

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS.
OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
Fifth and Eleventh Pages.—H. W. Beecher's Sermon.
Third Page.—Cora Hatch's Ninth Discourse.

“BERTHA LEE,” OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of “Dora Moore,” “Country Neighbors,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV. ELMWOOD.

I found only Aunt Paul waiting tea for me. “Isn't Mr. Gray in?” I asked.

“No, it is Thursday, the day for the evening meeting at ‘Scrabble,’ and he must always take tea with Deacon Abram on that evening.”

“Surely! It is strange I had forgotten it!”

Mrs. Dennis arranged her spectacles, (she always wore them at table, lest she might overlook some speak or fly in her food,) folded her hands, and looked steadily at me. I knew what it meant—I must ask a blessing on the food. I trembled, and was troubled how to do. I had never been thus situated before, and young girls of eighteen are easily disconcerted. After an awkward pause, I made out to say, “Mrs. Dennis, will you ask the blessing?” Most heartily, as if she enjoyed it, did she respond to my request, but was more lengthy than the occasion demanded. “Shall I ever be able to do my duty?” I again asked myself.

After tea I took a walk in our little garden. It was October, and the frosts had marred the beauty of most of the flowers in Helen's little parterre; but there were a few chrysanthemums and china-asters still fresh, and the faithful, ever-blooming tri-color violets were blossoming still, in spite of cold winds and frosts, and there were gay marigolds, and the loving myrtle, so that I made a very respectable bouquet. At the foot of our garden, and the end of the alley, was a small arbor, and turnstile leading to the grounds attached to a very beautiful residence. I had wandered over these grounds with Helen, and admired the lawns, the grapevines and the conservatory, and especially the house, which was a large, stone cottage, evidently built under the direction of an artist, for the proportions and ornaments were in excellent taste, and forming, with the grounds, a very sweet picture.

The place had been unoccupied now for two or three years, by the owner, but a tenant lived in a neat cottage near the carriage-road, and, while his wife aired the house occasionally, and kept the furniture in order, her husband took charge of the land. I had met Mrs. Green often, for she was a member of Mr. Gray's parish, and frequently came, in a neighborly way, bringing flowers, vegetables and fruit. As I sat upon the steps, near the stile, she spied me, and came out. After the usual salutation, she said:

“I was coming over, this evening, to beg some of Aunt Paul's yeast; she always has good luck with hers, and I want to make some extra nice bread. My husband has had a letter from Mr. Gomez, and he will be here to-morrow to see about altering and repairing the house inside. He will have it all done in the winter, so that they can come on early in the spring. It seems that ‘Miss Lillie,’ as we always call her, though she is married, wants to come, and is so impatient that she can hardly be induced to wait till spring. She is such a delicate little thing, that one week of our winter weather would kill her, as surely as it would one of John's white Japonicas if he should put it into the open ground at that time of the year. I don't think she had better come till June, for we have so many cold days in May; but I suppose it would not do any good to give advice, for when she's set upon doing anything, she will have her own way in spite of everybody. It is strange that such a delicate little thing as she is, should have so strong a will; but John says that the choicest vines have very tough stems, sometimes. When Miss Lillie has always had her own way ever since she was old enough to tell what she wanted. I thought it would be different when she married. You know, Mrs. Gray, our wives can't always have our own way, sometimes, even when our way is the right; and Lillie's husband had such a noble, commanding look about him, as if he could lead an army, that I thought to myself, she'll have to give in now. But I lost my guess for once; he was more indulgent, even than her father, and never crossed her slightest wish. But then, I believe it is true, as Aunt Paul says, that the smallest pattern of men are the most arbitrary; you never see a little bit of man but is glad he is not a woman. I know there are exceptions, and when you find a man of small stature that has respect for woman, you find a noble heart. But, as I was saying, Miss Lillie wants to come in May, and May it will be, if the snow lies two feet thick on the lawn. There is Saunders, the carpenter, going to the house now. I have the keys, and must wait upon him. I'll leave my pitcher here—or perhaps you would like to go with me, if you have never been inside of the house.”

This was just what I had been wishing. Many a time I had looked at the ornamented windows, outside, and wished I could see the rooms within. We walked up the gravelled path and through a covered way, the sides of which were festooned with vines, and entered a side door that led us into the dining-

room. This was paneled with oak, and ornamented with a few choice pictures. The furniture was rich but plain, consisting of an antique side board curiously carved, arm-chairs to correspond, and a long mahogany table, the rich, dark wood bearing witness to its age. The twilight forbade a good examination of the pictures, and I passed on to the drawing-room, which was fitted up in modern style, but with exquisite taste—green and gold the only colors in the thick tapestry carpet and in the rich curtains. There were alabaster and marble flower-vases, so curiously wrought in vines and flowers that the work seemed too rare and delicate for human hands; every article on the stage was a beautiful specimen of human skill, or a rare natural curiosity. The furniture was all covered in linen wrappings, and the same concealed the bow-window; but I drew it aside slightly, and stepped in. There was just light enough to command one of the finest prospects in this part of the country; and the trees in the lawn had been so planted, and those in the grove yonder cut away, as to give the beholder the best possible view of the distant fields and mountains beyond. I was enchanted, and only longed for the light of a setting sun to gild the picture.

The coming darkness reminded me that my time was short, and Mrs. Green coming in just as I was going up stairs, said—

“I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Gray. Saunders needs directions about his work, and perhaps you would like to see the library, while I go with him to show how I wish to have the pantry shelves put up—these men never seem to have the least idea of conveniences for women. This very man, who you can see is a real Anak, over six feet high, actually put the hooks in my ward-room as if he was to use it himself; and now every time I want to take down or hang up a dress, I must fetch a chair to stand upon.”

I thought this must be a trial, for Mrs. Green was a short, thick, plump little woman.

“And now if I don't stand by, he'll put the shelves in the pantry so near together that I can't put pitchers on them, or so narrow I can't turn my milk-pans down. So, if you please, you can amuse yourself by looking at the library. I'll come in by-and-by and go home with you. Let me see, here's the key in my pocket, but I'm afraid it will be rather dark there; never mind, I'll light the wax candles in the chandelier, for the room looks beautifully by candle-light.”

She led the way, and I followed her into a large, oblong room, divided by an ornamental arch into two apartments. From this hung a rich, heavy curtain, which was now looped up, so that we had a view of the whole room. The books were arranged in arched recesses, each devoted to some particular department of literature—as history, fiction, philosophy, theology, &c. This I learned afterwards, when I was permitted a more full examination of the library. At this time the room was in darkness, but Mrs. Green found some tapers and lighted the candles, as she had proposed, and then left me. I looked round in delighted wonder. The wainscoting was of some rich, dark, polished wood, and the curtains crimson, and the carpet crimson and black. There were pieces of statuary in different parts of the room; one, “The Penitent,” that seemed to my unpracticed eye the perfection of art, so sweet and sad, so mute and downcast, that longed to say at once, as did our Lord, “Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” In another recess, near a bay window, was a statue of Hope, and here the look turned heavenward, and the calm expression, as of a heart at rest, was imparted to my own spirit, and involuntarily I repeated the words—“Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? Hope thou in God!” There were other gems of art in the room, a few busts, and a great many small portraits of distinguished men, from Homer to the present time. The place was an earthly Paradise in my eye, and I sank down in one of the luxurious arm-chairs, and wished that I could always remain. What a blessed thing is wealth, that can command such pleasures as these! Then I fell to musing upon the young wife, Miss Lillie, as they called her, and wondering if she appreciated these privileges. I had just commenced a survey of the titles of the books in the department of fiction, when Mrs. Green returned.

“I'm afraid you are tired waiting for me,” she said. “Somehow or other the house, fine as it is, is very lonely and desolate when the family are gone; but these people that are fond of books say that they should never be lonely in this room.”

“Indeed I should not, Mrs. Green; and I think Miss Lillie, as you call her, must be very happy here.”

“Why, as to books, they are not much pleasure to her, unless when she likes to look at the pictures; she never was much of a reader; but she sings like a bird, and I love to sit in my room on a summer evening and hear her play upon the piano and sing. Her husband likes it, too, and together they make music fit for the angels to hear. The house will be open to-morrow morning for the workmen, and, if you wish, you can run over and ramble round. I will open the grand piano, and you can try your hand upon it.”

I thanked her for the privilege, and, like a child, I longed for the morning to come. I said nothing to Mr. Gray that night of my visit to “Elmwood,” so named, from some noble old elms on the grounds, for I had learned accidentally that Mr. Gomez was a Roman Catholic, and I was almost afraid that I should be denied the privilege of going. I was up early in the morning, and going first to my corner in the garret, I arranged the boxes and old chairs

so that I could read or write very comfortably; then I hung a plain white curtain at the window, and brought my Bible, Jeremy Taylor, and one or two other books. Charles Herbert's letters were locked in a small trunk, and carefully concealed in one of the packing boxes. I promised myself a great pleasure, on every Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Gray was gone to “Scrabble,” to attend meeting with Deacon Abram—I would read these letters and write in my journal. I called my little garret corner “Malmesbury,” in memory of the Empress Josephine's retreat; and I do not think Miss Lillie could be more gratified with her splendid library than was I that morning with my corner. There was a line suspended across the garret, on which hung some old carpets; I altered this line so as to effectually conceal my corner from view; then I ran down and assisted Aunt Paul in the kitchen. I was sure that Mr. Gray would be busy all the morning, for he was writing a sermon for the next Sunday, from the text: “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” I had peeped at the text as the manuscript lay on the table, and I said to myself, “a hard nut to crack, sir!” I ventured to tell Aunt Paul, so that we might have an extra good dinner, for Mr. Gray was very critical upon the cooking when he was writing doctrinal sermons.

“He had better let that verse alone,” said Aunt Paul. “Mr. Gray is a pretty smart man on the doctrines, but he might as well try to pull up them great white pine tree stumps on the hill-side with a clothes-line, as to pull the difficulties out of that chapter. I tell you it will take five yoke of oxen and an iron chain to do the business; but, however, I'll have a chicken to strengthen him, and good luck to his labor.”

I was now free for Elmwood, and the house was open to my inspection; from the library I wandered up stairs, and after looking at the large guest chambers, I turned into an entry and soon found myself in an apartment that seemed fitted up by fairy hands. The bedstead, with its white drapery and its wrought muslin canopy, falling from a wreath of flowers, and festooned with heavy silk cord and tassels; the furniture, so light and airy looking; the cheerful carpet, with its tiny bouquets of flowers; the few choice, elegantly bound volumes; the harp in one corner; the delicately wrought little work-box; the Bohemian vases; the large oval mirror; and the cornice moulded in imitation of the most delicate vines and flowers, were all in harmony, and the whole made the room a dwelling-place for a fairy. There were but three pictures; two of them were draped, but the one over the mantle, which was uncovered, was a Cupid amid the flowers. I ventured to lay aside the drapery from one of the others. Ayl here was Miss Lillie, the fairy of the enchanted room: No wonder they called her by that name—none could be more appropriate. A most beautifully formed head and shoulders seemed rising from a mass of gold and purple-hued clouds; the face was fair and delicate as a little child's, and over the plump, white shoulders hung light brown curls, that looked as if a breath would stir them. The dancing blue eye was shaded by long, drooping eye-lashes, and the little mouth, with the rich red lips, looked as if made to kiss and be kissed.

I stood and gazed in loving admiration. “No wonder, Miss Lillie, that they let you have your own way; who could resist such a face as that?” It was full of childish grace and sweetness, and I blamed no man, even if he was “fit to lead an army,” as Mrs. Green said, for worshipping such an idol. The strength of the eternal man becomes weakness before such beauty, and no doubt his love guards her tenderly from the rough winds of this world. I could hardly turn away from it, and when I laid the drapery back, it was with a tender, loving hand, as a mother would lay the covering over her beautiful babe.

More eagerly, and with the usual feminine curiosity, I now drew aside the covering of the companion picture. “Good heavens, how like! It is—it must be; no other human being could so resemble him! They are his eyes; I know them, for I feel their influence over me at this moment. I shall faint if I turn away; but while they are upon me I am strong. Charles Herbert, how came you here? It cannot be—no, no, no!—and yet, no wonder; such a face as I have been gazing at would draw an angel from Paradise; but in my once insane worship I believed you nearer God than angels, if angels can fall.”

I hastily drew away the covering from Lillie again, and looked upon the two portraits together; the perfect feminine grace of the one, and the manly beauty of the other, formed a fine contrast. “Lillian Gomez—Lillian Gomez,” I repeated; “can that be the name of Charles Herbert's wife?” I tried to recall if I had ever heard it; but then I remembered I had said to my father, “Don't tell me who he married; I never wish to hear the name,” and the subject had always been studiously avoided in my father's family. But then he did not marry in the United States; and how could the family be here in this little country village? I tried to think that it was all a mistake—that Miss Lillie was not his wife; but I could not cheat my own heart. The portrait I was sure was Charles Herbert's; in that I could not be deceived; and as I continued gazing upon it, the same feeling of confidence came over me as of old. He had done no wrong; there is a mystery, but no faithlessness—strange what a power that face had over me to deepen that impression—and as I continued to look, I stood self-condemned; for I had been faithless to the vows which I had taken. Charles Herbert was the husband of another woman, and I was cherishing his

letters, reading them at stated times, and guarding them carefully from my husband's eye. “You, Bertha Lee,” said my conscience, “are the guilty one, and you must now do penance for your sin. Go home and burn all those cherished letters, and those little mementoes of your early love; keep nothing back, lest, like Ananias and Sapphira, you suffer for your sin.” “They are more precious to you than anything else you possess,” said my heart. “So much the better, then, for a sacrifice,” conscience replied. “The ancient Jews were commanded to bring a lamb without blemish, the best of the fruit, the finest of the wheat, the firstling of the flock. Go home and do likewise; and when that is done, raise all memory of Charles Herbert from your soul, and forget that he ever lived.”

There was no sternness in the face looking so serenely down upon me, but the eyes that beamed so kindly, spoke approval. I saw my guilt in cherishing the memory of another, and I felt unworthy to meet those eyes again.

Slowly and reluctantly I drew the covering over the picture, as I would lay the pall over the corpse of one who had been dear to me in life, but was now to be forever hidden from my sight. Death! it was a more complete separation than death makes, for then memory is permitted to linger upon the past, but now thought was crime. There is no death like this alienation of the living.

I hastened home. Mr. Gray was still at his sermon, and as I passed the study door, I felt a tender feeling toward him, as one whom I had wronged. Mrs. Dennis was busy fricasseeing the chicken, and I must assist in getting dinner on the table; but I was so fearful that my courage would fail, that I was impatient of any delay. To my surprise, Mr. Gray was very affable at dinner, praised Aunt Paul's cooking, spoke of the beauty of the day, and invited me to ride with him as far as Mount Ararat, to visit Aunt Ruthy.

I consented willingly at first, but when the horse was harnessed I recollected that it was a colt that had never been thoroughly broken, and that even Nellie, who did not lack for courage, pronounced it unsafe to ride after him. Mr. Gray had bought the horse about the time of our marriage with some money my father had given us to buy a complete dining and tenaset of china; but as I had inherited my mother's, and our house was very small, we concluded to omit that purchase. “Prince,” as we called him, was very restless, and it was almost impossible for Mr. Gray to hold him at all. “Oh dear!” I exclaimed, “I shall never dare to ride—I do wish, Mr. Gray, you would sell Prince and buy a steady family horse that Helen and I can manage; we should enjoy it very much.”

“I do not think it suitable or becoming for women to drive horses,” said Mr. Gray, “and then I cannot afford to keep such a horse as you mention. I bought Prince cheap because he is so young, and I intend to train him and sell him after awhile for a much larger sum than I gave.”

I said no more, but in great fear seated myself, hoping that when we were on the high road, Prince would sober down a little. But he had no idea of sobriety, and ventured upon various exhibitions of his agility, giving us to understand very clearly that he had no fancy for curb and rein. Mr. Gray had all he could do to manage him, so that our ride was a silent one, for I was afraid even to confess my own timidity.

I was rejoiced, at last, when we caught sight of Aunt Ruthy's little red house, and found myself safely seated in her little parlour—surely the striped homespun carpet, the white fringed curtains, and the polished cherry table, never looked so inviting before.

The old lady had all hospitality and cheerfulness; she had on her cap, with bright ribbons, and a large figured delaine, and she stepped about with far more agility than a modern boarding school Miss. “We must stay to tea; she could not think of our coming to Mount Ararat without taking a cup of tea; she would have it early, so that we could go home before dark, as I was timid. It was a wonder to me how she managed, in so short a time, to bring forward such a variety—the most delicious bread, cake, custards, pies, cold meat, etc. To have tasted all the specimens of her handiwork would have been too great a task for one person. Her hospitality was enlivened by her busy tongue, that kept moving, giving us a description of her farm, her neighbors, the early history of the town, all in such a good humor, happy way, without any slander, that it was pleasant to hear her. I was so amused that I forgot my fears of Prince, and when the time came to go home was quite calm, concluding that as he had brought us there safely, he could also take us home. Unfortunately for my hopes, little Jimmy Smith came along just as the carriage was driven to the door, with his wheelbarrow, on which was an empty barrel; now I have always observed that a high-spirited horse has as great a dread of a wheelbarrow as his master of a ghost, and generally takes the same mode of escape. I had come out of the doorway gate, and was waiting for a moment, till Mr. Gray should dispose of a basket containing some of Aunt Ruthy's nice cheese, when Jimmy's whistle caused Prince to prick up his ears, and turn his head a little, when lo! the wheelbarrow was discovered. In a second he darted off, and we might as well have bade the whirlwind cease as try to stop him.

Mr. Gray was thrown upon the ground, but not seriously hurt; the carriage was broken, as we could easily perceive, for one wheel was left behind, as Prince flew down the hill and up the road to the distant farmhouses. We could see him, for a long distance, and he seemed to go faster and faster, as if he

thought the wheelbarrow pursuing him, intent on vengeance.

Mr. Gray picked himself up; he did not swear, (he was a minister,) but as he brushed the dust from his black coat, his dark eyes flashed fire, and his compressed lips told of wrath within. “I'll teach that horse to be afraid of a wheelbarrow,” he muttered between his teeth.

“Bless the Lord for your escape, my dear child!” said Aunt Ruthy, as she clasped me in her arms. “If I had n't happened to think of that cheese just as you went out, you would certainly have been killed. I'll always give a minister a piece of cheese when he comes to see me. Come in now, and when the milking is done, I'll drive you home in the yellow wagon. There's no danger with old Dobbin; he knows what a wheelbarrow is, and is never disturbed by anything, any more than old Mrs. Sloan, who says nothing troubles her now, for her feet are on a rock with edges.”

As Aunt Ruthy spoke, a carriage came from toward Mount Ararat, drawn by two large, noble bays. A portly gentleman was driving slowly, as if enjoying the fine sunset, just then visible.

“Hal! there comes Col. James!” said Aunt Ruthy, “just in time; nothing he likes better than to help the ladies out of trouble.”

He stopped, as he saw the group, and on learning our trouble, said that Prince would probably come to a halt at farmer Wood's, where he was raised, and who lived on that road, about two miles from Ararat. By this time, Aunt Ruthy's son and a hired man came to the gate, and they proposed to take Dobbin and go with Mr. Gray, to assist him in getting Prince home.

“And I shall be most highly honored,” said the Colonel, “if Mrs. Gray will take a seat in my carriage.”

Mr. Gray frowned slightly; the arrangement did not suit him; perhaps he thought I should be safer to ride after Dobbin; but there seemed no alternative, and he bowed stiffly to the Colonel as he assisted me into the carriage. The Colonel was a fine looking man still, though he had seen three score years; his florid complexion contrasted well with the abundant gray hair and white whiskers; he had sense enough to know that dying said hair and whiskers would mar the artistic beauty of his head and face.

As I sprang into the carriage, he smiled and said: “Many a time have I seen your mother spring as lightly as that; she was a gay little body, and very fond of a fine horse and fast riding. I never shall forget her pleasure in riding after my ‘Gray,’ one of the finest horses I ever owned, all life and mettle, but gentle as a dove, and when I gave her the rein, would fly over the ground like a bird on the wing. I loved to watch your mother's face; her eyes would sparkle, and she could hardly keep quiet for the pleasure. Ah, Mrs. Gray, a lovely woman and a fine horse are two of the most beautiful objects in the world!”

“And yet,” said I laughingly, “you have taken so much pleasure in the society of the latter, that you have never allowed yourself to be fettered by the former.”

At once his hand dropped, and the reins hung listlessly in it, while his countenance assumed a grave, sad expression.

“Mrs. Gray, I might as well tell you at once the great misfortune of my life. Your mother's sister was my affianced wife—you know the old story of her early death. It was your Aunt Bertha whose memory is kept green in your family by your name; but no outward token was needed for me. I believe in God, in heaven, in the reunion of kindred souls, or life would have been so great a burden that I should long before this have laid it down.”

I was silent, for I had no words for reply. There is something in the constancy of man, in this cherishing of a youthful love amid all the stern realities of a busy life, that appeals with wonderful force to a woman's heart.

We are called more fickle, perhaps with truth; but for that very reason we may value this life-long faith in a man. There was a pause, which the Colonel was the first to break.

“I have told you this, Mrs. Gray, that you might fully understand the foundation of that friendship which existed between your parents and myself. It is many years since I mentioned her name; it will be as many, perhaps, before I mentioned it again!” and as he spoke he grasped the reins more tightly—the horses understood the sign, and with heads erect, they started off at a fine pace. “Allow me to drive you round by the Glen road,” said the Colonel; “it terminates in a carriage path on my friend Gomez's grounds. I am expecting him to-day, and should like once more to see the stone cottage open.”

“Where has he been residing?” I asked timidly.

“His home is in Cuba—ah, me, Cuba had been Charles Herbert's home, I said to myself,—but his daughter, when quite a child, spent some time in this village, and persuaded her father to build here, and sometimes spend his summers in the village. She is a beautiful little tropical flower; lost her mother when an infant, and has been the pet and idol of the household since; can turn her strong self-willed father, and guide him as she wishes. She was married when a mere girl [how I tried to still my beating heart] to Charles Herbert, as noble a fellow as ever trod this earth. I will some day hunt up Gomez's letter, giving an account of Lillian's marriage; it was quite a romantic affair. They became acquainted on board ship, and there was shipwreck and death, and I can't tell you all, but enough to make a modern sensation novel. As she is to be your neighbor, you will feel an interest in her his-

tory, and I will call and bring that letter with me. Why, yes, indeed you will, for now I remember Charles Herbert was a resident of your own native place. I have often heard him speak of your family. Do you remember him?" and the colonel turned quickly toward me.

"Yes, I saw him frequently when we were children."

"How pale you look, Mrs. Gray! [We were riding near the edge of a steep bank.] Don't be alarmed; my bays are perfectly steady, trusty and well-tried friends. I can hardly wonder at your agitation though, for Prince is a vicious animal, and your husband will of course part with him after this overturn."

Poor Prince! for once he was guiltless; I had not thought of him since I entered Colonel James's carriage.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETROSPECT.

Poor Mr. Gray! I pitied him, for he was one of that class that are easily annoyed by accidents. The carriage was almost ruined; it would cost him fifty dollars, he said, to have it repaired; the harness was broken, and, as for Prince, he supposed that he would now think he must run for every little rascal with a wheelbarrow. I had some fears about the ending of the sermon, lest the denunciations upon poor Beau would be more full of bitterness than the passage itself warranted, and my fears proved correct, for even Deacon Abram declared that the doctrine was rather "strong meat." Aunt Paul did not say one word; her silence of late on these matters surprised me. Sunday afternoon I excused myself from attending church, and, of course, was alone in the house. There was an open fire in the sitting-room, and thither I brought my treasures—first, a large package of letters; the little printed notes signed "Charlie," where it was evident the tiny fingers had worked hard to imitate the letters in the spelling-book; then the rude attempts at writing; then the stiff schoolboy hand; and last, the handsome, flowing writing that indicated the man of business. I had indulged myself in reading them once over; and now, though I could hardly read for the tears that blinded my eyes, I opened the last:

"DEAR BERTHA—I leave Boston to-morrow for Cuba. Now that my mother is no more, I have no regret at leaving, save that you are not with me. It will seem very strange to have the ocean between us, will it not—we that have never been more than thirty miles apart in our lives?"

It will be like losing half my own life, when I cannot see or hear from you. There is something singular in our friendship. It has always seemed to me as if I had met you in another world than this, and that we shall live together in the long eternity beyond.

Morning.—My employees came in while I was writing this, and we were kept busy all night making out orders. The wind is fair, and the vessel will leave in a few minutes. Farewell, my best friend on earth.

CHARLES HERBERT.

This tear-stained letter was added to the group. Then came little toys, boxes, and, hardest of all to part with, were some little wooden temples and chairs, that he had carved with his own hand. My tears were flowing fast, but I looked upon my work as an expiating offering; and though I shed tears enough to have quenched the flames which consumed these treasures, I saw them burn with a grim satisfaction that I was doing my duty; and if I had committed a sin in marrying without that affection which a wife should possess for her husband, I would at least never wrong him, even in thought. These mementoes should have been destroyed before marriage, but the task was then too hard.

A few minutes I sat watching the eager, hungry fire seize my treasures, as a fierce, wild animal devours its prey—my heart longing to tear them away, but my conscience adding fuel to the flame, lest one stray leaf should escape. I have seen a man at midnight stand helpless as a child, and watch the wrathful fire, leaping and crackling round his home, knowing that in a few moments the gains of a laborious life would be all consumed; and yet he was calm outwardly. And thus I sat amid the wreck of what had once made life so dear.

There was nothing left now but the watch, and a manuscript giving its history. The watch itself was very valuable, but I would have given it in a moment for one of the little boyish letters which I had first destroyed. I dared not destroy it, for Mr. Gray had no watch, and frequently used this. Ay, I have it! I will dedicate it to his use; it shall no longer be a memento for me, but merely a time-piece for Mr. Gray. The manuscript I will copy, lest the sight of that familiar handwriting should make my heart swoon one moment from its duty. I carried it at once and hung it over Mr. Gray's writing-desk. When I came back, I sat down beside the white ashes on the hearth, weak and exhausted from my self-inflicted torture. I think there was self-righteousness in my heart, for I knelt, and thus I prayed: "Oh, my Father, accept this sacrifice, and enable me to be faithful unto death to"—my husband, I tried to say, but alas! the word died on my lip, and I murmured, "to him to whom I owe affection and duty." Alas, alas! the peace which I sought came not, and my poor heart seemed further than ever from it.

I resolved that, as I was now entering on a new period of life, I would take a retrospect of the past, then look the door, throw the key away, and live for the present. Yes—to-morrow I will write a history of my life thus far, and then commit it to the flames. This review of the past is a sad pleasure, sometimes permitted to the dying.

This garret window is very pleasant. I have washed it, and the little glass panes are clear as crystal, and admit the warm beams of the October sun. I can see the sky, which is very clear and blue to day, and the distant hills. They are little spurs of the Green Mountains, and look blue too, because of their distance, I suppose; and nearer are orchards, where the fruit hangs ripening in the sun, catching the gold and the crimson hues which this great source of light and heat so freely gives, but giving, is not impoverished. I can see, also, many little farmhouses scattered among the hills. I know the faces of some of the dwellers already, for almost all go to my husband's church. I cannot see "Elmwood" from here, and I am very glad, for it would recall thoughts to which I must forbid entrance to my heart. From our guest-chamber below I can see it, and the Fairy room too, and I am not sure but I could even see the picture. That room would not do for me, and I am glad it is consecrated to hospitality.

There is a little gem of a house in a green nook at the foot of a hill, yonder. It is half hidden by trees and shrubbery, but I can see the bow window, filled now with plants in bloom; and in the yard near is a baby's carriage, and a little girl is drawing her

baby brother, now and then stopping to give him flowers. We are invited to visit there to-morrow, for Mr. Reed, the owner of the pretty place, has just brought home a young wife, to cheer his own solitude, and be a mother to those two children. Poor man! he really thinks such a thing possible. How my heart yearns over the little ones! A few years, and other children will fill the house, and she who believes that she can gather these motherless ones to her heart, and love them as her own, will find a new and strange feeling filling her bosom, and henceforth she will "strive to do her duty" to these; but alas for children who have not a mother's love to rest upon, in all their little joys and sorrows. I am told there are good mothers-in-law in this world. I believe it, because I know there are angels here in disguise. But we see them seldom. Ah! how my memory runs back to one sad night of my own childhood. I have a very shadowy, indistinct remembrance of the tears and gloom, the dying bed, the weeping friends. I was aroused from sleep—as was my little brother who slept beside me—and taken to my mother, who lay pale and speechless in bed. My father lifted me in his arms, lay my cheek to hers, and she kissed me—oh, so tenderly!—then he gave me to my aunt, and taking my little brother, I heard him say, "Kiss mamma, Willie." And then his own grief overcame him, and he bowed his head and wept. It was all strange to me, and I wondered what it meant; for I was too young to understand death; and when all the outward symbols were there, the next day—the darkened room, the coffin, the pall, the subdued voices and hushed steps—my curiosity only was excited; and day after day went by, and still I did not understand it. But there came a time when the full agony of a mother's loss came over me; and to this hour I feel my first great sorrow.

There came a day, when my little brother and myself were very much delighted because the house was full of carpenters, and we had plenty of blocks to make baby houses, and pretty shavings to pile up in heaps, and the pictures from the old wall paper to cut out, and the pounding of hammers, and whistling and singing of the men, all afforded fine sport for us.

"You are going to have a new mother," said the head carpenter to us one day—he was a white-headed, pleasant looking old man, and he put his hand on my head, as he spoke, and said: "God bless you, my darlings, and incline her heart unto you."

She was a tall, stately woman, and I shrank away from her. No wonder she did not take a fancy to me, for I was a pale, sickly looking child, inheriting a nervous temperament, and a hasty temper. Not so with my brother; he was bright, joyous and healthy; and when I ran away and hid myself, and refused to say, "Mother," insisting upon it that my mother was in the picture up stairs, Willie kissed her, and took the sugar plums which I said I did not want. He was at once installed as her favorite, and justly too; she seemed pleased to have him by her side, and took great pains to dress him tastefully.

On the other hand, I was kept out of sight as much as possible; the excuse being that I was not well, and needed quiet. She brought with her a domestic who seemed to be completely subservient to her will; indeed, my stepmother was one of those strong, imperious natures, requiring perfect submission from those who would live at peace with her. Toward those who would yield their will to hers, she was genial as a summer day; but the least impatience of restraint, the budding of rebellion, was met with the sternest resistance; and she possessed a wonderful facility in torturing those who did not please her.

She had been in the family a few weeks, when some of her relatives came to visit us. I remember well how fretful I had been all day, owing, perhaps, to a headache, which, during the hottest hours, seemed almost insupportable. I needed a very forbearing nurse, and no doubt taxed the patience of my mother, who never had had the care of the children. I could not eat the supper provided for me, and petulantly teased for some custards which were prepared for my mother's guests. "Take the child to bed," said my mother, sternly, "she is too naughty a child to stay with us."

"Come along," said Betsey, as she went up stairs. My sleeping room was in the third story.

"Send Willie, too," I said.

"No, Willie is going to sit up and see the company."

"I don't want to go alone," I said, and began to cry.

"I'll go too, Sis," said my brother, "only do n't cry."

"No, you are not going now, Willie," said my mother; "run into the other room and see the ladies."

He hesitated, and looked as if he would rather have gone with me. "Obey me," said my mother, with a shade of sternness which Willie's disposition would not allow him to resist. "Now, Betsey, take that child to her room, and let me hear no more from her to-night."

"Why, Mrs. Lee, you never saw such a little scarecrow as that child is; she's afraid of her own shadow. You could not hire her to go into a dark room by herself, and her aunt told me that she had never been to bed alone."

"Then it is high time that she was taught better; take her to her room, and shut the door when you come out; and, turning to me, she added—"if I hear a word from you I shall come up myself; and it will go hard with you if I am found in your room to-night."

Her look and voice made me tremble; but in my dread of the solitude, I asked if Willie might come soon.

"No, not to-night; I'll find another place for him, and teach you not to be so timid."

If a thunder-clap had broken over my head, I could not have been more startled; and at this distance of time the agony those words caused me, comes back to my heart more vividly than almost any other sorrow of my childhood. I was too frightened to shed tears, but stood still, unable to move.

"Oh, child, why do you wait?"

I did not stir from my place; her anger, awful as it was, seemed not so bad as a night of solitude.

"Take her up, Betsey, and if she resists, I will find a way to make her go by herself."

Betsey's presence, even for a little while, was some comfort, and I lay passive in her arms. She undressed me, and I said, to prolong the time, "You'll hear me say my prayers and hymns, won't you, Betsey?"

"No, I can't stop—you can say 'em by yourself just as well. It will make no difference any way; 'taint likely God will hear naughty children's prayers."

"Betsey, don't you think there is something in the dark over there?"

"Laf! no, child; it's nothing but one of your frocks. There's nothing troubles good children."

That was cold comfort, for I had been told that I was a bad child, till I sincerely believed there was n't a naughtier child in the place; but somehow, when I tried the hardest to be good I failed. I always had a headache, or my limbs ached, or my teeth troubled me, or my poor feet were swollen with chilblains—some physical suffering that made me irritable and peevish—so that no one had patience with me but Willie, who always tried to act the part of comforter. Betsey hurried down stairs, and I was left alone. There was no one in the story in which I slept, nor in the rooms below. The servants were in the basement, my mother and her friends in the parlor, and my father in Boston. I thought he might perhaps have befriended me if he were at home, though I had some doubt on that point, for he appeared to yield his own wishes to my mother's will. It grew quite dark, and the room was peopled with all sorts of creatures peering at me from every corner; my head ached very hard, and my face was burning hot. I drew the bed-clothes over my face, shut my eyes, and kept saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The heat was insufferable, and I breathed with difficulty; so once in awhile I would raise the clothes to admit a little air, and then venture to peep out to see if those horrible faces were still peering at me, or were coming near. For awhile there was perfect stillness, but suddenly there was a rumbling noise in the chimney close to my head; my hearing was sharpened, and I listened closely; there was no mistake—there was the noise again; a beating against the sides of the chimney, as if some one were descending. I remembered my mother's pitiless face, and dared not cry out. "God won't hear naughty children," Betsey had said, so there was no use in praying. My fever heat passed away, and was succeeded by an icy coldness. For a moment all was still, and then a sudden noise, a faint cry of distress, and a sound as of something falling from the chimney upon the hearth, then a fluttering as of wings. I could hear no more, but rushed from my bed down the first flight of stairs; further I did not venture; for if my mother should send me back, what would become of me? One flight of stairs led to the hall door, and turned at the first landing, so that I could secrete myself from the view of any one coming in or going out; here I could hear voices, and felt safe, but I was deathly cold, and shivered in my nightgown as if I had an ague fit. The clock struck eleven, and I was still there, leaning my head against the balusters, when cousin Joe came down stairs, and taking me in his arms, whispered me not to say a word, but carried me back to my room, and covering me with the blankets, said, "Yes, yes—no, no; never mind, Joe is here, he'll stay;" and taking a chair, he leaned his head upon the foot of the bed, and said, "There, lie still; Joe will stay and take care of Sis."

"Joe," I asked, in an earnest whisper, "has the bad black man come down the chimney?"

"Yes, yes—no, no, Sis, it is only the chimney swallows; the little birdies have lost their mothers—great many birdies lose their mothers, and fall. Go to sleep now, and say what she used to sing:

"Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

How soothing were those words. I put out my hand for Joe to take, and as he held it I fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining in my room, and I rubbed my eyes and thought, "How glad I am it was a dream;" but when I looked for Willie, he was not by my side, and then I remembered all the events of the night. Soon Willie came running in and singing—

"Get up, little Sis; the sun is so bright."

"I don't want to get up," I said.

"But mother says get up and come to breakfast. I like mother, Sis; she gave me custards and cake last night, and I slept with her, and she kissed me."

"I don't like her a bit," I said. "I hate her, and I wish I was buried up in the ground, close to my mother. I won't call her mother any more."

"Oh, you ugly child, to talk so!" said Betsey, who caught the last words. "You had better mind her, anyway, and come down, or you'll catch it."

"Yes, Sis, do come," said Willie.

I tried to rise, but my feet had no sooner touched the floor than I fainted. When I came to myself, my mother was rubbing me, and looking a little frightened. The doctor was sent for, who said that I had the scarlet fever, and must be very carefully watched, for my temperament was such, he feared it would go very hard with me. During the sickness which followed, I had all proper care and attention from my mother; there was little tenderness, and no love; but there was no neglect. I took my medicine from my father or Joe. My mother had taken a great dislike to the latter, and wished to exclude him from the room, but I pleaded so earnestly with my father for Joe, that he was allowed to stay. Willie was sent away for fear of contagion, and Charlie's mother would not let him come. I should have had many lonely hours if Joe had not been there; for a few days, when the fever was at its height, he would come down at midnight and ask my father, "Does she breathe yet?" "Will she die, uncle?" and the reply was, "No, Joe, we hope she will not die; the doctor thinks he can cure her; go back to bed." But he never would go unless they promised him that if I grew worse he should be called. He was tender and gentle with me as any mother with an infant; and it was an odd sight to see that strange-looking, half-idiot boy, smoothing a sick girl's pillow, combing her hair, feeding her with gruel, and as I got better, even playing baby-house with me, and dressing the dolls. It was a long time after I was convalescent before I was able to go to school, and during that period my mother said little or nothing to me, allowing me to have my own way when it did not clash with her wishes. This letting alone system did very well; but there was all the time a longing for something which I could not define. I was too young to know that it was my own mother's warm, loving heart that I needed, and her bosom to rest upon. As I grew stronger, one day toward spring my mother said to Betsey—

"I have not forgotten that I have got to cure that child of her foolish fears. She is well enough now, and I mean to begin this very night; you may put a little bed for Willie in your room, and Bertha may sleep alone for the present."

I was playing with my dolls in the kitchen chamber, and heard the remark. I ran out and found Joe, who was piling wood in the wood house, and said, "Joe, I wish I had died with the fever."

"He dropped his armful of wood, and sitting down on a large log, drew me close to his side.

"Then Joe would die, too!"

"Would you, Joe, certain, true?"

"Yes, Joe would."

"Joe, who says I am to sleep all alone now. I'm afraid, Joe—I'm so afraid, I'd rather die!"

Joe laughed and rubbed his hands. "Yes, yes—no, no! Joe will fix it—Sis keep still!" and he jumped up and went to his work, laughing and saying, "Joe will fix it, Joe will fix it!"

With this assurance, I went to bed, at my mother's command, without any complaint; and as soon as the house was still, Joe made his appearance, and, wrapping himself in a blanket, slept upon the floor. It was so for some nights, and I think my mother was rather disappointed at my non-resistance. But alas! Joe had the unfortunate habit of snoring, and Betsey was one of those nervous, tea-drinking old maids that could never sleep unless her bed-quilt was squared, her pillow a certain height, her door locked, and the house still. On this night she was awakened by the snoring, and jumping up, full of indignation at this disturbance, she hastened into my room, with the intention, probably, of giving me a severe pinch, when she stumbled over poor Joe. Her sharp, shrill scream awakened the household, and my mother came up to know the cause. Poor Joe was banished to his little kitchen chamber, and was hereafter to be locked in at night.

Oh, those dreary nights that followed! Even now as I write, memory stirs the bitter waters in my soul. I often laid awake till after midnight, listening for every sound, and fancying that I saw strange faces in my chamber. The severe discipline only increased my timidity, and made me turn from a darkened room and a lonely house with terror. The effect was soon evident in the loss of health; I grew pale and thin, and so weak that I could with difficulty ascend the two flights of stairs to my bed room. Children seldom complain unless they suffer actual pain, and I received the severe reproofs of my mother, for my listlessness and neglect, with an indifference that angered her exceedingly. At last the brain began to tell the story of over-excited nerves in severe and protracted headaches—those blinding, crushing headaches that prostrate the whole system, and leave the sufferer a passive object of pity to the hardest heart.

I well remember one of them. I sat in a dark room, in my little chair, leaning my head upon the couch. My mother came in, and seeing me thus, said:

"The doctor orders an emetic for these headaches, and you had better take one this afternoon. I must attend the meeting of the 'Maternal Association,' myself, but Mrs. Towle will take care of you."

I made no reply, for I had found resistance to her will vain, but I longed to plead for a little rest, first, a little delay, till my father came home to watch beside me. Mrs. Towle was a washer-woman, who came to our house once a week to do the family washing, and was then at her task; but at my mother's request, she remained after her work was done, and acted as nurse. At first I felt unwilling to have her with me, but when I became much exhausted, and lay my head upon the pillow, with my eyes closed as in sleep, she came near me, and smoothing my hair and laying the quilt carefully over me, she whispered to herself, "Poor little lamb! What would her blessed mother say? I do n't know about leaving sick children at home, to go to their sewing meetings and praying circles—seems to me that aint the right kind of religion; but I suppose we poor folks do n't know nothing;" and she sat down in her chair, and took up a stocking which she was knitting for one of her boys.

Here, then, was sympathy; and my heart warmed toward the poor, worn woman who was having a hard struggle with life. After some minutes I turned toward her.

"Mrs. Towle, did you know my mother?"

"Know your mother? Why, la! child, I knowed her ever since she was born; and when she died, it seemed to be I felt as bad as I did when my own darter Jennie was laid in the grave. She was a pretty creter when she was married—you'll never be as handsome as she, and then she always had a smile and a kind word for every one. When the minister read and prayed at Jennie's funeral, he repeated a nice verse of poetry, something like this:

"The angels are waiting to welcome her home."

And sure as I'm here, those words came right into my mind the minute I heard that your mother was dead."

"Mrs. Towle," I said, as I looked earnestly at her, "do you believe my mother knows anything about her children now?"

The poor woman laid down her knitting, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said:

"Why, darling, I aint certain on that point; sometimes it seems all dark and dreary beyond the grave, and then again there's a streak of light way through the dark valley to a bright world beyond. Sometimes I think it is Jennie that puts such pleasant dreams into my mind nights when I'm very tired, and they rest me so sweetly. She comes and lends me to a pleasant seat amid flowers and trees and brooks, and when I'm resting she says: 'Now, mother, you need n't wash any more; God will feed and clothe the little ones, and give you rest; and after that dream I go to sleep again and have peace till morning. I'll say a piece of poetry to you that Jennie copied for me to read before she died. She said: 'Mother, you must think I am saying it to you when I am gone:

"Do I forget? Oh, no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again."

I say it over and over sometimes when I'm washing, and it's a great comfort to me; but I never saw Jennie as plain as Mrs. Foster saw her children. You see she had buried four children, one after another, and her heart was most broken; but what made it harder to bear was the doctrine that the minister preached. He believed that little children were lost; that they went right away to the wicked place where bad spirits dwelt. Now, you see, this made Mrs. Foster c'enmost crazy, and she could n't work days nor sleep nights. At last, one night, after she had wept and wept till she had no more tears to shed, she laid down and tried to sleep. It may be she did sleep; most folks think she did, but I do n't know; at any rate, she says that she saw a beautiful angel clothed in white enter her room, leading her four little children. These children were smiling and happy, and came to their mother's bedside and stood a moment with their angelic glow, as if to assure her of their happiness, and then vanished. Mrs. Foster was comforted, and did not mourn for her children after this time. There now, darling, you are pale and weak; shut your eyes and I'll sing one of Jennie's songs to you, and may be you'll sleep."

CHAPTER VI.

"COUSIN JOE."

Winter passed; my headaches continued and our family physician frankly acknowledged that he had no confidence in the power of drugs in my case.

"Send her to a farm-house in the country," he said; "perhaps a milk diet and fresh air will do more for her than my skill."

Wise man and good doctor! you little thought that in after years, when your powdered head should be lying low in the graveyard on the hill, and your gold-headed cane laid away as an old family relic, that the little pale child whose strange headache puzzled you so much, should live to bless you memory, and thank you from the bottom of her heart for that simple prescription.

Now it happened that Charlie Herbert had an uncle that lived about two miles from Oldbury, on a large farm. Our families had been long acquainted, and I had often visited there with Charlie. Thither my father resorted to send me for the summer. My mother seemed rather pleased than otherwise, though she said I should get such rude ways that her task would be very hard on my return. Willie was to come out once a week, and Charlie said, with a little pomposity in his manner, "he rather thought he should farm it a little during the summer, and should be there often."

It was a large, rambling old house, with a great many rooms, and odd corners and cupboards, and a garret that Charlie and I were never tired of exploring. Charlie came nearly every day, and sometimes he would remain for a week at a time. We fed the chickens, and the two big cats, and the three little kittens, and the cosset lamb, and gave them all names. We had a swing in the barn, and another, made of an old grape-vine, suspended from two trees down by the brook; and we had a play-house on some rocks by the pond, and another for rainy days in the high barn where there was plenty of hay.

It was wonderful how fast I gained my health without rhubarb or senna, or even sulphur and molasses.

"Why, Bertha, you are growing fat," said Charlie, one day, as we sat together on the door-step eating our bread and milk; "and if you should stay here a long while, perhaps you would look as pretty as Bell Ruby."

"Oh no, Charlie, I shall never be as pretty as Bell Ruby, because she has such bright eyes and red cheeks."

"I don't like to play with her very well," said Charlie, "because she always wants her own way all the time."

"And you want yours, Charlie, and so that makes trouble."

"Well, Bertha, it comes natural to boys to want their own way, and they like girls that are not always wishing to direct them."

"But I think if the girls are smarter than the boys, they should direct," I said.

"Now I'll tell you just my notion about these matters," said Charlie. "We were sitting on the hay in the barn, and I remember he had on his new Spencer; it was the first he had worn, and it made him look almost like a man, buttoned up so nicely with brass buttons, and set off with a white collar and black bow. He had taken off his cap, and his hair was moist, (for we had been playing hard,) and curled all over his head. 'I think boys ought to be smart, and work, go to sea, fight battles, make roads and keep the world in motion; and girls ought to be good and pretty, and make nice cake and pies, and keep house.'"

"Oh dear!" I said to myself, "I am neither good nor pretty, and I do n't think I should like to be cooking all day, like Betsey," and so I said nothing, but kept playing with the hay, and no doubt looking very sedate.

"What makes you look so solemn, Bertha? Your face is as long as mine was when Mr. Page gave me three pages of sums in Federal money last night, and, to tell the truth, I can't do one of them."

"But I can," I said, brightening up. "I have done every one, and got them right, too."

"Hurrah!" said Charlie; "then you can show me. I'll run and get uncle's slate, and you'll do them for me, won't you, Bertha?"

"I'll show you, Charlie, and then you can do them yourself. But—but, Charlie, that will be directing you. Girls should n't be smarter than boys, you know."

"Pshaw, Bertha, I was only talking of girls in general. I did n't mean you. You do n't seem like anybody else to me. We've always been together so much, that we don't care who goes ahead. Now, you see, you are a better scholar than I am. You always got above me in spelling."

"I should n't, if you would only listen to me when I whisper to you how to spell the words."

"Catch me going up in that way! That's trading on borrowed capital, as your father would say. No; I like to have you get up to the head. You always look prettier there, because your little pale cheeks grow so bright, and you look straight down on the floor, so funny! But Bell Ruby, when she gets up, holds her curly head so high, and looks all round, as if she wanted every one to see how smart she is. I believe, after all, I do n't like these handsome girls best, for they are always wanting to show off." And he bounded away into the house, leaving, as he always did, an opiate for any pain he might have inflicted.

He worked hard at his sums, but it was a long time before he could see into decimals, and once or twice he said it was of no use to try; but I was patient, and he conquered. Then we hunted eggs, and I carried my apron and he his cap full into the house, and they gave us each a huge slice of ginger-bread and a glass of milk. Then we went down to the brook, and crossed over on the narrow board bridge. Now it was his turn to lead, and he laughed to see me tremble so; but he put his arms round me, and told me he was strong, and if I should fall in he could pull me out. When we came back, he wanted me to try and walk alone.

"Hold your head up, and look straight ahead, and walk on as if you were afraid of nothing. That's the way I'm going through the world."

Encouraged by him, I had no fear. And thus we spent the summer. I was pronounced very much improved when I went home in September to go to school again; and the doctor said that he should try the same method with other patients.

It was a mild autumn evening when my father came for me, and he was much pleased at my improvement, but he seemed less sociable than usual. As he lifted me from the carriage and set me down in the hall, he whispered:

"Go up very still into your mother's room. You will find something there that you will like very much to see."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At Dedworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Morning,
June 20th, 1850.

(The Ninth of a Series of Ten Discourses, by Mrs. Hatch on "The Elements and Principles of Religion," Reported for the Banner of Light by E. M. Underhill and A. Bowman.)

THE ROMISH CHURCH.

One week ago to-day we called your attention to the religion of the Mahometans, in which we pointed out, concisely our conception of the rise and progress of the Mahometan religion. We announced as our theme on this occasion what is termed the Roman Catholic Church, and more properly the Romish Church, as no religion is catholic which cannot embody in its tenets the whole world of mankind. But as the word *catholic* signifies a universal or the only religion, it of course cannot be applicable to the Romish Church, which is above all others the most isolated. Therefore it is the Romish, or the Roman Catholic Church, if you choose, its origin, its influence, its principles, its history, its modern history, with which you are all more or less familiarly acquainted, is not what we design to repeat. You are all aware of the present condition of the Romish Church, its influence, its power, its ecclesiastical dynasties, and its control. You all understand the resources of its mechanism. Its perfect immovable structure you all understand, as well as the extent of its power in the present. It is not that which we intend to tell you. Its origin perhaps very few, excepting those who have studied ancient history—especially the history of the Christian Church—understand. That it was the first special ecclesiastical religion known as Christian, you all know. That its emblem is the cross, you also understand. But whence it is derived—what is its essential peculiar organization—how and in what manner the cross was introduced, as its fundamental standard, perhaps you do not know.

In the earliest ages of the Christian religion, especially after Jesus and his disciples had passed away, very little of zeal or organization or harmony existed among them. They were divided into sections and different parties, each of whom had a respected apostle, whom they conceived to be the most perfect interpreter of Christ's teachings. But all the apostles chosen by Jesus had each a different version of the Christian religion, and this was extended so far that each person who became a disciple of the Christian religion also became his own interpreter, until books in great abundance, and manuscripts enough to fill this whole building, were written as interpreters of the Christian doctrine, and of the history and life of Christ. Paul is supposed to be the first apostle to introduce into Rome the Christian religion, and Paul's version of the Christian religion certainly is most perfect as such, and also the most logical, and embodies in its theory all the fundamental principles, not only of Christ, but also of ancient Jewish organizations, but avoids the errors of the Jewish religion, introducing in its stead all the perfection and harmony of Christ's teachings, embellishing his life and character with beauty, perfection and glory. And Paul himself, though in person diminutive and in presence small, was still the most powerful advocate of the Christian religion. He first visited Rome—of his treatment you are well aware—and organized secretly what were known as bishoprics, different sects, corresponding to the present secret societies which exist in this city, if you please.

These were secret and not known to the general government, or to the masses who were worshippers of the Pagan religion. These first were organized, and in the different departments of the Christian religion they were designed to have a bearing, not only upon the spiritual welfare, but also upon the material departments of life. Councils were in the meantime formed; and in these councils different selections were made of rulers and leaders, who should represent the body of Christians, and who should organize such laws and such restrictions as were required to carry on more successfully their purposes. At last the government permitted them to choose a place or position which should render them a portion of the government, and the object of which was strictly to introduce into Rome the rulers then in Rome, aside from political ambition, personal aggrandizement was an especial object of the then rulers. To achieve this, they must have some mysterious power aside from the known religion, which could not be introduced, from its nature, into the plan of government.

Therefore, by the strictest policy, Constantine, one of the boldest monarchs that ever ruled in Italy or elsewhere, assumed the Christian religion at the council of Nice, simply to subvert his own purposes, and by that assumption it became a portion of the government under his reign; and by his casting vote, the present Bible, although it has become modified since, was adopted. The way or manner in which it was done, and the object of which was strictly to introduce into Rome the rulers then in Rome, aside from political ambition, personal aggrandizement was an especial object of the then rulers. To achieve this, they must have some mysterious power aside from the known religion, which could not be introduced, from its nature, into the plan of government.

And thus was organized what is now the great lever of civilization, and enlightened society, by the simple caprice of a monarch, or of a few bishoprics. Thus was compiled what is now believed to be the sacred Bible of the Christians, whilst manuscripts, composing enough to fill this entire building, were thrown aside, and considered apocryphal.

Now, we do not understand, by way of parenthesis, why it should be given into the power of a few men, who were supposed to have more inspiration than ordinary men, that of selecting a book which should, from all time to all time, be the standard of men's actions, whilst writings which there is no more doubt, but that before the story of inspiration than those which you have should be thrown aside, and pronounced unworthy or apocryphal. And we do not understand why the New Testament, with its various chapters and epistles, should be taken as a most perfect standard of Christian religion, when thousands upon thousands of epistles have been written, and thrown aside or destroyed, and pronounced unworthy of the consideration of Christians.

Again leaving this theme, we do not design following governmental phases, nor enter into the details of the origin of the Romish Church. The council of Nice alone would require a week to explain it, and we simply use it as an illustration of the manner in which it was said before, the Bible was adopted by the casting vote of Constantine, who, for a most selfish and bloody purpose, caused the Christian religion to be adopted. Then came on ecclesiastical organizations; and not until three hundred years after the death of Christ was the symbol of the cross adopted; and it is believed to have been adopted in consequence of the supposed crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth, but we think we can most positively prove to every intelligent mind that they neither had in view, and that the crucifixion itself is a matter of great uncertainty.

First, it was not the custom of the Jews, Egyptians, or the Romans, to punish the dead. The Jews, the Romans had such a process of punishment. We are more inclined to think that the emblem of the cross had its origin in physical causes, for it is positively known to astronomers that it was a belief in ancient astronomy, that a constellation resembling the shape of the cross appeared for several months in the year, and, at the time of the death of Christ, disappeared for about three months. It is supposed that the story—for we must call it such without trespassing upon your religious prejudices—originated, not in the crucifixion of Christ, but in this symbol of the constellation, and that it was introduced into the Catholic Church the more fully to establish the foundation of their religion, and that the bishops and ancient organizers of the church fabricated the story of the crucifixion; for we have no evidence of it in history, except in Biblical history, and as the Bible itself was compiled by them and through them, and as you have no possible evidence that its interpreters and interpretations have not been strictly in accordance with the objects and wishes of the government at that time. You cannot possibly blame us for not believing in the crucifixion, though we are by no means denying Jesus, his life or example, nor yet the divinity of his mission, the perfection of his power and his wonders. All that we deny is, the simple story of the crucifixion, to which there is given so much merit, yet which we conceive to be without foundation, from the causes which we have explained.

The Catholic Church was so called, as we have said before, from its embracing or meaning the only or universal religion, as there was no other Christian organization, and as the Christian religion superseded in the government of Rome or Italy all Pagan religions, and as it was supposed in Rome that it would extend over

the whole civilized and enlightened world. We can easily understand how it was named the Catholic religion, and how, in that form of Christianity, everything you have is supposed to have been embodied in it. The Catholic Church embodies in its organization the most perfect manner of religion in the world. It has all the rituals and ceremonies of Paganism combined with the mysteries and religious fervor of Christianity. It has all the wonder of heathenism, of gods and goddesses, the spirits and the emblems that lived in wood and stone, and were carved to represent the ruling powers of Paganism, modified to subserve the purposes of the Christian religion. In St. Peter's Church, or cathedral, in Rome, even the statues are preserved that represented the heathen gods; and the statue of St. Peter, who is said to have the keys of heaven in his keeping, is the very statue of Jupiter preserved, and now changed to represent one of the saints of the Catholic Church. So with all the long line of saints that decorate the walls; they were formerly the gods of the Pagans, now the saints of the Catholics. It is very evident, that with all this, the religion, its influence, its principles, its history, its modern history, with which you are all more or less familiarly acquainted, is not what we design to repeat. You are all aware of the present condition of the Romish Church, its influence, its power, its ecclesiastical dynasties, and its control. You all understand the resources of its mechanism. Its perfect immovable structure you all understand, as well as the extent of its power in the present. It is not that which we intend to tell you. Its origin perhaps very few, excepting those who have studied ancient history—especially the history of the Christian Church—understand. That it was the first special ecclesiastical religion known as Christian, you all know. That its emblem is the cross, you also understand. But whence it is derived—what is its essential peculiar organization—how and in what manner the cross was introduced, as its fundamental standard, perhaps you do not know.

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of the Catholic Church is also a great item; for when persons are made to believe that if they wish to be saved they must pay for their salvation, they consider it of a great deal more importance than if it is given to them free. Catholics cannot get to heaven free, nor can they purchase a ticket in the commencement which will carry them through. They must make payments on the route every day, and favor is granted by Delity, by Christ, by the Church. Those who ask the favor must give some pains for it. The reason is obvious; because it is so valuable they prize it more highly; the sins which they commit are more terrible to them, and the confession more easily obtained. We will guarantee that if the masses of thinking Protestants could not read for themselves, could not understand why or wherefore they were Protestants, but were obliged not only to have a translator, but also a confessor, whom they were to pay allegiance and money for their souls' salvation, there would be much more sincerity than there now is. For they have been taught by the Protestant religion, that by joining the church they can purchase a ticket through to heaven, without any effort afterwards to obtain salvation. However much the Romish religion may claim to prevent the aspirations from attaining their highest development, forbid the possibility of entertaining higher truths or conceptions of truth in religion, all must acknowledge, intellectually, that the mechanism is most wondrously perfect, and that if you have a religion of forms, a religion which demands ceremonies as its positive evidences of existence, the Romish church is the Church; the Catholic religion, so called, is the religion. For if the soul must have images to represent its conception of Delity, if each conception of religion must be embodied in a form, and each idea of worship must correspond to some positive symbol, and each idea of heaven must be embodied in the emblems of the church, the Romish church is the church of symbols, the church of emblems, the church of positive representations of religion. The devotees of the Romish church have no idea of God but the Pope; have no conception of the Trinity but the various images, and forms, and symbols, and incensed altars, and gilded temples which they enter, before which they bow; have no idea of purgatory save excommunication from the church. Hence originates the great power. The church is the government; the church is the controller of every act, every thought, every feeling, every position in life. We are sorry, but it is so, that any religion, or any conception of religion, should be made subservient to, and absolutely superseded by, forms of religion which are lifeless.

The Romish Church is like a golden temple of ice, perfect in its architecture, brilliant when the sun's rays shine upon it, transparent in its beauty, perfect in its symmetry, yet lifeless, cold and still—nor yet can it be compared to ice, for the sun's rays will melt that; but to the coldest and rudest of granite, which, being made into a temple, cannot be destroyed—yet, until men and women do their own thinking, till Republican governments and Protestant religion are made to unite, till the religion of the country and its political conceptions are made to correspond, till Church and State shall be absolutely one, will the Romish Church decrease in power. When men do their own thinking, instead of hiring it done; when men mark out their own way to confession, instead of paying for a passage ticket; when men mark out their own path, by their own thoughts, and not the thoughts of others, they can obtain salvation; when they understand that for their own deeds they are responsible, and no one else, to God; when they understand that no atonement—no power of atonement—can wash away the effects of the sins for which they must be responsible; but when, through their conception of the Christian religion Christ shall be made perfect, beautiful, as he was, his example of humility followed, and his teachings believed and practiced, then alone will the Protestant Church become the church of the world, and the Christian religion be established upon its true foundation. Till then Christianized Paganism, in the formation of the Romish Church, will wield its power, and though openly, will direct the governments of the world in their secret control.

Though the Americans profess to be free; though England professes to be Protestant; though France claims to be independent, the Romish Church has yet more influence in all of these countries than the Protestant Church, in the power of government on individuals, blended into one. To-day your city, your government, your country, is controlled by the Romish Church secretly. Its influence is great, its power greater. It is absolutely in force, in government, in control—not as a political institution, not as a portion of your professed government, but by its secret influence upon men, and in secret upon the circumstances which shall control your future destiny. This the Romish Church understands, by its most subtle genius; and what it cannot fathom is not worth knowing; what it has not in its power to fulfill, from its secret knowledge, and means of obtaining knowledge, is not worth knowing. Positive, mechanical, mathematical organization, is essential to the prosperity of every political or religious institution. Such is requisite in the Protestant Church, such is absolutely needed, and such there shall be; and religion, which shall satisfy not only the vast masses of truth-seekers and progressive minds, but also those who have attained to a high standard of moral perfection, yet have no religion to correspond to. Let us not then, shall we develop such a religion, the Romish Church will hold its sway and power. We are not speaking of this to detract from your government, for it is the most perfect in the world; to detract from your religion, for better have a religion which is living, even though it is not perfect, than one which is dead; better have a soul without a body, than a body without a soul.

We have said enough. All that we have embodied in this present discourse, is the idea that the power of government that has existed, must exist so long as the Roman Catholic Church remains an organization, an institution. What the result of revolutions and changes that are occurring now will be, no one pretends to foretell or prophecy. We are not prophetic, though we may fancy ourselves, for the time being, to stand upon the pedestal of prophecy, and proclaim the truth. The power of the Romish Church, nor the ambition of selfish monarchs, or rulers, or emperors, can ever thwart the purposes of universal advancement. All war must now be brief, all political combinations must be divided, and all absolute tyranny must, from the very necessity of its existence, cease to exist. Though ambition may take the place of virtue and justice, and though speculation, and aggrandizement of self-love, of power-love, of prosperity, may animate the bosoms of those who are now contending for nothing, the result will be just the achievement of nothing; whilst liberty, and justice, and Christianity, with its highest and holiest ends, will march up the steep of time, bearing all nations in its train, and bid them look upward, and higher, still higher, for universal freedom, religion and salvation.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A MEDIUM'S PRAYER.

BY ORANVILLE HARRIS.

Sphere, where my Spirit dwells, thy influx give,
And permeate my being, while I live
Here on this dull, cold earth, where troubles mar,
And keep the fluctuating minds of men afar.

Olive of your love, give of your wisdom too,
That I may clearly see my passage through
The labyrinths of errors that give birth
To all the sorrows of this darksome earth.

Spirits of that bright sphere, where mine may soar
When time and flesh with me shall be no more,
Attend, and guide me with your purer light,
While here a wanderer with Time and Night.

Teach me while here such love as you enjoy,
Which love and selfishness cannot annoy;
That love by which all nature's works are swayed—
Love for all creatures that were ever made.

Teach me to aid the sick, to lend the poor
From dire oppression up to plenty's door;
To lift the fallen ones from low desires,
To where the purest soul of earth aspires.

Teach me to cheer the hearts of those who grieve,
And say farewell to loved ones when they leave
The dark abodes of earth; teach me the way
To make them know their loved ones live for aye.

Sphere, where my Spirit dwells, your influx give,
Spirits of that bright sphere around me live,
And through me send that light around the earth,
Which speaks to mortals of a higher birth.

Let your light shine through me while I am here;
When my soul shall go to your bright sphere,
Where now my spirit dwells, your "will be done
On earth" as now, through a more worthy one.

It is idle to talk of drowning care; we do but sharpen the sting of the scorpion we carry within us.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MRS. EMILY CLARE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Oh, I saw you, Mrs. Emily Clare,
As you rode yesterday down Broadway,
And I saw the pedestrians stop and stare,
As your splendid equipage rolled away.

On your lip I marked the withering scorn,
Which I knew you left for the moving tide,
And I thought myself how the lowly born
Were puffed by wealth to unfortunate pride.

You saw me too, as your carriage rolled by,
And gasped for breath, Mrs. Emily Clare;
Is happiness yours, with the memory
Of having been false for glitter and glare?

Perhaps you remember the lowly cot
That stands alone at the foot of the hill?
Ah me, I know that you have not forgot,
For memory with me is clamorous still!

Can you recall how you solemnly swore
Faith to a love which was then and there told?
But your heart was all tinsel, tinsel, no more,
And now you are living a life for gold!

I'll go my way—Oh, I pity your care—
And you go yours, in your splendid carriage;
God give you strength, Mrs. Emily Clare,
To face the fate of a loveless marriage.

Oh, I saw you, Mrs. Emily Clare,
As you rode yesterday down Broadway,
And I saw the pedestrians stop and stare,
As your splendid equipage rolled away.

INDIAN WARS.

A meeting to consider the condition of the Indians in our Territories, was held in the Old South Church on the 11th ult., at which, after an address by Mr. John Beeson, a committee was appointed to prepare a report upon the subject for publication. The following is the report prepared in accordance with the vote of the meeting. It is signed by W. H. Pillow as chairman, and Benj. F. Nutting as secretary.

REPORT.

It is generally assumed that border wars are attributable to the savage nature of the Indians. But some who are well acquainted with their character, believe that if they were fairly dealt with, there would be no difficulty. The late Dr. McLaughlin, of Oregon, assured one of the committee that during a period of fifty years as an Indian trader, twenty-three of them passed as Superintendent of the Hudson Bay Company, he had seen no trouble with the Indians but what was promptly settled on principles of equity; that their distinguishing characteristic is a love of justice, and that even their retaliations arise from their belief that the Great Spirit requires that the wrong doer should suffer.

Webster, under the word *savage*, says that our "American Indians are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers and for their fidelity to friends." Thus it seems that the vulgar idea in regard to the savage nature of the Indian is a mistake. We are assured of this, also, by the historic fact, that under the administration of Wm. Penn and his followers there were no Indian wars, and that not a drop of Quaker blood shed by an Indian has ever moistened the soil of this continent. And in one of the reports of the Indian Superintendent, it is said that "the Indians have never been the first to break a treaty." With a people who are thus characterized for their hospitality, fidelity, and love of justice, it may well be asked, how are Indian wars begun? We have the answer in the report of Commissioner Manypenny for 1857, as follows:

"They (the Indians) have been left heretofore comparatively unprotected from violence and wrong, induced upon them by unprincipled white men under the influence of unbridled passion, or in pursuit of their own venal ends, by such as are unworthy the name. They are often cruelly beaten in mere wantonness. The revenge that follows becomes the general theme, unaccompanied by the circumstances of the cruel provocations which gave it birth; a border war springs up between the resident tribes and the pioneer settlers, who are really trespassers upon their lands, and the strong arm of government being invoked, wars are carried on at vast expense, and sometimes to the annihilation of entire tribes."

This explains the whole matter. The Indians are not regarded as having any claim to respectful treatment, or to a home in the place of their birth; and so destitute of humanity do some who go among them appear to be, that they think of the Indians only as objects upon whom to gratify their avarice and their lowest propensities.

Hence we read in a despatch from Gen. Wool, during the late war in Oregon, that a family of seven Indians, consisting of a father and son, son's wife and four children, in company with Colonel Meek, being sent with despatches from Fort Vancouver to Fort Dallas, on the way they were met by a company of volunteer troops, who, in spite of the remonstrances of Colonel Meek, put them all to death under circumstances of extreme cruelty. And we learn from a late Oregon paper, that three industrious and civilized Indians, who had for several years maintained their families by farming, were shot by white men, their families driven away, and their improved land taken possession of by their murderers.

We have also another account in an Oregon paper, which shows that these barbarities have the sanction of government, or at least of government officials. The Oregon Argus says that a band of seventy Indians were induced to put themselves under the care of the sub-Agent, by his offer to protect them on their way to the reservation; but instead of doing so, he engaged a number of armed men to place themselves on the opposite side of a river which they had to ford, and while the Indians were crossing it, the command was given to fire, by which all the men, the number of thirty, were either shot dead or drowned. The writer adds that it was heartrending to see the misery and wretchedness of these forty women and children, thus cruelly made to witness the massacre of their husbands and fathers.

In the Boston Ledger of Monday, July 20, a Texas correspondent gives an account of an Indian who was killed by "fire-water," then scalped, and his "arms fastened behind him with an oak stick thrust through the fleshy parts," and in this horrible condition was sent back to his tribe. The writer of the letter boasts of having been an actor in the deed.

When men claiming a Christian civilization, and calling themselves American citizens, can thus glory in their shame, it is time to stop speaking of the Indians as "the savages."

Those who properly appreciate the Indian character, know well how keenly he feels the insult and injustice of such treatment. For though he may be naked and penniless, he nevertheless is the possessor of noble qualities and conscious dignity. If ignorance of arts and science constitute the savage, then a large portion of our own people are "savages"; and it is indisputable that if a ferocious and cruel conduct are the distinguishing traits of the savage, then we have in the foregoing facts the strongest evidence, that whether Indians are or are not savages, the barbarous perpetrators of the cruelties above described deserve the name. But it does not follow that because of the defective organization or education of our fellow citizens who thus manifest more of the brute than the human creature, that they should be therefore treated as outcasts, and excluded from the sympathy and protection of mankind. And it is equally clear that the Indians, even though they were the only savages, should not be thus excluded from all that is generous and good.

These considerations are of vital importance, because it is mainly owing to a want of knowledge and appreciation of the true character and condition of the Indians that our frontiers are so frequently involved in war. The Indians are beaten, robbed, outraged, and murdered, by reckless men, and when they turn upon their oppressors, as the worm turns upon the foot that crushes it, the provocations are not thought of, while the resistance is proclaimed throughout the country as a savage outbreak; and, instead of giving them redress, mistaken writers add insult to outrage by such articles as the following which we take from the Cincinnati Railroad

Recorder and Commercial Advertiser of a recent date. After speaking of the Indians as "hell hounds," the article says that "they have nothing but what is held in common with the wolf, and the sooner government deals with them as it deals with that worthless animal, the better."

A correspondent of the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, says, "that it is impossible to humanize or Christianize them, and that the only baptism which they deserve, is the baptism of the sword."

It is no wonder that the purer instinct of the Indian repudiates such Christianity as these writers seem to possess. Their language indicates a depth of depravity, only equalled by that shown by those who commit the enormities which they advise, and it is to be regretted that sentiments so opposed to that religion which is full of mercy, and which works no ill to its neighbor, should find utterance through such mediums. Because, assuming as they do to speak in the name of religion and humanity, they mislead and prejudice the minds of such as do not see their perversions and falsehood, and there is no doubt, that the outrages upon the Indian and the consequent wars, are encouraged by such publications.

As the Indians have no organ through which they can tell their wrongs or answer their traducers, it is only just that the press of the country should plead their cause. This should be done, because the position of this country as being so superior in power as a nation, makes it their natural guardian. And when the public sentiment of this country is rightly formed, it will recognize the condition of the Indians as a reflection of its own. If they sink into lower depravity, or perish from the land, it will be through our neglect. And, on the other hand, when the magnanimity of our people is called out, there will be no more difficulty in protecting the Indians within their proper limits, than there is in preserving the old elm and its family of squirrels on Boston Common. The measures necessary to stop Indian wars are the same as are used to stop other evils. Agitation through the press, public discussions, but above all, a national convention. The evils are of long standing, and affect the most vital interests of the country, and are moreover of such importance as to demand the special consideration of the best minds as well as the most wise legislation of the nation. Nothing short of this can change and elevate the common sentiment so as to sustain the necessary measures. The object of the convention should therefore be to consider the propriety of designating a territory which shall be exclusively Indian, with such settlers only as will voluntarily co-operate with them in the development of their resources, and in sustaining such laws and government as will be best adapted for their improvement and protection. A convention for this purpose would probably be able to draw up a plan which would meet with the approbation of Congress as well as that of the people at large, and thus a foundation would be laid for lasting peace and mutual good will between the races, to be broken no more forever.

HUMBOLDT.

We copy the following from the Boston Post of June 21st:—

At the Bulfinch Street Church, last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Alger repeated his splendid eulogy of Humboldt. It was an excellent production, and well delivered before a full house. The audience were very attentive during the entire hour it occupied. The long-lived sage, philosopher and traveler, now on a longer journey than he has just completed among us, was deservedly complimented for sustaining, without interruption, through ninety years, a blameless, or rather an exemplary reputation. It is very clear that Humboldt was a great man; and no less clear that he was a good man, a philanthropist—that he had a large and generous heart, as well as an indomitable and energetic will and a capacious intellect; that his mind was too deeply absorbed in the external operations of Nature, to spare time or trouble on theological dogmas. He was a model cosmopolite—a human lens whereby Nature concentrated specimens of her various works for a panoramic spectacle to mankind. His Cosmos is the catalogue and directory of those items. That catalogue should be accompanied by another volume containing the pictorial sketches and maps drafted by him on his multifarious routes. It would add much to its value and interest.

There is quite a variance at once between the Courier and Dr. Dow, as to the religious views of Humboldt. The one deems him a Materialist, a disbeliever in a theologic God, the other claims him as a Christian. Mr. Alger rather agrees with the Doctor, who can read "unbelief" between the lines. He pronounces him a Materialist, and then asks if Humboldt is in hell? It seems that some Orthodox friend has called Mr. A. to account for intimating that the Orthodox creed would doom so great and good man to that nondescript volcanic region. However, Mr. Alger expressed the opinion that, if he had gone thither, he would have a great deal of good company, such as Socrates, Locke, Newton, Lavoisier, Franklin, &c., &c.

Still he inclined to believe, in one sense, as the Courier does, that he was a species of Christian; since he practiced the golden rule and the second commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Had he styled him a dignified, irreproachable, practical moralist, he would have hit quite as near the mark; for the golden rule was promulgated by the Chinese Confucius and Greek Socrates, in common with the founder of Christianity; and the second commandment is Jewish, recorded in Leviticus, xix. 18, as well as in Matthew. These principles of morality are universal, and belong to the race. Indeed, it is a matter of wonder, in the contest between claimants of the really great and good man, who was reprobated in Europe by ecclesiastics for his liberal principles, that they do not espouse the parallel of celibacy between Humboldt and the sublime Jesus, and cite that as a proof of his Christianity, though celibacy and morality were both practiced as well before as after the Advent.

But the discourse of Mr. Alger was superior in its tone and substance. It should be delivered again and again, here, there, in all directions. It would edify the people anywhere. Humboldt is up, up, far above the storms and clouds of controversy, religious or political, as are the snowy peaks of the mountains he has so laboriously climbed and faithfully delineated. He is of the superior society, qualified to preside over it. Thales, Archimedes, Pythagoras, Solon, Socrates, Pliny—all the nobles of antiquity are with him. Moderns also of eminence he will find congenial to his taste. Humboldt's tendency was upward for ninety years; nor did it waver, or indicate a cant downward. He had acquired too much headway for that. Mankind would not vote such a paragon of God's mechanism to such a cheerless place as a theologic hell. He and his associates would metamorphose that region, as did Jesus the ignominious cross; they would make it too respectable for reprobates. Humboldt is now the property of our race; and they will see that he is not monopolized by sect or class, nor maligned by bigotry or envy.

THE HEBREW WOMAN.

During the prosperous era of the Hebrew nation, woman occupied but a subordinate position in society. Oriental climates and characteristics are not favorable to a development of woman's humanitarian aspirations. The Hebrew woman, although born under far more auspicious circumstances than her sisters of Egypt, Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, could not altogether escape from the sensualizing effect of Eastern influences; and hence, excepting a few sainted women, who took a heroic part in the Jewish and afterwards in the Christian dispensation, we find but rare glimpses of excellence outside of the domestic circle in the ancient womanhood of Israel.

passed out of sight beneath the wave; that which controlled it, and gave it life, is the same as it used to be, and would like to continue with them. But it does not desire to crowd

famed valley of the Nile, its brightest glories crowned the hills and illumined the quiet vales of Palestine. Yet, all the glories of the ages were themselves into one eternal splendour of transcendent beauty, which placed itself upon the brow of Calvary's wondrous victim. Equally unfulfil is the present aspect of nations. Germany gives us profound philosophy; Italy is the sunny land of song; France excels in dignity and accuracy of scientific expression, and others in different ways. But in this new nation, (America,) all the progress of other nations and ages is concentrated; and the two centuries and a half past have witnessed, as the present still witnesses the focalization of all humanity's light and greatness in this last born of the nations. Here is to be the culmination of national life and greatness. As is the race, in its essential attributes, so is the individual; and as is the progress of the race, so is the progress of the individual, and *vice versa*; therefore, one reflects the other. And as the race, untarriedly considered progresses by, and only by, the seemingly fragmentary and tangential progress of different nations and ages, so in the individual, progress is by the manifestation, in different eras of existence, of the varied attributes of man's wonderfully complex nature.

And, notwithstanding this apparent contradiction, this progress is harmonious. The earth is part of one unitary system, inseparable from the rest of the universe.

arably bound thereto in origin and in destiny. But not mor-
tally is earth destined to sister planets, and central sun
than is each human personality to all others, in the law of
its unfolding. Man is a child of earth. From it, as mother
he had his birth; and hence, in the teachings of a divine analog-
y, we have this further formula: as is the progress of the
earth, so that of man, sprung therefrom. Hence, in the
seethings of primitive chaos—in the wild and terrible war of
chemical change—in the stupendous, inconceivable, and al-
most omnipotent upheavals and revolutions of geologic cata-
strophe, as well as in the more mild and beautiful changes of
earth's substance and structure, we see the type of man's life
progress and destiny.

Nor could one of those changes be dispensed with, or one of the elements, constituting the primitive factors which make up the sum of being, be eliminated, without making a total wreck of this grand universe of deific life and beauty. Each emotion in substance has been the inevitable resultant of the various forces and conditions, as they exist in the system of Infinite Order. Nor, in the operation of these so-called material forces, is it possible that anything should be different, either in time or quality. So, in the progress of nations, one event has depended on another, and all are inseparably connected and blended.

This nation is the child of all that have preceded it in the world's history, and could not be what it is if the past had been aught but what it has been. Every revolution and change—every despotism and rebellion—every war and peace, have been influences operating to form us as we are. The institutions of which we boast so much, are the blossoms on plants which have been watered by the tears of ages—yea, they are the crystallized prayers and aspirations of all humanity that has ever lived.

The same law of inevitability applies to the individual as to humanity at large. The same principle must be applicable to the parts as to the whole. And, though I am not here to say there is no distinction between good and evil, truth and falsehood, yet I do say that the one is just as inevitable as the other. Just as necessary, as the other. But you ask me if all the sin, misery and wrong of earth are indispensable to the effervescence of life, which caps old Ocean's waves, just as necessary as the rolling billow itself; and all the truth and foam of human passion, which crests the heavenly surges of passing generations, is part and parcel thereof, and as imperiously necessary as existence itself—as much so that earth should have been chaotic in all the Intermediate ages of the past. Whatever may be our opinion as to the creation of forms, will, in the slightest degree, affect this. Whether ill has been evolved by the concurrent action of vital forces immanent in matter, or whether a Supreme, Personal Intelligence planned and made this system of changing things and events, matters not to the thinking mind; for, in the one case, we have the order of an Immuttable principle, nature, and in the other, the order of an Immuttable Person, and, in both cases, that order is Progress; and in both, also, that order is based upon Necessity. In the one case it is necessity which flows from, or is based upon, the nature of things; and, in the other, it is the necessity of Perfect Wisdom.

Creation began at the lowest plane or the acute or possible in order that It may go up forever through the endless series of progressive unfolding. Any one of those eras, however judged by itself, would seem unmeaning or monstrous. Who could have appreciated the carboniferous era, had existence been possible then? It is only now, as we exhume the buried treasures of a thousand ages gone—the limestone and the coal—that the full-orbed glory beams forth in the consciousness of man. And, when the pent-up power of a molten center burst forth in terrible, volcanic action, rending the solid crust like gossamer, and piling up the Andes, the chains of mountain heights, and otherwise contorting the surface of the earth; and when, in addition to this, the agitated sea rushed down through those frightful fissures upon the angry fire ocean beneath, what wild disorder then ensued? "Wind warred with wind, and thunder answered thunder" in horrid din, as though old Chinos had resumed his throne, and reigned sole monarch over all.

and the beauty which charms us to-day, in the external a

pearance of our mother earth, is the product of these changes. Nor is the principle less true when applied to nations and to individuals. I have said that progress is fragmentary. Greece excelled in sculpture and eloquence, she lacked that which made the Romans great; and everywhere great virtues and great vices have mingled in the nation's life. Greatness and littleness, strength and weakness, beauty and deformity, have walked side by side in human progress. The brightest picture has its dark shadings; the loveliest lieliness of nature's primal hues is on the dark crest of the fleecy storm-cloud, as the loftiest virtues of nations and individuals

are last held in the settings of weakness and sin. But these scattered glories are to be concentrated in the heart

no ego. They are focalizing themselves in this nation, in this age, in this place. It is too great a stretch for human reason to grasp it all at once; so we must take up these fragmentary gleams of light, which have been cast wildly through the darkened centuries, seemingly aimlessly and without purpose, and concentrate them in one harmonious sun of truth and love. This sun is rising on man. Its heroic beams have faintly tipped the mountain tops of the distant ages; but now, deep down in lowest vale and darkest gully, the human love and hate, the heavenly sunlight shined, as gold and gems and precious stones reflect the beaming glory of the golden age. Man, in his own conception, has become a half-saint, and slender half—commixture strange of heaven

and earth and hell!" But if the beauty and glory of earth

the product of that dire confusion of past eras—the long
possession of our favored nation is the concentration of all the
national lives, so also, from all the warring discords of our
tending passion, will be born the angel man. All progress
with struggle—all highest pleasure is born of agony—all the
vinest joys are the crystallized pangs of crucifixion. All that
we have demonstrated in our own experience. We know that
sweetest nectar ever pressed to our thirsty lips was distilled
from experiences of intensest bitterness. For myself, in
respecting the past—in counting o' its sorrows, and morn-
ing out its tears, I do not regret—not, taking in the wide
view, do I regret for humanity, one pang of anguish, one
of soul-deep sorrow. No, not; for a universe of intensest dis-
good, I would not have the cup of sorrow less bitter, or the
thrill of agony less intense; but I would rather pray that the
these sorrows be more extreme for the grand results, and

more intensified. Do you believe a higher and happier

sphere of life has spoken to you? And have you learned from thence, as well as from your own souls, that the light of joy grows upon sympathy and pity toward others? Is not the joy of the spirit-world its work? And is not that work in us expressed sympathy and pity for those struggling up the steep slopes of sin and sorrow? But how could there be sympathy if there were no anguish? How could there be mercy sympathy if there were no sin? Nay; how could any of the multitudinous sufferings of the race exist, unless evil, or sin, existed? And if they were non-existent, then where were our joys?

Now, then, can we say evil is not necessary? With enthusiastic rapture we talk of ascending the "spiral pathway of progress" in the wasteless ages of the future. But *Ascend!* we cannot *ascend*, if we had not, first, been low down in the scale of excellence? Human life, without evil, created for the fullness of all possible finite perfectness, would have been a dead level of tiresome sameness, which, in the lapse of time, would have become so intolerable that we should pine for hell, to give us a *new* sensation. Sin is, and has been necessary as a primal basis for holiness. When I stand in the true light of man's destiny, I am glad he came into existence with the imperfection we term evil, attaching to nature and actions. And when we look back upon the rocky pathway of our sorrowful experience, where we have walked with lacerated and bleeding feet, we shall not regret that there had been one jagged point less, or that they had been less sharp than they were. I thank God and all holy in-

gences, that I have been a sinner. I thank God for all life. It is having had the same temptations in a measure—having experienced the same essential trials—learned the pulsations of the common heart of man, when I can speak the word of sympathy and love, which, hearing, he shall take heart again. Kindred joys are evolved by kindred life-experiences here. To whom do we go when our hearts are sad, our spirits tired in the "march of life"? Not to the young and thoughtless—not to those who have walked an easy road,—but we seek those whose life has been most like our own. Those who have had the same experiences will find a similar bliss from common sympathy. In our blindness we rejoice against things as they are, and vainly wish we could teach the Maker of the universe to make them better.

But, in this, we forget that its realization would unsettle the world's sweetest hope, and annihilate its dearest joy. But for sin there could have been no Jesus—no salvation; but for sin there could have been no possible manifestation of essential justice. But, most of all, there could be no mercy. The most glorious attributes of God must have been forever manifested. The possibilities of Divine manifestation are only measured by sin as a gage. So, also, the possibility of human progress and perfection could never be appreciated but by the same standard. Who, that has ever mingled in Christian worship, has not heard these thoughts a thousand times expressed. "It was great to speak a word from nought; 't was greater to redeem." Our troubles and our trials here will only make us richer there. Are some of the expressions uttering this same thought. Again, how often has the ecstatic Christian protested that he would not change places with the tallest archangel around the throne of God. Why? Angels, he says, have never been redeemed—they have never sinned. To ignore sin is to silence the songs of heaven—is to destroy the conditions indispensable to the production of the loftiest greatness—the sweetest joy—the most immaculate holiness, and the brightest glory. As there is no more so still and Eden-like as that which follows the night of wildest, fiercest storm, and as the loveliest sunset is born from the darkest storm-cloud, and as no beauty equals that which bathes the earth in its richness of jewel and of gem beneath the lightning-flashes of that retreating cloud, so heaven is built on hell. The priceless pearls of its wondrous gates and stately crowns are crystallized in the fearful depths of hell's rayless gloom; and the transparent gold which paves the streets of the one, was melted and refined in the dark furnaces of the other. Yea, the very fragrances which permeate the ecstasy-inspiring breezes of Paradise, are distilled from the noisome stench which rises like a fog of doom over the lake of fire. Everywhere Progression is God's unchanging method. The wrath of man praises him as truly as his holiness, for both are alike inevitable; and both necessary in order that progression should be possible.

Correspondence.

Tobacco Views.

I fully accept the views of my good and faithful brother, Warren Chase, as published in the last issue of the BANNER, on tobacco. Also, the views of another good brother, X. Walker, of Davenport, Iowa; and another, Nathaniel Randall, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; and also, Stephen Young, of Poplar Bridge, N. Y.; and also, my own views on the same subject, as published in a previous issue of the BANNER. The views of each are legitimate and right. They are the effects of working laws, which laws are natural, stern, and inevitable. The views of each on this subject, and the various views of ten thousand other persons on the same subject, unexpressed by words, are the necessary and inevitable effect of conditions. All conditions are the outgrowth of nature, and are subservient to no laws except the laws of nature. There are no views on any subject, no doctrines, creeds or beliefs which I could or would reject. I accept them all in toto. All these are the product of conditions, and no condition is, or can be, influenced by them.

A. B. CHIZZ.

BENJ. BOZON.—"Dr. Cole says that the American church consume five million dollars' worth of tobacco annually. Now the church go against tobacco, write against and preach against it; and after all the opposition to its use in the church, it is still used as much, and more in proportion to the number of people, as it is outside the church. Why is this, Mr. Editor?"

Evil.

That there is a vast amount of evil in the world, and that the proofs of its existence are everywhere self-evident, is the almost universal belief of mankind. 'Tis true, there are a limited number of persons who hold an adverse theory, and the writer concurs in the sentiment, "Nature has done all things well," and that all animated beings, and inanimate creation, are subject to, and controlled by, natural laws, and, indeed, form a part of Nature herself; and, of course, it would be presumptuous folly to suppose that Nature could violate her own laws. Consequently we contend that no absolute evil ever did take place, in the whole history of the world. God, as the creator and progenitor of the universe, infused and breathed life and motion into all things, from his own person, and has left the impress of his hand and mind on all his works, and so all they reflect their Author. And in no particular does the infinite wisdom of the Creator more strikingly shine forth, than the great variety with which he has stamped every department of nature.

Narrow and unthinking minds will pronounce these views as the wildest nonsense and wildest folly; and it is only the unprejudiced, philosophical, and comprehensive mind, that can fathom the subject in all its various bearings, and trace the beauty, harmony and beneficence that pervade all nature, and reign throughout the entire universe.

Now we behold that man—related as he is, socially and fraternally, to his fellow-man and to all nature around him—is just precisely such a creature as he ought to be, physically, mentally, and morally; and that without his inclinations, tastes, dispositions, feelings, wants, desires, and passions, he would be imperfect.

We hear it asserted, in tones of dependency, that here we are subject to pain and toil; that here we must know sorrow, and become acquainted with grief, doomed to disease and death; and we assert, that where there is no pain or toil, there is of necessity no pleasure nor rest; and if there were no sorrow or grief, the exhilarating influence of joy and gladness would never be felt; and without disease and death, there would be no health or life. If our physical nature did not require nourishment and food, and make its wants known, we could not partake and enjoy the luxuries which nature furnishes to supply those wants with that sweet relish we do. If we were not susceptible to fatigue and weariness, how could we enjoy the refreshing influences of slumber and rest? And so it is with every feeling and faculty of man; were it not so, we would be more passive, stationary, lifeless substances.

For the purpose of illustrating our position more fully, we will take up the traits in the human character that are almost universally condemned.

Selfishness is everywhere denounced; but all will admit that we ought to possess the principle to a limited extent, in order to the protection, preservation and comfort of ourselves and those dependent upon us; and who is competent to mark the precise point to which our selfishness shall extend? We say no one, because the judgments of men disagree; and ever-varying circumstances will render any fixed rule of action impracticable. Hence let this emotion in man's nature be governed by opposing traits in his own character, or the sentiments of his fellows, and the laws of the land in which he lives. So it is with hatred. No sane man would desire its entire eradication from the human breast. Hatred and discontent are great auxiliaries to the advancement of the world. We hate and dislike men, customs and deeds that are not compatible with our notions of right, and our influence controls and changes them to a certain degree. Discontent is simply a desire to acquire more knowledge or happiness than we already possess, and has been prominently exhibited in all the great men that have left their mark in the world.

Revenge is a Heaven-born principle that God has ingrained in every living thing beneath the sun; and all, from the huge mastodon of the forest and the mighty Leviathan of the watery deep, to the smallest microscopic animalcule that floats through the air or sea, have their means and weapons of aggression and defence, and wise Nature teaches them when, where and how to make use of them for their own safety and defence.

Revenge also holds up to the view of mankind the punishment that vicious acts merit and receive, and thereby checks, restrains, and prevents their too oft recurrence.

But to sum up all; murder, according to general belief, is the highest grade of crime. Spiritualism has demonstrated the fact that man lives after he leaves the body. The destruction or decomposition of the body, and, in fact, all material substances, is necessary for the cooperation of Nature,

to enable her to reproduce. The existence of one part of creation depends upon the destruction of another. The life of one is brought forth and nourished by another's death. "Big fish live on little fish." Nature accommodates herself to all her wants. It is necessary for man's own existence and happiness, that he should die. Man's life in the body is terminated variously, and we hold that he cannot die an unnatural death. Sometimes by pain and sickness, cold and heat, famine and gluttony, earthquakes and storms, and pestilence, and sometimes by the hand of the assassin. We challenge the world to prove, that the ultimate good and happiness of a single individual has ever been blasted by any of these agencies that have deprived any of the human family of their earthly existence. We believe it is for their present and future good. This is especially apparent to believers in the doctrine of departed friends, returning as guardian spirits to watch over those left behind.

I will endeavor to answer the most prominent queries and objections usually put forth by believers in man's natural depravity, against the positions here assumed, as briefly and pointedly as I can. I am asked if I advocate and believe murder is right? and, if it is no crime, is it not wrong to punish the murderer, and folly to preach reformation to man, or endeavor to correct his ways? If the assassin is only acting in conformity with the laws of nature, which you say are right, how is it that guilt and fear take possession of him, and remorse causes him to fancy that his forehead is stained with blood, and finally drives him to insanity or suicide? If your doctrines were promulgated and universally embraced by mankind in their present state, would not every law, both human and divine, be disregarded and trampled upon, and violence and crime, in all their most hideous forms, stalk forth unchecked, with a Satanic smile of triumph upon their brutal lips, and run riot, until all would become maddened and frenzied with blood; and every species of crime, at which the heart of humanity sickens and fears to contemplate, be perpetrated, and devastation and ruin overspread our happy land; and from every corner of the globe, where now reign comparative peace and order, be heard the wailings of unutterable woe?

I answer, I do not advocate murder, neither do I believe it a positive evil; I judge the punishment or penalty affixed thereto. By the same law, it would be irrational to make an exception in favor of the criminal. Nature regulates her government by wise provisions; one act follows another in natural order. I believe it right and proper to preach and teach what we believe, and endeavor to reform our race, for the very reason that nature makes use of these means to accomplish her purposes, and her own advantage, therefore. I do not consider that a Christ, a Mahomet, a Napoleon, a Wesley, a Washington, or a Beecher, are exceptions in nature, or that they have lived in vain. Man, by nature, through education, the laws and opinions of the people among whom he lives, forms opinions in his own mind of right. If he acts contrary to those convictions, nature, true to herself, will punish the actor, for his own benefit, as well as to deter him and others from going further than she wills.

Before answering the last query, permit me to digress a moment, in order that my ideas may be more fully understood. The varied and transitory character of nature is everywhere conspicuous; she has adorned the earth with every conceivable color, and everywhere we behold her passing beauties. We behold the lofty mountains and broad valleys, the mighty forests and barren deserts, the bubbling founts and mighty ocean, the calm and the storm, summer's heat and winter's cold, sunshine and rain, night and day. And as the phenologist decides in regard to a nicely balanced head, that the development of one organ rules another, we contend all heads are rightly balanced; and individuals, and even nations, may be considered as bumps on creation's cranium, where the fingers of the Deity move with unerring wisdom. The universe is a vast machine, guided by a master hand; and mankind, like unskilled mechanics looking at a complicated and perfect piece of machinery, are not able, at present, to comprehend the whole, or know the design of all its workings or its parts.

All men are similar in their construction; yet, among the many millions that inhabit the globe, no two could be found so much alike that they could not be distinguished. We will leave the active mind of the reader to determine the disastrous results that would inevitably ensue, in all the relations of life, if man's identity were lost. Therefore, if man's varied physical construction is necessary to his own well-being; it is equally so in regard to his moral, intellectual, and spiritual composition; hence every diversity of opinion prevails among mankind. We do not think, feel, believe, and act alike; and, indeed, there is not to be found among the whole human race two persons whose opinions are precisely alike on all subjects; therefore we rationally conclude that the principles we here inculcate will not be universally adopted. Centuries may elapse before the world will be far enough advanced to receive them; but when (if ever) it does, the most happy results must certainly follow.

But I might give a more practical answer, by saying that all the vicious, degraded, and criminal of our country, disbelieve the principles here laid down, while those believing them (as far as my knowledge extends), are persons whose characters ought to be held up by all Christendom, as patterns worthy of imitation by all lovers of virtue, good order, and peace. It is therefore apparent that the prevalence of these sentiments would banish from the earth ignorance, and intolerance, its handmaid, which is certainly an end to be devoutly wished for.

A. P. McCOMBS.

Jarrettsville, Md., Aug. 13th, 1850.

God's Body and Mind.

MESSESS. EDITORS—I am highly pleased with the BANNER. I take so much interest in it that I mail each number, after I have read it, to some friend, with a few remarks in relation to its truthful and philosophical contents; and would suggest that all others who feel interested in the spread of truth and righteousness would do the same.

There is one subject connected with the teachings of Spiritualism that I cannot understand in the light in which it is represented; that is, the Deity is always represented as possessing the attributes of mind in an infinite degree of perfection, with an immutability of purpose. We cannot form a conception of mind without there being a body connected with it. Nature is represented as being God's body, and God's mind as being the mind of nature. It appears to me that this is not good philosophy, nor is it in harmony with reason. If God is immutable, his immutability belongs equally to his mind and his person. What we call nature, is not immutable; it is constantly changing, and that change is not only a change in its constituent elements, but it is a change of structure, and a production of new and heretofore unknown objects and beings. We can conceive of a time when what we call nature had no existence, but we cannot conceive of a time when God did not exist. If we reason at all about a Divine Being, our reasoning must be demonstrated by analytical indications, harmonizing with philosophical truths. If nature is God's body, and mind is an ultimate of unfolded and developed matter, where was God's mind and body before nature was formed?

It appears to me that this method of reasoning about a Divine Being is equivalent to denying his existence. It certainly implies that there was no Divine Being before nature existed; by nature I mean the spiritual and material worlds, with all things that belong to them.

I ask for more light on this subject, with a hope that some of your able correspondents, either from the spirit world or on this mundane sphere, will give a more philosophical view of the subject, and oblige an inquirer and investigator.

Graysville, Aug. 3.

J. M. EWING.

Facts and Queries.

MESSESS. EDITORS—Can spirits see and foretell future events? And if so, will some one please explain by what law it is done?

On Monday evening last, Mr. W. B. Mills of this village, saw psychically, or otherwise, a railroad accident, corresponding exactly with the one that did occur on the next night, twenty-four hours afterwards, between Troy and Rutland, and described it at that time to the family.

A similar view Mr. M. had this morning, as we were taking seats at the breakfast table. He was seized with this well known influence, and his eyes closed, and he distinctly saw a Mr. Walter Little, an old acquaintance of his, and a resident of Montpelier, Vt., whom we all supposed living. Mr. L. came in at the door, accompanied by a former wife and little boy. Mr. Mills was perfectly conscious at this time, and described them minutely. The figures remained about five minutes, and then vanished or melted away. Thirty minutes afterwards I procured a copy of the "Christian Repository," published at Montpelier, Vt., from which I make this extract:

"We are sorry to announce the death of Walter Little, Esq., a prominent citizen of North Montpelier. He died at his residence, at 12 o'clock, on the 27th ult."

Yours for truth,

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 8th, 1850.

ETI WITNESS.

Cultivated Religion.

MESSESS. EDITORS—I have noticed repeated communications, emanating from persons who have habitually attended the churches of sectarian Christians, declaring their utter inability to believe in the doctrines which are there preached, although they had always cherished an ardent desire to believe.

It is not at all surprising to an unprejudiced mind, that has fairly investigated the truths and the pretended truths of Christianity, to hear such doubts expressed. If investigators do not express such doubts, they would evince an utter stupidity, believing without reason, and exercising only a blind and valueless faith. The great opposing difficulty lies in the fact that Christianity, and the absurd creeds connected therewith by sectarians, are entirely distinct—the one pure and true, the other a mass of fables and absurdities, which time and authority have fastened on to actual Christianity, as poisoning to its simple purity as the ivy entwining the oak. The actual teachings of Christ, that pure and benign mediator, which were intended to reconcile man to God, breathe naught but soul-fellows and benevolence to every animate and inanimate object, to every plant and flower, and to all the minutiae of the mighty universe. So soothing, so harmonious are his kindly teachings, that every bosom inhales them as a heavenly response to the aspirations of the soul. But sectarianism at an early day entwined itself around this pure Christianity; and simultaneously with the first codification of these Divine teachings, we find the Arian and Athenasian factions warring against each other, and giving the most contrary constructions to the mission of Christ, as the test of the Christian faith. The passions and avarice of man during eighteen hundred years have extended this partisan warfare of priesthood, until we now have seven hundred sects calling themselves Christians, although differing in sentiment as widely as the poles, often exercising jealous animosities, their aim being most conspicuous toward the attainment of worldly prominence and pecuniary advancement, yet all uniting on one point—the utter annihilation of all those loves and fellowships which constitute the actual basis of the religion of the Saviour.

The great obstacle, therefore, to the belief in what we now call Christianity, is, that the erroneous views existing antecedent to the coming of Christ, and a mass of corruptions which have arisen since, and a false explanation of his actual mission, surrounding that event with the most ridiculous absurdities and revolting pretensions, have been and are still hourly perpetrated, and forced upon the minds of men, as the conditions of salvation.

The authoritative tales of an angry God, a God of vengeance, who will judge and punish man, the more creature of his hand, the incipient being he has ushered into existence with a relentless justice, testing human frailty by his own perfection; and of a Devil, who has conspired at the creation, and will hereafter counteract, in an eminent degree, the beneficence of the Deity; and also of an interminable Hell of torment, where hope can never penetrate, are in themselves so utterly abhorrent to the pure conceptions of reflective minds, that it is in no wise astonishing that they are rejected by the wise, and that imbecile minds alone yield them a tacit adherence.

Thus a religion emanating from God, and breathing naught but the purest love and fellowship, is transformed by man into a "Religion of Terror," where mental conviction is alone subservient to fear. To think of soliciting the prayers of Christians, that we may be induced to believe such a mass of absurd, revolting, and inconsistent doctrines, these crazed imaginings of disordered minds, so utterly repugnant to the pure principles of Christianity, as inculcated by the Saviour, is among the grossest of all fallacies. Ask of no man to teach you, for man is utterly incapable; but rise on the morn, and walk forth over the hill and the valley, and survey on all sides the beautiful works of nature. Consider well the order, wisdom, harmony, and love, evinced in the heavens and throughout the earth by the omnipotent Creator; and thus recognizing the beneficent Deity everywhere in his works, with the soul rising up from nature to nature's God, send forth your aspirations to the eternal source of wisdom, love and harmony combined. No creed nor sectarian ritual is required; indeed, such are worse than useless, as they may supersede and render tortuous the electric chain of love and harmony which extends from the throne of divine mercy to every heart that in purity and simplicity communes with the great source of benevolence.

Wm. R. PAINCE.

Flushing, Long Island.

The Vegetarian.

MR. EDITOR.—The other day I heard a person of quite extensive observation, make the remark, that "Grahamites were stupid people." Well, I was thunderstruck.

Allow me to tell you, (confidentially), Mr. Editor, that my husband, Solomon Staples, Esq., is a philosopher and a radical, and you may believe he is not altogether so important a subject as that of diet to be neglected in his family. For many years he has been a Vegetarian in theory.

Many is the trial I've had getting up vegetarian dinners, long before "Dr. Fraill's Cook Book" made its appearance. Soups, with savory or pepper, unadorned bread, beans and cabbage without pork, and almost without salt. Well, after having given up coffee, mince pies, doughnuts, roast pork, sausages, puff paste, fruit cake, short cake, soda biscuit, and various half-seasoned delicacies, whose mysteries my good mother diligently instructed me in; and having learned to make deliciously light, sweet loaves of yeast bread, without soda—to make Graham mash, bolt cracked wheat, and hominy, without burning—to make squash pies without eggs, and piercest without lard—you will not wonder if I had come to think myself something of a Vegetarian. But were they their stupid people? That was the question. Whatever my conclusion might be concerning myself, I knew my husband, Solomon Staples, Esq., was anything but stupid. I was about to use his case as an illustration to refute this base calumny on a highly respectable class of persons, when I suddenly remembered that our practice had not been quite so strictly vegetarian as our theory. Certain it was, we had talked often and long about *outgrowing*, getting above animal food, but by the shade of sundry turkeys and chickens, sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, and, more than all, an unpaid butcher's bill, I did not feel quite free to say we had got above meat.

I pondered what I had heard. I remembered hearing Grahamites discussed when I was a child. I called up the ghosts of several old school Grahamites I had known; they came—lean, lank, diseased, prematurely old, and without exception *disagreeable*; although I had never before thought of attributing this to their diet.

I called to mind later disciples, and although they numbered scores, I could not remember one pretty, healthy, or agreeable. Surely I must have been unfortunate in my memory. My mind was active to discover all that could be said in favor of a theory so dear to my respected lord and master. At first I was glad he had not been present to hear his favorite theory assailed; though my estimation of his abilities was very high, I doubted whether he would be able to face the fact, my intelligent friend had advanced against Grahamism and *Grahamites*. I reviewed my (strictly) Vegetarian neighbors, and was surprised to find that not one of them had a healthy or beautiful child.

Poor Mrs. Slim, my next door neighbor, (a strict Vegetarian) had, the week previous, buried her baby—a puny little thing from birth. It had struggled hard for a few weeks, and then dropped off a withered but which there had not been life enough in the parent stem to nourish. The mothers of rosy little ones about us, had derisively called it a Graham baby.

I knew that a bit of meat had not entered neighbor Slim's doors for years—that tea, coffee, butter, cheese, and even sugar, were regarded as superfluities, which no economical housekeeper would tolerate on her table.

Indeed, she had come to regard the cooking of food as a needless waste of labor and fuel. She could stir unbolted flour into cakes, and dry them in the sun, or make a good (?) meal of raw wheat and apples.

Mr. Slim had exultingly told my husband that his grocery bills did not amount to more than eight dollars a quarter, while ours were full three times that amount.

In short, Mrs. Slim had long been held up to me as a pattern housekeeper. Well, what did I care, when I saw my chubby little Fred playing about the door, or clasped the sweetest, rosiest little baby girl in my arms. I could beat Mrs. Slim raising babies! What if our store bills were a little larger! And, too, I could not help thinking Solomon Staples was a little better satisfied with the round form and smiling face of his own Debby, than he would be with a face and form like that of his neighbor Slim's wife. My rosiest brother Ben often likened her face to one of her unleavened cakes, dipped in vinegar.

Then I thought of the Skinners, who had a little girl, five years old, too feeble to play with other children—a little bundle of irritable nerves, looking blue and half starved, always begging for something to eat; but the neighbors were forbidden to give her even a bit of bread, for fear the pan it was baked in had been buttered!

In short, Mr. Editor, I was led to these conclusions, in my review of my Vegetarian acquaintances. They were extreme-

ly in many things; they were unsocial—they were not charitable; for I had been treasurer of the Aid Society long enough to know that. Their excuse was, that if people would not deny themselves what they considered *superfluities*, they deserved to be poor! Then they were not healthy, happy, or handsome; and, oh, their babies, when they had any, were the poorest specimens of humanity I ever saw.

I confess I began to be frightened, and came near killing my fattest chicken, for supper; but, upon reflection, I decided to lay the matter seriously before Solomon Staples, in the evening. So, when he came home from the office, and had partaken of cream-loaf, stewed peaches, and, I must add, a cup of fragrant black tea, I told him what I had heard, and my reflections thereupon.

He listened attentively, and quietly admitted every point. With my head on his shoulder, I waited to hear what he would say. A quiet smile lurked about his mouth, but he kissed me, and said, "Well, Debby, I'll leave the table for you to manage—I'll pay the bills!"

Lelia.

Harmonia, Mich.

Clairvoyance.

MESSESS. EDITORS—As a part of an extract, from the Independent, (Mr. Beecher's paper,) published in the Spiritual Telegraph of July 16th, you will find the following sentiment from Mr. H. W. Beecher:

"A great many people there are who do not know what they believe, on many intricate subjects. There are many, probably, brought up to believe a great many things which, if keenly examined, they do not believe. But neither of these propositions is so perplexing as that of finding one's self believing firmly and religiously what he had always supposed himself to believe, so that he is living in a double state, running parallel: a state of unconscious belief, and a state of conscious disbelief, upon the very same subject."

Now, sir, I propose to place along side of this, and before Mr. B. himself, (not excluding your readers,) the following paragraph, from one of his late sermons, under date of July 3d:

"Now it is not possible for any one to make his way through this world, and be of good cheer in respect to outward trials and inward experiences, unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present, not merely figuratively, but really and personally; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present in the sense that a mother and a father are present in the house where their children are; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that Christ is present with us as we are present one with another; unless he is, in some measure, able to feel that the Saviour is present with his people, separated from them by nothing except their inability to see him with the senses. It is impossible for a man to be of good cheer with reference to the external and internal troubles of this life, unless he has some realization of the fact that, in real presence, power, and thought, and feeling, Christ is nearer to his people than they are to each other. The carrying of a consciousness of Christ's presence with us evermore, would itself be the foundation of exceeding great comfort and cheer."

This awakens the inquiry, at least in my own mind, Is not Mr. B. preaching—whether consciously or unconsciously, I care not—the great doctrine of clairvoyance? Is he not urging upon his congregation the cultivation of this great inward sense? Presenting as a motive, that it is impossible to successfully contend with the troubles and difficulties of life, unless we can realize the presence of Christ—most certainly in the absence of the outer senses, for Mr. B. contends zealously that Christ is "separated from his people in nothing except their inability to see him with the senses." Yet his effort at analogous illustration of this thought, looks much like a man groping his way in the dark, in search of something, he knows not what. (Wonder if the spirits were not using him somewhat "on the sly" in that mental effort?)

If Christ is present to the people in the sense a parent is present with his children in the house where they dwell, I ask by what means do children know that their parents are present with them? Evidently by the sense of sight; in the absence of that feeling or hearing, (except in those cases where the child is a clairvoyant subject.) It follows, therefore, that Christ is not with his people in the sense a parent is with his child in the house, or it is not true, as Mr. B. insists, that Christ is separated from them by nothing except their inability to see him with their senses. But the truth lies in the fact that the presence of Christ is realized by us, as is the presence of our dear departed friends, through the medium of clairvoyance, the only divinely appointed channel of communication out of the body.

Truly "the consciousness of the real (not figurative) presence of Christ with those who are in rapport with him, is itself the foundation of exceeding great comfort and cheer," as such a presence is now to many who ignorantly supposed they had lost their friends by death.

When the preaching of clairvoyance shall be fully established, and this great sense fully developed in all, which event the past and present forebodings, then the notion—taught by theology, "That we have our part down here in this lower world, our own education, our own burdens, our own duties; and when we have performed this our part, some of us will go up to where God sits and performs his part, and then only shall we know each other; and God, if we have done well, will reward us for it"—will be extinct from the human mind, and be remembered only as the darkness of the past, which has fled before the light of the great day which so many see fast dawning.

THOMAS S. A. POPE.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 31st, 1850.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

BY G. E. C.

In the shadow of the mountain,

Where the virgin lilies grow—

By the rippling crystal fountain,

And the streamlet's music flow;

O'er the meadow, where the lark sings,

Wind notes murmur as they go:

"There is one who ruleth all things!"

Echo answers, soft and low:

"There is but one God of glory—

He is gentle as the dove!"

Faith repeats the cheering story:

"'Tis the purest God of Love!"

Trust no longer to the pages,

Breathing taught but pain and woe;

Reason teacheth, through the ages,

To the land of life we go!

Heaven, the parted soul inherits

All may through the courts above,

Shouting, "Holy are the merits

Of thy eternal God of Love!"

Oh, ye guides, so blindly leading

Man from right's benignant way—

Truth shall reign—your poor impeding

Soon must sink before her way!

Superstition yet shall vanish,

Like the dust before the shower;

For the God of Love will banish

Prejudice with peace and power!

North Bridgton, Me., Feb. 20th, 1850.

A Voice from Tennessee.

SAMUEL GILBERT, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—"The great cause of truth with us is still gaining ground, slowly but surely. I hear no one speak of your paper that does not give it the preference over all others. The message department in your paper is to many invaluable; one spirit spoke of his relatives in Natchez and Brownsville, in this State. I called on one of the party with whom I was well acquainted. He said every word was truth. I am still retained in the Methodist church, and no one dare attack me; they know that I can blow them out of the water. The Rev. Dr. Rivers, who is president of the College at Florence, Ala., said he had no doubt that the time would come when good men would talk to spirits in this world in freedom."


A Test.

MESSESS. EDITORS—At a recent sitting a test was given, which I think worth publishing. The circle was composed of persons who had never sat together before; the medium was partially controlled, but not enough to speak; and the communication was in writing. After a little preliminary questioning, and the spirit had been identified, he was asked if he had anything to send to his friends. He wrote thus:—"One thing I want to say to her. She asked me if I was as strong a believer in Spiritualism as ever; and this was what I wanted to say.—'It is too late now to waste my breath in arguing the case.' He was asked whom he meant; if his wife? He said no, and wrote, 'S. B.'—'None in the circle had the remotest idea of the conversation, and to test the case, S. B. was called upon by the writer, and without giving any intimation of what was intended, she was asked if she had any conversation with Mr. George W. Chase before he died. She said she asked him one day, just before he died, if he believed as much in Spiritualism as ever, and he answered by saying, 'It is too late'—and then his voice failed, and the remainder could not be understood."

Now here was the exact language, word for word, given through a medium who was an utter stranger, and with it the finishing of the answer which the questioner had been unable to get by reason of the weakness of the sick person; and it was in perfect harmony with what was understood.

Mrs. B.—also verified other communications given by the spirit, in reference to other conversations, and she gave the exact language without knowing that we had received it from him. It related to conversational with his friends while she (Mrs. B.) was present.

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As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year, and a half, I have the pleasure in recommending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed—Family Sewing."—*Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.*

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in use in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—*Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

"After trying several different good machines, I preferred yours on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—*Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.*

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—*Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Geo. Whipple, New York Herald.*

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptiveness, as well as labor-saving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing."—*Mrs. J. W. Morris, wife of J. W. Morris, Editor of the Home Journal.*

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable machines. It is a beautiful and durable machine, whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."—*J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. F. Morris, Editor of the Home Journal.*

Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 1855:

"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that has stood out all the double seams sewed by sailors with a needle and thread."—*Thos. R. Leavitt, Sydney.*

"If Homer could be called up from his murky haunts, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more bountiful miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight shift-making as 'the diabolical spring of woe and misery to the human race.'"—*Thos. R. Leavitt, Sydney.*

"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Senator from South Carolina.*

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—*J. G. Edwards, Birmingham, Tenn.*

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover & Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—*Cassius M. Thompson, Boston, Tenn.*

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not be had to replace it."—*Mrs. J. G. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.*

"It is specially very neat and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—*Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.*

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public. We believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—*Deary Brothers, Allenton, Tenn.*

"I used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one or three score years and never get out of fix."—*John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—*Maggie Amison, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and flannel stitching, and the work is admirably far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—*Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, and require no help by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—*Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use in my family, and find it invaluable. I can confidently recommend it to all persons in want of a machine."—*G. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I take pleasure in certifying to the utility of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines. I have used one on almost every description of work for months, and find it much stronger and better in every respect than work done by hand."—*Mrs. D. H. Wither, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I would be unwilling to dispose of my Grover & Baker Machine for a large amount, could I not replace it again at pleasure."—*Mrs. H. G. Sowell, Nashville, Tenn.*

"Our two Machines, purchased from you, do the work of two women, and I am enabled to recommend them to all who wish a good and substantial Sewing Machine."—*Y. S. Stillman & Co., Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be better than any other."—*Mrs. J. G. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I find the Machine easily managed, very durable, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who wish convenience, economy, and pleasure."—*Mrs. F. Titus, Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have given such satisfaction to our family, that we have no hesitation in recommending them to all who wish a good and substantial Sewing Machine. It executes work with much care and speed, and more finely than any other machine I have seen."—*Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well, and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine so generally useful, and I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartily recommend it."—*F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I consider my Sewing Machine invaluable, and would not part with it for any sum of money. It is the best I have ever used, and I can do all my family sewing in about one-fourth the time I could with my hands."—*M. J. Scott, Nashville, Tenn.*

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Aug. 6

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. BY GEORGE STRAIN. BELLA MARSH, publisher. This book demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to have been a Rationalist, and whose Gospel is deduced from the writings of Mathan, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity. It contains 312 pages of good print, well bound, and will be sent by mail on receipt of one gold dollar. Address GEORGE STRAIN, West Acton, Mass.

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