is progress, and therefore there is hope even for all such. While the Lords and Ladies of London are eagerly investigating this phenomenon, and the Emperor of France holds dark circles in his Palace, shall it be said that persons in Cleveland assume to denounce these demonstrations of that which man is most anxious to know as low and vulgar? It is only those who live a purely external life that can entertain such views.

Again, the skeptic is constantly knocking his head—for the want of brains—against the invariable law of conditions, claiming that fraud and deception are intended, because these things are not done in open day. Every phenomenon in Nature has its special conditions. It is only through certain and invariable conditions that man has a being, and some of these are such as it is deemed proper to mention only in the most secret chamber, and yet human life is not a delusion, simply because all its phenomena are not brought to daylight investigation. A broad philosophy, and intuitional powers make believers, while ignorance and a dull perception make skeptics and bigots.

One more point and I have done. God, our Father, knows no distinction between his children—he reveals himself as fully to one class as to another; and therefore, when among men it is deemed important that one should be saved, or convinced of a great truth, more than another, discomfiture is sure to come.

In a large experience among investigators, I have never seen a man convinced of the truth of spirit communion until he first learned to be honest with himself and others, and treated the matter with sufficient decorum to permit his spirit-friends to approach him. Whoever has learned the power of the human will, knows that it may be to the spirit what iron bars and bolts are to the mortal. None so blind as they who will not see.

C. D. GRAYBOLD, M. D.

Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

*The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications designed especially for him should be directed to care of Box 2235, Boston.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.

NEW SERIES.

No. III.—Consecrated Houses.

Co-extensive with the religious sentiment in the human race, has been an instinctive demand for holy places, or consecrated houses, in which to perform the ceremonials, or engage in the contemplations enjoined by each peculiar system of worship. Hindooism has its "dewals;" Buddhism its "lamaseries" of various grades, from the humble huts of hermits to the "Eternal Sanctuary" at Bouddha La; Egypt, Persia and Greece had their uncounted temples to the gods; Judea her synagogues and her "Holy and beautiful House" on Mount Zion; Mahometanism has its "mosques," and its chief temple at Mecca; the Roman Church her chapels, cloisters, churches, cathedrals, all surmounted by the unapproachably magnificent St. Peter's at Rome; Protestantism of all sects, has its churches, chapels, meeting-houses, and lecture-rooms. All these are set apart with more or less exclusiveness, for solely religious uses, and with the idea that some special benefit accrues from devotions or religious acts performed in such consecrated places. And even that simple child of Nature, the North American Indian, has his "Sacred Lodge," in which alone, by the aid of mystic rites and incantations, he thinks to obtain on urgent occasions, the surest responses of the Great Spirit to his earnest calls.

It seems almost self-evident that an instinct or impulse so universal in humanity, must have some substantial foundation, or subserve some important use which may be made apparent to the understanding of men. So clear is this, that even "Positivism," the latest form of Rationalistic Philosophy—which claims to ignore all authority, all "revelation," and all speculation as to causes in religious matters, confining itself solely to the severest scientific observation of demonstrated results—even Positivism recognizes the value of consecrated places for meditation and worship. It prescribes, if I mistake not, not only houses set apart for public religious exercises, but a sacred apartment or apartments in every dwelling—an oratory, with suitable embellishments, fitted up for the sole use of each member of a family, into which no other person should ever be allowed to intrude.

Religionists in general, seem to have either obeyed this impulse as a blind instinct, or they have taught it as a duty resting on arbitrary requirements of Deity. God is represented as being especially gratified with having a house or temple exclusively devoted to Himself, and hence inclined to confer peculiar favors on those who worship within its sacred precincts. A large portion of the religious world, including the great majority of Christendom, seem to feel that the more gorgeous and magnificent this temple, the more richly endowed with treasures of gold and silver and art, the greater the satisfaction it affords to Deity, and the greater the benefits He deigns to bestow on worshippers. On the other hand, a small and decreasing faction of Protestantism has maintained the opposite extreme, fancying that God could be pleased alone with unsightly architecture, bare walls, and appointments in every respect neglectful of both beauty and comfort.

Perhaps it is not strange, then, that as a reaction from such palpable errors, there should be a class who regard this instinctive desire and reverence for "holy places" as a mere superstition. There are Rationalists, and even Spiritualists, who scout the repugnance manifested by some religious people to having their houses of worship used for promiscuous or "secular" purposes, as altogether groundless and whimsical.

But Spiritualism has supplied us with a definite and rational philosophy of this common instinct, showing it to grow out of natural and universally operative causes.

All Spiritualists who have had any familiarity with the rudimentary phenomena of the movement, are fully aware of the importance of certain conditions to the successful manifestation of spirit-power and intelligence. Among the conditions universally insisted on, are, a degree of quiet and harmony, with the presence of some person or persons whose organisms furnish a certain quality of aroral emanations, or magnetism. In order to the production of sounds (raps), or movements of physical substances, it is always required that sufficient time should elapse to allow of the "charging," or impregnation with this magnetism, of some portion of the furniture of the room; and it is well known that such phenomena are most successfully produced in an apartment that has been repeatedly used for the same purpose, and thus become more fully charged in every part. Hence many persons have been instructed and induced to prepare and set apart rooms especially for physical demonstrations of various kinds.

The same rule of conditions has been found to apply equally to manifestations of a more intellectual character. In fact, the more delicately susceptible persons are to the influence and impressions of spirits the more sensitive are they also to disturbing influences from any source around them, and the greater the need of protection or isolation from that which is incongruous.

It is, furthermore, a well-ascertained fact that every person is constantly giving off emanations which partake of his own quality—that is, of the quality of his thoughts, desires, aspirations, as well as of his physical condition, whether healthful or diseased. These impregnate or saturate everything around him. From them, good psychometrists will tell—by simply feeling of his clothing, or a scrap of his writing, or any article he may have carried about his person, or the chair he has occupied—his general physical, mental and moral characteristics, and the feelings that may have been prevalent at the time. We thus leave the impress of our characters and thoughts on everything and every person around us, as we move through the world, even though we speak not a word! Momentous truth!

Clairvoyants sometimes see these emanations as they have crystallized about an apartment. Those which are purer and clearer in quality present the appearance of delicate frost-work, penetrating the interstices, and glistening upon the surfaces; while hazy and there, perchance, is a foul stain, a filthy blotch, occasioned by an angry word, a malevolent thought, or a lustful desire, which it may take a long time to purge away.

It follows, then, that the more exclusively an apartment is used for one specific purpose, whether industrial, amusements, or intellectual, the more fully does it become charged with the special kind of

aroma or magnetism peculiar to and favorable for that purpose; and the more unmixd and powerful will be its influence upon all who enter it. This is why we are unsuccessful in any employment in a new place, until we get to feel "at home" in it. Writers or literary persons are especially aware of this; to write their best things, they must be in their accustomed chairs, in their favorite nook—that is, in the focus of an invisible magnetic battery which has been gradually constructing around them.

It follows, also, that if we have a room into which we enter only when in the exercise of the highest and holiest aspirations of our natures, that room must be charged with only the quality of emanations peculiar to that state, and hence favorable for its best exercise. And this, too, furnishes the best conditions for the presence and direct action upon us of the purest and holiest beings with whom we are capable of coming into interior communion. The benefit is derived from no capricious pleasure on the part of Deity, but results simply from adaptation of conditions.

Thus we see the philosophy of "consecrated houses" and "holy places." To some it may seem altogether fanciful; but no well-informed Spiritualist can question it. All sensitive and impressive persons are familiar with experiences which confirm its truth. Trance and inspirational speakers well know what depression, restraint and torture of spirit they undergo in attempting to speak in certain halls, and before some audiences; and they know, too, the freedom and power of utterance which they experience in other surroundings. The open air, the leafy grove, the mountain side, where the atmosphere cannot become surcharged with human emanations, has always been found peculiarly favorable for inspirational teachings.

We see, also, the use of a special consecratory service, when a room or edifice is to be set apart for a specific use. If the personal emanations of an assembly do actually permeate and adhere to the substances of the walls and furniture, it follows that those which are first imparted penetrate most deeply and affect most permanently its quality. So that if an act of consecration is a real thing, and not a sham—if it calls forth the deepest and holiest desires of our hearts, it may produce a great and sensible change in the condition of an apartment.

It is plain, too, that there is a reason for making a consecrated house both a model of architectural beauty, and a repository of gifts—of offerings of gold, and precious stones, of paintings, statuary, and the creations of high art. The religious sentiment is intimately associated with the love of the beautiful. In fact, it is the love of moral and spiritual beauty, and hence the love of material beauty is but its proper counterpart or complement. The two can never be divorced in healthful minds. Besides, all works of art, which are produced under a lofty and pure inspiration (and none others should be tolerated in such a place) are charged with the magnetism of such inspiration, and thus tend to reproduce it in others. The precious metals, too, as gold, silver, and gems, are the best absorbents of the finer magnetisms. Hence the instinctive tendency to enrich religious temples with all such treasures—in consequence of which they become, in process of time, batteries or centres of a potent influence which strongly impresses every receptive person who enters within their precincts. Impressive persons who have visited the ancient churches and cathedrals of Europe, know the difference between their atmospheres and those of the dreary, barnlike "meeting-houses" of Puritanism. No doubt, however, one tendency of such places is to develop a religion which consists more in a blind and sentimental reverence, than in perception or love of right; and hence the need of its counteraction in Protestantism and Puritanism. The rational mean will be found between the two extremes.

A word of practical deduction, and I close. Every dwelling should have its consecrated room, or rooms, kept wholly sacred to religious contemplation and spiritual communion. Our domestic architecture in general makes no provision for this; just as, till recently, it made no provision for ventilation, bathing, etc. It is as unsuited as it has been unphysiological and unhealthy. Spiritual men and women will demand a new and improved style. Each will require

"An oratory dim,
But beautiful, where he may retire,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn
Of love and gratitude and praise;
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen, and feel the power
And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in his sight,
Ineffable Eternity!"

This room should be at the top of the house, above the noise and bustle of busy life. It should, if possible, be lighted from above, giving opportunity to gaze up into the blue depths of infinity, and upon the quiet stars. It should be furnished only as will best tend to facilitate its purposes. Some persons would prefer to have only bare walls, with no object to attract the external senses, in order that internal abstraction may be more complete. Others of different organizations, would be aided by appropriate pictures and symbols, in order to impress the internal through the senses. Each should follow his or her own bent, and worship in his or her own way. An hour spent in such a room, in the early part of the day, with a reverent opening of the interiors to divine influx, would be no waste of time, but an immense help to its most wise, energetic and useful employment.

By thus regarding these simple laws of our being, and surrounding ourselves with proper conditions, having first consecrated ourselves to right and true living, we may come into the daily realization of a life in rapport with the celestial heavens, and vastly nobler than most people have yet conceived of.

Charles Colchester, the Test Medium.

From an interesting communication in the Herald of Progress, we extract the following notice of the mediumship of Mr. Charles Colchester, of New York:

"Mr. C. has been used by spirits as a medium but eighteen months. He discovered his powers accidentally, while engaged in a social chat with an acquaintance, in an ice-cream saloon. The conversation turning upon Spiritualism, his companion, who was a partial medium, asserted that he could give Mr. C. the name of his deceased father; and to his surprise the name given was correctly. 'Father,' exclaimed Mr. Colchester, astonished at the unexpected result, 'if you can do this through a stranger, you surely can manifest in the same way through myself.' Do you remember that you promised, when I was a lad, to grant the first request I might make when I became of age? My twenty-first birthday is but just past. I now ask of you to fulfill this promise by making of me a medium.' Immediately his hand was controlled to write, and his powers as a test medium have continued from that hour uninterruptedly. He received his education in England, and possesses the bearing of a gentleman. He is courteous and considerate to investigators, leading himself cheerfully to any test demanded by their doubts. Names, ages, place of death, tests of identity, are given with unfailing success."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

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W. BERRY,

3-12 Brattle street, Boston.

SECESSION—WAR—COTTON—RUMORS.

Never before, in the history of our nation, were the people at large so excited with alternate hope and fear regarding matters with which their progress—may, their very existence is bound up, as now. It is one of the most difficult things to say just what is best to be done. Shall the central government announce its determination to collect the revenues and enforce the laws, even at the cost of human life and a terrible shock to the prevailing sentiment of the age? It is a difficult question to answer; for if it be answered Yes, then the result may be the driving off of thousands of men in the States that have already seceded, who are only waiting for an opportunity to take this whole affair in hand themselves, and are chiefly sensitive to the least interference of the general government. If, on the contrary, it be answered No—it may be, as is not unfrequently represented, that the Union party throughout the South which is waiting but for some leading, guiding movement like this, will wither and die out entirely for want of support and outside sympathy. The chief difficulty attending a final decision on this question occurs from the impossibility to get at the real facts. If the administration could be accurately informed relative to the temper of the public mind throughout the Southern States, it would, of course, know exactly how to proceed; as it stands, guess-work and shrewdness and instinct are all that are left to work the problem out with.

It is very difficult to say whether we are to have war, or not. One thing seems to be certain; that, if we do, it is going to be provoked by the bold and defiant conduct of the leaders who at present hold control of the government machinery in the Southern States. President Lincoln has certainly abstained, whether by word or deed, from asserting his preference for violent interposition on the part of government, and the country is bound to accept his conduct thus far as dictated by the considerations of genuine patriotism. They who would cavil at that, are plainly determined to be satisfied with nothing. And although we have little doubt that there is a strong element in the present cabinet that is strongly set for war-like operations, and with as little delay as may be, still it is a consoling offset to know, likewise, that there is a peaceful and conservative element there, too; and, between these opposing tempers and inclinations, the country will be likely to get all the advantage possible. When men, like the leaders on both sides of this political issue, stand angrily threatening one another, there is great danger of a collision; and violence once undertaken and entered upon, to attempt to reason before passion has fully satiated itself, is to waste the breath.

But allowing that the Gulf States accomplish their plan, and set up for themselves the political Utopia of which their over-enthusiastic statesmen dream. What then? Will the struggles and convulsions through which they have been compelled to pass in order to realize their scheme be instantly permitted, in the natural order of events, to go by without leaving any results? Are established arrangements allowed to be violently broken up and overthrown in this way, without the payment of any of the penalties? It cannot be so. Whenever a change is effected in the existing order of things, and by a violent wrench, it is expecting what cannot be, to look for any improvement before the hurt has first been healed.

Concerning the effect which these convulsions of political opinion and prejudice will have upon the production of cotton—on which our brethren in the Gulf States are ready to stake their future fortunes—the London Times remarks, and with an air of truth, as it strikes us, that they will determine this peculiar branch of human industry, gradually but surely, into different directions and localities. "The office of producing raw material for British cotton mills," says that journal, "is eagerly and clamorously sought after. In Asia, in Africa, in Australia, and in America, people are ready and anxious to undertake the duty. Egypt, Ethiopia, Abukoota, India, New Granada, and a dozen of other countries beside, are competing for our orders. Which tenders may be ultimately successful, we shall not now inquire; but one thing is certain, and that is—that the absolute monopoly of the Southern States will be lost!" This from the giant organ of cotton and commerce, too! from the press that, with all its professed love of liberal ideas and fair play, could never afford to turn its back upon its patrons and supporters, or the men who set commerce in motion!

Another European paper, in commenting on the above extract, says that though it may in a sense be exaggerated, so far as the prediction may refer to immediate results, "the fact is undeniable that great energy will be thrown into the capacity to produce cotton in countries where climate and labor are available for the purpose; and it is equally certain that the effort will be more or less successful. It may extend over a considerable time—months and years even may elapse before anything in the shape of a formidable competition can be originated—but the interests at stake are too weighty, the amount of capital involved too large to permit the uncertainty which has hitherto ruled, to occur again."

This secession may itself be the very key that, in good times, if philanthropists can but wait upon God, who made white and black just as they are,

will unlock the whole problem of African slavery. Principles, even of progress and benevolence, must needs be wrought out through human means and instrumentalities; they are worth nothing to the race as long as they remain mere abstractions, but become of value at the exact moment when they are rendered practical. And he does not yet fully comprehend the plan of universal benevolence for the human family, who is unwilling to see great and permanent good even in temporary crosses, and doubts, and evils.

The flying rumors about the daily changing state of parties are almost painful for their uncertainty. With nothing but such materials for an opinion that is to be worth much, its texture must be flimsy indeed. One day Fort Sumter is to be evacuated, and Major Anderson is to be taken off by a government steamer; on the very next, it is all fixed so that there can be no possible mistake about it, this time, that reinforcements are speedily to be thrown in, at any risk of human life, and at any cost of government treasure. One day the President has given definitive assurances to the Southern Commissioners that, in no contingency, are troops to be sent South for purposes of invasion, or for any hostile purpose whatever; and, on the next, he is reported as mum over his determination as a shut tomb, and the Cabinet will give up their ominous secrets about as readily as one of Herring's Salamander-Safes will squirm and curl up in the fire. One thing, anyhow, is settled and decided, that the telegraph has lost all its freshness and originality in the work of lying; this business of transmitting such important news in the morning and contradicting it with such emphasis in the evening, is getting to be looked upon as a nuisance scarcely deserving hearty contempt.

In the midst of conflicting sentiments and opinions, the country is thrown into a state of mind that, in some lights, may be thought exceedingly unfortunate; but we have faith—it is an instinct with us—to believe that happy consequences are certainly to be wrought out. As we have before remarked, our people were fast becoming too grossly material, and putting their trust too entirely in money; social position was bought, rather than earned, showing the social standard to be so low that its interpreters were capable of being bribed and corrupted. These troubles will at last tend to sift out the chaff from the wheat; and men will be all the better for being put upon their good behavior, upon their resources, upon their nobler instincts, their sense of charity, and benevolence and humanity. If a better day is to come, events like the present are just the ones to hasten its approach and dawn.

Give us Proof.

I am a good deal entertained by these Spiritual Messages; but how comes it that there are no responses published? With all the circumstantialities given by the Spirits, are there no persons living who can either confirm or deny what is stated? If they cannot be confirmed, it would seem that Spiritualism is a magnificent tissue of lies. O. J. P.

We can only put these messages before the public as we receive them. In former years we investigated to our own satisfaction, and built up a faith in the manifestations in our own mind. It is impossible for us to investigate as we used to do, as business presses upon us. We are as desirous, however, to have reports from those messages, as any one can be, and have made many loud calls upon the friends who reside at places where they can investigate them, to do so, and give us the result. Many are recognized, but the persons who know of their truth are satisfied with the proof it is to them, and do not seem to realize the importance of telling the public the same. Many is the instance, where a communication has been published for over six months, that some person informs us it "was correct in every particular." Now had these simple words been written immediately after publication, they would have been of as much importance and value to the public as was the message, and would have added to the message untold weight.

We are satisfied that more than half of these messages are thus heard from at so late a day, that it is useless to publish their confirmation. But we will remind our friend, and many others who ask the same question, and who are suffering from the neglect of parties to write a few lines, either denying the truth of messages published, or giving the facts bearing upon them, that the fact that there are no denials of them, or attacks upon their truth, either by individuals or papers, is presumptive evidence of their truthfulness. We have invited refutations of the messages we publish, and are as ready to publish such, if true, as confirmations; for if they can be proven false, neither our self nor the medium who sits for them, would lend aid in propagating falsehood.

We again call the attention of our friends to the vast importance of their investigating the statements contained in this department of our paper. Indeed, we earnestly entreat them to devote a little time to it, when any spirit who lived near them manifests, and write us the result of their researches.

No one thing would give greater interest to the BANNER OF LIGHT, or do more to strengthen the hopes and faith of investigators, than brief statements (no matter how brief) of the result of inquiries made in reference to the messages published by us. We feel sure that if the friends knew how important this is, they would not content themselves with their knowledge of the truth—would not rest until they had imparted it to us, and through us to the public.

The Free Negroes.

It is undeniable that this class in our national population is very poorly off for chances, especially in the Slave States. It is unfair to take away from them the few privileges they have so long enjoyed without molestation, particularly without giving them any warning. Their case is certainly a hard one. The Philadelphia Ledger sums it up in this manner, in speaking of what has been done with them recently by the various States:—"The legislature of Kentucky passed a law, which stipulates that no slave shall hereafter be emancipated, unless removed from its limits; and any free person of color entering the State shall be liable to an imprisonment of not less than one, or more than five years. A bill passed the Georgia legislature, which provides that every free person of color found therein after the first of May, 1862, shall be liable to seizure and sale as slaves for life. The governor of Delaware recommended the repeal of the law of 1860, allowing this class in Maryland to remove and reside in New Castle and Kent counties, in that State; and the legislature enacted that any free person of color may be sold to the highest bidder for debt. The same element of population in Alabama have been warned to leave at once, or submit to extreme measures. The city councils of Charleston, S. C., have so heavily taxed the free colored people of that city, as must speedily result in universal abject poverty, or their sale into slavery."

Ourselves and Europe.

It is surmised, since our own political troubles have fallen upon us, that England, France and Spain have an eye to their own special interests on and around this continent. The outbreak in St. Domingo is possibly a token of what may be expected. The rumored sailing of the united fleets of these three nations for our shores does not look well, either. They may be coming over only for purposes of "observation," with the shy intention of putting in good look for themselves, as they find occasion permits. If this is really so, we think that those persons and parties whose impracticable theories—more inhuman and unfortunate in fact, than philanthropy—have brought us as a nation to the verge of ruin, must take a slight of comfort with their reflections. It is truly, as the slang phrase goes in New York, a "big thing" for us to destroy a powerful nation over our impracticabilities, and because we cannot bear to wait on God's good time, and thus let in a legion of selfish and devilish influences where at least Order did once reign to some practical purpose.

England and France and Spain, all three, are ready enough now to step in with their fleet of "observation," and pick up a crumb or two on private account. How much better are we going to be for their armed presence? or how great will be the improvement to the slave? It is well enough for us all to remember that self protection is the first law, and that, unless we first take care of ourselves, we can certainly do nothing for anybody else. A great and thorough lesson will have been learned, in more than one quarter, before we have done with these troubles; and one certainly is, that it will not do to drive human nature, even on a good road, like that of Reform, any faster than it feels it for its own interest to go. External government has been relied upon for moral advancement, long enough; if people do really improve, they do it themselves, of themselves, and within themselves, and not because so compelled. And this is our homely upon the rumor that foreign fleets were preparing to visit our shores.

A Healthy Heart.

It is not often that we can point to a public man whose heart is so fortunately placed as to be able to keep his ambition balanced; and when we can, it is desirable that the most should be made of the example. For instance, what could be more fresh and delightfully human than an extract like this from the diary of Sir Charles Napier? Or what, coming from a military man, could present the horrors of war in a more striking light? Or who could paint the charms of affection with more freshness and grace? Thus:—"Nineteen long letters from Lord Ellenborough! He has made me Governor of Solinde, with additional pay! and has ordered the captured guns to be sent into a triumphal column, with our names. I wish he would let me go back to my wife and girls, it would be more to me than pay, glory and honors. This is glory! is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me, and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it, that the moment I can, all shall be resigned, to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repays me for absence from them. Otherwise this sort of life is no life to me; is agreeable only as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do anything to serve them where so much blood has been shed in a cruel war, I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired! Horrid, horrid war! Yet, how it wins upon and hardens one when in command. No young man can resist the temptations—I defy them; but thirty and sixty are different."

The Wonders.

This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polyphus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread, consists of more than four thousand united. Lutenhooker, by means of microscopes, observes spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

Spirits all Around us.

Rev. Dr. Peabody, the editor of the North American, has written in a very un-Orthodox way about the presence of spiritual beings all around us, and we trust his friends will not take offence if we quote an extract into our columns, to show how perfectly he agrees with us in belief and sentiment. Says the Dr.:—"We know not the laws of the Spiritual life; but if, even while here on earth, and while it is confined to the body, the mind has, through its material organs, a kind of universal presence, and its thought outstrips the sunbeam, can we suppose that they who have advanced before us are more restricted in knowledge, and that eclipse falls on all that they leave behind? I cannot doubt that this world lies open to their view. With enlarged powers, with higher faculties, while all seems darkness to us, all to their purer vision may be light around us. And I would fain think that there are blessed thoughts coming unawares, and holy impulses, and better purposes, which visit the soul in its struggles, from the helping love of the departed. Sure I am that our danger is not from too great faith in the reality of the spiritual world. That world, where is it? Is it not the teaching of reason, that it is a world of us? God grant that we may feel the moral power of this idea of spiritual presence!"

A Word to Leo Miller.

A subscriber, residing in Sparta, Canada West, requests us to notify Bro. Miller, who, he says, lectured in that place some four or five years since against Spiritualism, that it is the desire of many who listened to him at that time, that he should endeavor to revisit them by all means, and give a course of lectures on his experiences in and happy conversion to the only true religious philosophy. He would be cordially received by all classes. Here is a large field to work in, he says—the harvest is great, but laborers none.

Literature.
Evil: Its Source and Remedy. An Address, by A. L. Newton.
 This is a Tract, or Treatise, of twenty-four pages. Its author's purpose is to define Evil, which includes an account of its source and nature; to fairly and fully state the problem of its uses in the divine economy, the various complications of that problem, to portray the application of a spiritual theory of Evil to the affairs of men, to consider in what way the removal of evils may best be promoted and secured, to understand exactly what are the uses of evils of all sorts and what special services they do in divine economy, and the grand remedy for all Evil, as it is found operating everywhere in the minds of the human race.

Mr. Newton is a clear perceiver of Spiritual truth, a logical reasoner, and able to make himself understood by all reading and reflecting classes. He incidentally reviews Dr. Child's book, "Whatever Is, Is Right," and throws out ideas in that connection which, though not new, are nevertheless very necessary to keep familiar with in reading that book or any other upon the same subject. There are many excellent points made by Mr. Newton in this tract. One cannot rise from its perusal without confessing that he apprehends his duty and all his spiritual relations more clearly than before. He classifies the various kinds of evils as they deserve, making some more stimulants to the soul and others its open foes, showing that some are administered to the spiritual, as alternatives and other remedial agents are to the physical nature, and establishing the fact that all things are mixed in our organization, and that none of us can be all good or all bad. What he puts forth as the spiritual theory of Evil, cannot fail to find ready response in many a human mind. It is so plain, that if the world had been made perfect in the first place, we should have nothing to do for ourselves, and hence that there would be no progress, no growth, no life. This is Tract No. 4, of Mr. Newton's writings, and deserves a wide circulation and universal perusal.

Sold by Bela Marsh, Boston, for five cents the single number, half a dollar per dozen.

FIBRILLA: a practical and economical substitute for Cotton. Embracing a full description of the process of cottonizing flax, hemp, jute, china grass and other fibre, so that the same may be spun or woven upon either cotton or woollen machinery. Together with a history of the growth and manufacture of wool, cotton, flax, etc., in Europe and America. With illustrations from microscopical examinations. Boston: L. Burnett & Co., 22 Phoenix Building, 1861. For sale by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., 117 Washington street. Price \$1.00.

This book is a novelty that promises great usefulness to Northern and Western agriculturists, and indeed to the whole community. It presents a new feature of interest to the whole agricultural and commercial world. It claims, and tells how the fibres of flax may be substituted for those of the cotton plant for the manufacture of shirting, sheeting, calico, and cambric, making a stronger and more durable fabric with the same expense that cotton cloth is now made. Thus, Northern factories may be supplied from the products of Northern farms, without the importation of cotton from Southern States. The author very appropriately dedicates this volume "To the Farmers and Mechanics of the American Union, whose hearts and hands support the dignity of manual labor;" and every farmer and mechanic cannot do less than peruse this volume with interest and profit. If the claims presented by the writer be practicable, which it has been stated have been proved by actual experiment, the cottonizing of flax will prove one of the most useful discoveries of the present age. Flax can be easily raised in all the Northern and Southern States, yielding seed enough, which is always a cash article, and is sufficient to pay for its culture, and a handsome profit beside, in that part of the plant which is to be converted into cloth. Besides, the staminy part of the plant, which is spoiled by the old process of "rotting," and lost in shives without this process, in the new mode is saved and may be used for a nutritious "fodder," the same bulk of which is better and more palatable for cattle than the sweetest hay. The book also contains many interesting statistical facts about the production of cotton, wool and flax, their manufacture, which is immensely large, their importation and exportation. Let the metaphysical reader, as well as others, buy and read this book, and rest the mind, by turning it to a subject that is profitable to our earthly well being. Anything that tends to elevate the farming interest is noble, and deserves the attention and co-operation of all.

Discussion.

Bro. John O. Harris writes us from Auburn, Me., that a discussion is to be held between G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y., in the affirmative, and such person or persons as R. R. York, of Yarmouth, J. C. Welcome, of Richmond, and O. R. Fessett, of West Poland, Me., preachers of Second Advent doctrine, may select, in the negative. It will take place in Lewiston, Maine, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, April 29th and 30th, and May 1st and 2d. Each side to occupy half an hour, and two hours to be occupied each evening. Judge Smith is to be chairman of the discussion. The question is: Resolved, that reason, nature and philosophy teach that all men will live eternally; that the Bible is not the infallible and miraculously inspired word of God; and all questions of religious faith, of life and immortality, cannot be decided by its teachings.

Miss Hardinge at the Music Hall.

We learn that Miss Emma Hardinge is invited to speak at the Music Hall on Sunday morning, April 14th, by invitation of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, (the late Theodore Parker's.)

Mr. Mansfield in Boston.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield may be found on and after April 15, at No. 12 Ave. place, leading from Washington street, between Nos. 262 and 266.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—One hot day at New Orleans, there was a great scarcity of ice in the market—indeed, the supply was very nearly exhausted, and they were wholly out at the St. Charles. What was to be done? A lucky thought came to the bar-keeper. He procured some thick, small pieces of plate glass, and threw them into the punch and juleps, nor was the trick discovered. The next day a vessel opportunely arrived, laden with the real, detectable and refreshing article.

THREE REPRESENTATIVE MEN.—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, commenced life as a shoemaker, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, followed the same occupation, and Senator Douglas, of Illinois, was once a journeyman cabinet maker. These three mechanical legislators represent their constituents with an ability and talent rarely witnessed, and never exhibited by any than those who sprung from the laboring ranks.

LUCKY F. BIGELOW, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—The communication must have been mis-laid, if sent. What was the subject?

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1861.

SUBJECT.—The Apostle Paul and his Writings.
DR. H. F. GARDNER, Chairman.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—This subject may be considered in various aspects. I think Paul has given us some excellent rules by which to judge of and estimate human character—and not only the character of men and women, but of the book in which his own writings are contained. He said on one occasion, "Try the spirits, whether they be of God." And I understand by this that he would have us judge in the same manner of the character of a book. As a rule by which to judge of the character of men and women, Paul's command is not very much regarded by the masses of the people. As a test for official patronage, character is not regarded—only politics. In religion, too, church membership is of more account than Christian character. We must learn to judge of men and women by their hearts, and not by their heads.

Mr. WETTERBERG.—I believe in every age all the great examples of reformation that have become matters of history, have come generally at times when it was about right for them to make their appearance. In a great measure, if not altogether, such advance or change has been according to the character of the men associated with it; and I can never look at the church in any aspect without seeing a strong tinge of Saint Paul, coloring at times, the whole fabric. As we see the church fifty or a hundred years ago, the upper crust, the under crust, and the mines inside, were all Saint Paul. The advent of Christ produced a great change in the religion of the Jews. I respect him, and can find no fault with what he taught, but he seems only like any other good man who has helped the civilization of the world. He would at this time have amounted to nothing if his thoughts and words had not been embodied and carried out by the strong-minded and energetic people who surrounded him. It is not for me to say that Christianity would not have existed but for Christ. Jesus, with his love of humanity, and his overflowing affectionate nature, lived out his religion, but he was without the power to impress it upon the age, without the aid of strong-minded people like Saint Paul, to save it from the wreck. But if Paul had not done this, some other one would. To-day I look upon Paul as the theologian of the world, though Christianity is one thing, and theology is another. We trace, I think, Christianity back to Christ; and with just as much truth as we trace back to Paul, the great fabric of ecclesiasticism—of theology. He was the power who embodied the doctrines of Christ, and spread them all over the world in the form we have them.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—I have a great admiration for Paul of Tarsus, and of Saint Paul, and I wish to call attention to one trait of his character—that of unflinching fidelity to his convictions of right. One of the noblest men known in human history, is Saint Paul. He illustrated his nobleness of character, when he abandoned his position in society—a position of wealth, honor and respectability, gave up his future prospect in life, laying them all on the altar of the weak and crucified Jesus, because he beheld in him the world's promised Messiah. As to his belief, I have a right to judge. Nothing is wrong because Saint Paul opposed it, nor right because he favored it. In respect to Paul's honesty and faithfulness to his highest convictions, he is an example for the world. Would to God all Spiritualists were as true and unshrinking in their devotion to their high and holy mission, as Paul was to his, and just as ready to forsake all things in order to vindicate the glorious truths of a religion which was to lift the mind from a plane of sensuality to one of purity and spirituality. Are you willing to make the sacrifices for principle that he did, and like him be cast down, but not disheartened? For us to live then, would be Spiritualism, and for us to die would be Spiritualism. I admire his indomitable energy, and his fidelity to his own ideas, together with his willingness to open his mind to the reception of every higher idea. Thus much for the man: now as to his writings. The first question is, have the writings of Paul benefited mankind? Most assuredly! Are they infallible truth? Most assuredly! More than the writings of Thomas Paine, or any other good man; and neither Paul nor Paine knew the whole truth. Paul was brought up a polygamist, and polygamy was the doctrine and practice of the Jewish nation. But after he was converted, he went to the opposite extreme, and I think it is clearly demonstrated that he had lived at this day, he would have been a thoroughgoing and consistent Shaker. He regarded marriage as a thing of convenience, but recommended something better. He saw no other way to heal the diseases and sufferings of mankind, than by absolute continence—by strict celibacy. He said men and women could serve the Lord better single than married—because if they have got a wife or husband, they have got to do something for them. He recommended marriage only where it is better than something worse. He taught a doctrine of celibacy, and learned it from Christ; and how any believer in the New Testament can avoid the conviction the Shakers come to, I do not see. A Bible believer must be a Shaker or a Mormon—or one of the other. I don't go for either extreme, for both are absolute monstrosities. Paul thought the celibacy extreme would save the world—but, to my mind, it would be as disastrous as the other. On this idea of Paul's, the Catholic Church has based the doctrine of life without marriage, may retire, and isolate themselves from the world, and also the nunnery system, where women may do the same thing. But near the monasteries and nunneries are always very near together, and are always married together. The monastery is the husband, and the nunnery the wife. How much better it would be for them to come out on a natural plane, and seek salvation through each other—though not infrequently they bring damnation upon each other! I believe there is nothing in the Bible that teaches the true conjugal relationship of one man and one woman. The Bible was written by earnest men, but mistaken, though we can do it better than we can without it. Luther inferred Paul was a polygamist and justified the having of as many wives as Solomon had, and only limited the priesthood to one wife. This doctrine of non-marriage is one Paul taught. The other was the vicarious atonement. There is nothing in the world worse than this doctrine of vicarious atonement. The doctrine of human sacrifices is the corner-stone upon which the Christian Church rests. That God demanded the life of one man to expiate the sins of the rest of the world, is a monstrous doctrine. I do not depend upon any sacrifice for my salvation. If I am saved at all, I shall be not by grace, but by my own works. If you are saved, it will be because you can't help it, and no one can damn you.

Mrs. THOMAS.—Paul says, "Let your women keep silence, and be subject to their husbands;" but if he was here now, his ideas would be enlarged. He would see woman as the salvation of the world—the crowning point of man's existence. Let her be at her husband's will only for her own good. She should speak the truth that flows from her lips, and man should profit by it; for she is his preserver and his salvation.

Mr. WRIGHT.—I stated that the writings of Paul had done great harm to the world in two respects. First, in the doctrine of marriage; secondly, in the doctrine of vicarious atonement. But in another respect have the writings of Paul done infinite mischief to the world—where he says woman was made for man, and not man for woman. This is a monstrous doctrine, and I don't see how any woman can believe Paul was inspired when he wrote it. He says man is the glory of the world, and woman must look up to God through her husband.

CHAUNCEY BARNES.—After taking a ride from the Rocky Mountains in Vermont, I feel abashed to come here and hear the gentleman in question so severely handled, when he has not an opportunity to speak for himself here. As a Reformer and Spiritualist, I would not think it my duty to go and pry up what Brother Paul said and did, more than for you to pry up what I was doing some years ago. I believe he was sometimes inspired, as I am, and he told some good things; and I think some of us should

keep of his good deeds. There is too much fault-finding among Spiritualists. I believe Paul did better than any other medium ever did. As for woman, if analyzed, she will prove to be better made than man—more rarified in her composition. Let her rise and shine, for out of her wisdom is obtained. Let us take the Bible's truth and build upon it, and not pull it to pieces. A few years ago I drank, swore, and sold rum; but my angel mother came and taught me to be a man, and forsake the evil traffic. You don't get reformation in the Church, but in the lower spheres; and if Bro. Wright had been there, he would not find fault with anything. How should you like to have your works torn to pieces, and held up to ridicule, as you are doing to the works of those who are now inhabitants of the spirit-world? I am ashamed of you. You are retrograding.

Mrs. COOLEY.—I have some sympathy with Saint Paul, as all professing Christians have. I think somewhere, he says, "Love your wife as you love yourself." If this rule were carried out, I think there would be no trouble. I have sometimes thought Paul was rather severe on women, and I've often wished he lived on earth now, so that I could speak to him face to face, about it. I think we should rely upon man for his strength and judgment, when we know they are better than our own. Man is God's noblest work; but woman is not a step behind him. I was myself brought up a rigid Roman Catholic, and was destined for the nunnery, but would not go. I have had a bitter experience, but I thank God for it, for I have profited by it. I live on earth to bind up the broken-hearted, and do what good I can, and I can sometimes shed a smile, if nothing more. Jesus had something else to think of, and Paul had not time to marry. This is probably the reason of the course they took.

Dr. GARDNER.—I have great respect for Paul, but little for his writings. I think him a noble character—a true man. One of the greatest evils the world is groaning under, is the fear of what Mrs. Grundy may have to say. Many fear the old lady, and dare not utter their highest thoughts. I am not afraid of the venerable dame, and so shall speak my own convictions. Paul's was a character I would strive to imitate—both for his honesty and his unflinching integrity. He uttered his thoughts freely, and I applaud his outspoken honesty; but I have no sort of sympathy with his sentiments in regard to polygamy and monogamy. I can erect a standard only for myself; and Paul erred in trying to erect a standard for other people. What is one man's meat is another's poison. I guard my own rights jealously, and wish to guard others as well as my own. I have no fault to find with Bro. Wright and what he has said, but if he had tried to erect a standard for all others, the same as his own nature requires—which he has not done—I should oppose him. In some of his writings, I think Saint Paul fully and freely advocated love, and in other places he advocated a total and entire abstinence from the sexual relationship; his doctrine of salvation through Christ is likewise somewhat obscure and contradictory. But after all, he is the most able and logical expounder of the Christian religion we have, in spite of his ambiguity and contradictions.

Mr. WRIGHT.—Paul says a great deal about the subjection of woman to man, but not a word about the subjection of man to woman. I believe this subjugation should be mutual, or not at all. I am willing to be owned by a woman, but I am not willing to be subject to God, but the God is in my own soul. Let Paul be criticized; he ought to be criticized for the sake of criticism, but to bring out the truth; though universal Christendom denounces you if you criticize anything claiming authority. I overhauled Paul, and criticized him as much as any one, and if he is here, I think he will approve of my course, subject to the God that speaks in both our souls.

Rev. Mr. THAYER read some consecutive passages from the moralizings of Paul, to show his inconsistencies.

The same subject will be discussed next week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THE BANNER—Poetry: "Judith, or the Mystery of Merton Marsh Manor," (continued.)

SECOND PAGE—Poetry: A fine Spiritualist Story, complete, by Phoebe Owen; "Notes Hermetical and Occult," by Horace Dresser; M. D., LL. D., to which we call the reader's attention especially.

THIRD PAGE—"Spiritualism vs. Popular Theology," by D. B. Hale; Poetry—"The Ideal Actual," by Marco Milton; Spiritualism in St. Charles, Ill.; A letter from our racy correspondent, Bro. Warren Chase; An account of physical manifestations in Cleveland, with comments thereon, by C. D. Griswold, M. D.

FOURTH AND FIFTH PAGES—A host of good things are spread before you, reader.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH PAGES—Three columns of Spirit Messages, spoken through Mrs. Conant—one on the subject of American Slavery, and one on Morals in America; Poetry; Spiritualism Conference at Clinton Hall, New York; Obituary Notices; Movement of Lee Towers; Advertisements, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE—Pearls: A Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch; A Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge.

Some anonymous writer still persists in sending us long communications of a "flighty" nature—i. e., of such easy development of mind, that we fear, should we publish them at the present time, none of our readers would be able to comprehend them. We have given them into the custody of our printer's "imp," who will preserve them for the columns of the Banner when "the time comes" that they will be "fully appreciated by a discriminating public." In order to save expense, he had better not forward any more until the government becomes "frank" enough to allow all letters to go "free." So bide your time, Mr. Anonymous.

THE BRIDE.

But where is she, the bridal flower.
 That met him made a wife or more?
 She enters, glowing with the moon
 Of Eden on its bridal bower.—(Tennyson.)

A correspondent at Arlington, Hancock county, Ohio, states that a few days since, Dr. Bushong, a member of the M. E. Church, of that place, while lying at the point of death, was conversing with Col. E. B. Vall, of the same place. Said he:

"Colonel, do you believe a spirit in the body can leave it and return?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel. "I do."

The doctor then remarked that he knew it could, for he had just been away, and could look down and see his emaciated form lying on the bed. He also advised his wife never to ridicule those of her neighbors who believe in Spiritualism, but to assist them if they were in need.

M. C. GAY has removed to 624 Washington street.

The N. Y. Commercial says the report that Jefferson Davis had telegraphed to Charleston not to fire on the vessels conveying men and supplies to Fort Sumter, is confirmed by despatches from Charleston to a shipping house in New York.

The Texas Legislature has passed a bill dividing the State into six Congressional districts. Also a bill to issue State bonds to the amount of \$1,000,000, to be secured by a special tax.

The past winter was one of unexampled severity in Syria and Palestine. Snow storms were heavy and numerous; but they did the slaying before the snow came.

A Havana letter of the 5th, to the N. Y. Express, says that the annexation of Dominica to Spain is fully confirmed. The army to sustain the movement consists of seven thousand men; together with several Spanish steam frigates. The whole matter only awaits the Queen's ratification.

A lady in Charleston, S. C., a few nights ago had three children at a birth. Prentice makes the event an occasion to say that Charleston continues to be a port of delivery.

SCRATCHES ON HORSES.—Wash their feet and legs clean, and when dry, paint them with white lead. One or two dressings only will be needed.

We clip the following from the Boston correspondent of the Southbridge Journal:—"Miss Hardinge, of Spiritualistic fame, is now engaged in a noble work, and one that commends itself strongly to philanthropists and all lovers of humanity—that is, for the redemption and establishing a home for abandoned women, who are driven, from want or motives unfathomable, to a life of shame. And isn't it singular, that the severest opposition she receives is from her own sex? What a comment upon human nature!"

The New Mexico correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, says the citizens of Arizona, in convention at Mesilla on the 10th ult., voted themselves out of the Union. Gen. C. J. Jones, formerly of Missouri, has announced himself as a candidate to represent Arizona in the Congress of the Confederate States.

Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham died at his residence, in Cambridge, on Thursday morning, April 11th, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. He was the oldest editor and printer in the State.

Hon. John G. Palfrey took possession of his office as Postmaster of Boston on the 11th inst.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on the 11th inst., having been in session over three months.

It cost a young man in Somersworth, N. H., \$1.93 for kissing a young lady there against her will. Cheap enough.

At Pensacola, from the Navy Yard to the new light-house, two and a half miles, all the rebel guns are arranged to bear on Fort Pickens and the channels.

AN EDITOR GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.—The Washingtonian says its editor is "on the wing."

Joseph S. Hewins, the driver of a stage running between Falmouth and Monument station on the Falmouth Branch Railroad, has been indicted and held for trial before the U. S. Circuit Court, for robbing the Falmouth mail package in October last, of a very valuable package intended for the Suffolk Bank, Boston, and containing \$5,000 in money, notes, drafts, etc.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweetens into your list, put that in.
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
 Say that heart and wealth have missed me;
 Say I'm growing old, but add—
 Jenny kissed me!

The Massachusetts Legislature has granted \$5000 to the Washington Home, 35 Charles street, Boston. We learn that the Institution will shortly be removed to a more central location, where the accommodation will be ample.

HE WOULD HAVE HIS JOKE.—In the Methodist Conference, recently, the examination of elders was in progress, when the name of a Chaplain of a House of Correction being called, the Presiding Elder remarked that "as he had an increasing congregation, who were all, to a man, under conviction, his return to his appointment was unanimously desired, and it was hoped he would succeed in converting many of them, as they were very constant in attendance on his preaching."

TOLERATION OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—The Shanghai Herald of Jan. 12th, says that an edict for the toleration of Christianity in China has been issued from Nankin, by a young prince, only twelve years old, son of Sinsien, "Celestial King" of China under the rebel dynasty.

The bill to suppress fortune telling before the Pennsylvania Legislature, was amended by the Senate, by striking out the provision relative to "spirit-rapping." During the debate upon the bill, Senator Finney said:

"I am rather inclined to think that there is a communication between the material and spiritual world. I think, at least, there ought to be. If we can progress so far in humanity as to become assimilated to a spiritual state, we may have some such communication."

VOLUME NINE.

The features of the BANNER OF LIGHT for the following year will be as follows:—

Select Domestic Stories.
 Essays on Reform Topics.
 Progressive Editorials.
 A. E. Newton's Contributions.
 Spiritual Communications.
 Mrs. Conant's Department.
 Correspondence.
 Reports of Boston Conference.
 Reports of New York Conference.
 Abstracts of Boston Spiritual Lectures.
 Abstracts of New York Spiritual Lectures.
 Poetry, Wit, News.

Lecturers.

Mrs. M. B. KENNEDY will speak as follows: In Charleston April 21st and 22nd; in New Bedford, May 5th and 12th; in Charleston, May 19th and 26th; in Quincy, June 2d; in Newburyport, June 10th; in Gloucester, June 23d. Her address is Lawrence, Mass.

H. L. BOWEN will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.
 Dr. L. C. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, and Mrs. S. A. COOLEY, Lecturer of Poems, both Clairvoyants, and Spirit Seers, expect to attend the Convention at Sturgis, Michigan, this year. They would be glad to devote their time for a few months to come in Michigan, Wisconsin, etc. Terms advance at the option of those by whom they are employed. Address, Sturgis, Mich., until further notice.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Editor, assisted by an association of able writers and correspondents. Cosmopolitan in every department of knowledge; its crystallized thoughts are intended to furnish a beacon-light for the future. Its columns are open to communications upon every subject, its work is, to elevate the mind, and to add to man's material comforts. Particular attention is given to the department of Health, with new and progressed methods of treating disease, by the Editor. Devoted to no sect, belonging to no party, not given to one idea, it presents itself to a liberal-minded community and asks their co-operation. The Herald of Progress is published every Saturday on a double folio of eight pages, for two dollars per annum, or one dollar for six months in advance. Specimen copies forwarded gratis. Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal street, New York. April 20.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Whoever is troubled with Coughs, Hoarseness or Sore Throat, will find these "Troches" a most admirable remedy. Indeed, at this season of the year, those at all inclined to bronchial complaints should not be without them. They are prepared by Messrs. John I. Brown & Son, who, as Apothecaries, rank among the first in this city, and are sold by all the principal druggists.—(Boston Journal.)

Western Lecturer's Conference.

For the general good of the cause in which we are engaged, and in co-operation with our co-laborers of the East, we hereby invite the lecturers on Spiritualism and connected reforms to meet at Sturgis, Michigan, on Tuesday, April 23d, for a four days' Conference.

The objects of this meeting are substantially the same as those of the Quincy Convention, viz.: A free exchange of views and sentiments, to the end that we may understand and appreciate each other, utilize our efforts, and establish a general co-operative feeling among Reform Lecturers. The calling of a National Convention, being contemplated, we hope that the Lecturers, as far as possible, will attend this Conference and thus become interested in and add strength to the general movement. Although this call is particularly to lecturers, we heartily desire the attendance of all friends of reform to meet and enjoy with us the exercises of the Conference. Our friends at Sturgis have kindly entered our use of the "Free Church," and the hospitality of their homes, and will do all in their power to make the Conference interesting and beneficial.

It is hoped that Lecturers who are interested and cannot attend, will indicate their co-operative views and suggestions by letter. Address "Lecturers' Conference," Sturgis, Michigan, care of J. G. Waite, or either of the names attached hereto.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, ABRAHAM SMITH, Mrs. LUTIA McLELLIN, N. FRANK WHITE, Mrs. E. E. WARNER, LAURA F. F. FAY, JAMES COOPER, M. D., FRANK L. WADSWORTH, CHARLES HOLT, A. B. FRECH, S. J. FINNEY, Wm. DEXTER, HUDSON TUTTLE.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALSTON HALL, BOSTON PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2, and at 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss Emma Hardinge will speak the four Sundays of April.

CONVENT HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritualist Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) Subject:—"St. Paul and his Writings." A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Each Boston Spiritualist is invited to attend. Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., and at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. C. Clark, Chairman.

CHURCHMAN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

CAMPBELLPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Morning and Evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. The following named speakers are engaged:—Mrs. B. Conant, April; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 12th; Miss Fannie Davis, May 19th and 26th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, June 2d and 9th; Mrs. L. E. DeForest, June 16th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hoyer during August; Leo Miller, Esq., during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wall's Hall. They have engaged the following speakers:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend during April; Mrs. F. O. Hoyer, during May; Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. F. Ambler in July; Mrs. M. Macomber in August; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. Elizabeth Clough, April 21st.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Wm. E. Cleveland, April 21st; E. Robinson, April 28th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, May 5th and 12th; Mrs. H. B. Hart, May 19th and 26th; Miss Fannie Davis, June 2d, 9th and 16th; Dr. A. L. Child, June 23d; Rev. S. Fellows, June 30th; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 15th; Miss M. B. Townsend, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storor, April 21st.

PERMANENT.—Engagements are made as follows:—

WARREN CHASE, for May; Miss L. E. DeForest, for June; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, for July; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, for August; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, for September; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, for October; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, for November; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, for December.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss F. Davis, April 21st and 28th, and May 5th and 12th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, May 19th and 26th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, June 2d and 9th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 16th and 23d; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, June 30th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, July 7th and 14th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 21st and 28th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, August 4th and 11th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, August 18th and 25th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, September 1st and 8th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, September 15th and 22nd; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, September 29th and October 6th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, October 13th and 20th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, October 27th and November 3rd; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, November 10th and 17th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, November 24th and December 1st; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, December 8th and 15th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, December 22nd and 29th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, January 5th and 12th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, January 19th and 26th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, February 2nd and 9th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, February 16th and 23rd; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, February 23rd and March 1st; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, March 8th and 15th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 22nd and 29th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, March 29th and April 5th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, April 12th and 19th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, April 26th and May 3rd; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, May 10th and 17th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, May 24th and 31st; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 7th and 14th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, June 21st and 28th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, July 5th and 12th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 19th and 26th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, August 2nd and 9th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, August 16th and 23rd; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, August 30th and September 6th; Mrs. M. B. H. Hart, September 13th and 20th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, September 27th and October 4th; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, October 11th

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the agency of the medium, in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from any one they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Thursday, Feb. 14.—How may principles are there in the economy of nature? and does not every epoch in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah B. Parker; Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Horsey.

NOTICE.

We shall re-open our Circle Rooms, for the reception of messages for this department our paper, on

Tuesday, April 16th,

at three o'clock in the afternoon.

We find our present room, which was once ample, too limited to accommodate the crowds that throng to witness the manifestations—so that, if we continue them on the free system, we must engage a larger room than that we now occupy. We shall hereafter charge AN ADMITTANCE FEE OF TWO CENTS to each sitting. W. D.

Is not American Slavery Unconstitutional?

The question we have before us at this time, is one we have already answered. Nevertheless, to satisfy more fully the mind of him who seeks to know further, we will again answer the question—

Is not American slavery unconstitutional, and should not every individual of the United States do all he is able to do, to defend the Constitution?

We have before affirmed that American slavery is not unconstitutional. Inasmuch as the Constitution has and does suffer slavery to exist, it upholds it; so far it sanctions it, so far it becomes its protector.

And again, inasmuch as the Constitution gives to every State the right to make her own laws, the Constitution has no right to, nor does it in any way interfere with the laws made by any of the States. We again affirm that we do not deny that slavery is evil in the abstract; that it has been and is the cause of much suffering both in the past and present. But that there is a still greater evil hanging over the emancipated slave we also see. Incapable of combating with that which we are daily brought in contact, inasmuch as he is far below you mentally, it is better, far better for him to remain in slavery until nature has lifted him to a standard wherefrom he may defend himself.

Jesus Christ was said to have permitted the devils to enter into a herd of swine, and they ran to the river and were choked. Many question the truth of this, and perceive it unjust. But Jesus perceived it differently; had he not suffered the devils to have entered into the herd of swine, humanity would have been a greater sufferer. For we use it as an illustration.

Inasmuch as Jesus suffered the devil to do this, he upheld him, sanctified his act; and inasmuch as God permits slavery, He sanctifies it, upholds it, and it is a part of His governmental law.

We would not counsel you to turn traitor to your country for your own interests, the interest of the slave, or of anything you come in contact with, but we will ask you to see both sides of the question, and if ever you lend your power in any direction, be sure you do not step upon your neighbor's rights. Be sure, in defending individual rights, you do not tear down the rights of a nation. Take not the wild words that come to you by the breath of slander as a positive truth, but see, and know if it be possible for you to do so, as individuals.

You at the North will always stand up for what you consider to be individual rights. Take the rum-seller. When the Maine law was introduced into your statutes, he said, "I have a right to buy and sell liquor by virtue of your own State Constitution, and I will never surrender my rights." The defenders of the law sought to break down intemperance by the law, but did they do it? No, for the rum-sellers saw that they were taking means that were not lawful, and they stood up in their knowledge and affirmed the right to do as they did. Now the rum-sellers, many of them, are standing up in the face of the South and saying, "I will send of our power to overcome you, and you shall live by our laws, for they are best." Is that right? Have not the men of the South the right to stand up and defend their rights? Have they not the right to stand up and say, "Inasmuch as the Constitution recognized slavery and permitted it, I will defend my rights."

They have the right to do this; but it would be far better if you of the North and your brethren of the South should come together in unity, each giving to the other their rights. Too many engaged in the present conflict are fighting for individual supremacy. Instead of fighting for the supremacy of the Nation as a Nation, the power is centered in the immediate circle of home or self, and their arms are short. Their sight is short, and their judgment is short. If they would what they say they desire to be, able defenders of the Constitution and of right, let them seek to uphold the Nation; let them subvert her interests, and instead of attempting to divide, let them unite. When you are willing to bring your individual selves into the sunlight, and be told of your faults, then you may think you are standing upon a sound platform. But until you are willing to take this position, in the name of God you will not strive to make any one else take it. If you both have faults, try to see these faults by your own eyes, and instead of saying to your brother, "you are evil, and I must put you under my feet," try to teach him he is Godlike, and he will rise in the scale of wisdom much faster than by the application of the law of force.

And in regard to the slave, again we affirm, if you would elevate the slave to your standard of power, give of your own life force. The slave you must do. What would be liberty to the slave who has not Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. You had better cast him into the ocean with a millstone about his neck, than to give him liberty he cannot know how to use.

You need not wrap yourself up in your self-righteousness and say these are evil teachings, for if Nature tells us this is the only way by which the slave can be brought up to your standard, believe us there is no power to gain it.

We will say to you who are striving so strenuously to liberate the slave, give him not only liberty, but power to use it. Give him not only of your gold and silver, not only of your external conditions of life, but give him of your powers as human beings, bring him up to your standard according to Nature's law.

Thus, according to our opinion, American slavery is not only constitutional, but Christian. Inasmuch as the minds of this generation are not willing to conform to Nature's law strictly, but are more willing to serve that law that will not serve them well; inasmuch as they are willing to sail on the sea of erroneous opinion, rather than on Nature's sea, then it is better for the slave to be bonded. The time is not far distant when our ideas as given here to-day will be better appreciated because better understood. Feb. 12.

Charles T. Wentworth.

I have got free at last. I served three years in a mad-house; but I'm free at last. I've got through, and it's now my privilege to speak for myself. I am from Worcester. I left there about seven months since, and glad enough was I when I knew I had left. My disease was softening of the brain, in connection with disease of the stomach. Dyspepsia was the first feature. If that had been properly attended to, I should not have been insane. I was insane, but not all the time, for there were times I

could remember and look back to see I was not insane.

I have left a daughter and two sons. They do not know I can come back and speak; but I want they should, for there's a way by which I can point out to them some things it is necessary for them to do in order to make straight my affairs, which are now theirs. They need not fear to trust my sanity now, for I have outlived all the insane part of my nature. That was the body, and glad am I to get rid of it. I would not be encumbered with it again for ten thousand dollars a month. I suppose one branch of my property was expended for me in taking care of my wants. But that snarled up part, I can straighten in ten minutes, if they give a chance.

I did think once that when we died we left over the things of this world; but it seems if we leave any work undone, we have to come back and finish it; and I think it is a good way, for we make crooked paths straight by it.

There are many things pertaining to my family connections that I wish remain forever and over in the silence of the past. I'm not going to speak of them here to-day, nor should I if I met any of my family; so they need not think of that. I'm going to say as little here as will answer my purpose.

My name was Charles T. Wentworth. I lived on earth fifty-two, most fifty-three years. In early life I was in the dry goods business. I don't care to say anything about business matters after that time. I would wish we could use memory only in a certain direction; but it seems it covers almost everything we ever walked over. And the grave, and all the conditions we are called upon to pass through, can't blot out anything from the page of memory. Anything we have passed through in our lives, we have the power to reproduce in thought again. Whenever we pass through with anything similar, the springs of memory are touched, and we pass through it again.

Now I'm done for the day. Feb. 12.

Alice De Laey.

My name was Alice De Laey. My father is in Philadelphia. I did not die with my father. I died at Montreal, at the Catholic school. I was seventeen years old. I had been in Montreal but two and a half years. I wish to leave the school this season. I wish to speak to my father—I must. Father Jerome brings me here, and says, "Speak, and you will find your way to your home." He has been dead seven years. He was priest of St. Mary's Chapel, Montreal.

So you write to William De Laey, and say Alice came here from Montreal, and wished to speak with him. Yes, I died of fever brought into our school by visitors on last distribution day. Feb. 12.

Samuel Robbins.

I'm Samuel Robbins. Twenty years ago I lived in Salem, Mass. There is a question pending with some who remain of my family, with regard to the truth or falsity of Modern Spiritualism; and they say if it be true, let some of the family come—let them come to strangers, and speak of things known only to us and ourselves, and we'll believe.

In the family of one who is concerned, nearly concerned with the question, there is a book which was mine, and in that book on the fly-leaf, is written these words: "If a man die, shall he live again? and if he live again, when shall he live, and where? Midnight thoughts of Samuel Robbins."

Now I'm going to throw out a question—it is this: If I Samuel Robbins did not come to tell what is therein written, who did? Now, if they can decide who did come and tell, let them; for the book has been laid aside for years, although it is laid aside as a sacred relic—they will save many others the trouble of answering it. If they cannot tell, they may suppose the writer did come and tell the words; and if he did, Modern Spiritualism is true, maybe; and if it be true, it is worthy of a good Christian investigation.

There, I'll leave this with them. It's as much as their weak stomachs can digest at this time. When they get strong, I'll give them stronger food. Feb. 12.

Annie Smith.

My much loved father, the light is shining within me, through the efforts you are making to enlighten your family and mortal acquaintances. So, dear father, if you see no good results from your efforts in your range of life, do not stop working, as the angels receive light thereby. Love from me to all. Feb. 12. ANNIE SMITH.

William Jones.

The world moves on just as though I had not died. I wish to communicate with my family. Feb. 12. WILLIAM JONES, of New Hampshire.

Morals in America.

Have not morality and religion greatly degenerated in America, on account of her long continued national evils?

This is the question given us to discuss this afternoon. At the outset we have to tell our questioner that morality is one thing and religion another. Morality is but the child of education. The moral law has been born of educational principle, inasmuch as it belongs only to the external of your life.

Religion is an inherent quality of the soul. Nothing can change it; no evil, however great, can affect it in any way. Inasmuch as it is of Deity, it can no more be affected by the many evils that exist among you, than can Deity himself be affected.

These conditions or manifestations of life which our questioner decides are positively evil, we cannot consider such, seeing as we do that every cause must of necessity bring forth a legitimate effect, which is as essential and natural as the cause. And every effect in your midst has a something to do with your purification and elevation.

Those things, which seem to be national evils, and in the abstract are such, are simply the result of education, or perverted morality, or assumed law which has not had its origin in that best of all rules given by Confucius and Aristotle, and demonstrated through Jesus.

If there is a dividing line between religion and morality, let us consider what it is.

Nature has drawn it, and thus it must be good and right. Nature claims all religion as her own. All pure and undefiled religion is natural, perfectly so, and Nature, proves true to her own always, and prevents it from being trespassed upon by any external influences. These seeming evils rise like mountains in your midst, it is true; but your religion, that which is found in Nature, or has its origin in God, or is a result of Deity working through humanity, cannot be affected, though mountains of evil, death and hell may rise up and oppose you.

These long continued national evils! Our interrogator speaks of them as though they were legion—and doubtless they are so to him, for he perceives the product only of one condition, or the outward manifestation of such a moral law as you are blessed with. And again he says that moral law is perverted to a certain extent, and that it gives your inharmonious unfoldment. One is demonstrated through American slavery. It comes before the mind of the abolitionist in darkness and terror; it carries a baner stained with blood and a yoke of oppression. But to one who has not embraced these abolition principles, it is but a seeming evil, it is devoid of all its power and stands forth as a thing God will take care of in his own time and way.

Now there is a difference of opinion, a difference of morals, and a difference of religion. But all are born of education. You may differ as widely in all but the God principle, but you cannot differ in that. One may believe it is an evil, another an evil in the abstract, and all have to do with the moral-law alone. But man's religious law is self-existent—it had no beginning, and has no end, and nothing can draw it from him at any time.

Think you the slaveholder has no religion of his own? Verily he has. His organism differs from yours, and his religion differs. But the same God upholds and feeds him; and if our questioner will see God as he is, he will see that he cannot lay down his law to serve any moral law. That religion that always had existence in humanity, cannot now be trampled upon, nor can it degenerate nor fall from its high position.

These seeming differences are but the shaking off of one manifestation and putting on another, while the real essence, the real life-principle, must always be the same.

Though our interrogator believes in God, and invokes his blessing one day in seven, we fear he forgets his God; has not the firm reliance upon Jehovah he should have, considering his holy calling. We fear he may possibly degenerate in the external. Though his internal be true and pure, yet in the external he has wandered from his God.

Inasmuch as he believes that God has yielded up one portion of His power to evil, we have a right to believe he has wandered from the true God and the true religion, or that he never knew them. Perhaps he has never entered into the holy of his nature, and there communed with God. Perhaps he has wandered among the externals of life to find God, whereas man can only find his God in his own soul.

Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America?

No, we answer, and Nature thunders in voices of deepest tone, No. You may as well ask if God has not been dethroned—if he has not given up his power to a personal devil—you may as well ask if he has not forgotten his Creations, as ask if religion, which is of God, has not degenerated.

Oh, thou so-called man of God, come down from the temple erected by man, and enter into the holy of holies in thine own being—that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and ask if at any time God has forgotten his own. Feb. 13.

John O'Donnelly.

There has been much said about coming back in my country, but little believed. I made a promise that I would come and speak in America, should I find I could. I was born and died in Newmarket, Ireland. My name was John O'Donnelly. I come to most sixty one years.

Our place was beset with strange noises all about, for months. The noises declared themselves to be spirits. I myself was sick at the time.

I have got four boys and two girls—John, Michael, Patrick, James, Catherine and Mary—all living, every one.

I was husbandman. I took care of a place, and sold the produce of the place.

I made a promise that if I could come, I would, and tell what I could about the noises in our place. That they were by spirits, I must say, but whom I have not yet found out.

I find myself well capable of speaking, and I do not care to come here any more, now that I have kept my promise. But I'd like to find some other way to make myself understood, other than by wisdom we had before I died. That's a bad way to make ourselves known, for you'll sometimes get the good, and sometimes the wrong, for a great many make these noises, and you shall be perplexed to find the right one come.

I know well your opinion of the Irish; but you have only known that class who cannot live in their own country because of their poverty and ignorance. I'm not going to say I am a whit better, but I did not have to leave my country, nor did I—so I may say I belonged to the higher class. Should my letter go right, I hope to give my countrymen light where it's all talk now. It's a deal you hear about it in America, and about us; but there's little seen of it with us.

I've seen your paper before coming—I've seen yourself. It was first handed to me by a Catholic priest in Ireland, by the name of Haggerty, and my opinion of it was asked. I knew all about it. I don't come here with my brains in one place, and myself in another. James Haggerty received your paper from his cousin in Liverpool, and when my letter is published, I'll ask him to write you about it, to let you know it's all true. If he knows his duty, and does it, you'll know it is true, and when he writes you about it, you may publish it, if he allows it.

I shall do all I can to prove this truth—not because it will put down the Catholic religion, but because it will make it better. In our church, we have always held to communion of saints, and it will only be adding a little more to it. It's not all the priests, who tell you they are opposed to it, who are. Would James Haggerty tell the people he believed it, if he had not facts enough to prove it to the people, so it might be good and useful to them?

Now, by the grace of God and all the saints, I'll come again, after you hear from Haggerty, and learn I'm true. Good day to you. Feb. 13.

Margaret Ellen Cobbett.

Oh God, to hear of heaven before you die, and then to find more of hell than heaven! I've left four little children, the oldest only thirteen years old. They have been separated, since my death, and I see them without any natural protector and guide, drifting about on the cold billows of life. And could I rest in heaven? No. God never made a heaven large enough to hold a mother who sees her children left on earth in misery.

I was sick near three years, of consumption, part of the time confined to my bed, part of the time able to be round and look after my children. I have been in the spirit-world most three years, and I may say I have been in hell most three years, for I have never seen the time I have been satisfied about my children. I was born in Boston; shortly after marriage we moved to New Bedford. My husband was a sea-faring man and was lost at sea from the barque Lady Jane Grey. Since that event I have seen more of the hard side of life than anything else. I am assisted here to-day by an old friend of mine, who did much for me, both spiritually and physically, when I and he were in the body. His name was Whittridge—a physician, of New Bedford. He helps me here to-day, that I may help my children.

You talk of slavery. There is more slavery with you than at the South. Let a parent leave children, with no one to take care of them here, and if they are not put down lower than the slaves at the South, I am not here to-day.

I call upon those people who have the care of my children to treat them well. Thank God, the grave does not hold us; consumption does not kill our spirits. He has provided a way to return, and although the way gives us much of heaven, it gives us of hell also, for we see much of suffering. Oh, you mothers, pray earnestly that God will not take you from your children, and I know he will hear your prayer, for it is natural. I believe, if I had called aloud to nature and nature's God, death would have stayed away—for if we call aloud to nature's God, he must answer it. The people who have charge of two of my children, are intimate acquaintances of the physician who assists me to come here, and he joins with me in asking them, if they have any humanity in them, to treat those children well. They are in New Bedford. If they were in Boston, I'd go in spite of your closed doors, to them and speak to them; for a mother's love is strong, when set in the right current.

My husband's name was John Cobbett, and mine was Margaret Ellen. My children's names are Ellen, John, Sophronia and Louis.

Oh, if I could have retained my belief in a personal devil, I should have been glad, for I should have thought that some of the dark shades of the picture of life were made by him. But to know they are made because man does not understand God or himself!

Now, before I go, I call in the name of God, upon those folks to do right—if they have anything like human souls, to do right, and not suppose, because I am dead, I cannot see—for death has of late been robbed of all power, as life has been clothed with power to take upon itself all conditions, to do away with death. I want Doctor Whittridge to have the privilege of speaking with some who are friendly to him, and I hope he will have that privilege soon. Feb. 13.

Billy Murray.

Darned good place, here, mister. I just come—haint been here but little while. I got a chance to come back pretty soon after, I kicked the bucket. I used to live out in East Cambridge. I was twelve years old when my mother died, and I got pretty bad, to being drunk pretty often, and then I got twelve and I was carried to the Reform School, and took sick, and went to the Island. I have only been

dead here a little while, and I promised the boys I'd come back. My name was Billy Murray, and I want to send a letter to Judge Maine. He's the best fellow you ever saw; he used to come and talk to the boys once in a while. I said I'd come back and speak to the boys if I could, and I got a chance, after trying four or five times. But my mother wants me to speak to the old man. He gets hauled up before the Police Court, and gets sent over. Mother thinks there's a chance to make him over. I don't. I haint forgot how he kicked me down stairs. We lived near the Crossing of the Lowell Railroad, on the right hand side going out from Boston.

If I was one of that woman's young ones, I'd fight for my rights and get sent up to the school, where you get treated pretty well. They don't dare to treat you bad there, for the Judge comes down once in a while, and the boys tell of it.

Tell Judge Maine I'm pretty happy. I'm one of the boys that sung to please him when he was down there. If he wants to hear good nice singing, he better come where I am now. They have nice singing here, and no cracked voices.

I've been dead some months. I do not know exactly how many. I do not want to tell what I do not know, for if I do, they want let me come again.

I was at the Reform School for fighting the old man. He kicked me, and I fired a stick of wood at him; but the Court said I was unruly and bad. The bad was all in him. Mother thinks if we could talk to him he'd be better; but why did he stop drinking when mother died? Maybe he's over somewhere, now. I do not like him, if he is my father. Mother may do the talking. I want. I am afraid he'd kick me down stairs, if we were both up here. Feb. 13.

Joseph Astor.

"Sing, yea, write the Lord a new song, for lo, he cometh to redeem his people." These are the words called for that you might know of the truth of my coming from your secret session. Feb. 13.

JOSEPH ASTOR to his family.

Written for the Banner of Light.
ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY ELIZA A. PETTINGER.

At the hour when Nature waketh

From her quiet, dewy sleep—

When the morn in beauty breaketh,

Whispers near me softly creep.

O'er the fields I often wander.

In the twilight's dewy haze,

When my memory loves to ponder

On the friends of early days.

Then I hear these voices round me,

Hear some loved and cherished tone,

That in memory long has bound me

With a magic all its own.

Fancy, with unerring finger,

Paints a face, a cherished form,

That around me loves to linger

With a never-dying charm.

Of my soul is tried and weary

With some task it fondly sought;

Then they ever come to cheer me,

Leading me from thought to thought.

If my mind is e'er uncertain

In pursuing what is right,

Then they gently lift the curtain

That enwraps the inner light.

Oh, these friends so kind and loving!

That whisper now so softly near,

Each brave act and thought approving—

Bid me "onward—never fear."

Much I love this way of teaching

That unfolds the inner light;

Yes, much better than the preaching

That involves the soul in night.

San Francisco, Feb. 13, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.
Tuesday Evening, March 26, 1861.

QUESTION:—The Identification of Spirits.

DR. HALLOCK.—On what authority do I affirm that spirits with whom I converse are those of my departed relatives? The question may be stated in this way, in its most direct and practical sense; but it has also a wider value. Like every truth, it embraces lovingly all other truths, and expands its sphere of usefulness. For example, the principle and evidence on which I found my belief in the identity of what purports to be the spirit of my departed father, furnish a standard by which to try the pretensions of those who claim to be in communion with more exalted spirits, historical personages, who have led the thoughts of the ages. For if I cannot make out the identity of my father whom I have known, how is my brother to make out the identity of a man whom he has never known? And may it not be, that while I am competent to satisfy myself as to my father, there is a wide margin of doubt in the case of one who thinks he has identified Swedenborg, Paul, or other great men? Now all the collateral questions hang upon this of identity, and hence its prominent particular bearing. For as I have before said, if it can be shown that any single man has survived the death of the body, that is sufficient to establish the immortality of all men. But the first or minor proposition rises almost into the dignity of a major, when we reflect that, in all ages, the religious government of the world has been based in its origin on the supposed ability of the seer to identify either God or one of his holy angels.

Now it is evident that the certainty of our identification of any individual must be in direct proportion to the closeness of our acquaintance with his peculiar characteristics. I can add nothing to the argument of Dr. Gray, as regards the moral side of this question. It is good, is it not, for me to know that my father still lives, and cares more than before for me. Now, by virtue of the demonstrated relations between the good and the true, it seems a necessary inference, that what purports to be my father and communicates with me in a manner which bears out the assertion, is as true as the good is good.

Take another case in my own experience. While in a congregation at church, one Sunday morning, with my attention entirely directed to the preacher, I saw the actual form of three individuals—two of whom had borne to me the most intimate relations which two human beings could bear to a third; the other I did not recognize, and it afterwards proved to be an infant sister whom I had never seen. I saw them as distinctly, and knew them as well, as I see and know my friends in this hall. Now could that have been the exercise of a demoniac power, representing itself in the visible forms of those I had loved most dearly? Is it like a devil to produce what is good? Is it like a malignant being to produce that which seems a part of my very soul's life? Or, is it like an exalted angel to practice such a deception? Is not such a belief incompatible with the very structure of the mind? Then we are driven to the conclusion that such communications must proceed from the spirits themselves—the good and the true are there together, in their right relations—and that, as I feel the good there is in them, I also see their truth.

But all this class of demonstrative evidence is shut out when we come to spirits whom we have not known—where historical persons. How is a man to know absolutely that he is talking with Swedenborg, Bacon, Paul, &c? How could Moses know he was talking with God, face to face? Yet we find two stupendous religious systems built upon the assumed knowledge of the medium as to the identity of spirits he had never seen in life. In the case of historical personages, though absolute identification is impossible, we may be somewhat aided by our knowledge of their characters, and when communi-

cations, purporting to be from them, bear prima facie evidence of purity, instead of greatness, shall we take them for granted, or put them to the test of rigid examination? It is our duty, and a duty which we are fully competent to perform, to scrutinize this matter severely—for truth does not require we shall take it for granted, but asks to be placed in the crucible of inquiry, knowing it will come out like pure gold. We have facts to make a religion as demonstrable as the multiplication table; and we know that, excepting the abstract idea of immortality, all the previous notions of the other life, of inspiration, &c., have been totally reversed by Modern Spiritualism; and on our age devolves the duty of determining the real value of those phenomena which, blindly accepted by our forefathers, made up that drama of religion which is now obsolete—overturned—a mere matter of history.

DR. YOUNG.—A Mr. Ives once went to a medium and identified, through raps, a person who had known him from boyhood, and reminded him of many facts which had passed out of his recollection, but whom he did not know was dead. He obtained the same phenomena through four different mediums in succession, before he found out that the spirit indicated had never left the mortal form! So much for identification in this case. If Dr. Hallock's theory is true of our minds coming into rapport with the medium's mind, then the doctor, as well as Mr. Ives, might have received a false statement, when he thought he saw and conversed with his wife, mother and sister; and all the communications and phenomena in his case might have been from his memory and reflected back through his senses. Spiritual manifestations must come, and come wholly, from one side or the other, from that of deception and hallucination, or that of truth and reality

Pearls.

And quoted often, and found five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE MAGIC BAND.

By woodland belt, by ocean bar,
The full south breeze our foreheads fann'd,
And under many a yellow star,
We dropped into the Magic Land.

There every sound and every sight
Means more than sight and sound elsewhere!
Each twilight star a twofold light,
Each rose a double redness, there.

By ocean bar, by woodland belt,
Our silent course a siren led,
Till dark in dawn began to melt,
Through the wild wizard work o'erhead.

A murmur from the violet vales!
A glory in the goblin dell!
There, Beauty all her breast unveils,
And Music pours out all her shell.

We watch'd toward the land of dreams
The fair moon draw the murmuring main;
A single thread of silver beams
Was made the monster's tripping chain.

We heard far off the siren's song;
We caught the gleam of sea-maid's hair;
The glimmering isles and rocks among
We moved through sparkling, purple air.

Then morning rose, and smote from far
Her olden harp o'er land and sea;
And woodland belt and ocean bar
To one sweet note sigh'd—"Italy!"

Many people, like fairy tales, are simple in person,
but contain some subtle maxims, some cunning truth,
in their moral.

THE HIDDEN WORLD OF FEELING.

There are joys too bright for song,
There are griefs too deep for hymning;
Not to earthly lyres belong
Thoughts with which our souls are brimming;
Silent, hidden, these must lie
Where no earthly plummet soundeth;
Silent then perform am I
When my spirit most aboundeth.

Note ye not the joyous gush
Sometimes from my harp-strings leaping?
Hear ye not the mournful rush
Of the tears adown them sweeping?
Oh! how faint these symbols all
Of the hidden world of feeling!
Now o'ershadowed by a pall,
Now some shadeless joy concealing!

Who spends more than he should, shall not have to
spend when he would.

"TRY IT AGAIN!"

Come hear what the bird on the hickory sings,
Whose note was blown off but a fortnight ago;
In a new one, as soft, she is folding her wings,
And a new love is perched on the branches below.
Come, hear what she says to the heart of the poor,
Whose temples have fallen in wind and in rain;
Come, hear how she sings a new song that is sure,
To the glorious old carol of—Try it again!

[H. Morford.]

Those who shun society are either very strong or
very weak.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

"In the Springtime, when the birds are singing
And the grass is green and the flowers springing,
When the trees are blossoming, one by one,
And the days grow long in the lingering sun,
Then would I die in the Spring-time."

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark
of celestial fire, conscience.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SECESSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall,
New York, "Sunday Evening, March 31, 1861.

Every subject, national or individual, presents two sides for argument. You have often heretofore been addressed on the probable origin of our present national difficulties—and the questions pertaining to the material and social interests of North and South, respectively, have been fully canvassed. In the course of these discussions, the North has received the greater share of blame; but, while this is just and correct as regards abstract views, there are questions yet unconsidered which present the subject in a different aspect. We propose now to consider Secession as an accomplished fact, and as dividing our nation, at this moment, into two separate and distinct governments; to examine the foundation of the new empire, compare it with the Constitution which has ruled the whole nation for nearly a century, and see if it has the elements of a stable prosperity—leaving out of view the relations of the past, and the duty and gratitude which the seceding States owe to the Federal Government.

Without dwelling on the right or wrong, policy or impolicy of slavery in the abstract, we shall attempt a decision of the practical question forced upon us, and point out the inherent and necessary instability of any government which has for its acknowledged foundation, the enslavement of human beings. In the more enlightened nations of antiquity, slavery was always regarded rather as a necessary evil than as a just and politic institution; and, especially in Egypt, every means was adopted by her rulers to prevent the increase of their slave population, and chiefly by limiting the term of bondage. The people of vanquished nations were led captive to adorn the triumphs of their conquerors, and swell the pomp of victory, but they were never held from the low, mercenary motives which prompt the modern owner of human chattels; much less was the difference of race ever alleged to justify their enslavement. On the contrary, the more enlightened the defeated nation, the greater was thought the honor of subjecting it; and the ancient Roman law gave freedom to captives taken in war, after a term of years.

Our own government, you are aware, was established on the broad principle that the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is common to all men of whatever nation or origin; and so universally applicable was this maxim, as conceived by its founders, that they seem to have considered that it would render our country a great center, whence the light of liberty should radiate over the whole earth, and guide all nations to the same happy destiny. Of course, therefore, slavery in these States they regarded as an imported social usage, an unfortunate and anomalous accident, which they could not immediately remedy, but respecting which they thought it unnecessary to legislate for an intelligent, free and Christian people, who had, themselves, just succeeded in escaping from a condition of political servitude. Therefore, provisions, intended to be merely temporary, were inserted into the Constitution, in order to prevent difficulty and insure the protection of actually existing property; but what has been the result of the admission these made? With the acquisition of territory and the rapid increase of population, the strength and interest of the slave-holding class have proportionally advanced, until, now, from an exotic social usage, which was to wear away with the progress of the nation, slavery has grown into a gigantic, aggressive power, which seeks to prolong and widen its dominion over both sections of the country, which have been growing more and more entirely at variance.

We are told that we owe our growth in intelligence and the spread of education among us, to the

wealth produced by slavery; and we cannot deny that the North does derive some compensating advantage from this connection; but the directly injurious results of the institution are to be seen among the people of the South themselves, upon whom it evidently acts as a moral miasma. For, while the atrocity of that section may be equal to the more cultivated classes of the North in superficial accomplishments, graceful oratory, and chivalrous qualities, they are nevertheless, too indolent to attain to any accurate practical knowledge of science, or manufactures, or to any depth of philosophy or statesmanship.

Recent occurrences have rendered us too familiar with the real value and results of Southern government, financing and diplomacy. We see them in a plundered treasury, ruined credit and a distracted Union. Virginia, it is true, has been called the mother of States and of statesmen; but, at the time this title was applied to her, Virginia was hardly more particularly a Southern slave State than Massachusetts or New York; and, even now, her position among the States is a peculiar one.

We have now the spectacle of seven states disowning their allegiance to the Federal Government, some of which owe their very existence to that government, while all are indebted to its fostering care and protection, for their treasuries, arsenals and other public property, and even the preservation of slavery itself. The pretext for this withdrawal is, that a connection with the North will no longer subserve the interests of slavery, and I have no hesitation in assenting to this proposition; for it is the tendency of the peculiar institution, as it is extended over a wider area, to override the interests of free laboring communities; and this tendency being discovered by Northern statesmen, it necessarily became their object to prevent slavery from being finally established, by the unrestrained increase of slave representation, as the basis of the government.

So much for slavery, *de facto*; let us now consider the policy of this government. The great commercial and manufacturing interests of the North are maintained by the demands of the South in almost all that appertains to arts and agriculture; and even for a great portion of their food and the coarse garments of their slaves, the latter depends on importation. All that the South itself produces is raw material, which can be neither eaten nor worn, till it has been sent away to be manufactured. Now, for the successful working of the new government, three things are requisite; first, either a well supplied treasury, or good credit; secondly, a leading, fundamental idea in its constitution which will answer the requirements of that government, in a concentrated form; and, thirdly, provisions for the education, moral and religious, in the spirit of republicanism, of the whole people.

But first, the treasury of the Southern people would soon be exhausted; for they require, besides the high-sounding title of the Confederate States, a standing army of not less than half a million men; next, the products of the soil are all required for the sustenance of masters and slaves; money they have not, except for the transactions of business, which is largely carried on by credit; and when that shall be gone, they will be absolutely paupers. The government will be robbed of its revenue on imports, from the fact that the people will be compelled to purchase, not where they can buy cheapest, but where they can get the longest credit—that is, from the Northern States, instead of from England and France, who will not sell without cash, or good security, even though their goods be admitted free of duty. As a consequence, the South will be virtually enslaved, body and soul, to their creditors of the North—a condition of things of itself sufficient to sap the life out of any people. Add to this the expenses of the necessary offices, and that the population, already one-fourth or one-third negro, and not being recruited by white emigration, will, in a quarter of a century, hardly contain a single white man of pure blood, and will be without a government competent to control the amalgamated mixture, and you have a finished picture of the consequences of Secession; and one which, however seemingly exaggerated, can be amply confirmed by statistics.

As we have already described the higher classes in the South, they are incompetent, from lack of deep and thorough cultivation, to conduct with judgment any government, much less one so anomalous as that of their free, slaveholding, democratic republic; whose constitution proclaims, in the name of a free people, that slavery is the corner-stone of their political fabric—presenting at once the highest and the lowest phases of human existence. Their boasted freedom is a mere empty name; while their system of slavery exercises over them the worst form of tyranny; for that system is inconsistent with the real liberty of the slaveholder himself, binding him down, as it really does, to the mere raising of certain products of the soil; and keeping his soul in the bondage of fear, and of the moral corruption which fear always engenders. Never has even a monarchial government been based, heretofore, on the legalized slavery of any portion of its own population; human bondage has been merely a transitory consequence of war and conquest.

But we are now told that Southern statesmen have established a great truth never before discovered, viz: that there is a great barrier raised by Nature between the black and white races, which is sufficient to insure the success of their Confederacy. That this theory is fallacious could readily be shown; but even were it true, it would not render more correct the practical workings of those who proceed on this hypothesis, or give more strength to their frame of government.

On the contrary, the true policy, the necessary effect, of a good government, is to bring about a fusion of the various elements of the population, and remove such as cannot be assimilated; and if the African race is indeed so radically and irreconcilably diverse from our own, it should either not have been introduced among us, or be now got rid of as quickly as possible.

Slavery, then, in the first place, is morally wrong; secondly, it is impolitic; thirdly, according to the best-known evidences given by the success of countries in which it has existed, it does not secure that general prosperity, peace and happiness, which are the proper objects of all just governments; consequently, the people of the South, by adopting it as their fundamental institution, cannot develop their resources, or do justice to themselves.

For instance, the heavy taxation which will be necessarily imposed, will directly rob the wealthy of their surplus; and those who are poor will have to betake themselves to labor for which they are entirely unfitted, or leave the Confederacy. We have shown that Commerce and Manufactures cannot flourish on the same soil with Slavery; for the slave can only be driven to the mechanical culture of the soil; but the lash can never infuse a knowledge of manufacturing processes into the inferior understanding of the negro; and if his labor could be so transferred, who then would do the work of tillage?

Free laborers from the North will not go there; and even the educated Southern gentleman is too indolent to undertake the instruction of his own children; and, therefore, either sends them abroad, or procures a teacher from the North. Any attempt on the part of the South to manufacture for herself, must, therefore, prove entirely abortive. The relative statistics of North and South prove conclusively that ruin and degradation are the inevitable results of dependence on slave labor. Even the soil becomes hopelessly deteriorated. If slaves are set to raise the direct means of subsistence, they will consume all that they produce; and, as we have shown, they are wholly unfit for manufacturing operations. At all events, they must be provided with teachers for such purposes; and it is well known that the teachers are not to be found in the South, where all labor, whether of mind or body, is esteemed degrading, except for the acquisition of superficial accomplishments, and where very few are able to apply their knowledge to the practical purposes of life, either in the department of art or of government.

Therefore, though the North may be plunged, for a time, into ruin and bankruptcy, consequent upon repudiation at the South, the latter section will soon be forced to return for more credit, and while its material progress will be arrested, for a season, the North will have the consolation of knowing that no Government founded on such a basis as that of the Southern Confederacy, can finally prosper.

However rich the soil, however numerous and con-

tented the slave population, it must be sustained by the wit and energies of its citizens, or it will speedily be paralyzed. Were the country covered with mines of gold, they could never be made available without the intelligent labor of white freemen; and something of Yankee-tact and ingenuity are absolutely required to maintain in working order the machine of representative government.

One mistake in legislation, on the part of the North, it is true, is to be especially deplored, at the present juncture, and that is the new tariff, which virtually excludes from your ports what otherwise would find its way directly here instead of to the South; and which, therefore, contributes to encourage that Confederacy. But commerce must again return to her best route; and, while New York may be robbed for the present, of her proud pre-eminence as the great entrepôt of the Continent, we may hope that this very difficulty will act as an incentive to renewed energy on the part of the people and the government, to preserve that old Union which has Right and Justice and Liberty on its side. We have still the power to remedy this error, before the Southern Confederacy, which, in its madness, is mindful of the effects of its proceedings on foreign nations, has, through the success of its free trade policy, obtained a recognition by other powers—a recognition which, as completing the disruption of the Republic, would cause the overthrow of the Monroe doctrine; impel even effete Spain to revive her pretensions over Mexico, and, perhaps, lead to the submission of Texas, and, it might be, of the Southern Confederacy itself, to her despotism away; when, exhausted by intestine feuds, that Confederacy shall seek the protection of a State with which she has more real affinity than with any other.

But before the flame of Liberty shall be thus trampled out, there are twenty millions of Northern hearts to be subdued—hearts which still beat with the love of country, and thrill to the undying memories of the past. These shall yet overcome the temporary insanity of the multitude, and the designs of demagogues, who, since they can no longer govern a great nation, would fain tyrannize over a few of its dismembered fragments. We know the hearts and voices of the nation at large cry out against these disturbers of her peace, and that their hands will joyfully aid in the great work of reconciliation and restoration.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

A Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at Alston Hall,
Boston, on Sunday Evening, April 7th, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge again addressed, under spirit control, the audience at Alston Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, the 7th inst. The subject of her evening discourse was, "The Transmigration of Souls; or, The Pythagorean Doctrine." The speaker read, by way of introduction, an illustrative passage from Balley's "Festus," commencing, "There seems a sameness among things."

"Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy." And to love well, ye must know well. To know well, search the scriptures well. Whence came your affections? Whence were born your fates and predilections? In what vocabulary did ye learn to name them? By what instruction, or what rule did ye discern? Out of earth's millions, who gave you before exact names which define and mark out individuality? Ye say, "I know"—when ye have searched the causes well, compared the ancients' thought, the minds of the great dead, with the living facts, through books, through observation.

And we would ask—How do you know to love, how to hate, how to discern? Who taught that selfishness, ennobling love of parent and child? All these are central thoughts. Thought analyzed—we find, beyond all books, before all schools, outside of and within all college lore, there is a mighty teaching spirit, a small, still voice, before all books were made, that wrote the law of heart and mind and life; and all that men have gathered therefrom is nothing more than that experience spirit first did point to. He cannot, then, afford to dispense with those deep, soul-like teachings that have transcended his artificial mis-knowledge. Go back, then, to that ancient time, when spirit spoke to spirit, when man walked with God, and in the garden of his soul's pure intuitions, heard the voice of God, and in the stillness of the fervid noon, responded to that cry—"Adam, where art thou?"—by standing forth the life and image of the voice that spoke of God within himself.

We are sometimes told that the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls originated with certain Hindoo sages. Sometimes the idea is attributed to Pythagoras. Neither assumption is true. The idea of the Metempsychosis, together with your affections and predilections, came with those whisperings of the spirit that were before all systems. Pythagoras and Swedenborg defined them best into systems—Pythagoras the musician, the metaphysician, the physiologist, the spiritualist, the seer—the mathematical Pythagoras, who, in the ages of the past, taught all things, and through so clear and perfect a medium, that the world has immortalized his glorious name. Those teachings in the form of the ancient mysticism, were never before so well defined. But Pythagoras recognized in the doctrine of the Metempsychosis simply this earth, as the sphere where the grand drama of transmigration was taking place.

Swedenborg, on the contrary, widened the view of the Samian seer, opened up the heavens, traced out the destiny of man, not only through this, but illimitable spheres of space, in each one of which he recognized in the famous Doctrine of Correspondences, precisely the same idea that underlies the Metempsychosis of Pythagoras. It is enough to say that these two spoke more clearly and more definitely than any of their predecessors that which the soul first whispered of, when it began to respond to the questioning of the Lord.

When we attempt to trace the origin of the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, we find it standing on the very threshold of time, originating—if we may so speak—with those ancient philosophers, the first who ever attempted to teach the people. This was the central idea which they attempted to embody. They recognized that the soul was a part of God, uncreated and uncompanied; that, as it appeared to be subject to no merely material advantage, but, as far as observation could pronounce upon this most subtle essence, that it appeared to be the rule, the guide, the law, the triumphant superior of matter; therefore they assumed that the soul must be a part of that Infinite Essence, which ever was. They also claimed to trace up this essence, by the very necessity of its indestructible qualities, through time, into the eternal future. Soul, then, they pronounced to be the imperishable, unchangeable part, on which the forms of matter—as our modern poet declares—"are strong like ever-changing beads." They believed in a progression of the soul through different spheres, each of which was a probationary state, belonging to this earth. In that small and exclusive view of life which alone the ancients were enabled to take, by observation of this grand and splendid theatre of existence, they conceived that stars, suns, systems, were nothing more than so many dependencies upon the supposed central earth. They conceived that these were the habitations of spirits who were created for the purpose of ministering to this orb. They assumed that these various orders of spirits partook of the nature and quality of the spirits imprisoned within the mask of flesh. And while they deemed that all were bound in one harmonic chain of being, they also assumed that this earth was in reality the centre of all; that from hence went forth the mighty souls that should eventually be merged in the grand primal essence of God; that upon earth descended those spirits who by ceasing to contemplate the Eternal, had fallen from their high estate, and were now gliding through temporary spheres of probation, returning to their original purity. This earth they held to be the grand theatre of all existence, all forms, all types, that were or ever should be. In this system, too, they recognized that all the various forms, even the plant as well as the animal, were so many types of the blind passions within man; that each one of these forms was symbolic of character.

We believe that the original doctrine of the Metempsychosis was not the material one that subsequently obtained. It was nothing more than that vague transcendental view in which the Orientalists delighted to picture the soul's progress, pointing to the different spheres of animal life as the types, or else the actual realities, through which the soul may pass. Remember, these ancients did not conceive of that universal system of progress which the experiences of this world are now beginning to define to an absolute certainty. They had not the spheres of observation that belong to the moderns, which would have enabled them to determine that life was a vast progress. The dim shadows of the coming morning seemed to them to be a memory of the past. Hence they conceived of retrogression. In the midst of their fatalism, they also attributed to man that power of choice which enables him to carve out his own destiny; although the most ancient Hindoos were accustomed to say that Brahma inscribed the destiny of every living creature on his skull, they yet attributed to every act the responsibility that should inhere in the absolute reward or punishment. Hence they determined that man was able to fall as well as to rise; but by a constant series of oscillations, probationary experiences, alone, could the soul regain the lost estate from which it had fallen.

They pointed then to the various spheres, the different species of animal existence; each one of these, they said, represents the working of some one of those passions that drag the spirit down, by which the wings of the soul have been lost and shrouded in the thick prison-house of matter. This was the origin of the doctrine of the Metempsychosis. They could not fail to realize that in every animal, however rude, there was some fragment of that thought, that spiritual perception of higher and better things which finds a voice in man. Those creatures, like humanity, are capable of improvement; and hence it is impossible to define or mark the difference between reason and instinct. The moderns talk of this difference, but the ancients could not find it. "That," they said, "which is capable of improvement at all, must be throughout infinity." They found, therefore, no line of demarcation between the partial and the entire growth of the spirit. Hence, they reasoned, the spirit is a unity; it is the form alone which is the prison of the spirit; it is only that which crawls the earth; breaking through this narrow captivity, existence would ascend from the grub to the butterfly, from the butterfly may soar into the magnificent eagle, and this again is but the prison-house that may itself be elaborated into the glorious temple of man, once more a grub of a higher estate, to be eliminated into the immortal butterfly of soul.

These were the central doctrines of the ancients. In the doctrine of Pythagoras we find a wider sweep of teaching, the system that was taught by the ancients beginning to take the form of progress. Claiming that he, the "thrice-born man," could remember the scenes through which he had passed, he attributed his finer susceptibilities, his capacity to appreciate the wondrous music of the spheres, the shining of the stars as they passed through ether, his perceptions of the inevitable law of the square, and angles of all creation, his marvelous system of calculation and the harmony of numbers—all the deep and soul-like perceptions of Nature and her laws, which made him the wonder of the age—to a great variety of earthly experiences, the dim reflections of past ages, which, in all possibility, stored up in the treasure-houses of the spirit-world, finding in him a receptive organism, and flashing before him in the fires of inspiration, appeared to him to belong to his own experiences. The thoughts that found an echo in his brain were to his perception the memories of the past, and he thought himself one who lived again and again upon the earth, and whilst he left the sphere of human existence, gods themselves might become incarnate.

He bewildered the minds of his followers by narrowing down the hereafter to this earth, instead of directing their aspirations to that better, that progressive sphere, which it is the joy of the Spiritualist to believe will be freed from the incumbrances of materiality, where the soul shall escape, once and forever, from all the tyrannous restrictions of mortality, and never again be condemned to bear the burden of earth and its woes.

The doctrine of Swedenborg takes a yet wider range. It teaches that on this earth the mortal woof is spun, once and forever; that, instead of a retrogression, every step in life is an advance. What then? The seer looked down upon the earth, and beheld in all its lower forms that mighty system of chemistry of which man was a part. He traced back, by the aid of material science, his own present existence, to the day when the earth was "without form and void" when it was a mere vaporous mass. Through material experiments he was enabled to determine the quality of matter; and though he could only faintly perceive that spirit, the triumphant lord over all, must have been, at some period, dependent upon matter for its externalization, he recognized, chemist as he was, that in the doctrine of the Metempsychosis there was at least some foundation connecting it with the idea of progress for all—the chain which binds up all physical forms.

Such is the hypothesis, in this day of spiritual analysis, of old, out-reaching speculation, when free speech and free thought are married, and the wildest conjecture is recognized to be nothing more than a distorted fact.

This is an age of hypothesis. The doctrine of correspondence; and the doctrine of the Metempsychosis now stand side by side with what is termed the development theory. The materialist, accustomed to find only in exact science his measure of truth—crushing out the voice of that spirit that cries for "light, more light!"—choking down the whisperings of that intuition which claims there must have been a foundation for this universal belief in the eternal connection of all things, may sneer at the development theory, but still fact after fact is obtaining in the minds that dare to search.

Investigating the origin and growth of the world and of man, we find that the solid and fluid globe first existed in the form of what is termed the gaseous element, of which the simple varieties are only some four or five in number, and of these it is very questionable whether some are not compounds. A strange theory is now prevalent, that nitrogen gas, which forms a large part of the atmosphere, may be a compound. There is a question whether all the primary gases may not be reduced to two—hydrogen, the lightest known body, and oxygen, which enters largely into the composition of every existing form of matter. In these, perhaps, we discover the magnificent base of all chemistry, and from this point spring forth all the splendid varieties that make up this grand, round, rushing world. From the beginning of creation, all is one grand and splendid action of the Invisible Chemist, who, with these simple elements, and the ever restless knife of electricity cutting and carving up different portions of these two gases, is able to produce the world of forms, the magnificent phantasmagoria of varied existence which we call life. Everywhere we find life—in the smallest point of atmosphere, in every drop of dew, in every grain of sand. And throughout the whole stupendous work of creation, chemistry is still the all-powerful instrument and agent. Why should man be exempt from the universal law? So far from having been created by a celestial, arbitrary act, he is not rather the sequel, the final result, of all those experimental adaptations that preceded him in the lower forms of life?

This is the Metempsychosis that Pythagoras dimly conceived, and that compelled him, long before any had power to demonstrate it, to write it down, and point to the innumerable strata beneath man, and proclaim that from and through each of those grades man had come—from out the viewless ether, the flying cometary mass, the dull-colored nebular star, from out the ancient boiling seas, the leaping flame, the wild tempestuous winds, the ancient sea-beaches and melancholy ferns; that man was prophesied in every part; that nature, grand, glorious nature, in her mother-child, held him, her darling, till, in the fullness of time she sent him forth to have dominion over all.

Such is the life of man, and such his origin. We do not conceive that it lessens the dignity of his creation. But what power, and what a sublime destiny it stamps upon his future. From what he has been, what he may be, looms up in such radiant glory, that we are fain to proclaim—it is good to

live, it is glorious to be born, it is a mighty thing to be a living soul! Tell this to your children; write it on their foreheads; pointing down to the earth, tell them, in their abasement, that they came from stars; but with the other hand point to the shining stars, and tell them those atoms are marching up to God, and they are parts of the great matter on which this march is written.

There are other considerations growing out of the deep and earnest investigations of this doctrine, that belong to the future life of man. Swedenborg, and many others of those who presented this Metempsychosis doctrine in its most tangible form, all pointed dimly to a previous state of existence. We perceive upon this earth every gradation of forms; we recognize from the absolute necessity of the immensity of creation, as well as from all that we can derive from the teachings of higher authorities, that there is an infinity of states in the hereafter. We cannot look upon this earth without a recognition of the fact, that for every human soul there must be a future condition analogous to that which it now occupies. The view which we are compelled to take of the eternal wisdom of our Creator, renders it impossible to conceive of any present state of being that is not to bear fruit in all its parts.

We believe that in the eternal scheme there are as many marches of existence below this earth, as there are above it; but we do not recognize the earth itself as one. The conditions of mind and matter are absolutely defined and settled. There is no sort of relation between the viewless, immaterial spirit, and the gross, material body. There is no more relation or likeness between the two than there is between these fair lilies and the coarse ground from which they sprang. Hence, there cannot be conceived of any condition of matter now existing, that can be a resultant from spirit; nor can we imagine the spirits of lower worlds passing again into this material sphere. We might as well expect the eagle to re-enter its shell, the acorn, which has given birth to the oak, once again to encase the gnut of the forest. The butterfly does not return to the grub, nor the soul to the mould in which its form has been fashioned.

Hence we claim, too, that this earth is not yet complete; that here is one starting-point in the great chemistry of life, and that there are myriads and myriads of them; to every world its better world, to earth its better earth; to this, again, the high, the glorious heavens. The physical world is more excellent now than once it was. The atmosphere is clearer, the fires are brighter, the seas more translucent. Not only is this so by the absolute and inherent necessity of progress, but man, also, has contributed to this glorious result.

From out the human form there passes a subtle fluid, of which we another time will speak. Man calls it Magnetism. It is that by which the psychologist is enabled to determine character; for this subtle influence, adhering to all objects with which the body has come in contact, proclaiming that the body and the soul go forth together. If all things, then, reveal your sphere, what is the result to them? If these bodily emanations, thus charged with character, are found in every place where you have been, does not that character affect the earth, the atmosphere, the forms by which you are surrounded? It is the very necessity of the eternal chemistry. In an atmosphere charged with the breath and emanations of many human beings, if it be submitted to careful analysis, there is first found a strange vegetable matter, and from this, by subjection to certain conditions, appear microscopic forms of life. We know that these were said to be hypotheses, until within the last few years. But in this realm of hypothesis, some daring minds have trod, and verified this theory.

What follows? The air is dim with your character. The very atmosphere you breathe is fashioned by yourselves. The air is prating of your whereabouts. The dread artillery of heaven proclaims vengeance or compensation. Your deeds return in rain, bringing health or pestilence, just as you have acted. Above you and above you yet, up to the most distant realms of space, stretches one constant chain of atmosphere; and your least action or lightest word is felt throughout the infinite universe.

Everything that tends to produce inharmonious in this grand scheme is a failure, and must die. Every bitter word, every unkind tone, every ungentle deed, every harsh, malicious thought must come into judgment with this supreme good. But whatever harmonizes with the progressive life of man, whatever brings more light, more peace, whatever helps the world up to its great salvation, that will live forever; it is that permanency which we call eternal life—the rest that remaineth.

In view of this constant scheme of changing form, the last dread enemy, so long feared, is at last found to be the most beneficial, the most necessary of all the agents for the world's salvation. Death breaks up that which is imperfect. Death it is, that, destroying the form, permits the spirit to go free, and in a higher and holier world fulfill some advanced and progressive mission.

In the constant transmigration of the spirit of all things, from a lower to a higher development, we recognize death as the universal agent; no more the herald of a reign of terror, but the beautiful Liberty Angel who opens the gate for the good and true to pass to a diviner sphere.

The Pythagorean doctrine, and that of Correspondences, then, are true, in the great system of universal chemistry, from the simple dual elements which attraction and repulsion have externalized, in hydrogen and oxygen, to this beautiful world of forms—the transmutations by which the immortal spirit has passed through all outward manifestations, until it reappears on this most glorious image of the Deity, man, the temple of the Holy Ghost.

NEW BOOK

BY

EMMA HARDINGE

NOW READY,

THE WILDFIRE CLUB,

BY

EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unenlightened, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth." Vide "Rasselas."—[Dr. Johnson.]

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung the beads of worlds and life. It may be here, it may be there, it may be all over again.—[P. 2.]

It may be there that I shall overtake it.—[P. 2.]

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