BANNER OF LIGHT.

POPULAR LITERATURE AND A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. IX. BOSTON AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861. NO. 14.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

BY ESTHER MARLOWE.

Oh, my Lilies, my dear sweet Lilies!
How I've watched your upward springing,
As firmly modest ye pushed the moist mould,
And in spite of the East winds' chill blowing,
Stand bravely up in your mantles green fold.
How I've longed to see the Floral troop come,
With their cups of ethereal incense,
Who so gently sprinkle each tiny bell
With their sweetest, salutliest fragrance.
For I'm sure the good Fairies daily,
And kiss each opening bud
Of my Lilies of the Valley!

Oh, my Lilies, my sweet white Lilies!
I've watched ye for many a blossoming May,
As ye've spread with hands just clasping,
And the eyes that have looked with us, O Lilies, say,
Do they still gladly greet your blooming?
Tho' passed away from our earth eyes, away,
And gazing on Heaven-hued flowers—
In spirit still linked with us, see they to-day,
And inhale they, the sweet breath of ours?
For are they not emblems perennially
Of joy's return and purity,
Our Lilies of the Valley?

Oh yes, my Lilies, my pure white Lilies!
I gather ye still for *them*, whilst they draw near,
And the light of their spirit's smile I see,
And the whispered words come soft and clear,
"Oh gather them ever with a thought of me,
And while ye inhale their delicious breath,
And their innocent beauty touches your heart,
Oh know, they're the purest flowers of earth,
And of Heaven's dear love are a part.
For a garland of truth and purity,
We spirits weave eternally,
Of Lilies of the Valley."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CONVENT BELLE,

OR,

Life Unmasked,

AND

HEARTS UNVEILED;

BY THEO. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER VII.

Amy Campbell was an only and idolized child. Her mother died during her infancy, but Mr. Campbell's sister had superintended the household for the last ten years, and it was a matter of surprise to many that one so beautiful and amiable as Lucy was known to be, should still remain unmarried. Even now, although more than thirty, there were not wanting those who declared her lovelier than ever, and who would gladly have placed her at the head of an establishment; but it was understood that any applications to that effect would be useless, as the lady herself had declared her intention of remaining single to watch over her dearly loved neice, and provide for the comfort of her brother.

There were a few who understood the reason of Lucy Campbell's remaining single, and Mrs. Dennmoor, to whom she always confided everything, admired the principle which had enabled Lucy to rise up from her unfortunate attachment, and regain her accustomed cheerfulness. But years had now passed since the trial was surmounted, and she was as happy as in her girlhood—her voice was as sweet, her eyes as bright, her bloom as rich, her soft dark curls as luxuriant as ever, and many envied, while few suspected that care or sorrow had ever touched Lucy Campbell.

And well did Amy repay the affectionate care which had been bestowed upon her. She had grown up gradually from a pale delicate child into a fair delicate maiden, but a faint tinge in her cheeks and a roundness of figure indicated an increase of health, with its usual accompaniments, happiness and a gay spirit.

Eighteen years, which had brought the bloom to Amy's exquisite beauty, had not, however, awakened her heart; as yet her father and Aunt Lucy held the first place in her affections; but Capt. Stuart was gaining an interest, which doubtless would ripen into love, and the brave, generous-hearted soldier prized above everything this gentle girl, who had been as tenderly shielded from contact with the rude world, as a bud in its mossy covering. He was proud to unfold the flower, leaf by leaf, and to watch its progress day by day; the timid reserve and waking heart had more charms for him than the unconcealed preference of other more experienced and admired ones, whose names were upon every lip, and whose smiles were dispensed as freely as their words. Still Stuart trembled, for his position was by no means confirmed, and he dreaded the advent of more favored rivals, comforting himself with the reflection that Amy's reserve prevented many from approaching her, and that during the time required to effect an entrance into her circle of friends, he should win the prize.

Matters were on this footing, when one evening as Capt. Stuart stood leaning over Amy's chair at the opera, he perceived a lorgnette levelled most unmistakably at the box in which they sat. When the glass was withdrawn, he saw that the gentleman was a stranger and a foreigner. He was tall and finely proportioned, of dark but clear olive complexion, with a Roman cast of features, large eyes, dark as midnight, and as impenetrable, rendered still more striking by jetty brows, strongly marked and clearly defined. Crisp curls clustered around a high, bold forehead, and there was the usual amount of foreign moustache and imperial, which, however, became him, and failed to impart the slightest tinge of dandyism to the striking, handsome face. Yet with an eminently distinguished air, a momentary expression flitted over his countenance at times, difficult to describe; but its effect was to create an unpleasant sensation of distrust and lurking treachery.

Such was the person who stood gazing at Amy, and there was a pleasing expression in the dark eyes, which displeased Stuart; but as Amy, turning to speak with Miss Campbell, encountered the stranger's glance, it was quickly withdrawn.

"Who is that gentleman in Mrs. Mortimer Lenox's box?" she inquired.

"I do not know; some foreign celebrity, just imported, I suppose. Only one of the many clever impostors which that misguided, fanciful woman is continually bringing forward."

Amy glanced with surprise at her companion, for his manner betrayed a slight irritation, and he rarely spoke so warmly in condemnation of any one's foibles; but with a puzzled expression she turned to the stage, and soon forgot all in the absorbing scene before her. At the conclusion of the act, Stuart observed the stranger rise, and accompanied by young Lenox, leave the box. Presently they entered that next to the Campbells. After chatting a few minutes, Lenox bowed to Miss Campbell, and requested permission to introduce his friend, Signor Romilly, just arrived from Italy, desirous of visiting all the States, and noting the most beautiful object in each.

This was said with a bow to both ladies, and the inquiring foreigner protested himself already satisfied; for he had rarely seen such an assemblage of beauty as filled the boxes that night. Lenox sat talking with Miss Campbell, while Romilly turned to Amy, and they were soon engaged in conversation about various objects of art. With a feeling of painful jealousy Stuart noted the marked attention with which Amy listened to the glaring descriptions, while Romilly, perceiving unobserved, redoubled his eloquence.

He was a scholar and poet, enjoying the advantage of conversing in his own language, in which Amy was a proficient. But Captain Stuart, who had been a resident in Naples, fully comprehended every word also, and it did not escape his notice that with the various descriptions and anecdotes many an exquisite compliment was conveyed to Amy's ear. Throughout the whole of the first scene in the next act, which, fortunately for Stuart, was the last, the conversation was uninterrupted. But to his great relief Mr. Campbell entered the box during the ensuing one, and quite monopolized Romilly, leaving Stuart to entertain Amy.

The young lady was absent, however, and sat gazing at the play with a dreamy expression, which plainly showed she was wandering in fancy through the rich scenery and fair cities so skilfully portrayed. When the curtain fell Stuart sadly adjusted the cloak upon her shoulders, and with a faint sigh handed her into the carriage. As he turned away, the last sound that met his ear, was a cordial invitation from Mr. Campbell to Romilly to call the next day, which was seconded by Miss Campbell, and with a bitter feeling toward the fascinating foreigner, he passed quickly on.

This was not the last pang, however, that he was destined to endure, for Romilly had letters of introduction to several leading families in the city; his irresistible manner rendered him a complete drawing-room lion, while his evident admiration for Amy Campbell was a cause of jealousy to many young ladies, who were not at all inclined to look unfavorably on a handsome Italian Count, and a foreign establishment. But Amy never thought of these things—she simply listened to his eloquent descriptions with the eagerness of a child, while Captain Stuart, whose proud nature disdained to intrude, wrapped himself in an almost haughty reserve. Amy's affections were not yet sufficiently rivetted to cause any unhappiness at this change, and when at times she endeavored to converse with him as formerly, he was so freezingly polite that she soon gave up in despair, much to the delight of Romilly, who resolved to win her if possible.

Everything favored the Italian, for not only did he become a general favorite with those whom he addressed, but Mr. Campbell was entirely gained; he was invited to visit the family without ceremony, so that in a little while he became a privileged guest, welcome at all hours.

One morning as Miss Campbell and Amy were seated in the drawing-room, Captain Stuart was announced. They were both struck with the alteration in his looks. He was thin and pale; an expression of unusual gravity had settled around the mouth and eyes, and there was a sad intonation in his voice, as he replied to Miss Campbell's inquiries concerning his health. Waiving the subject, after a few minutes of indifferent conversation, he said:

"As I am about to sail for England, day after to-morrow, I came to say good-by, and inquire if you have any commissions for me to execute."

"For England! so soon?" exclaimed both ladies, Miss Campbell adding, "Is not this a sudden move?"

"I have been intending to take another tour of the Continent for some time, but think I shall receive much benefit at this particular season."

Captain Stuart did not consider it necessary to state that he had expected to take a young bride with him.

"How long do you intend to stay abroad?" inquired Amy.

"A year, certainly—perhaps longer—it will depend somewhat upon circumstances."

"A year seems a great while, at first thought, but I suppose it will pass very quickly with you, in a rapid succession of sight seeing and adventure," said Amy, with a smile.

A bitter pang shot through Stuart's heart at the evident indifference unconsciously betrayed by the fair girl. Perhaps he had hoped for a few words of regret at his intended absence. But the last sentence plainly showed him the fallacy of such expectations, and at last he bade them farewell in sadness.

Amy and Miss Lucy conversed a few minutes upon the subject after his departure, and it was then dropped. Miss Campbell was as clearly convinced as Walter Stuart, that whatever her niece might have thought concerning him, she had never done anything more than think. She was not so sure, however, that Amy was not the cause of his present dejection and illness. And she earnestly hoped he might regain health and spirits in his travels.

With no small satisfaction did Romilly find himself master of the field; he now became Amy's shadow, yet perceived that she was rather fascinated by his eloquence and manner, as a child with a brilliant light, than deeply interested in him. Much less could he for a moment flatter himself that she was what is commonly called in love; but that she esteemed him highly, he did not doubt, and far from being discouraged, was entirely satisfied, inwardly exclaiming, "Lucky fellow that I am! We are friends; and friendship is love without wings."

Cautiously, he proceeded, therefore, secure of his position, and not at all desirous of forestalling time in developing the growth of Amy's affections; and Mr. Campbell, seeing nothing objectionable in the gentleman, he was at no loss to find opportunities of advancing his suit.

It was about this time that an incident occurred which caused a renewal of the intimacy that had always existed more or less between Amy and Rose Lee. The latter was taken violently ill, and her friend declaring that she could not receive proper attention at her boarding-house, had her brought to Mr. Campbell's, and employed the family physician. During the period of Rose's illness and convalescence, the old friendship was revived, and with regret, Amy was at length obliged to admit that her friend was sufficiently recovered to resume her former occupation. Summer was just opening when this happened, and it was shortly afterward that Miss Collamore and Minnie Lovering called to bid good-by to the Campbells for a while, as Madam Richmond had written to request they would visit her.

Owing to the efforts which she entertained for Miss Brandon, Minnie had asked permission to invite Agnes, and hoping to give her neices pleasure, Madam Richmond willingly consented, adding a former request herself.

During the winter, Frederic Densmoor and Minnie had become the best of friends, and it was tacitly understood by all parties that there should be a settled engagement in time, Minnie being considered too young as yet to enter into anything binding. But Belle was the *fiancee* of Edward Stanley, with whom she had been acquainted since childhood. He was a nephew of her guardian, and only three or four years older than herself—of a frank, joyous, yet quiet disposition, he was admirably calculated to insure her happiness, while his handsome fortune left him free to pursue his varied inclinations undisturbed, and to cultivate a naturally refined mind, which with his winning manner and many accomplishments, did not need the assistance of his fine face and figure to render him a universal favorite. They were a well-matched couple, and Belle was only waiting for her twenty-first birth-day, to bestow herself and her possession upon him.

The first of June arrived, and accompanied by Miss Brandon, the cousins set out for the residence of Madam Richmond.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was toward the close of a lovely afternoon, that Miss Collamore and Minnie, with Agnes, entered the carriage in waiting at the station, to convey them the remaining two miles of their journey.

A recent shower had given clearness to the atmosphere, and glitter to the foliage, and filled the air with the fresh spicy odor of wild-flowers, and the undergrowth of the woods, which in many places skirted the road. The beautiful scenery was new to both her companions, and Minnie was well pleased that it should appear in its gayest, brightest dress; for, strongly attached to her home, she desired her friends should view it with the same partial eyes.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Belle, as every turn brought to view equally charming scenes.

"I do not wonder you care so little for the city, my dear," said Miss Brandon.

"I do not imagine it can compare with your plans," Minnie replied, blushing with delight at this praise. "You are probably accustomed to more highly cultivated scenery at the South."

"Such an exquisite arrangement of natural beauties is worth all the plans of art—these richly wooded hills and bold ledges of rock are delightful contrasts to the dull sameness of Southern plantations."

As the carriage entered the avenue, bordered by its quadruple row of elms, Agnes declared it equal to an English park; but when, stopping before the lodge-gates, they caught glimpses of the thicket of choice trees that lined the drive, and the gray mansion peeping over the surrounding foliage, admiration reached its height.

"If Madam Richmond is half as charming as her residence, I am sure we have found a paradise," exclaimed Miss Brandon.

"I can remember my aunt quite distinctly," observed Belle. "I saw her once when I was about ten years old. She has very keen black eyes, and a most benevolent smile—just the face one never forgets."

"I am delighted that we shall meet with an original person—for she is doubtless very interesting?"

"Yes indeed," Minnie answered, "I never saw her equal. She retains all she has read, and in her youth was surrounded by circumstances as interesting as any romance. She has many an incident to relate, well worth listening to."

"Minnie is quite an enthusiast, where her friends are concerned," said Belle, smiling at her cousin's eagerness; "but I have heard my mother equally eloquent on this point, so I cannot suppose her blinded by partiality."

The hall door was now reached, and no sooner had the party alighted, than Minnie exclaimed, "There is aunt," and darted down a walk leading to the house, toward which an elderly lady was advancing. Miss Collamore and her companion took the same direction but more slowly, and by the time the first greeting was over, came up with them.

Both the young ladies were charmed with Madam Richmond's appearance. Her fresh smooth complexion, her bright smiling countenance almost free from wrinkles, the quaint little air of stateliness which so well became the *petite* slender figure clad in the invariable black silk—all were very unique and *piquant*. In one hand she held a parasol to shade her unbonnetted head, and in the other a small tuft of flowers—another almost invariable custom.

Her welcome was characterized by the polite hospitality of the old school, and Agnes saw at once that beneath her simplicity of heart there existed considerable pride and keen penetration. By the time they reached the hall door, Miss Brandon discovered also that pretension would have little weight with her hostess, and that her own natural manner was likely to succeed best. This was a great relief; for her innate independence made deception extremely distasteful, and all delight in the society of cultivated persons was marred by that terrible feeling of degradation at her constant falsehood.

The curious old house was fully appreciated by Belle and Agnes, much to Minnie's satisfaction, and when, after a survey of several apartments, Miss Brandon said "There is but one thing wanting to complete the whole—it is just the place for a respectable family ghost," Minnie was delighted to announce that they had one!

"How charming!" Belle exclaimed. "I did not imagine we had arrived at that degree of aristocracy yet. Pray what past member of our distinguished line, is addicted to nocturnal rambles?"

"I will leave aunt to tell the story this evening," said Minnie, as a summons to tea greeted their ears.

After the travelers had testified their approbation of the red ripe strawberries and cream, Belle reminded her cousin of the promised amusement, and the evening being very warm, and the moonlight unusually beautiful, chairs were placed on the portico. When all were comfortably seated Madam Richmond commenced the narration of the incidents contained in the first chapter. Pausing a few minutes at the description of Madaline Verney's death, she continued:

"Although this unfortunate girl had threatened to haunt him, Richard Ruthven laughed in derision at the threat. But whether departed spirits are indeed permitted to revisit the scenes of their mortal sufferings, or, the first excitement being over, Ruthven's evil conscience made him cowardly, it is impossible to say. But certain it is he became subject to paroxysms of terror addressing in these some person visible to his imagination at least, and bearing the form of Madaline, but which was never seen by any one else. As he grew older, and enfeebled his constitution by excesses, these fits occurred often, until, at last, after a long life of wickedness, he became bedridden.

Then it was that retribution descended in full. For many years Ruthven had never been solitary, if company was to be procured; but now he would not be left an instant night nor day. Many times it appeared more than probable that fright alone would end his existence; but he was still reserved for further punishment. When under the influence of this dreadful hallucination, he would shriek and struggle with all the wildness of a maniac, and was only kept from injuring himself and his attendants by being bound down to his bed.

At length the servants was affected by witnessing such scenes. A report spread that the figure of a female dressed in white, with black hair falling to her feet, sat at the foot of the staircase leading to Ruthven's chamber, through the night waiting her time to come into his presence and harass him by her infernal arts. In consequence of this superstition, several of the domestics soon after saw, or thought they saw, which answered the purpose equally well, the apparition, and made use of another flight of stairs, at great inconvenience.

When, after a tedious illness, Ruthven died, the rooms he had especially occupied were closed, and have never been much used since. Occasionally, when the house was full of company, that part of the building was thrown open. But I believe the chamber in which he died has always been shut up—at least I do not remember anybody's inhabiting it. Several years after his death these old stories were revived by a report that drops of blood oozed through the plastering of a closet directly underneath the haunted chamber, as it was called, and the tenants of the house were superstitious enough to tear up the floor to ascertain what was there. Of course nothing was found but beams, boards, laths and considerable dust. As the closet was used for a pantry, the phenomenon, if it actually existed, might have been accounted for by natural causes.

Since I have lived here, everything has been quite proper and quiet, so I think the ghost depends rather more upon the inmates than anything else, since, although considered courageous to reside here with so small a household, I have never been punished for my audacity."

As Madam Richmond concluded with a smile, the clock on the stairs struck ten, and Miss Brandon enquired if that were the famous timepiece of the Ruthven family.

"Yes," replied the old lady "that is the identical one which so disturbed the slumbers of poor Madeline Verney. I hope it will not affect you as unpleasantly, for your room is within hearing of it."

"I am not very timid," Agnes replied, "and I fear it will take something more than shadows to affect my composure."

The company now broke up, and with very different emotions each one retired to her chamber. Miss Brandon was well pleased with the impression she had made, and the prospect of unrestrained freedom to work out her plans. Belle Collamore was filled with pleasing sadness at being for the first time in the house where her mother had passed many happy days, the incidents of which she never tired of recounting to her daughter. Minnie was quietly delighted to return to her dearly loved home, every nook of which was so precious; and Madam Richmond's happiness was now rendered complete by the presence of that neice, never before separated from her for any length of time.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful; after breakfast, a ride being proposed, the horses were brought round. Minnie's was a Shetland pony that had been her companion in many an excursion; and when she ran to the animal and commenced feeding it with a handful of clover tufts, the intelligent creature testified his approval of and delight at her return, in most unmistakable style, while "old Watch," the house dog, went through a second edition of yesterday's transports. Even Peter, the stableman's grim features relaxed as he helped Miss Minnie into the saddle, and with pride watched the gay party out of sight, taking all the credit of the young girl's fine horsemanship to himself, on account of having given her the initiative in the saloon.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, "she has n't got her cousin's gift of talking, nor the dash and style of the other girl, but for beauty and a winning way that steals your heart before you know it, I'll match her against the other two out and out," and concluding this, for him unusually long train of reflection, Peter turned away and was lost to view in the dim precincts of his dominion.

The faithful old servant had only expressed the universal feeling among the family domestics toward Minnie, who had grown up the pet and plaything of them all; and well disposed as they were to like their other future young mistress, yet no one could ever expect to be on a level with her in their affections. Madam Richmond was delighted to find that such a cordial friendship existed between her neices, and that Bell possessed so many loveable qualities, and so amiable a mind, which with rare good judgment made her an entertaining companion and most desirable associate for Minnie.

But although the old lady admired Miss Brandon's stately air of dignity and high-breeding, she wondered much that timid little Minnie should have chosen for a friend one almost haughtily reserved and so much her senior. But perceiving the evident affection which Agnes bestowed on her young favorite, she ceased to wonder.

After a long and charming ride, the trio came flying home in excellent spirits, and a heightened color, while Minnie placed a letter in Madam Richmond's hand, saying:

"It has a Southern postmark—from Cousin Frank, I suppose."

"Yes," replied her aunt, as she broke the seal and ran her eyes over the contents, "you will now have an escort, young ladies, as my nephew writes me he is coming on, and will probably arrive the latter part of the week. But it is nearly dinner time, and the dressing bell has already rung."

"Can it be so late?" cried Belle. "Come Minnie, if we do not intend appearing in our riding habits, we must hasten operations somewhat;" and accompanied by her companion, she left the room.

With Minnie it was but the work of a few moments, to change her dress, and smooth her glossy curls, and in a very short time she rejoined her aunt in the parlor. But Belle, and especially Agnes, were more moderate in movement, and extensive in preparation, so that even with the assistance of Minnie the quadroon, Madam Richmond and her neice had been alone together full twenty minutes before their entrance.

"Minnie," said her aunt, meanwhile, "where did you acquire the confidence to form an acquaintance with Miss Brandon?"

"Do you too think her haughty?" inquired the young girl. "It is singular, but she never struck me so. The very first evening we were introduced, her manner was just as you see it now. She related so many entertaining things about the South, and refused several partners to sit and talk with me; yet I recollect Frederic Densmoor and Susan said they had never known her so affable to anybody before. But I suppose she saw I was timid and frightened at every one, for all the company were strangers, so she kindly took more notice of me."

"By the way, I presume you expect Frederic out here occasionally, and Stanley, also," inquired Madam Richmond.

"They both said they should come; and if Cousin Frank is here, I should think we would see them still oftener," replied Minnie blushing deeply.

"I am glad Frank is likely to find plenty of companions to keep him from being lonely, and I hope Miss Brandon will be accommodating enough not to object to constant *tete-a-tetes* and pairing off with him," said her aunt, smilingly.

"Oh no, aunt," exclaimed Minnie, for this was the first allusion, except by letter, that had passed between them concerning the tacitly understood engagement, and Minnie was easily embarrassed on the subject.

Just, then to her relief, Belle and Agnes made their appearance, and dinner was announced.

In the afternoon Stanley and Densmoor came out from the city, bringing a letter for Miss Brandon,

which she retired to read. It was from Father Jerome, enclosing a remittance, and desiring to hear oftener of her progress in the appointed task, hinting that a much longer delay of something definite would subject her to a suspicion of negligence.

Agnes read this with a frowning brow and flushed cheeks, resolving, as she tore the note into shreds, that the hateful undertaking should be commenced as soon as possible, and with the traces of emotion still visible on her countenance, she re-entered the drawing-room. But a state of inaction was distasteful to her present state of mind, and after conversing a few minutes, she exclaimed:

"What a beautiful sunshine we shall have! It will be worth seeing, and the walk will do us good. Who is ready to join me?"

As the suggestion met the approval of all present, an immediate muster of hats and bonnets ensued, and a question arose which direction to take. As no one was particular in choice, Agnes proposed a wide circle around the house, saying she wished to see the old romantic mansion from all points, and select the most favorable for a sketch. The plan was accordingly followed, and not an opening or turn of a walk escaped her notice, as she desired to know where and how far the principal paths led. At some distance back of the mansion there was a beautiful wood, and beyond, a moorland. Miss Brandon inquired if it were not a good place for game.

"Oh yes," Minnie replied; "when cousin Frank is here he is out gunning half his time. Are you fond of birds?"

"Very much so—common fowls are not worth mentioning in comparison. When your cousin arrives I shall certainly claim a good share of his spoils. So remember; no chicken for me, after that."

"I am glad we can have so sure a supply of what you would always like," said Minnie. "For my part, I would rather domolish wild birds with whom I have no associations, than the dear little chickens I have fed with my own hand so many times. I am haunted with a consciousness of having betrayed confiding credulity, when I assist to fatten a poor 'biddy' for the dinner-table."

"You are a little chicken-heart," said Stanley, laughing; so it is no wonder you feel guilty on such occasions of committing a fratricide."

As the party entered the hall door, Agnes said to Bella:

"We must have an examination of the haunted chamber for our next amusement."

"Certainly—but as I warrant you the ghost will not walk with two such sharp witted mortals as you and I, in this house, we need not feed our hopes with such vain expectations."

The piano was now opened. Miss Brandon commenced playing some lively music, till presently the young people were waltzing merrily, and the summons found them in the midst of a frolic. As Minnie entered the dining-room, some one sprang from behind the door, and clasping her round the waist, bestowed a hearty kiss on both cheeks, while she exclaimed:

"Why Cousin Frank! Is it really you? We did not expect you till to-morrow. But I forget—Miss Brandon allow me to introduce Mr. Richmond to you—Miss Collamore, my cousin. I believe you are acquainted with both these gentlemen, Frank."

In a few minutes all were seated; and as most of the party were old friends, reserve was quickly banished. Miss Brandon silently admired the young Southerner, whose dark vivid beauty was a fit type of his native climate, and whose lively wit and droll originality rendered him irresistible. In the evening a few neighbors called, when an impromptu concert was got up, in which Richmond's unusually fine musical talent came to light, and Miss Brandon whispered to Minnie:

"Why have you never told me of this paragon of a cousin?"

"I thought I would let you find out for yourself," she replied, "but he is terribly naughty in one respect."

"Pray what is it?"

"Why aunt very much wishes him to marry, but he always says there are no women now-a-days worth paying much serious attention to; they do very well to flirt with; and what is worse, I believe he really thinks so. I wish he might find some one to change his mind."

"Perhaps he once loved a coquette, who jilted him," suggested Agnes.

"No, for he never was in love at all."

"Then how do you know but you might change his mind?" said Miss Brandon roguishly.

"Oh, no, indeed. I am his cousin," said Minnie in perfect simplicity; "and only a good-natured, silly child, in his eyes—besides, he don't like little bodies, but somebody who is dignified and stately."

Agnes looked hard at her companion to ascertain if the last part of her sentence had been said on her account, but was soon satisfied that Minnie only repeated what she had doubtless heard her cousin say, and a thought flashed across her over-active, plotting mind. What if she should become his wife before her part in the disgraceful plot was discovered, if indeed it ever were. Could she but bribe her cruel tyrants to silence, all that Richmond need know in explanation of his portionless bride, was, that she had lost her supposed property before marriage. And even if the worst should ever come to his ears, pride would counsel him to conceal as much as possible from the eyes of the world.

To this end she resolved to strain every nerve, and half believing, from her invariable success in every undertaking, that she bore an all-powerful charm, she had little doubt of success.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUICIDE.

From the first moment that we draw our breath,
Close woven in one thread, are life and death.
Life is the burden which we take upon us; Death is the release.
Life is a stewardship; our talents, loans from God—trusts, to increase;
And he is an unfaithful steward who would cheat by sloth, or cease
To guard his trust by taking life, which is not his, in hope of peace.
Vain hope! Heaven will not be forestalled; the time to work, the time to rest.
Is not for us to choose. God knows our need—will grant us which is best.
Enough for us the loving promise he has given the oppressed—
"Come unto me, ye weary laden, and I will give you rest." LILLIE.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

[In answer to the Lay of the Despairing, by Cora Coleorown, published in the Banner of Light, May 25th, 1861.]

BY WILLIAM H. MELLEN.

Sister, joyless and despairing,
I would touch the soothing lyre,
And in gentle numbers tell thee
Of a realm of being, higher

Than the one where thou art dwelling,
Robed in shroud of deepest woe,
Foam-crest waves around thee seething,
With relentless ebb and flow.

'Tis not in the empyrean,
Not above this vale of sighs,
Not beyond Death's mist-clad river
That this land of beauty lies.

Look within thy inmost being,
'Neath the cloud-land of despair;
Lifting up their tiny petals
See'st thou not sweet flow'rets there?

Flowers of Faith and Love immortal,
Flowers of Truth and Purity,
Meekly bud, and palely blossom
In thy heart, unknown to thee.

Sister, rise in all the grandeur
Of thy virtuous woman's might;
Tear away thy dark enshrouding,
And receive the dawning light.

Cultivate these tender blossoms
In the Eden of thy soul;
To thyself be ever truthful,
And the waves that round thee roll—

Mocking fiends, remorseless harpies,
All will shrink before thy will,
And return to Stygian caverns
At thy gentle, "Peace, be still."

Then will burst upon thy vision
Realms of bliss unknown before;
Life seem robed in gorgeous beauty,
And thy Future dark no more.

Angels, from their bright pavilions,
Wreathed in spirit-flowers, will stand
By thy side, and guide thee onward
To the blissful Summer Land.

Vermont, N. Y., May 29, 1861.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

In Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," will be found a very broad basis of the old theologies—a very full setting forth of the Gentile Scriptures, wherein is found one Supreme God, or Principle, embracing all modes of being in mundane or trans-mundane estate—Gods, angels, demons—the sons of God, ministering spirits and co-workers with God—Zeus, Jupiter or Jovis, Jehovah, Jovah or Javoh, abbreviated Jah—"for," says Cudworth, "as the Pagans had, besides appellatives, their several proper names for God, so also had the Hebrews theirs, such as was most expressive of his nature, it signifying eternal and necessary existence. * * * It cannot be denied that the Pagans did put a manifest difference betwixt the Supreme God, and all other inferior Gods."

Apollonius Tyaneus claimed to be instructed by the Holy Ghost of Pythagoras. Though a Heathen, Apollonius lived an upright and holy life, and had wonderful mediumistic powers for the working of miracles, or things not understood, insomuch that his heavenly gifts were supposed by many to transcend those of Jesus. The Christians charged that the Heathen worked his miracles by help of the devil. The Jews charged the same on Jesus—the devil always bounding the vision of ignorance and superstition. Celsus, though a Gentile, says truly that, "the Christians are erroneously led into most wicked opinions concerning God, by reason of their great ignorance of divine enigmas, whilst they make a certain adversary to God, whom they call the devil, and in the Hebrew language, Satan; and affirm, contrary to all piety, that the greatest God, having a mind to do good, is disabled or withstood by an adversary resisting him."

As the tutelary God of Israel prophesied through Balaam, so too it would appear that the Heathen oracles were sometimes orthodox. "Neither ought it to seem a jot more strange," says Cudworth, "that our Saviour, Christ, should be foretold by the Pagan Sybil, than that he was so clearly predicted by Balaam the Aramitic Sorcerer." In the earliest Heathen theology, before the time of Moses, it was taught that "God is the beginning, middle, and end of all things; that in him we live, and move, and have our being," equivalent to the Hebrew copy, Jehovah—past, present, and future, or "I am." According to Philo, Pharaoh's daughter sought out the most learned Heathens for the instruction of Moses.

So, too, early Heathens taught that "virtuous and pious souls should after this life enjoy a state of happiness in celestial or spiritual bodies," and Hermes Trismegist, when about to die, says, "That he had here lived in this earthly body but an exile and stranger, and was now returning to his own country; so that his death ought not to be lamented, this life being rather to be accounted death." God was "light and life," and "death nothing else but the change of the body, and the form or life's passing into the invisible." The inscription of the Egyptian Jupiter upon the temple at *Sais* was, "I am all that hath been, is, and shall be, and my veil no mortal hath ever yet uncovered;" and Tertullian, the Christian father, "did freely acknowledge," says Cudworth, "the Pagans by their Jupiter to have meant the true God. * * * And thus all religions and sects acknowledge that one highest principle of all, and men everywhere call upon God for their helper; but that there are Gods, after and below that highest Principle, and that there is a certain providence descending down from these upon the Universe, all sects do not believe; the reason whereof is, because the one or unity appears more clearly and plainly to them, than the many or a multitude.

That very form of prayer, which hath been now so long in use in the Christian church, "Lord have mercy upon us," was anciently part of the Pagan's litany to the supreme God. According to Macrobius and all the ancient testimonies, "Pagan antiquity made no image at all of the highest God." It was only the lesser parts of the great whole that were imaged or personified, whether of the visible heavenly host, or the more invisible world of souls. The mesmeric or spirit-god of Israel was indeterminately manifest from mundane and transmundane spheres, and sometimes spoke in Heathen as in Hebrew oracles; for he says, "From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense is offered to my name, and a pure oblation, for my name is great amongst the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts." * * "Nor were the gods of the oriental Pagans mere dead statues and images, as some would conclude from Scripture, but living, understanding beings, superior to men, though worshiped in images, according to that reply of the Chaldeans, in Daniel, to Nebuchadnezzar, when he required them to tell his dream. 'There is none other that can show this thing before the King except those gods whose dwelling is not with flesh.' * * The Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, fully agree with the Pagans that there are multitudes of understanding beings superior to men—the creatures and ministers of one supreme God. Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels," &c.

After the Christians had grown their trinity of the Godhead, it was granted to them by the Pagans, continues Cudworth, that "though they did not acknowledge such a multitude of gods as the Pagans, yet did they not therefore make God a solitary and sterile being as the Jews did." This compromise of the Christians upon the triangular God, inclusive of the angels, suited the Heathens better than the exclusive and jealous God of old Jewry. The mystery of the Trinity had already been a part of the Orphic cabala for some fifteen hundred or two thousand years. Pythagoras had also been instructed into these mysteries, and "there were some footsteps of such a trinity," says Cudworth, "in the Mithraic mysteries among the Persians, derived from Zoroaster, as likewise it was expressly contained in the magic or Chaldean oracles."

The Samothracian trinity had the Hebrew name of Cabbirim or the Mighty Gods. And, says the same author, "there are in the ancient writings of the Old Testament certain significations of a plurality in the Deity." Instead of Father, Son and Holy Ghost as styled by the later Christians, they were termed by some of the Gentiles as "grandfather, the son and the nephew." These are some of the mysteries of godliness only permitted to the initiated of the Heathen or Christian churches while the Chaldean Oracles taught that Mind was the very first and highest principle of all."

The better instructed among the Heathen did not believe that the "grandfather, son and nephew" were "so many separate and divided gods, but all of them together one God Divinity," on the same wise as the Christians suppose their trinity to be one.

If we search Christendom, we shall see how completely interblent are all its phenomena with the more ancient unfoldings along the same basis of causation. Miracles in the Romish Church—witchcraft in the Protestant. The Lord here—the Lord there—the Devil everywhere, according to the ignorance and superstition of those who were played upon by a priesthood as dark as themselves with the superadded craft of luxuriously living by the darkness they perpetuated. The wonderful religious aspects of all time are simply the changes wrought by fleshed and unfleshed souls through the Mesmeric mediums, and according to the development of the brain organs, have been the responses to the Mesmeric aura, influx, or Holy Ghost. It is difficult to divide the mundane from the transmundane flow and corresponding manifestation. As air and ocean absorb and lave each other, so is the interaction of the fleshed and unfleshed worlds. The Romish Church claims continuous miracles from the apostles to the present day. Are all these claims false? Protestants say yes, or souls admit a stretch of grace to cover the first three centuries. It cannot be denied that "pious frauds" were orthodox in the earlier and later church, and all these were doubtless confusedly mixed with substantial mesmeric phenomena. Protestants are ashamed of witchcraft, for they have never known how to grapple with it through the mesmeric basis of causation, which includes their Lord God of Israel as much as the woman of Endor—as much as the clairvoyant, and variously gifted Jesus, or the immolated victims of Salem—as much the influx or Holy Ghost with gifts of tongues and healing of the Apostles, as the modern spiritual unfolding.

To clear up the past, we must explore the land of souls from the recent opening of the heavens to a more extended knowledge. For the later travelers along this *via sacra*, Dr. Gregory's "Animal Magnetism" affords an excellent bridge for the passage of the Jordan; or, if it falls a little short, and you cannot thence quite jump the life to come, the ladders let down from the higher mounts of Spiritualism open up a clear way for the ascending and descending of the angels. The tract of Allen Putnam, of "Witchcraft, Miracle and Spiritualism," is a capital ladder of very early ascent up the banks of the Jordan, leaving the infant non-immortality theory of Dr. Spence very much gravelled at the bottom of the river. Cahagnet's "Secrets of the world to come revealed through Magnetism," show a considerable debris along the shore; still the lights are burning so that you will hardly mistake the landing, and then over all, your own private circle will bear you beautifully aloft to an innumerable company of angels of men, women and children, who have simply put off the flesh and are clothed in spirit.

Our own work being to rend the veil of the old temple, and to dump its rubbish into the brook Kedron, we continue to seek for our employ such servants as find in truth the most acceptable offerings to the Most High. Conyers Middleton, D.D., appears to have been one of these. We love to find a clergyman or priest, rare in every age, who more highly prizes the kingdom of heaven in a brave proclaiming of the truth, than to be called Rabbi, Rabbi, with an abundance of loaves and fishes. Conway, of the Cincinnati "Dial," is more eminently one of these. Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, and the broad sweepers of "Essays and Reviews," present a nobler front to the incensate howlings of the lesser priests, who, divine in ignorance, superstition, and craft for the propitiation of the darker gods.

Says Middleton, "I was never trained to pace in the trammels of the church, nor tempted by the sweets of its preferments, to sacrifice the philosophic freedom of a studious, to the servile restraints of an ambitious life; and from this very circumstance, as often as I reflect upon it, I feel that comfort in my own heart, which no external honors can bestow. I persuade myself that the life and faculties, at the best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally and laudably than in the search of knowledge; and especially of that sort that relates to one duty and conduces to one happiness. In these inquiries, therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmering of truth before me, I readily pursue, and endeavor to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of anything that is true as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt, or distract the good effects of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

The light of truth, indeed, is sure to expose the vanity of all those popular systems and prejudices which are to be found in every country, derived originally from error, fraud, or superstition, and craftily imposed upon the many to serve the interests of the few. Hence it is that upon the dictation of any of these, and especially of the religious kind, we see all that rage of fierce bigots, hypocritical zealots, and interested politicians; and of all whose credit or fortunes in any manner depend on the establishment of error and ignorance among men; and hence all those horrible massacres and persecutions, of which we frequently read, both in Pagan and Christian countries, which, under the pretext of serving God, have destroyed so many thousands of his best servants. But truth was never known to be on the persecuting side, or to have had any other effect than to promote the general good, and to cooperate with heaven itself in bringing us nearer to the perfection of our being, and to the knowledge of that eternal will of good and ill, which God originally marked out and prescribed to the nature of man. Let the consequences then of truth reach as far as they can; the further they reach the better; the more errors they will detect, and the more they will dissipate of those clouds and mists, in which the crafty and interested part of mankind are apt to involve and disguise the real nature of things from the view of their fellow creatures."

This was written more than a hundred years ago, and shows the reaching out even then for something better than the church was willing to give.

It is not true in the new dispensation that "the life and faculties of man are, at the best, but short and limited," but of an onward unfolding and eternal; and so much as their growth is here, is their starting point from the other side of the Jordan. Our "life and faculties," which are of the Spirit, are struggling through the encasement of flesh, nor lose aught of their continuity of being as the case falls away. Outside of modern Spiritualism, there is but a very glimmering light of all these things—enough, however, to afford a trace of the past spiritual ungrowth, leaving a very large prospective to present beholders.

The Hebrew religion is the darkest as to any knowledge of the spirit-world, not having become indoctrinated therewith till in the Babylonish captivity. Their strongest case appears to have been the resurrection of Samuel through the witch of Endor. This, of course, shows that the soul survives the body, and that Samuel was the Lord who appeared to the Endor medium. According to the authors of "Essays and Reviews," the Hebrews were taught "the doctrine of the immortality of the soul," in Babylon; "for whatever may be said of the early notions on this subject, it is unquestionable that in Babylon the Jews first attained the clearness and certainty in regard to it which we find in the teachings of the Pharisees." We see this partiality for the Chaldean or Babylonian mediums in the Apostles who cite them as prognosticating the advent of Jesus. The Heathen round about did invoke the spirits of the dead, but for the most part, they appear never to have attained to any clear or rational status of the spirit-world, and the Christian church has failed to extend the vision in that direction. We shall continue to find, however, that the spirit-world has ever been the God-world of the anthropromorphic apparitions which were received as the Lords, the Gods, and the Devils of affrighted ignorance and superstition—whether the manifestations were in miracles, witchcraft, or in the mesmeric descent and grace of the Holy Ghost.

Even allowing a large margin of uncertainty for both sides of the Jordan, there will yet remain a substantiality of being for Heathen and Hebrew oracles; for so called miracles and witchcraft, and kindred phenomena, along the boundaries of the two worlds, flanked by moral teachings and exhibiting the public and private virtues, balanced by vice and crime.

Five hundred years before Jesus, Sophocles taught that,

"The wise and good are by the Gods beloved,
But those who practice evil they abhor;"

and though the Heathens had Fate and spiritual beings as controlling influences of man, yet Sophocles could sing—

"O, to be unhappy,
And know ourselves alone the guilty cause
Of all our sorrows, is the worst of woes."

So, too, the Hebrew poet, Jeremiah, though he appealed to the seeming freedom of man, could yet declare, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man to direct his steps." So again the Heathen:

"But this, and all
That happens to us, is the work of Heaven;
If there be those who doubt it, let them hold
Their differing judgments; I shall keep my own."

So, too, the prophetical dreams and visions from the Heathen soul-world were received as "presaging bliss to come, threatening future woe," and that God visited the gross estate of fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation. "Money is the root of all evil," said the Christian teacher. So, too, the Heathen taught five hundred years before, that

"Gold is the worst of ills
That ever plagued mankind; this wastes our cities,
Drives forth their natives to a foreign soil,
Taints the pure heart, and turns the virtuous mind
To basest deeds; artifice of fraud
Supreme, and source of every wickedness."

And five hundred years before the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were Heathens developed to the view of the "Higher law."

"Nor could I ever think
A mortal's love of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immutable, eternal—not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.
Shall man persuade me, then, to violate
Heaven's great commands, and make the Gods my foes?
* * * O do not then retain
Thy will, and still believe no sense but thine
Can judge aright; the man who proudly thinks
None but himself as eloquent or wise,
By time betrayed, is branded for an idiot.
True wisdom will be ever glad to learn,
And not too fond of power. * * And O, remember
To err is human; 'tis the common lot
Of frail mortality. * * * *

"But, mark me well,
If thou wert taught by him to utter falsehood
A vile and shameful lesson didst thou learn,
And if thou art thy own instructor, know
Thou shalt seem wicked even when most sincere,
And never be believed; speak then the truth.
* * * * *
Grant me, henceforth, ye powers divine!
In virtue's purest paths to tread;
In every word in every deed,
May sanctity of manners ever shine;
Obedient to the laws of Jove,
The laws descended from above;
Which, not like those by feeble mortals given,
Buried in dark oblivion lie,
Or, worn by time, decay and die;
But bloom eternal like their native heaven!"

Again comes in the doctrine of Fate, Necessity, or "Whatever is, is Right."

"'Tis not in mortal to avoid the crime
Which Heaven hath pre-ordained."

But

"If you revere the Gods, do not despise
What they decree; their eyes behold the good,
And view the evil man. Nor shall the wicked
Escape their wrath; use not their sacred names
To cover crimes." * * *

Equivalent to the Gospel, saying: "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to them by whom they come."

"With pure hands from the ever-flowing spring
Thy due libations pour."

Rather more beautiful this than the "sweet smelling savor of blood, poured out in old Jewry libations."

"In a just cause the weak may foil the mighty
* * * * *
For thy fate
Hath caught thee in the net which thou hadst spread
For others. * * * *
In sacred wisdom's path is seldom seen
The wretch whom sordid love of wealth inspires;
Neglectful of the happy golden mean,
His soul, nor truth, nor heavenly knowledge fires.
* * Sacred Pity sits
Fast by the throne of Jove, o'er all his works
Presiding gracious. * *
Crimes already done,
Which cannot be recalled, may still be healed
By kind forgiveness. * *
Repress your sorrows,
And cease your fruitless grief; for know 't is all
Decreed by Fate, and all the work of Heaven
Which nothing doth in vain."

What a capital work of the Christian pulpit, that it has so effectually damned all the Heathen; but we learn through Wendell Phillips, that the Rev. Mr. Ellis apologises for the "stupidity of the pulpit." Let us accept the apology, thank God and take courage. C. D. P.

THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Great men! Pedystone lights, standing along the rugged stream of Time, throwing their radiance athwart the gloom of ages. We cannot do without our heroes. They are the intellectual bread of nations, of races, of ages to come. Dim and obscure the sages of the past stand alone, towering, awful in proportion, far above the common herd, who gape and stare, as ignorance ever stares at the stars. They would not be great now; then they were gods—gods, or children of gods, wrapped around with fearful mystery. They alone understood the intricate ways of Nature—penetrated a little way into her mystic portals, and returning to the eager waiters, who dared not go, reflected glances of that radiance which falls on the eyes of her pupils. Small now, but great then. As the hawthorne towers above the moss, so the oak throws his rugged strength above the hawthorne. We judge of men as of trees, and as much depends on the surrounding growth as on the tree itself. An oak, very small among oaks, is gigantic among alders.

So of men now and forever. How feeble the wisdom of the ancient sages! Proverbs, witty sayings, and retorts; domestic and political lessons—all has been said. No philosophy, no science. Her surface is only seen by these "wise men;" nothing of causes, forever of effects.

Placed in the present, and these vaunted sages, who were the authorities of the middle ages, and who fettered them with chains of iron, would rank below the veriest schoolboy of the common school. But we should not judge them thus. They were not for this day, cultured by two thousand years of study and toil, beneath rack, gibbet and fire. They stood fresh on the threshold of Time, full grown children, without precedence, without experience; unaided, single-handed, alone. They opened their eyes on the virgin world fresh in bloom, radiant in beauty, and asked, Why is all this, and who am I? Of course they gave visionary theories. Like children who believe in veritable giant-killers, of fairies, and the other machinery of invisible, all powerful beings, who supply the secret springs which propel Nature onward, they conjectured. Each conjectured differently, as each looked out through a different organization, unassisted by any data. Each built lofty systems of speculation, striking at once at the root of the matter and accounting for all things; finding an easy solution of the grand problem of Creation, which a thousand ages of study have not, cannot solve.

Such was the ancient mind. It scorned the limitation of facts. It sought only the primary cause, and if in its magnificent visions stubborn facts arose, other flights equally sublime settled their meaning. Especially was this true of the Greek. He could not read in Nature's alphabet facts he could not comprehend. He had no application—next to no perception—of phenomena. He delighted in visions. These he called Philosophy, embodied in systems, and taught from his portico, with the self-importance and stoical pride of a conscious superiority. I will analyze by anecdotes the elements of the so-called Wisdom of the ancients.

Thales who flourished 600 years before Christ, was numbered among the wise men of Greece. He never married, and when warmly urged to do so, the reason he gave was, as overgrown boys reason: "When a man is young, it is too soon to marry; when old, too late; and between these two periods, he ought not to have the leisure requisite to choose a wife."

A company of strangers at Miletus, sailing one day by the island of Coos, agreed to pay a certain price to some fishermen who had just thrown their net into the sea for whatever they might catch at that draught. They drew up a solid tripod of gold, which it is said Helen, when returning from Troy, had thrown overboard in that place, on account of an ancient oracle which she chanced then to recollect. To decide the question of whose property the tripod should be considered, gave rise to an altercation between the fishermen and the strangers. The cities to which they respectively belonged afterwards interested themselves in the affair, each espousing the cause of its own citizens. Being on the eve of an open rupture, it was by all agreed that the dispute should be referred to the decision of the oracle. They accordingly sent to Delphi. The response of the oracle was: "That the tripod should be given to the most eminent of the wise." It was immediately sent to Thales, and by him to Bias. Bias modestly conveyed it to a third, and he to a fourth, who presented it to Solon. "There is no being wiser than God," said Solon; and he sent it to Delphi, where it was consecrated to Apollo.

Thales thanked the gods for three things: "That he was born a rational creature, rather than a brute; a man rather than a woman; and a Greek rather than a barbarian." He believed that the Universe was created by an intelligent being, without beginning, and consequently without end, and that the soul was immortal.

Being asked by a man whether we could conceal

ous actions from the gods, to them, he replied; "Even our most secret thoughts can never be unknown."

"The greatest thing," he used to say, "is space, because in it all things are contained; the strongest thing, necessity, because it accomplishes every purpose; the quickest is mind, for in an instant it runs over the universe; and the wisest thing is time, since there is nothing, however secret, which it does not discover; but of all things, the most agreeable is to gratify inclination."

He was the author of the remarkable maxim which was afterwards engraved on a plate of gold and consecrated in the temple of Apollo: KNOW THYSELF.

He said there was no difference between life and death, and when asked why he did not kill himself, replied, "that since to live and die was the same thing, there was no motive to induce him to choose one rather than the other."

He was the first of the Greeks who applied himself to the study of what was then called philosophy. In his system he considered water the first principle of all things; earth was condensed water; air rarified water; all things were undergoing change into one another, to be at last resolved back to water; the Universe was animated, and full of invisible beings; the earth was in the midst of the universe, and revolved round its own centre, which was that of the universe also; no general principles—nothing but a patchwork of conjecture. Yet he predicted eclipses, and is said to have been the first who did so.

Riches dazzled the ancients. Their sages pretended to look on wealth with stoical indifference, yet were they drawn toward it, and their most scornful sentences convey unwittingly how much it engaged their thoughts.

Solon, whose name is almost synonymous with Law, was drawn to the Court of Crœsus. Crœsus considered this a rare chance of obtaining laudation. "My guest," said he to Solon, "fame has made me acquainted with your wisdom; I know that you have traveled much; but have you ever seen any one as splendidly dressed as I am?" "Yes," replied Solon, "pheasants and peacocks are possessed of something more magnificent, and all their brilliancy is the gift of nature, and free from care."

Surprised at this answer, he ordered his servants to show his treasures, when he asked, "Have you ever seen a man happier than I?" "Yes," returned Solon; "one Tellus, an Athenian citizen, who, in eminence, has lived an honest man. He has left with a comfortable provision, two children, who are very much esteemed, and he himself died when under arms, achieving a victory for his country. The Athenians have erected a monument to him in the place where he fell, and regard his name with honor." Crœsus, astonished that a man should so regard riches, thought Solon a fool. "Well, after Tellus, who is next happiest?" Solon did not mention Crœsus, who on that account could not conceal his anger, and dismissed him, and desired that he might never see him again.

His political creed was very spiritual and very Christ-like, and gleams from the rank growth of Grecian demagogueism like a bright star. When asked what state was the most civilized, he replied, "That in which the citizens, having themselves received no provocation, pursue with as much warmth the reparation of an injury done to another, as if they had personally received it."

The political maxim of Pittacus, one of the seven "wise men," was more shrewd. "One should suit himself to the times, and avail himself of opportunities." It was very wise in him, when fighting a fair combat with an opposing general, to entangle him in a concealed net, and thus deceitfully to kill him.

Crœsus invited him to come and see his riches. Pittacus's reply brings out the story: "You wish to bring me into Lydia to see your riches; without seeing them, I do not doubt but the son of Halyattes is the most powerful of kings; but though I had all you possess, I should be no richer than I am at present. I have no need of wealth; with the little that is necessary for the subsistence of myself and friends I am content."

He was a philosopher of repartee. He was asked one day, "What is the most changeable thing?" "The counsel of widows, and the humor of women." "What is it that ought to be put off as long as possible?" "To borrow money from a friend." "What is it that should be done in every place and at all times?" "To profit by the good and evil which happen." "What is most agreeable?" "Opportunity." "The most secret?" "Futurity." "The most faithful?" "Sea."

Quick, ready wit gave him the title of "wise." He could look through enigmas which puzzled common minds, and an idle play of words, the jargon of sylogisms, too often blinded the most famous of the ancients.

ESOP was another celebrated character of antiquity, who dates about six centuries before Christ. He wrote precepts in verse, and appears to have acquired his renown by the force of his repartees. Of these the following will give an idea of his character: "Endeavor to please every one; and if you succeed you will experience a thousand advantages in the course of life; but pride and contempt are never productive of good." "Love your friends with discretion, and consider it possible that they may one day become your enemies." "Be temperate in the hatred you bear your enemies, for they may yet become your friends; and be cautious in the choice of friends, bearing the same affection for them all, but distinguishing merit." "Never thrust yourself into conversation, for this is the mark of folly." "Endeavor to acquire wisdom when young, for in age it will be your consolation." "Live always as if you were every moment to die, and likewise as if you were to live on earth a long time."

I cannot but here hazard the remark that these moral teachings of the sages are very much like those of Christ and compare very favorably with the sermon on the mount.

"What is it," asked the people of Bias "flattered them most?"

"Hope," he replied.

"What pleased most?"

"Gaiths."

"What most difficult to bear?"

"Reverse of fortune."

In a stoical moment he said: "The man who could not endure reverse of fortune was unfortunate indeed."

The following repartee has more the spirit of philosophy. Once when on ship-board a terrible tempest arose, terrified at the prospect of death, his fellows began to invoke their gods. "Be silent," said Bias, "for if they perceive *you* are here, we are inevitably lost."

The Greeks conferred the title of *wise* on Periander, and his character amply proves the generalizations I have advanced. Passions uncontrolled governed him, and only his witticisms made him a sage. He became jealous of his wife, and in his anger meeting her while ascending the stairs, he gave her such a blow with his foot as sent her from the top to the bottom, killing her instantly. He was the first who earned the odious name of tyrant, and had guards to attend him. Of course he had a royal time at governing, and another *sage* wrote him, "From the man you sent me I have concealed nothing: I led him into a cornfield, and all the ears which were higher than common I beat down. If you wish to preserve your power, follow my example. Put to death, whether friends or enemies, all the chief men of the city."

His most conspicuous maxims were very politic and business-like. "Pleasures are fleeting, but glory is eternal." "A man ought to be temperate in prosperity, and prudent in adversity." "Never disclose a secret with which you are intrusted."

Anacharsis always slept with his right hand over his mouth, to signify that we should give much heed to the government of the tongue. An Athenian reproached him with his Sythian origin; "My country," he replied, "dishonors me, but you are a dishonor to your country." "Markets," he said, "were places which men had established to deceive one another."

If I were to classify the sages of antiquity, I should make three divisions—the Platonic, Stoic and Epicurean—yielding the palm for true wisdom to the latter. The Platonists boasted of Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle etc.; the Stoics and Cynics, of Zeno, Heraclitus, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, Crates, Bion and innumerable others; the Epicureans are ably represented by the traduced Master Epicurus.

Perhaps Plato was the strongest intellect the Greeks could boast. They paid him almost divine honors; and even in our own times there is a decided tendency to return to his mysticisms. He admitted three principles: *God, Matter and Ideas*; and from this point enlarged, borne onward by the tireless wing of metaphysical speculation over the dark and undefined chaos of creation.

Pythagoras was the master of Plato, who improved on his teachings. He was never observed to laugh, and never uttered a witticism. Every evening more than six hundred persons visited him, for the opportunity of conversing with him, even for a moment, was deemed a great distinction. He framed laws for several nations.

He taught that the world was animated and intelligent, by being pervaded by an ether from which the souls of beasts and men emanated. A transmigrationalist, he supposed that souls wandered up and down in the air, and entered indiscriminately any animal that came in their way. He himself had passed through numerous forms which he had the good fortune to remember.

His death was remarkable. The Cretonians, fearing that he intended to make himself king, resolved to kill him. He made his escape and fled until he reached a field of beans, which rather than cross he resolved to die. "It is better to perish here," said he, "than to kill all these poor beans."

Socrates, became a martyr, and his peculiar belief in guardian genii, endears him to all. I can find no flaw in his noble character. He stands far above all others—alone, colossal, grand. There are no boyish freaks in his nobleness; nothing but manhood.

By his side is Aristotle, who bound the spirit of the middle ages. "A friend," said he, "is one soul animating two bodies."

"How," said one, "ought we to act to our friends?"

"As we would have them act toward us." Another form of "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Zeno represents the true Stoics, Diogenes the Cynical brunch. He was one day at an entertainment with certain ambassadors from Egypt. He never spoke during the supper which greatly surprised them. "Inform Ptolemy," said he, "that there is a man here who can be silent."

The Stoics taught that the object which should be ever kept in view was to live in accordance to nature, which can be accomplished by obeying the dictates of reason. They scorned all sensual pleasures, and prided themselves on the firmness with which they met adversity, carrying this virtue to such an excess that it overpowered every emotion of love and friendship. Brutus sat in judgment on his own sons, and ordered them to be chastised and slain in his presence. Few attained to such exalted self-control, or rotten savagehood, and these few were deified by the unthinking rabble. The Cynics carried this doctrine much further. Dissatisfied with themselves, they became dissatisfied with mankind, and instead of striving to reform they only condemned.

Diogenes, because most foolish, or what we should now consider most crazed, is the most famous of the Cynics. His tub is proverbial. He treated everyone with utter contempt. He ate, slept and spoke without the slightest regard to circumstances. A bag and a jug and a staff was all he possessed, and observing a child drinking from his hand, he threw away his jug as unnecessary; always went barefoot, even in the coldest weather, and "endeavored also to accustom himself to eat raw flesh; but this point of perfection he never attained." He it was who walked the streets with a lighted torch at noonday in search of a MAN; and who said to Alexander the Great who came to see him, and asked him what he desired, "Get out of my sunshine;" and considered the master who bought him, his slave.

Plato had defined man as an animal having two feet and no feathers. Diogenes, having plucked a game fowl, concealed it under his robe, and went to the academy, when he threw it forth into the middle of the floor, exclaiming: "There is Plato's man!"

Pyrrho carried perfectability still further. When his master, falling into a ditch, called for assistance, Pyrrho walked past without noticing his call, for which he was highly praised. To endure unflinchingly; never to turn aside even for a precipice; rather be crushed than get out of the way of a chariot, were the foundation of Pyrrho's fame. His highest ideal of perfection, is to never pass judgment on anything. "His disciples all agreed on one point—that they knew nothing."

Epicurus taught a very complete system of philosophy, the salient points of which were correct, while the Stoics considered human nature something which required constant crucifixion; he believed that man was made to be happy and enjoy the bounties of nature. Very abstemious and simple in his diet, and all his habits, he supposed others were capable of becoming like himself, happy in the enjoyment of all natural privileges—a doctrine which appeals to every unfettered soul. If we are not here to be happy, we had better not be here. There can be no other object for living—none other for the creation of the universe.

Such were the giant intellects of antiquity, such its boast. Strange anomalies now would be Diogenes and his tub; he would teach in the first asylum, with Crates, patched over with sheepskins, to make himself hideous.

Thought which incarnated itself in ships, in engines, in telegraphs, and the myriad mechanisms which now do nine-tenths of the world's drudgery, where was it? The ancient world can boast no Shakespeare, nor Newton, nor LaPlace, nor Humboldt. All its ideas are the vague conjectures of children.

SPIRITS, AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCE.

ARTICLE FOUR.

The unregenerated, or undeveloped spirits, as we have already stated, are those who are on the plane of rapport with the human states of persons in the form. This is because they had not, while yet living in the body, outgrown the human state and passed into the divine state. As death, of itself, makes no change in our real nature—does not change our life and loves—does not, in other words, give our interior nature that growth which time and conditions alone can give, we, of course, wake up in the next sphere with the same internal state, and with internal needs of the same quality as those which we had before the separation from the body. That similarity of needs is made manifest through a similarity of loves, attractions, and aspirations.

What are those needs which we thus experience while in the human state of our development, no matter whether we are out of, or in the body? With our present limited knowledge of the structure, organization and attributes of our interior nature, we cannot say what elements enter into its structure and organization, and are necessary to carry on its growth and development; still this much is clear to us—that, in the human or rudimental state, all action is expressive of a demand *somewhere* for *something*. All our human feelings, desires, emotions, passions, appetites, aspirations, &c., are expressive, or indicative of needs for something in some department of our interior nature—needs of something that it can take into itself, something that shall contribute to itself, something with which to sustain and build itself up. This something can only be obtained through the workings of human feelings, desires, emotions, passions, appetites, aspirations, &c., upon the human body. It may not be limited to one element, but may include many. To give it, or them, a name, let it be "magnetism."

Now a person with an active human nature—with strong and vigorous human loves, feelings, emotions, passions, attractions, and aspirations constantly in action, gives us the outward evidence of a powerful interior nature in a state of active growth; and hence its demands for "magnetism," the pabulum of growth, are strong and imperative. It must have that pabulum, or dwindle and perish before it reaches the adult, divine state which is immortal. It sometimes happens that those demands of the interior nature are more numerous and extensive than can be supplied through the physical organization of the individual. The result is, the physical organization gives way—sinks exhausted under the rapid, continuous labors that are put upon it, by the interior nature, through the incessant action of one, many, or all of the human loves, passions, emotions, &c. In such cases, the inner and the outer natures are unequally balanced, and both suffer as a consequence—the body is consumed, and the soul is starved. The acorn may sprout in a flower-pot; but the flower-pot is not the place to raise oak trees. So it is with souls that are greater than the bodies in which they are planted; they may germinate there, but they can never reach their full growth there. A large, strong, and vigorous human nature in a body that is capable of sustaining it, is therefore an encouraging sight to the genuine soul cultivators; for it is to them a sign—a magnificent promise of a correspondingly large, strong, and vigorous divine nature, which, with proper care and culture, will unfold from it. We are too apt to be alarmed at the growing demands of such natures, especially as they do not always make their demands, nor take the supply to those demands, in the most approved fashion.

They do not always consult law and custom and the forms of society, which, in the economy of nature, are but so many restraints thrown around human loves, passions, desires, and aspirations to intensify them and thus give them more power, energy and life than they would have had without the restraints of law, custom, and the forms of society. Be not alarmed at demands which are indicative of the needs of large, strong, active, growing souls. Such souls are *good feeders*, and it is dangerous to put them on short rations.

The human nature is the basis upon which the divine nature is built—the soil in which it grows. Although the human nature is mortal and must perish, yet it does not necessarily die when the body dies; on the contrary, it almost always survives the death of the body, and when it awakens in the interior, finds itself the same human nature in every love and affection which characterized it while dwelling in the body. Still the fate of the human nature is death; its life, like that of the body, is a limited one, and whether it ultimates in the unfolding of the divine, immortal nature, or not, it must die. This point I will elaborate more fully hereafter.

To render it more intelligent it is only necessary that I should at present call attention to the important fact that every department of the human nature is capable of suffering; in other words, we can be grieved, pained, hurt in every one of our human loves and affections. Now whatever can be hurt, can be hurt unto death, and is therefore perishable—mortal. All pain, all suffering is an evidence that the thing which suffers, or is pained, is not removed beyond the destroying, decomposing influences of the powers and forces of nature. Furthermore all deaths are decomposing processes; and hence are attended with more or less pain and suffering. This is true of the human nature as well as of the body; and hence the great suffering which mediums and others are experiencing in the various departments of their human loves and affections—it is the agony of death—death of their human nature—that death of the humanity which precedes the awakening of the divinity within them—the laying down of their life, and the taking up of another more glorious one.

Human nature out of the body is the same as human nature in the body; and as like affinitizes with like, the human nature of the spirit-world affiliates with the human nature of the earth; and as the large majority of the inhabitants of the earth are in the human state, the earth may be said to be mainly in rapport with the human nature of the interior; or more correctly, the human nature—the undeveloped spirits of the interior are in rapport with the vast majority of the inhabitants of the earth. This rapport is the only hope of such spirits, as without it they could not continue that process of development which begins in the human and ends in the divine.

The magnetism of human, earthly spheres, is the pabulum which sustains them; and the experiences which they obtain, while in rapport with the human states and activities of persons in the body, is the only channel through which they can obtain that light and knowledge, and that ultimate peace and rest, which can only be secured by an actual realization of all the joys and pleasures, the trials and sufferings, the hopes and aspirations, the defeats and disappointments of the human life. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."

There is but one pathway to the divine life, and that leads through the human. To reach the divine we cannot escape the human; we can neither mount over it, nor creep round it, nor crawl under it. We must go straight through it, either in this life or in the next. This is the road of which many mediums have had glimpses, and judging of it with their educated, worldly judgment, it has seemed to them like a road through hell; and hence many of them have dimly shadowed forth the truth, when they declared that "the road to heaven leads through hell."

Undeveloped spirits, or spirits who are still in the human nature, have very properly been termed "parasites" upon the men, women and children of the earth. They are parasites, because they put themselves in rapport with the human states of men, women and children, and feed upon the magnetism generated by those states—upon that pabulum which is just as essential to the growth of their interior nature as it is to the growth of the interior nature of the men, women and children whose bodies generate it. In this way, many a human body is overtaxed with the draft which is made upon it, not only by its own internal nature, but also by that of one or more spirits who, through an established rapport, are parasiting upon it. This uncontrolled, lawless rapport is obsession.

Undeveloped spirits must have life and action; and hence the persons in the body with whom they are in rapport, are stimulated by them in all the departments of their human nature—their lusts, passions, propensities, loves, affections, &c. In that way, persons, without any appreciable outward cause, are made to experience feelings and emotions, and to have wants and desires, and to seek associations, pursuits, conditions and surroundings which they would not have sought if they had not been stimulated by one or more spirits in rapport with them. This class of spirits are the workers, under the guidance and control of the developed class of spirits who, as we have already stated, are the cultivators.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them—
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we 'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

On no occasion, says the Springfield Republican, do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following actually occurred at a neighboring town: "In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hands to implore the blessings of Heaven on the union. At this point the groomsman, seeing the open hands reached out, supposed it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman was closing his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweaty half dollars upon his open palm. The good man hesitated a moment, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation, but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions."

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

BY A. W. BRITON.

Thou dost not crush the bleeding heart,
But kindly giv'st relief,
From thy rich stores of love impart
Bright hopes to cheer its grief.
And urge it on its upward way
Of duty, to the realms of Day.

Though it has chanced for once to err,
Through Nature's impulse given,
For this, to it, thou dost not bar
The golden gates of Heaven;
Nor with thy chilling frown condemn
That soul to guilt and woe again.

Thus let thy kindness ever prove
Its shield from future wrong,
For when it feels another's love,
Its own, though faint, grows strong,
And firmly will in virtue stand,
If others give a helping hand.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Mediumship of Miss Wiley of Oswego.

I am seated at the mystic table upon which are lying a tamborine, guitar, triangle, dinner-bell and horn, by means of which a spirit-band have been seeking, upon several recent occasions in this village, to manifest the reality of their existence, their power and their intelligence, through the mediumship of Miss Lovina Wiley, of Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Wiley has been a medium for this kind of manifestations for about three years; her circles having been held, with a few exceptions, in the city of her birth.

During my recent lecturing engagement at Oswego, I became acquainted with this medium, and had several excellent opportunities of testing the genuineness of her mediumship, and the remarkable character of the manifestations made in her presence. They are similar in kind to those represented as having been produced through the Davenport Boys, Mr. Ripley, of Maine, at Koon's rooms in Ohio, and through Melville and William Fay, and others.

Not having had opportunity, personally, to test the above named mediums, with the exception of Mr. Ripley and partially the Davenport Boys, I can neither testify for, nor against them, but I have no more doubt that the manifestations in Miss Wiley's presence are produced by spirits, than I have of my own identity.

Having this confidence, and knowing that there are thousands of Spiritualists who feel a strong desire to test the reality of physical manifestations for themselves, I have made arrangements with Miss Wiley to accompany myself and wife on our return to the East, for the purpose of giving a series of Parlor Circles.

Five circles have already been held at the residence of Thomas H. Locke, Esq., in the village of Penn Yan, N. Y., about twenty-five persons being present upon each occasion, and the impossibility of accounting for the phenomena witnessed, except upon the spiritual hypothesis, has been felt by all.

A committee are first appointed by the assembled company to secure the medium, so that it shall be utterly impossible for her to use her hands, or feet, or rise from her chair. The tying is not done according to her dictation, but the committee are privileged to tie the hands apart, or together, behind or before, just as they choose, and with such knots as their ingenuity can devise. Handkerchiefs are also tied over the mouth of the medium, one passing around the face and tying on the back of the neck, and another passing under the chin, and being tied upon the top of the head. Immediately upon the light being extinguished, the spirits speak in audible voices, sometimes through the trumpet, and sometimes without it. The instruments are taken from the table and handled with great skill, four of them at times playing tunes in concert, the dinner-bell in the hands of the spirits keeping as good time as any other instrument. The instant that the instruments were dropped and the light called for, I have lit the lamp, and the medium would be found by the committee precisely as they had left her, not the slightest change having been made in the position of handkerchiefs or ropes.

Again, on extinguishing the light, the handkerchiefs would be taken off, and the ropes untied and thrown to some one in the circle.

The spirits also tie the mediums themselves, and much more intricately than any committee has ever yet done—in one instance over forty hard knots being tied in the rope, requiring not less than ten minutes time on the part of the committee to untie them, and liberate the medium.

Under good harmonious conditions, the spirits frequently organize hands, with which they carry all the instruments about the room, playing in concert, often hitting the ceiling, touching persons present with the instruments, and sometimes shaking hands with them and touching them on various parts of the body.

When but few persons are present, and the harmony of the circle is established, the spirits sometimes hold lengthy, audible conversations with each other, and with the assembled company, answering questions, and so far as possible, explaining the mode by which they communicate.

I intend that our skeptical brethren in New York city, who think that they have been "taken in and done for," by Mr. Fay, shall have opportunity of renewing their tests of physical manifestations, through this medium.

In the nature of the case, it is impossible for the medium, or any one else, to guarantee that any of the above phenomena shall occur at a specified time or place—but the experience of three years, warrants the belief, that whenever the circle is harmonious, and the medium in her usually excellent health, there will never be entire failure, although far better results and greater variety in manifestations take place at some times than at others. As much depends upon the circle as upon the medium; honesty and simplicity of mind, a candid truth-loving disposition, being eminently favorable to the best results, while dogmatic scepticism, and unreasoning prejudice, tends to destroy the conditions, and prevent manifestations.

Fraternally thine, H. B. SPENCE.

Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., June 13th, 1861.

CHEERFULNESS.—Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and, to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased, you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last; and, for the reason, that whoever sees the law which distributes things, does not despond, but is animated to great desires and endeavors. He who despairs betrays that he has not seen it.—*Emerson.*

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 18, 1861.

QUESTION:—*The facts of Modern Spiritualism are in perfect harmony with the facts of the Bible, and furnish the strongest and most positive evidence extant of the spiritual origin of that book.*"

MR. EDSON in the chair.

DR. GARDNER, in making the introductory speech, said he intended to have looked up some of the facts, and been prepared to show their similarity of character, in the old and in the new Spiritualism, but had been absent, and had not had time, and now, not having heard the remarks, he may repeat what others had said. He believed the assumption in this question was true, and an unprejudiced examination would prove it so. The Bible, from first to last, is full of Spiritual manifestations, physical and moral; casting out devils, healing diseases, &c. Spirits appeared and conversed audibly, some visible with human forms, and some invisible; some deceived, and some did not. Dead men do not come back, some one has said, but live men do. It is stated in the Bible that God did so, and the Lord did this, and angels in other instances appeared, &c. But God, Lord, and angels, they were all human beings, and once lived in the form, and in some cases said so, and also said they were men, and the people communicating with them called them men; sometimes they used their own voices, and sometimes those of dumb animals. He referred to the ass of Balaam. The voice in the burning bush was a human voice, and must have had an organization. The prophets represent that they had communications from superior intelligences. So do our mediums and seers—but they are not all reliable. In other cases, a lying spirit influenced at one time four hundred prophets, and God sanctioned it. The cases of healing are very numerous, and so are they now; true, says he, they do n't all stay cured. Suppose they do n't all. We do not know as those by Christ all stayed cured. The record does not inform us. He then stated some facts connected with Dr. Newton, and others, and drew the comparison with similar acts recorded in the Bible, and claimed that they were analagous to those, and performed upon the same principle. He closed by saying he would take up no more time then. If opportunity offered he would speak again later in the evening.

MR. TYRRILL then said he would occupy a few minutes with some thoughts which occurred to him from remarks made a week since, by a brother who believed in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and who, he saw, was present to-night. Any man, says he, that reads the Bible, must admit, that there was constant intercourse with the spirit world, and the angels called themselves, and were called men, and, as Brother Gardner has said, once lived in the form; and if they were men, they once belonged to the great human family. King Saul consulted a familiar spirit of Endor, and talked with Samuel. Spirits aided all the old prophets. Jesus, the great medium and teacher, healed the sick and lame and blind, but he required the proper conditions; he could not always perform them on account of unbelief. We must deny the old miracles, or sanction those of to-day.

MR. WETHERBEE said a thought had occurred to him while Brother Tyrrill was speaking, refering to the advent brother, who said a week ago with such a self-satisfied unction, "Show me a single passage in the Bible where a dead man ever did anything." Before we talk about the facts of the Bible being the same as what is claimed by Spiritualists, I would say to that brother, if we take the Bible literally, the friend has it all his own way. We yield the point, the Advent doctrine is a fact—and true, and the world was destroyed ten or more years ago, or should have been in the premises; but sensible men and scholars are obliged to give a spiritual interpretation, to save the book. No one takes the letter for truth. Why, you might as well ask for one proof from the Bible—that carbon entered largely into the composition of the solid parts of plants. The fact is they did not know much of chemistry, and nothing of immortality, or they probably would. Some who are good authority, say that the Jews knew nothing of immortality till carried into captivity to Babylon, and on their return brought the doctrine or belief from that rather more civilized people, and from that time till the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, they had no rational conception of the future life. The presumption is, that if they had known that the spirits lived after shuffling off this mortal coil, they would have stated that dead men did "anything;" but their not knowing it was an insurmountable obstacle. In reference to the position assumed by this question, it is not necessary that we should have all the details of the facts of three thousand years ago repeated now; we only want the principle. For illustration, suppose a fact occurs, suppose it, for instance, a psychological fact—the fact being undisputed; then there must be a law on which this fact is based. The principle or law established, facts occuring long ago, and doubted from ignorance of this law, are now reasonable, and so believed, because they are reasonable now as known laws. The miracles of one age are frequently the facts of science in the next. This is the position assumed here by the Spiritualists, that we have now the principle upon which the facts, and, if you please, the miracles were done, and it does not prove them to be miracles, but proves them to be natural; and as we know one principle is spiritual, we know the origin of the older phenomena was spiritual also.

MR. BERLIN, the advent brother referred to, said he had waited to see the similarity of the ancient and modern facts proved, not on instances, to show the similarity of the communications as yet; not a name is there of a dead man; now a-days the spirits give their names. Hardly a man dies but he comes through some medium, particularly if he is of some note. Not so then; thus it is written. [It will be observed that he asks the *principle* to be his own witness—he knows nothing but the *text*. If that says so, *that is proof*, beyond which there is no appeal. That did for Luther very well three hundred years ago; but not now. An oil lamp only makes darkness visible in an age of Drummond light.] Prophecy came not by the will of man. But holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. There was a curse pronounced upon those people and nations who sought familiar spirits, to try to talk with the dead.

DR. WELLINGTON said he had no argument to offer for or against the facts of the Bible. People may believe as they choose about the immortality of the body; he know, as a general thing, that the Spiritualists did not believe in the resurrection of the body, but in a spiritual resurrection, in the immortality of the spirit. He said he had demonstrated that fact with as much certainty as he had demonstrated a fact in mathematics. The doctor then gave some examples in mental and spiritual philosophy, in connection with modern Spiritualism, and shew how it could be demonstrated, as other facts in science are demonstrated. He said the Jews did not believe in an existence after death. He would like to see any evidence produced. He knew of none.

MR. BURKE, who has no proclivity toward Spiritualism, and is as stolid on the Spiritual plane, and in his conception of Spiritual things, I was going to say, as a horse would be in his conceptions of celestial geometry, rose to throw some *light* upon this subject. He observed that he concurred in a remark made at another meeting by a distinguished believer in the new philosophy, which was, that to argue a question fairly, we must have a common platform to stand upon, where we all agree; and he would offer the fact, as such a platform recognized by all, "that spirits do exist." The question is, do they communicate, and how do they communicate, and what is the evidence? The object this evening, by the drift of the remarks, is to prove that the Bible endorses modern Spiritualism. [This is hitting the mark pretty near, for this speaker; the object of the question was thought by some, to be for modern Spiritualism to endorse the spiritual origin of the Bible.] Everything belonging to man is fleeting and transitory. What is believed in one age is repudiated in the next—the Bible did hold on unchanged; where, then, is the similarity? Change belongs to man. How does this age regard the Bible age, as being true in reference to Spiritual matters? Now, says he, does not every one know, does not every Spiritualist know that spirits come down to us—they do n't come from below? Does not every one know that? (One or two No's.) Well, now Saul, when he went to consult the medium of Endor, the record shows that Samuel did not come down from the spheres, but he came up from where his body was—from the bowels of the earth. To substantiate this statement, he described a picture he had seen, painted by a spiritual medium, where the spirits were painted as descending to the earth. He then referred to Moses and Elias on the mount, and the abnormal condition of Peter, according to Luke's account. But just as this speaker was growing interesting, if not very instructive, the chair reminded him of the motto, *tempus fugit*, and he sat down.

MR. COPELAND said, he remarked last week upon the great similarity of the present and the ancient manifestations, both in the physical and mental, as well as in the moral department; but as he had briefly touched upon the first two, he would confine what he had to say to the similarity of the moral manifestations. No one can have failed of observing the moral similarity. Love thy neighbor, is the Bible doctrine—a church doctrine. Love thy neighbor, is the constant tune from all the influences that come to us—the burden of every song, as the unseen talk to us through the mediums, engaged in our enlightenment. Love thy neighbor and thy God, is the law and the prophets in ancient Spiritualism, and it is the substance of spiritual teachings of this day.

MR. KELLY and Mr. SEAVER occupied a few moments each on the subject, and then

DR. GARDNER said he would add a word or two because some of the speakers seemed to have misconceived the object of the discussion of this question. He did not himself, and the Spiritualists generally did not care, whether the Bible coincided with our facts or not. That was of no consequence; some people had said modern Spiritualism tended to a disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible. He thought the discussion of this question would tend to prove that so far from modern Spiritual theories and doubt on the facts of the Bible, it was the only satisfactory proof extant of these facts. Spiritualism could save the Bible, but the safety of Spiritualism did not depend upon the Bible—it could stand alone. W.

The Pains and Penalties of Mediumship.

Noticing in your columns a short time since, dear BANNER, a quaint sarcasm from the pen of H. L Bowker, detailing the talent and acquirements necessary for a successful "Spiritual Lecturer," I could not help thinking that a reliable medium needed also some miraculous gift of mental ubiquity and physical power.

Not that I have any wish to complain of my own treatment, as in all communications, either verbal or written, as well as in answering sealed questions, I have relied entirely upon the justice and generosity of friends and strangers, nor have justice and generosity often failed in being sufficiently remunerative.

But, apart from the criticisms which mortals feel privileged to make upon us mediums as a class, are we not looked upon by spirits as mere mechanical machines, born to do their bidding and receiving no reward for it, in a spiritual sense, save what they assure us is laid up in Heaven.

Do they not feel the same proportion of respect and affection for us which the tidy housewife does for her broom, or the busy seamstress for her needle? Else why the almost universal cry among mediums, "I never receive a communication," "I never got a test;" or the more lamentable fact—"What I write for myself I dare not rely upon." "What I receive through my own hand often proves false." Is it not true that the less personal knowledge a medium has of any subject, the better and clearer a controling spirit can give their views of it? And also that a stranger spirit can give much more decided and reliable tests than a relative or dear friend of the medium?

Probably every active writing medium has moved pen or pencil to the invisible guidance until nerve and muscle alike failed in strength, and the trembling frame could scarce support its reeling head. Does the *influence* know that life and vitality are exhausted? And in the long, fond letter, to parent or child, brother, sister, or dear, dear friend, is there any shade of weariness or pain? No! Or if there be, it is easy to discover where the defect lies.

When the workman talks of the tools he is using, it is a sure sign that something is wrong with them; as they should be so well adapted to their work, and so nicely fitted to his hand, that his whole thoughts can be centered on the end he is to accomplish, without any thought of the means used. Is it then of any use for a medium, as a medium, to improve the mind or make any effort toward spiritual advancement?

Is not our relative position in both worlds a connecting link between embodied and disembodied spirits, and can a link rise? I ask in all faith and truth, dear BANNER, hoping for more light.

Yours for the cause,

N. S. EMERSON.

Lynnfield, June 18, 1861.

A dense smoke seen near Arlington Heights, has twice given the regiments in Washington a tramp at double quick over the Long Bridge. It has been satisfactorily ascertained that the smoke arose from one of the privates smoking his meerschaum. The Zouaves ought to put him out.—*Gazette.*

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1861.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year, - - - - - $2 00
" " six month, - - - - 1 00
" " three months, - - - 0 50

Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:

One year, - - - - - - - - $1 50
Six months, - - - - - - - 0 75

☞ Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

New York Advertising Agency.

S. T. MUNSON, No. 143 Fulton street, New York, will act as our agent in that city, for soliciting advertisements.

REMOVAL!

We have removed our office from its old location to a commodious one in the Parker Building,

No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3,

where the business of the paper will hereafter be conducted, and the circles held.

To our Patrons.

This paper, having passed into the hands of the Assignee of the former proprietors, will hereafter be published by him, and furnished to agents and subscribers regularly, and at former prices.

Those of our subscribers who do not receive the BANNER regularly, will please notify us immediately, and their wants will be attended to at once. Our friends will indulge us for a week or two, after which time we shall be prepared to give such attention and care to the mailing department of our paper, as will obviate all cause of complaint.

All communications and remittances must be addressed

"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher, for the Assignee.

SPIRITUALISM INDEFINABLE.

When one undertakes to define Spiritualism, he soon finds himself and his argument involved in a labyrinth of perplexities, and for the simple reason that he has assumed to do that which cannot be done. This is evident, from the fact, that, when the question is propounded to you, though you *feel* an answer, you cannot express it. We might as well undertake to define the air we breathe, or the great principle of life that in early spring sends forth from countless apparently dead branches, the fragrant buds and blossoms. And even could we succeed in doing this, we should not in the least approximate toward a definition of Spiritualism; for Spiritualism is the soul of all life—the invisible, incomprehensible cause of all causes. And when a man steps up to us and abruptly inquires, what is Spiritualism, we feel that silence must be our only course; and if more, we would tell him to commune with his own thoughts.

Men too often mistake the effect for the cause, hence accept the manifestations of Spiritualism for Spiritualism itself, and conclude that the firmer a person believes in the ability of his departed friends to rap on a table, flash stars of light in his darkened rooms, or communicate a message by writing or speaking, the more certainly he may be considered a Spiritualist; while the truth is, a man may be a very good Spiritualist, and believe in none of these things—in fact, be a great deal more of one than he who does.

A view of Spiritualism that makes only a belief in such things a necessary qualification for one who seeks to follow its teachings, and be blest with its consolation and assurances, is, to a majority of minds, a most unsatisfactory one.

It is unsatisfactory to him, who, a dozen or more long years an invalid, with a soul refined with the fires of affliction, stretches forth his aspirations to within the veil of the immortals, and holds silent, but pure and holy communings with the angel-world. It does not satisfy him, who, worn and wearied with the senseless rites and ceremonies of a speculative religion, comes anxiously to the new born faith, with the trembling hope, that, possibly, he may find in it, something better adapted to the wants of his soul.

We would not in the least moderate the value of "the raps at Rochester," or the proofs of spirit-presence that have since appeared, but in our appreciation of them, we must not lose sight of the fact that Spiritualism existed an eternity before their advent, they being only the manifestations of it. For this reason we wish as far as possible to disabuse the public mind of the idea that Spiritualism is a speciality to be formed into an idol around which an organized priesthood can revolve and enact their forces—for which end and purpose its advocates are laboring. In place of this, we would instil the wider and more rational view of the subject, which holds it up as a teacher only, so far as its teachings commend themselves to the better judgment of mankind, and recognize its manifestations in every act, however humble, in every labor and occupation of man, in every thought, and word, and deed.

Ah, when we all see this in its true light, we shall work with a will that is omnipotent, and a purpose that is God-given. We shall leap from our hobbies, even though we get in our descent, a striking proof of the nature of the beast we have ridden so long. We shall live and act like men and women, doing whatsoever of good our hands find to do, leaving the results with God, and counting on no reward, but that which duty performed inevitably Inherits.

The truth is, Spiritualism is as indefinable as God, and all efforts to define it are futile. Underlying all, permeating all, it cannot be confined to one location, or looked at from one point of view only. Therefore, one might as well undertake to say why a blade of grass grows, or why the sun shines, as to say why a man is a Spiritualist. We only know that he is such, and that all are. The mission of each is to culture this Spirituality, and to make its manifestations apparent to those around him in words of love, acts of faith, and deeds of kindness.

Definition implies limitation; hence, to define Spiritualism, one must be able to draw it within a circle, fence it in, and say, "that 's it." Every man of thought knows this is an impossibility. We inherit from the Father of All, a deep, interior consciousness, within whose calm and placid depths our souls discern truths too subtile for human language to express. Those truths are the component parts of Spiritualism. "Spiritualism" is indefinable.

A French View of the American Crisis.

A new and quite remarkable book, considering the locality of its publication, has just appeared in Paris. It is a volume of four hundred and fourteen pages and is entitled—"*The Uprising of a Great People—The United States in* 1861. *By Count Agenor de Gasparin.*" It was written prior to receipt of the news of the attack on Fort Sumter, and presents so fair and just a view of the present and future condition and prospects of our country, that we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with a few extracts from its pages. It undoubtedly represents the opinions of the intelligent classes of continental Europe.

* * * The general opinion in Europe is that the United States continued to pursue an upward course until the election of Mr. Lincoln, and, that since then they have been on the decline. It is not difficult, and it is very necessary, to show that this opinion is absolutely false. Before the recent Republican victory, the American Confederation, in spite of its external progress and its apparent prosperity, was suffering from a direful malady which was nigh proving mortal; *now*, an operation has taken place, the sufferings increase, and the gravity of the situation becomes, perhaps, for the first time, manifest, to the superficial observer. Is that to say that the situation was not grave when it did not appear such on the surface? Is that to say that we are to deplore a violent crisis, which can alone bring about a radical cure?

I do not deplore—I admire it. I see in this energetic re-action against the disease the moral vigor of a people accustomed to the laborious struggles of liberty. We have a strange way of seconding the generous enterprises on which the United States have entered with so much courage! We hold out to them only evil prophecies; we tell them they have almost ceased to exist; we give them to understand that in electing Mr. Lincoln they have thrown themselves headlong into an abyss—that they have ruined their prosperity, sacrificed their future, and rendered henceforth impossible the magnificent *role* reserved for them. Mr. Buchanan, we seem to say, was the last President of the Union.

That, thank God, is the reverse of the truth! But just now, indeed, the United States were on the swift way to ruin; but just now, there was reason to mourn in thinking of them. To-day, new prospects are opened up; they will have to labor, to struggle, to suffer—for not in a day are the crimes of a century to be washed out; not without sacrifices are guilty traditions and old complicities to be given up; but it is none the less true that the hour of effort and of sacrifice, grievous though it may be, is also the hour of deliverance. The election of Mr. Lincoln will be one of the great dates of American history; it closes the past and opens the future. With it will commence, if the same spirit which now animates the nation be only maintained, a new era at once purer and grander than that which has just come to a close.

* * * Ah! if the South only knew how important it is that it should not succeed—if it but understood that the North has been hitherto its great and only guarantee!

They inspire me with profound compassion. We have told them much too often that their Confederacy is easy to found. To found, yes; but to make lasting—no, indeed! Here, it is not the first step that is difficult, but the second and the third. The Southern Confederacy is not viable. Let us suppose that, to its misfortune, it has succeeded in all it has undertaken. The port of Charleston is open, the Border States have been dragged in, there is a new Federal compact and a new President, the United States have given up suppressing insurrection by force, Europe has overcome its repugnance and received the envoys of the great Slave Republic. All questions seem resolved: do not believe it—not one is resolved. * * * Poor country, which blind passion and indomitable pride hurl headlong on the path of crime and folly! Poor excommunicated nation, whose touch will be dreaded, whose principles will be cursed, whose flag will be for ever suspected! One is wrung with anguish at the thought of the evident and inevitable future that awaits so many men less culpable than misguided. Between them and the rest of the world there will be nothing in common; on their frontier there will be a police over books and journals, so as to prevent the fatal introduction of even an idea of freedom. The rest of the world will have for them neither political sympathies, moral sympathies, nor religious sympathies.

* * * Will they at least have the consolation of having killed the United States? Will a glorious Confederation have perished by their withdrawal? No, a thousand times no! Where will the United States be after Secession? Precisely where they were before. If there were any fears as to the duration of that Government, they disappeared on the day of the election of Mr. Lincoln. On that day the world learned that the United States were bound to live—that their malady was not mortal.

See the cold and confident attitude of the North, and compare it with the violent demonstrations of the South. The North is so sure of itself that it deigns not to hasten—perhaps it pushes this even to extremes. It has the air of knowing that, in spite of any apparent successes that may mark the South at the outset, ultimate success is quite elsewhere. Let the South take care; to have against one both Right and Might is twice what is wanted to secure defeat. The North supported Buchanan, because it was awaiting Lincoln. In the triumph of the North we have one of those legal and Constitutional victories, which form the finest spectacle that a friend of liberty can contemplate. And it is all the more glorious in that it has required efforts and sacrifices. Let us not forget that to succeed in nominating Mr. Lincoln, it was necessary to put the question of principal above questions of interest, usually so omnipotent. It seems to me that men who boldly faced such dangers performed a noble act of duty. * * * Let us take care that we do not unwittingly calumniate the few generous movements which we occasionally find among men.

* * The North knew what the inevitable consequences of its action must be. They had been announced in advance by the South, preached by prudent men in the North, and minutely exhibited by the journals of the large commercial cities. It preferred to be just. In spite of the inevitable mixture of lower motives, which always enter into even the noblest human manifestations, the distinguishing characteristic of this movement is that it is a protest of the conscience and of the spirit of liberty.

* * * The Slave States may indeed succeed in founding their unhappy Confederacy, but what they cannot do, is to make it live. They will find out that it is a very easy matter to frame Constitutions and appoint Presidents, but a very difficult, nay impossible matter, to create a nation with the foundation they have given theirs. I am, therefore, authorized to affirm that, whatever temporary appearances and incidents may be, one thing has been brought about and will endure—the United States were on their way to ruin, but have been redeemed. Yes, whatever hypothesis we may adopt, three new and decisive facts present themselves to view: we know that henceforth the North carries the day; we know that the dangers which threaten the Union come from the South, and not from the North; we know that the days of the "peculiar institution" are numbered. We would be blind, indeed, if we did not recognize in these three facts the uprising of a great people.

An Evangelical Regiment.

It is proposed in New York to form a regiment composed exclusively of church members, who may be inclined to offer their services to the government. Our friends who seem inclined to allow any ruthless vandal to desecrate and destroy the institutions of freedom under which we live, rather than to raise a hand in their defence, must feel greatly horrified at the idea of such a regiment of fighting men.

Effects of War.

To show what an immense amount of industry is temporarily destroyed—actually destroyed, for the time—all along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the New York Tribune furnishes statistics after the following fashion: "Sixteen hundred steamboats are, in ordinary times, afloat upon the Mississippi River, costing $60,000,000. Many of our readers have seen miles of these boats abreast of St. Louis, or moored at the levee at New Orleans, receiving and discharging cargoes, which gave employment to thousands of men, and life and animation to entire cities. Figures cannot convey an idea of the volume of commerce which derived its momentum from this huge flotilla; how many thousands of families it supported; how many cities it made rich; how widely it diffused on either side of its watery highway, from Minnesota to New Orleans, the lights of literature, the luxury of intercourse, the blessings of a commerce from which all who shared in it derived some important advantage. No other river on the earth has possessed a fleet so capacious, nor a traffic that could sustain it.

Take Cincinnati as an illustration of what must be, elsewhere, the consequence of such a blockade. All her river commerce beyond Cairo is dead, though last year the number of steamboat arrivals was 3,000, with as many departures. She built 28 steamers in 1860, manufactured $16,000,000 worth of clothing, and nearly $7,000,000 worth of furniture, all for the West and South-West, while to Southern cities she exported near 3,000 bales of hay. Of the Louisiana sugar crop she received and distributed 44,000 hogsheads, 62,000 packages of tobacco, and exported 389,000 barrels of whisky, of which New Orleans alone took 136,000, and other down-river towns 122,000 more, the two consuming two-thirds of the whole. The value of her imports for the year ending September 1, 1860, was $96,213,274; of her exports, $107,000,000. Her exports to New Orleans were enormous, both in bulk and value. There were 34,000 packages of furniture, while 68,000 packages were sent to other down-river towns.

Of food, such as flour, beef, beans, butter, lard, eggs, bacon, pork, potatoes, with every product of the earth, the amount shipped exclusively South was amazingly large and valuable. At a hasty glance over the figures, giving the amount and destination of her exports, we should say that the Mississippi towns, from which she is now cut off, must consume full two-thirds of them. These figures show clearly how the South lives, not by what is raised at home, but by what others raise abroad. Of the staple articles of food, Cincinnati supplies the South with several hundred thousand barrels annually, while the export of even fruit and vegetables is very large. The greatest staple, however, appears to be whisky.

Other cities on the Ohio, and above Cairo, have been pouring into all the down-river towns the vast amount of produce which helps to give employment to one thousand six hundred steamboats. From her share of this down-river trade, Cincinnati is now suddenly cut off. Everything must be measurably stagnant. As no one buys steamboats now, so none need build them. As the South can get no more furniture, so eleven thousand citizens employed in manufacturing it, must shoulder arms or look for employment elsewhere. Her multitude of tailors must be in equal straits."

Traitors.

The New York World speaks of two of the recreant sons of old Tennessee in the following style. "Bitter words, Master," but no language of reproach or condemnation can be too severe for the man so lost to all sentiment of honor as to draw the sword of Jackson in the cause of rebellion, or the other who deserts the hundreds of thousands who honored him with their votes, to follow in the trail of the secession will-o'-the-wisp:

"No Southern statesman was once thought truer and firmer than John Bell. He it was who, one short year ago, was made the special champion of the national party that emblazoned the device: "The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws;" and we now see him stultifying every conviction and falsifying every pledge of his former life—as rank and infamous a traitor as can be found in the land. And there, too, is Andrew Jackson Donelson. If there was a man in all the country who was under peculiar obligations to stand fast by the Union, it was the namesake of the old hero who swore by the Eternal that the Union must and shall be preserved—that heir of his, who was charged thus solemnly with a sacred trust:

'I bequeath to my well-beloved Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the State of Tennessee, *with this injunction*, that he fail not to use it when necessary, *in support and protection of our glorious Union*, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or *domestic traitors*.'

And yet this same Tennessecan, once a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, now boasts to the world his intention to draw that sword for disunion! Such apostasy on the part of these once-trusted leaders staggers all faith in men. It has done more than all else to discourage and palsy the honest popular heart of Tennessee."

Prayer.

Stop when you have finished, if you have not prayed too minutes. All attempts to lengthen out a prayer are too transparent to deceive anybody, and are both ridiculous and profane. Dr. South has a Sermon on Long Extemporary Prayers, with much of which the Christian reader will disagree; but to this sentence there will be assent: "Nothing is more unacceptable to God than to hold on speaking after we have left off praying."

We are happy to give room to the above paragraph from the columns of *Zion's Herald*, the able organ of Wesleyan Methodism in New England. It will commend itself to all who read it, and it has as broad an application in theology, as the sunshine has in Nature. There is a thousand fold less real merit and devotion, to our mind, in the scholastic prayer gaged to suit the masses of church-goers, than is contained in the following request of a rough old Captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request:—"Oh, Lord! I have n't been in the habit of calling on Thee often; and if you 'll shift the wind from sou'-west to a little more sou', I wont trouble you again."

Farming.

We are promised an article from DR. A. B. CHILD, suggestive of the formation of an association to be incorporated by law, for the purpose of carrying on more extensively and economically than can be done by individuals, an extensive agricultural enterprise. The state of the country, and the prospects of all classes, have a tendency to direct special attention to farming life, as the truest and best mode of living. We hope to be able, at some future time, to allude more definitely to the subject; in the meantime we commend the article of Dr. C., which will soon appear, to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

"We are making History very fast."

"We are making History very fast," writes a friend to us from the Heart of the Old Bay State. And so it is. We are making History very fast in these days. How rapidly the pages are written, and what a distinctive character has each. Here is one that is fair and clear, each letter and line well defined. A spirit of freedom and triumph, of gladness and jubilance greets us as we look upon it. We turn a leaf, and the page is all blurred and blotted with tears. It is begrimmed with the smoke and dust of battle, and we almost regret that history is being made so fast, it brings to us such vivid contrasts. But so it is. And it is only in keeping with the spirit of the times. Everything moves as though a great deal was to be done in a very short time, and it was doubtful whether there was time enough. The whole world moves like a gigantic locomotive, with a power proportionate to its size. That which in the last century required a year to perform, now asks but an hour. Circumspection is called for in every one in such times, lest some page of the history that is being written should reflect to his discredit. The thought will also force itself upon us that much of the history now being made will never be written in this world's volumes. Yet it is being written, indelibly written, and we shall one day see it all. There are reporters among us who take notes of our thoughts, our motives, and who see so far into our very selves, who, ignoring the act, take only the motive to form a part of our individual histories. With this thought ever in mind, let us walk so that the pages of our history contain no word which we, in dying, may wish to conceal from the eyes of our friends we leave behind, or which we may feel grieved to see laid open before our friends in heaven.

The Coming Crops.

All our readers are, of course, interested to know about the promises of mother earth, so far as *our* part of the planet is concerned, for the current year. From such reliable reports as have reached us, from time to time, the New York Herald sums up its opinion in the matter somewhat in this way:

The crops in both sections of the country are represented as being good, though much better in the North than in the South. In the latter portion the army and cut worms have done, and are still doing, considerable damage to corn, but not sufficient to give the least foundation to the belief that the crop will be short, because a great deal more land has been planted this year than in any former season. The wheat in the extreme South is now about all harvested, and consequently out of harm's way; but in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee it is yet susceptible of rust, and is liable to damage by weevil; but we have thus far heard of no serious complaints growing out of either cause. Grass in the North is uncommonly healthy, and has passed all danger of being harmed. But little, comparatively, of this commodity is raised in the South. The cotton, sugar and rice crops we hear but little about, and can, therefore, give no idea concerning their prospects; but the reasonable inference is that they will all be short, except, perhaps, the yield of tobacco in Kentucky, owing to the peculiar position in which the States raising these articles have been placed. From a general review we are led to the opinion that the corn crop of the entire country will be greater this year than ever before; that wheat, rye, barley and oats will be fully up to the average, and that the production of hay will be unusually large.

New Music.

We are indebted to our friends, Messrs. Ditson & Co., for the following new music: A melody from Norma, arranged for juveniles; "A maid reclined beside the stream," a song, by L. D. Howd; "My Childhood's Days," from Balfe's opera of Bianca; "I was he, my only thought," ballad, from the same; "The Farewell and Return," by George A. Mietzke, and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dowd, Principals of the North Granville Ladies' Seminary. Such publications speak well for the enterprise of publishers in times when public attention is almost everywhere diverted from aught save the nation's defence.

Also, our thanks are due to Higgins Brothers, Chicago, for the following: "The Rain upon the Roof," by J. G. Clark, an exquisite melody; "Wait till the good time coming comes," a song. The Higgins Brothers are publishers of some of the finest music extant, and by their perseverance and ability, have taken rank among the first music publishers of America. They have the growing West for their field; and great will be the reward hereafter of those who labor here to fill this earth with harmony—the synonym of heaven.

Calvinism as a Discount.

The New York Independent has recently exhibited a want of faith in the Calvinistic creed. It begins to surmise that it is a *little too severe*, and that its prime features do not hold out as attractive inducements as they might, for poor depraved mortals to "return." What will our strict Orthodox brethren do about it? Will they *church-martial* the Independent, or will they suffer the editors of it to think and write as they please? We presume they will adopt the latter policy, for the very good and all-sufficient reason—they can't do otherwise. Here is a morsel which they would probably choose to roll under the table, rather than under the tongue: "We concede the ironic severity of his system, its unadaptedness to timid consciences and weak nerves. We believe that his unrelenting logic *misrepresents* the fullness and freeness of Divine grace—bars up with unnecessary obstacles, the repenting sinner's access to the loving Father; that in the day of its power it cast down many in discouragement, and drove *some to despair*, who ought to have walked joyfully in the light of God's presence. *Too often* it has broken the bruised reed, and quenched the smoking flax."

The South want a King.

Mr. Russell, writing to the London Times, from Charleston, S. C., under date of April 30th, says:

Nothing I could say can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations; I have conversed with them freely and fully; and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters has come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country. Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which tore these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter and Pinckney, and not clap your ghostly hands in triumph? *That voice says; "If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content."* Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again.

TEXT FOR THE TIMES.—"And in the synagogue there was a man, which had the spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out with a loud voice, saying, 'Let us alone.'"—[Luke iv. 33.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

On our second and third pages the reader will find an interesting essay from our talented young friend, Hudson Tuttle, on the "Ancient Philosophers." It indicates thorough reading and an eclectic judgment. Other essays from his pen will soon appear.

DR. CHARLES H. CROWELL will be pleased to receive his friends, hereafter, at his new office, at No. 168 Washington street. The doctor has, since his residence in Boston, won quite a reputation for his success—or rather the success of spirits using his organism—in the treatment of diseases of all kinds.

Our government seems disposed to "conquer a *peace*." Cose, whose Surname is Jo, thinks such half way work should not be tolerated; it should conquer the whole or none. The same individual, in allusion to our report last week of his saying in regard to what the South wants, remarked that there is a prospect that the agricultural districts will this fall *see seed*.

Whether is it better to marry or live single? Whichever you do, you will repent.—*Socrates.*

Marriage has many pains, and celibacy no pleasures.—*Dr. Johnson.*

HOW TO TIE A BAG.—Double the string, put it around the bag, and pass the two loose ends through the loop at the other end; then draw one loose end one way, and the other in the contrary direction; take one or two turns, and tie.

"Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between Rich and Poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other."—*Thomas Hood.*

ANOTHER "PROUD MISS MACBRIDE."—Miss Bartlett, the heroine, or, rather, the victim, of the famous diamond wedding in New York a couple of years ago, has, it is said, returned to her father's home, and is suing for a divorce from her husband, Senor Oveida. She was shocked when she arrived at her Cuban home to find that her dark-skinned *owner* was simply a mulatto, and of illegitimate birth at that; and suffered much from his brutal treatment.

The following epigram has grown out of the recent offer of a five hundred dollar prize for a new national song, by a New York committee:—

"In vain ye 'd wake our nation's lyre,
By lure of paltry pelf;
When Genius feels the inspiring fire,
The *Song will sing itself!*"

An Eastern establishment that has been largely engaged in the manufacture of Balmoral skirts, is now employing all its hands in turning out a new pattern of "red, white and blue." This skirt, no doubt, will meet with great favor among the ladies of the North, where the cry now is "show your colors!"

A Commandment that the South don't relish.—"The Seventh."

Newspapers in the seceded States are so severely "let alone" by the North, that they are beginning to suspend—one after another. Aside from the loss of Northern support, they are unable to get paper to print upon, the supply from the North—where all the paper-mills are, of course—being cut off.

Count Cavour, one of the good genii of Italy, is dead.

AGES OF OUR HEROES.—Lieut. Gen. Scott was 75 years old on the 15th inst.; Gen. Wool is 73; Harney, 55; Mansfield, 60; Totten, (head of the engineer corps,) 80; Thayer, (engineer,) 80; Craig, (head of the ordnance department,) 75; Ripley, (ordnance,) 70; Sumner, 65; Learned, (paymaster general,) 70; Gibson, (commissary general,) Churchill, (inspector general,) and Thomas, (adjutant general,) are all old men, having entered the army in the beginning of the present century.—Gibson in 1808, and Churchill in 1812. Gen. McLellan is not yet 35; Gen. Fremont is under 47; Gen. Lyon is about 44; Gen. Butler is 43; and Gen. Banks is 44. Gen. McDowell is about 40.

A letter from Jeddo says that not long since the murderers of a prince were boiled to death in large kettles.

"It is estimated," says the Boston Post, "that a very large proportion of the babies born in Massachusetts during the last month, have been named in compliment to Gen. Butler. Winfield Scotts and Robert Andersons are also very numerous hereabouts."

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The catalogue of the books in the upper hall of the Public Library is now completed, and is rapidly passing through the public press. It has been made under the direction and with the careful and thorough revision of the Superintendent, Prof. C. C. Jewett. It has been compiled with great care, and embraces not only the titles of books arranged under subjects and authors, with cross references, but also, where a variety of subjects are treated upon in the same book, a table of contents is appended. A full alphabetically arranged catalogue is given of all the Parliamentary papers, and also of the documents of Congress—a work of immense labor, but of inestimable value. Our State documents will soon be indexed in a similar manner, at the expense of the State, when the facilities for consulting public documents will be more complete than in any other city in the Union.

A letter from Fortress Monroe states that a Massachusetts soldier ran up on the top of the entrenchments at Great Bethel during the heaviest part of the fight, and took a Sharpe's rifle away from a rebel, and returned safe with his trophy.

A VEGETABLE PARADOX—that the first apple in Paradise should have turned out the first *pair*.

General Butler, says a correspondent to a New York paper, was perfectly enraged against Gen. Pierce when he was brought before him; he cursed him, called him a fool and a coward, told he had failed in the performance of his duty, declaring that he had no confidence in him, and that he would not hereafter trust him, no matter how small or unimportant the affair.

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was taken up. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the constable. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the officer over, and bolted.

Maryland has given, as the latest figures show, full thirty thousand majority for the Union.

The Boston Traveller says that most of the shirts made for volunteers are from four to six inches *too short!*

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pillage."

WHATEVER IS, IS WRONG.

Matter and mind are ever on the wing of change. Alteration and conflict form the basis of life. Man, partaking of the spirit of the universe, is ever restless. He is dissatisfied even, with his highest attainments, and his best positions. Hence, what can be more obviously plain, from observation and experience, than our proposition. Even the verdict of each one of himself, and all of others, being final. The more alive the mind, in light and perfection, the more deeply is this felt, and humbly acknowledged. Indeed, the voice of such a people, is the the voice of God. It is utterly vain to assert, that God is thus and so therefore things must be here, or hereafter, in accordance with our assumed conceptions of him, against reason and facts of His manifestation and order.

No one can fail to be modest and teachable, and ever willing, humbly to acknowledge his errors, who stands on my proposition. "None but great minds, like Christ, can see this." Indeed, is it not wrong in me to destroy the working force and life, the better half, the day and life side of my own hemisphere? Is it not wrong in me to seek to remove Divine landmarks, and beacons, and to divorce what God has joined? The wrong proves the wrong in harmony of life; so whatever is, is wrong! Wrong is dark, and I have darkened counsel in writing, to give the sense.

I now turn to contemplate more fully my design. I have not read the Book, or but little written for or against, "Whatever is, is right!" I have beheld with unutterable sadness the use made by a certain class, and the practical result of that declaration, as carried out by them. I have waited to be impressed, and instructed by spirit friends, and give something of the results, for the good of others, with no desire for controversy, or notoriety, or to depreciate, or to interfere with others.

The distinctions of right and wrong are innate in man, and eternal. They stand or fall together as an indispensable interest in his educational development. Indeed, there is most certainly a right and wrong in all human actions. This is one of life's axioms. There are right ends to seek, and right means to use in following them to their ultimate of good. In business pursuits, in society and government relations, and in moral and spiritual attainments, no truth shines with more clear, positive, and demonstrable light. All are perfected by knowledge and reason, by contrast and experience in the light of these distinctions. Different degrees of right and wrong are manifested in every department of human life, by the fruits which are produced. In the cultivation of the soil, it is right to put in and protect those seeds which yield the best support of life; which furnish the most health, happiness, and beauty. It is right, also, to destroy whatever may weaken the soil for their support, or impair their perfection. In seeking timber from the forests, or stones from the quarries, for our dwellings, the same principles of natural right and duty are ever evident, in marked contrast with wrong. There is not only a right and wrong in the selection of materials, but, also, in the rules by which they are fashioned together in safe, permanent and healthy habitations—full of grace, beauty and convenience.

Can anyone be so wise as to see no right, or wrong in these natural life interests? Is it not wrong to spend time, and powers to raise from our soil repulsory and poison vegetation, because such exists as a part of creation. Indeed, are we doing as right to thus poison our family and friends, as to raise for them the staff of life?

Deity has given us a firm foundation of contrast, and instruction, in such natural lessons. They are the voice of God and reason, and we should heed them. By analogy, they hold equally true in all of our social and spiritual action and relations—showing clearly a right and wrong in all departments of action and progress.

Certainly it can never be right to render obscure, by ambiguous expressions, such divine, land-marks, and lessons, on which human happiness depends. If it is right that two and two make four, it is wrong to seek to change it to more or less; or render in any way, that simple fact obscure. Certainly there must be positive truth, and right in all things; and if so, whatever differs is wrong in proportion to its dissimilarity.

If all things created are right in their place, (and we in ours,) it is certainly obvious, that of place is wrong. Duty demands that we right ourselves, and all things, to harmonious and designed positions, in the divine order. Neither all right, or all wrong, when applied to man and his relations, is true. No reason can declare this, except on the *reductio ad absurdum* plan of demonstration, to prove these extreme propositions false.

Much that is good, and much that is evil, is found in all men; and actions and relations are like those from whom they flow. In tilling, in building, in family and social relations, in government order and discipline, and in all of our scientific, moral and spiritual attainments and relations, the good *time, the Golden Age*, is yet to come. Man has gained in all these departments; yet he needs more light. We should seek the highest and best, with which to educate and aid each other, in more practical perfection, in every department of life. Certainly, experience and reason should ever aid and guide us in this good work. Thus I have been instructed for years, and by hundreds of spirit friends, on whom I can rely.

Again, I protest, and most reasonably too, against all opiates in these painful, yet heaven ordained struggles and sufferings, for a birth into the perfections of a higher life. They must come sometime, if delayed by narcotics for the present. Christ was made perfect through sufferings, so are all our common humanity.

Let all be as sensitive as possible; but let it arise from natural and healthy life; which enjoys the good, and suffers to remove the evil. The man who has an ear for music must ever be pained with discords. Away, then, with your vinegar and gall from the sick, the crucified, and the dying! We will not refuse our cup, or our baptism of sufferings, from the wise Father. Whatever, or wherever, met, we should bear them bravely, with resigned trust, and in the full possession of all our senses and sensibilities. The brave will keep their post, while cowards run. The higher we arise into truth and right in all things, the more we enjoy in them by an increase of sensitive life. The more keenly, also, shall we suffer from their opposites, falses, and wrong. Such true sufferings lead to human redemption, by leading those who bear them to a practical self-sacrificing action of reform. Such have been the sufferings of Christ, and all the good, to redeem and right humanity, and perfect the race in wisdom and goodness. So the departed good now come to us to be life-imparting agents, to give us light, to perfect us in the right, to quicken our sensibilities to enjoy the good, and to labor to remove the evil from our midst. So, at least, they teach me, and my reason approves. Theirs is a trumpet call to meet sufferings, to gain higher practical perfection. They mean no galvanized life for us—no spasmodic anxious-seat revivalism—which are but the death-throes of the old, in passing away. Theirs is a working-life of faith, guided by reason and the loving light of the kingdom of heaven. They bring us no opiates to stupify, no soft pillows of inglorious ease, no silken cords of destructive license.

They inspire a zeal according to knowledge, fraught with the charity and wisdom that is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be instructed, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. Now, having been thus educated by angel visitors at my home, I confess I do not quite understand some writers and speakers of the new dispensation, whose strides into the celestial have procured a *lounge* of inglorious ease and license. They give to the bats and moles, the weights and balances of life's sanctuary, in the true spirit of Young America. All our measures of standard exchange, are whittled into shavings, and scattered to the winds, in sportive glee. The Bible is nothing, Christianity is nothing, but hurtful myths.

They are profound! Yet, not responsible for what they say or do, it being the very best—where all is best, and good, and right.

Boiled water is profound to sight, and often leaves the imagination to fancy many fathoms deep, when but a few inches reaches the muddy bottom. I certainly hope and pray for modesty and reason, for myself and others. In demonstrating problems in algebra, I have reasoned long and correctly from false positions, and came at monstrous conclusions for my ultimate. If we confound our words of measure, degrees, and contrast, we must wander in confusion and darkness. We should be thankful for the past—for the Bible—for the present—and devote all to life's highest uses of practical goodness and progress. They do not call for our worship, but for our wise use. We may not wisely boast ourselves against the roots, the trunk, that has produced, and yet sustains us, as fruit.

The primitive formation, with all the rising strata, is quite important to support the surface of our earth, with its living and beautiful varieties. It is not wise to ignore the soil, the forests, or the quarries, because of the bad use made of them; but, rather, to show our superiority, by a more true and beautiful use. Good casks may have been filled with a worthless beverage. Empty, preserve, and put into them something better.

Indeed, is it not wise to do so with words and forms of expression, which are an indispensable medium of exchange, in the mental world? In conclusion, permit me to say, in love, and with all due respect for others, I desire no tobacco, no alcoholic, no hashish developments or inspirations, no novice teachings, to grace this glad morning light of the coming kingdom of truth and love.

S. FELLOWS.

Fall River, April 12th, 1861.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Reformers of Hastings, N. Y., cordially invite the friends of Human Progress to meet with them at a two day's meeting, to be held on Saturday and Sunday the 29th and 30th of June, 1861. Should the weather be unfavorable for a Grove meeting, a Hall will be used. Let the friends in this section unite with us, and we shall make two days progress in the right. Ira L. Hitchcock, A. G. Donnelly, Sophia L. Chappel, Geo. M. Jackson, A. Wolsen, and others, have been invited, and are expected to be present as speakers.

A. H. MORSE,
J. CLUTE,
J. DOUGLAS,
A. H. PRESCOTT,
N. CLUTE,
Committee of Arrangements.

A Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists, of Flora, Boone County, Illinois, will hold a two days' meeting the 29th and 30th days of June in Robinson Grove, four miles south of Belvidere. Care will be taken to have speakers to make it interesting and profitable. Speakers and others who may be passing this way are cordially invited to attend.

A. S. ROYAL,
C. MORGAN,
E. ROBINSON,
C. DEAN,
E. LEVETT,
Committee.

Harmonial Celebration.

The Fourth Annual Celebration of the Harmonialists of Grand River Valley, will be holden at Lapham ville, Kent Co., Mich., on Thursday, July 4th, 1861. Mrs. M. J. Kultz, and other local speakers, will be in attendance, and all speakers who can make it convenient to do so, are cordially invited to meet with us, and take part in the proceedings.

Speaking will commence at 10 o'clock A. M., and the exercises of the day will be concluded by a Social Party at Pickett's Hall, in the evening.

JAMES DOCKERAY, *Sec. Com. Arr.*

Spiritualist Grove Meetings.

LEO MILLER will address the friends of Progress in Pultneyville, N. Y., on Sunday, June 30th, 1861, forenoon and afternoon.

Should the weather be unfavorable for out-door meetings, they will be held in the Union Church, afternoon and evening.

Mr. Miller hopes to meet hundreds of old friends and new ones, on this, the only opportunity he will have to be with them the present year.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. and at 3 and 7 1-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"The facts of Modern Spiritualism are in perfect harmony with the facts of the Bible, and furnish the strongest and most positive evidence extant of the spiritual origin of that book."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

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

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. Speakers engaged:—Miss L. E. DeForce, June 16th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer during August; Mrs. M. M. Macumber, during Oct.; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. P. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macumber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Dr. A. B. Child, June 23d; Rev. S. Fellows, June 30th; F. B. Felton, July 8 and 14; Chas. A. Hayden, July 21 and 28; J. S. Loveland, Aug. 4 and 11; Miss DeForce, Aug 18; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougall, Dec. 1st., 8th, 15th, and 22d; Warren Chase, Dec 29.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1-2 and 5 1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fannie Davis, June 16th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, June 30th.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1-2 and 7 1-4 P. M.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, five Sundays in June; Mrs. Mary Macumber, four Sundays in July; Miss L. E. A. DeForce in Aug.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macumber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForce during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; G. B. Stebbins, during January.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer in June; Laura E. DeForce in July; Mattie F. Hulett in Aug.; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macumber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougall in Nov.; Leo. Miller in Dec.

Mesmeric Hospital Practice.

We know of no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as this. We receive the most flattering commendations from the most celebrated Clergymen, Lawyers and Public Speakers; and we can also speak from personal experience.—*Troy Whig.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

GRAND MASS GROVE MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS AT ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON,

On Wednesday, June 26th, 1861.

THE Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity invite all their friends to meet them as above, for the purpose of a Grand Social Union. Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the exercises on this occasion. AN EXCELLENT BAND OF MUSIC will furnish the music for dancing. No refreshment stands, or exhibitions of any kind, allowed upon the grounds, (for sale or for exhibition,) except such as are furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of these an abundant supply will be found.

A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 9.45 A. M.; and returning, leave the Grove for Boston and way stations at 4.30 P. M., or in season for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, stations on the Worcester Railroad, Readville, and the South Shore Railroad, and stations between Boston and the above-named places on the different railroads connecting therewith, the same evening.

On the Fall River Road, from all the stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at ONE-HALF the usual fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford, Fairhaven, and Taunton, can make their own arrangements upon favorable terms, thus preventing confusion.

☞ Fare from Boston to the Grove, and return, (by Special Train):—Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depot.

Friends from all the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, will take the regular train that leaves Boston at 8.30 o'clock A. M., just in advance of the special train. Fares from the Way Stations will be as follows:—From Harrison Square, 60 cents; Neponset, 55 cents; Quincy, 50 cents; Braintree, 45 cents; South Braintree, 40 cents, for adults; children half price.

Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will take place on Friday, the 28th inst.

Boston, June 14th, 1861. It

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. *No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass.*
Oct 1. 1aly

TRANCE, SPEAKING, HEALING, AND TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. WELTHEA SNOW offers her services to the public as a Medium for either of the above forms of Spirit Manifestations. For examinations of disease especially, and as a reliable Medium, she can supply the best of references. She will answer calls for lecturing during the summer. Address until August 1st, care of J. H. Cook, Stevens Plains, Westbrook, Me.; and after August 1st may be found at the residence of Amos Cummings, Jr., Reading, Mass. Terms reasonable. 2m* June 22.

NEXT OF KIN WANTED,

Heirs-at-law of Millions Pounds Sterling

IN CHANCERY, BANK OF ENGLAND, &c., waiting claimants. A Catalogue of the heirs, and names of those to whom letters should be addressed in England, will be sent post free, on receipt of 60 cents, in stamps, or two for $1. Old claims must be presented at once. References:—A. K. Hill, Boston; J. Burnham, Chief Police, Haverhill. Address W. W. S. ORBETON & CO.,
June 22. tf Box 250, Post Office, Boston, Mass.

WAR, WAR WITH DISEASE.

MRS. A. H. SWAN, Clairvoyant, gives sittings daily to examine and prescribe for the sick. Also sits for business; finds lost goods or money. Will examine patients by their sending a lock of hair, enclosed in a letter, with one dollar; they will receive an answer by return mail. Office, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. All letters to be addressed to P. Clark, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.
June 15. tf

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

Office No. 184 West 24th Street, City of New York,

WILL attend to patients personally at his office, at their houses, or to their cases by letter. He limits his medical practice solely to his SPECIALTY, to wit: the cure of Bronchial or Throat ailments, Scrofula in all its multiplied phases, and the worst of all Hemorrhages. He has never failed in any case of spitting blood, nose bleed, dysentery, floodings, &c. He has faith in the power of medicines to meet all such cases, and accordingly uses them, never resorting to cauteries nor to instruments in the case of diseases of the throat.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

This saying of reproach has lost its force in the practice of Dr. D. His own sickness and self-cure shall be the only case he will report here, as evidence of his skill, in the many cases coming within his charge:

For several years I was declining in my strength and vital forces, till at length I was evidently consuming away; respiration becoming difficult, and having a constant cough, with expectoration attended with raising of blood. This condition continuing, I was finally forced to relinquish business (the profession of the law, then pursued for twenty years) and give up to sickness. Reduced almost to a skeleton, and suffering pains beyond my power of description, violent hemorrhages from the chest set in, whose frequency and frightfulness foreshadowed speedy dissolution of the relations of body and spirit. The most violent hemorrhages and longest in duration, which occurred in my case, at any time, continued three days and three nights consecutively, there being six discharges, or vomitings of blood in each twenty-four hours, in large quantities. During all this time I was unable to lie down.

At this time and on other occasions of hemorrhage, physicians of every school and philosophy, tried their skill, but all their efforts to arrest the bleedings were unsuccessful. Having studied for the medical profession before entering that of the law, I dismissed all physicians, and, self-reliant, proceeded to try my own skill. The result was, I recovered, and, for some years, have been well enough to practice my specialty in medicine, above named, and to heal others in the like desperate condition.

Dr. D. takes pleasure in referring to his numerous old clients and acquaintances for attestation to the foregoing report of his own case of self-cure. tf June 8.

NEW BOOKS.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM: Being a Debate held at Decatur, Mich., between A. B. Whiting, the well-known Trance Speaker and Poet, and Rev. Joseph Jones, a celebrated Western divine of the Methodist Church. Said Debate was reported verbatim by C. C. Flint, of the Chicago Democrat, and makes a neat pamphlet of nearly 150 pages. Sent free to any address on receipt of forty cents, or four dollars per dozen. Also a work on "Religion and Morality," being a Criticism on the Characters of all the noted Bible men of God, Early Church Fathers, &c., with a Defence of Spiritualism, by A. B. W. This book contains historical information that cannot be found in any fifty volumes, or in the English language. Sent free for thirty cents or three dollars per dozen. Address A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.
May 18. 6w*

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Editor.

A Journal of Health, Progress and Reform, devoted to no sect, belonging to no party, *not given to one idea.*

The following will continue to be distinctive characteristics of THE HERALD OF PROGRESS:

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,
MEDICAL ARTICLES,
WHISPERS AND PRESCRIPTIONS,
BY THE EDITOR.
WITH THESE AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS—
SPIRIT MYSTERIES,
TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE,
VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE,
NOTES OF THE MORAL POLICE.

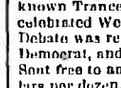
THE HERALD OF PROGRESS is published every Saturday on a double folio of eight pages, for *Two Dollars* per annum, or *One Dollar* for six months, payable in advance.

☞ Specimen copies mailed free. Address
A. J. DAVIS & CO., *Publishers,*
April 27. tf 274 CANAL ST., NEW YORK.

J. W. BRACKETT,

MANUFACTURER OF

$140. PIANOS, $175



Piano-Fortes, Pedaliers or Pianos with Organ Pedals attached, for Organists.

The subscriber would call especial attention to his Pianos, it being a very small piano, constructed on entirely new principles, unsurpassed in power and quality of tone, and possessing a freedom and purity never before attained. Every instrument warranted. J. W. BRACKETT,
May 25. 6t 18 Avery street, Boston

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through MRS. J. H. CONANT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Wednesday, May 29.—Lewis K. Potter; Deborah S. Buckingham; Wm. E. Cutter; Abbie Bowen.

Thursday, May 30.—Invocation; Total Depravity; Ellen Riley; David T. Osgood; Mary Frances Moore.

Friday, May 31.—Washington Hedge; Evil; James Maloney; Henrietta S. Sprague.

Saturday, June 1.—Uses of the Body; Martha Yates; Albert Hammond.

Wednesday, June 5.—Invocation; Nature; Stephen S. Dike; Laura Ridge.

Tuesday, June 11.—Human Will; Orrin Barker; Charlotte Ann Poovey; Louisa Robertson.

Wednesday, June 12.—Invocation; Man's Power over Circumstances; Horace Sherman, N. Y.; Andrew J. Forbes.

Our Circles.

We are obliged to suspend our Circles for the present—until the Rooms we are fitting up at the new Office of the BANNER, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, are ready for the public. Notice of the time of re-commencing the Circles will be given next week, together with the regulations by which they will in future be governed.

John Elkins.

When I see blood shed in a good cause, I like to see it shed. Though I love peace, I love war, too.

In 1848 I lost a son under very trying circumstances. I then lived at Cleveland, Ohio. I sent my son into the Southern States to do business for me. It seems he got into some dispute with some of the Southern people, and was murdered.

I begged them, as a favor, to send his body to me, but they refused—disregarded a father's request entirely. His mother died in consequence of his untimely death; and our family was plunged in deep sorrow. But there always seemed to be a something in my heart telling me the time will come when I should be revenged—should see justice done, and be satisfied.

I lived a few years, and I died. I died with a terrible feeling toward the South. There were times when I would forget my duty to myself and family, because of the treatment I received. They said I was insane; but I do not think so. At times the natural feelings of a father would rise and I would seem strange until it had burned out. I died in one of those melancholy spells.

In vain I tried to find rest here. Whenever I met one from the South, I shrank away from him. But to-day I believe the South is to receive her just deserts. I am not alone, but there are thousands of us here like myself, and I believe the time has come for all our debts to be paid. If the government had done right it would have crushed out the spirit of the South long ago. I like freedom, but I like that which will allow every man to speak his mind in every place on the continent. I now find my time for revenge has come, and my Spiritual strength returning to me.

I believe the sin of Slavery is the worst sin on earth. I have seen the slave beg and pray to be liberated since I have been here, but the master holds on to him, because he will be poor.

I have a son, and he is now going forth to avenge his brother's death. I want to say to him: Under whatever circumstances you may be placed, John, do not touch a hair. Don't fear you are not doing right. Don't think you are to meet a power like that you are going to avenge, but that you have an army behind you that will sustain you. Success will accompany the Federal army.

My son has high religious notions. He fears that God does not sanction fighting. I want him to cut free from that religion, and if he cannot fight with it, I want him to leave it behind. The God of to-day is not the God of the Bible. It will do well enough to read the Bible in camp when it stimulates you to duty, but if not, you better cut loose from all religion. I want him to cut loose from it, for I see no other way by which he can do his duty. I feel I am right in coming here to-day, and ask my son to let go his religion.

I have been here long enough to know that a natural life is the best one, and it is perfectly natural for me to want my son's death avenged.

The South has tyrannized so long over the slaves, that they imagine they can tyrannize over all men. It is time they were taught different, and their propensity to tyrannize driven out of them.

My name is John Elkins. I want this letter to go to my son John, in the army. I want him to fight like a man. I don't want him to have so much religion on his shoulders that he cannot carry a musket, too. Religion will do well enough to carry, if it don't prevent you from doing your duty; but if it does, leave it behind. May 26.

Ellen Murphy.

I want to send a letter to my brother in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His name is Daniel Murphy. He don't know I'm dead. I died here in Boston, of consumption. I sent to him for money to take me home, and he sent word, I came away against his will, and I might stay, for all him. I came up with Capt. Davis, of the Elmira, from Nova Scotia. He was very kind to me, and helped me to a situation after I got here. I was here most two years, and was taken sick, and had to be taken care of by charity, after I was taken sick. I had a place at North Square first, where the Captain used to board. He took me there, and got me a place. The folks were very kind to me, but I wanted to go home, and my brother had some money, and he could have sent for me. But it was not so much the money I cared for, though I was taken care of by charity, for I could have got that; but after he sent me that word, I did n't care to go home. He will have something to think of now.

I don't want to go home to talk. I just want to let him know I'm dead—that he did wrong by me, and that I am quite happy, and do n't ask any help, now.

The lady I lived with was named Eldridge. I want to thank her for all she did for me when I was sick. I want Capt. Davis to give my letter to my brother. I think he will be going back and forth now, for that has been his business.

My name was Ellen Murphy. I was twenty-four years old. I died last winter. May 25.

Michael Flanders.

Mister I durned if I did n't get out of that scrape nice! I fell overboard, and got drowneded; but I 'm out of it now. I fell over down at Jersey Ferry, the night before Independence, in 1860. I was eleven years old. My name was Michael Flanders. I struck my head when I fell. I lived in Pitts Alley, off Chamber street. I had an old man—mother was dead. May 25.

Sylvanus Thompson.

It is well somebody can pray for us, seeing that we can't pray for ourselves. For my part, I have felt more like cursing than like praying. I want to curse somebody. It seems to me that I am not all to blame—it does seem some one else is at fault. This praying is not for me. But they say when we get into a certain condition, we will praise; but when a person has lost all he had, and has nothing to cling to, it is hard work to pray.

I had money enough here—I had friends, and was content to stay. But an evil fortune took me from earth, and now I am compelled to beg an admittance to my home.

My name was Sylvanus Thompson. I lived in St. Louis. I was forty-three years old. I left plenty of money, and had nothing to die for, but everything to live for, and here I am, a poor, miserable curse, with nothing to live for, and everything to die for. I know there are scores of people here who were glad to get rid of the body—those poor, miserable creatures who had nothing to live for. But I don't like it. I had everything to live for, and here I am, cut off, swinging between heaven and hell. I go to my home, and they don't know me. I 'm dead—I got killed by a lead pill, but it was all right, because sanctioned by the law. These wholesale murders go down with the people, because they are popular. I want my body—I 'd give the world to get it. It is no use to talk about being happy. I can't be. I want to know what they are doing with my things. I have come here to see what I can do, for I can't get my body. I 've offered fifty thousand dollars for it, but nobody can return it to me. If there is any worse hell than I see right here, I 'd like to know where it is, for I 'd like to see all the curiosities while I am here.

No, I was not a secessionist, but I was like poor Troy—got into bad company.

I want to pay my debts—I owe money. I have a good deal owing to me. I don't care about that. I want to settle up all honorably, and then I 'll be willing to go. I 'd just got where I thought I could be happy; but happiness is a jack-o-lantern.

I 've been back to my home, but all I got is, Sylvanus Thompson is dead.

I had money and friends enough, but I had no family, and most of my connections are not near. Now there is going to be a fight, and debts will not be paid. Oh, if I could only have my body two days! I have been there, and talked, but they do n't know me. If they do not do as I want, with my money, I 'll keep coming, till I worry them to death. I 'll come through anybody I can borrow—man, woman, nigger, or what not. Sometimes it is almost impossible to think my body cannot be used by me, but that I float in the air, and can't use my own feet to walk the streets with. Oh, it 's a hard position to be in; and if you do n't believe it, come and try it.

I was not one of the men who believe in God's providence, to be satisfied with everything that comes up. I believe man has the control of providence. I don't want all my business to go more into hell than I am—no need of that. If it will only stay on a par with me, I 'll be satisfied; but I believe it 's going below me.

Oh, my body! I 'd give the world if I had it. Sick! I never was sick in my life. I did n't know what it was to be moving with an invalid body; everything was right with me then, but all is wrong with me now. Good bye. May 28.

Catherine Edgerley.

I belonged in Oberlin, Ohio. I have been dead one year and seven months. I was twenty-four years old. My name, Catherine Edgerley. I have no money to come back to worry about, but I have two destitute children. Their father deserted them soon after I died. I have wandered all the way back here, because I am so unhappy about them. I have friends and relatives in Massachusetts. They have money, and I want them to take care of my children. I have no silver or gold to pay them, but I have the gifts of heaven to bestow upon them. I ask them to take care of my children. If I call upon their father, he won't hear, so I must speak to ears more open. There are so many kinds of sorrow everywhere, that there is nothing wanting to make up the full picture of misery.

I can't say much here, but I 'll hope the Great Father will influence those I have here to care for my children. It may be hard to leave money in an unsettled condition, but it is harder to leave children.

These friends' name is Murray. I have an uncle Philip and an uncle Joseph in Massachusetts—my father's brothers. When he was in this world, he did much for them, and it is right now for me to ask them to return his kindness to my children.

I was with the Mormons six months in Salt Lake City. I ran away from them. I found my husband—we ran away. Their customs were so terrible to me, I could not stay. The hardships I endured while there, and in getting away, were the cause of my death. I was told everything that was beautiful about them; that was why I was induced to go. I expect my husband is with them now. I would sooner see my children drawn in quarters than have them sent to Mormon slavery. I do not ask him to care for them. Farewell, stranger. May 28.

E. K. Avery.

I suppose there is a time somewhere in the future when all those who are unhappy shall merge into happiness—when the unquiet spirits of millions who now people the earth, unseen by mortals, shall find a resting place.

When in the body, I thought I had correct views in regard to the future life, but I found on entering that life, that all ideas I had were worthless and the mere pictures of imagination, drawn by perverted education. The soul cannot grow very large while in the body; it cannot very well expand beyond the confines of popular Christianity. The popular idea of heaven—the general idea—is contrary to the perceptions of the soul. It oftimes perceives a truth it does not speak of. While in the body the soul is cramped. I believe there is a place of rest—that every soul is destined to be happy. I believe that every soul has a course marked out for it, and that conditions seem at times to rule it so that it is not able to surmount them. I do not come back to say I was without power, and could not help doing what I did, but I believe that conditions oftimes compelled me to do what I did.

I made a feeble attempt to commune with a circle convened in New Hampshire. They were ignorant of the principles governing the new philosophy, and were skeptical, withal. I was requested to come here, if I did indeed commune there, and if I should do so, inasmuch as all present were skeptical in regard to the thing, (and they would keep all this to themselves) they would know that I came back and communed with them, if I came here.

I told them I was unhappy, because I could not see to free myself from certain influences that had hung about me since death. I told them I had every reason to disbelieve in any place of punishment or class of punishments to be inflicted in any after death.

I told them I was now living out all that was inharmonious in my nature, and becoming a God myself.

They told me if I was a spirit disembodied, they must believe I had become infidel to all Christianity. I told them I had indeed become infidel to all such Christianity as was found on earth, for I had in vain looked for one Christian on earth. I referred to that class of people who prefer to be followers of Jesus of eighteen hundred years ago. I don't believe there is one real Christian on earth. Not one.

My name? I 'm not ashamed to give it; but I am ashamed of many things connected with it. I feel it is a mantle not altogether white. If it is ever made white, it will not be because the blood of a Jesus has redeemed it, but because my own endeavors begotten of my will, shall purge me from sin. E. K. Avery was my name. May 28.

Johnny Sullivan.

I was most twelve years old. I had the small-pox—that 's what I died with. I never could talk well. I 've got an old man for a father, I want to talk to. His name is John Sullivan, and I 'm Johnny. We lived in Salutation street. He 's drunk most all the time, and I see folks here so unhappy, I want to talk to him. He 's good when you catch him sober. I 've been gone most a year. Will you send my letter? Tell him Johnny came back and wants him to stop drinking. My mother is here, and she 's better off than I am. That old woman he married, and that run off, is dead—died in the poor-house. She used to get more drunk than he did. My mother was German.

I always stuttered. I thought when I came back here I could help it, but I think so much of it, I can't help it.

I want to tell my father he 'll go to the devil if he don't stop drinking—that old woman has gone there. He 'll never go to mother, for she is good. That old woman used to bang me round, and I hate her. She used to take all my money, and she 's gone to the devil. She made my father worse than ever. She got drunk, got in a fight, and Mr. Savage carried her off to the station-house. May 28.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

T. TILTON, MEDIUM.

Within the breast of man there is implanted a desire for a life beyond the present life—a life of future happiness—a life of calm and peaceful quietude, when the cares of earth shall have been thrown aside, with the pains and sorrows and anxieties of earth life; and where the weary traveler, after the journey of life is ended, may find that rest which has buoyed the spirit up when nature failed, and the joys of earth had passed away.

Is not this the desire of every human being? Where lives the man or woman in whose breast this desire dwelleth not? It is implanted there by the Creator, nor can all the sophistry of man ever eradicate it from the mind. Life continued beyond earth-life, is the desire of mankind; and when that life shall be developed to man, with all its beauties, when man shall learn that to die is but to live, when this earthly form shall have yielded up the imprisoned spirit that confined it to earth to enter a more exalted sphere, then will mankind see and know the realities of life. Is life, then, but a meteoric spark that appeareth but for a little season and then vanisheth away? No—it is a gift of the Creator, a spark that emanated from Deity; it never dies. When the earthly form becomes palsied by age; and the eye dimmed by length of years, and man lies down to await the coming of the painless sleep of death, then man turns the eye of faith from the shore of mortality to the bright realms of endless day—the spirit land.

As life recedes, and death approaches the weary one of earth, how tranquil and resigned, when that life given by the Creator has been spent in doing good to his fellow man. A holy quiet reigns around his dying bed; in peace he leaves the earth.

Mortals, rejoice in the faith of the truth of Spirit life, for in this faith there is joy unspeakable and that fadeth not away. The bondage of the children of men has been for ages past the fear of death; but in this faith, death is robbed of its terrors, and man can look forward to that hour when he shall be freed from earth, and things that are earthly, and be clothed with immortality in joy and peace. The life you now enjoy is the gift of the Creator; the faculties with which you are endowed, are but so many talents lent. Make a proper use of them in your sphere of life, and you will enter a more exalted sphere in the spirit world.

The great rule of life is, never to do unto another what you would not receive in return. In all your dealings with mankind, never use deception, for you would not like to be deceived. Steal not from others, as you would not like to have them steal from you. If others treat you unkindly, and say evil things of you, speak kindly in return, and treat them as you would like to be treated by them. By following these simple rules of life, how pleasant earth life would be from what it now is.

Man, in miniature, is born to-day, and dies to-morrow. The rapidity of time, when measured by thought in advance, is slow, and scarcely perceived; but when measured by a retrospective view, how transient then is the life of man! Yesterday, a child, to-day strong and vigorous in manhood, to-morrow, bowed down by the infirmity of old age. This is the record of the earthly life of man; a miniature indeed. What is man, and of what he is composed? Of the earth earthy, and of the spirit heavenly. The earthy is that which debaseth; low, groveling, sensual; and leads to all evil, unless aided by spirit power; and when thus aided, man becomes more exalted, and rises above the groveling sensualities of earth, and communes with the heavenly; and were it not for the temptations of earth, man would be more heavenly than earthy.

By the glittering of gold, are many led astray; worldly honor, with its attending power, holds some minds chained down to earth in fetters stronger by far than brass or iron. Others are deluded by a course of sensual pleasure; poor mistaken mortals, they know not the road they are traveling leads down to the chambers of death! They are blinded by earthly passions, allured in their downward course of antagonism to their earthly life, and derogating to their spiritual natures. So it is in all the relations of earth-life; man as we see him to-day, is contaminated by his connection with earth; free man from this connection, and he becomes a different being, a spirit, then the allurements of earth are powerless to control, for the medium of evil has returned to its native element, the dust. The spirit freed from the bonds that bound it to earth enters a new life, a life free from temptations, where in its continued rounds of progression, sphere succeeds sphere, glory succeeds glory, and praise transcends praise in one universal, continued, and eternal existence. O that man could be convinced of the glorious truth of spirit-life; then would earth life become as different from what it now is, as thought is from reality. Soon the world must recede and spiritual life become the all-absorbing theme of mankind. Its power will sway the nations of the earth, and its inhabitants become the recipients of its gifts.

Love will then take the place of hatred, and joy the place now occupied by sorrow, and peace that of unrest. The morning light of spirit-life is dawning on the horizon of man's mental darkness, and the gloom of earth is passing away. And as mankind advances in this light, it will grow brighter and brighter until he becomes perfect in his sphere, and when perfected in one sphere, he will advance to another, until he shall arrive to unbounded perfection in spirit-life.

Progression is written upon the world's history. From the earliest moment of creation to the latest day of its continuance, progression is written on each revolving year. So with man. He is ever reaching for something higher; and as he attains to one degree of knowledge, he is ready to advance to another. It is thus the chain of infinity is ever unbroken, that leads from earth to heaven. And when man is influenced by spirit-power, his advancement is more rapid. Guided by that unseen power that leads man to truth and holiness, his mind influenced by the spirit of truth and righteousness, man must advance more rapidly than when under the influence of earthly temptations.

Resist not the spirit, if you would be happy in earth-life, for it will lead you on in your journey of life, safe from many a snare that besets your path; as you aspire to a higher and more exalted state on earth, resist not the spirit, for it will aid you in your attainments. And as you wisely use the talents given you while you remain on earth, so will your advancement be in the spirit-land.

Death is but a continuation of life; if you make a good use of life on earth, your advancement in the spirit world will be the more exalted. Let your aim in this state of existence ever be, to attain to the most honorable and just position of man to man, and all men to God. As man is your brother, and God your father, so labor in your sphere of life to bring your brother up to, and elevate him in that position in which you are placed. Your labor is great, the field is large, and the laborers few.

Be not discouraged or dismayed if friends forsake you, and scoff, and revile you; remember they did the same to one greater than you. Let your answer ever be, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." At the proper time you will receive help; when there is a laborer wanted, the means will be used to bring him into the field, but your labor is before you; faint not, for you shall reap in due season.

Remember one thing, the wheat is always found in the chaff; it once protected the wheat, and was good in its place, and answered the purpose for which it was designed. So it is in all the works of creation and progression, you will find some chaff with the wheat; and when the harvest is over, and the wheat is winnowed from the chaff, and the chaff blown away, then the wheat is garnered up; but no one thinks of cursing the chaff for protecting the wheat in its growth.

So it is with man; the earthly form protects the spirit in its growth, and when it comes to maturity, then the dust returns to dust, but the spirit is garnered up in that bright realm of endless bliss, the spirit-land. CHARLES WESLEY.

CHEAMINGS FROM FESTUS.—NO. 10.

COMPILED BY H. S. PHAGNER.

A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule creative life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the others;
All are compatible—all needful; one
To life—to virtue one—and one to bliss!
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being.

To love God we must all His creatures love—
To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that 's wise, fair, good, and happy.

Thoughts shine out in dreams. Dreams double life;
There are the heart's bright shadow on life's flood;
And even the step from death to deathlessness—
From this earth's gross existence unto Heaven—
Can scarce be more than from the harsh hot day
To sleep's soft scenes, the moonlight of the mind.
The wave is never weary of the wind,
But in mountainous playfulness leaps to it
Always: but mind get weary of the world,
And gloome itself in sleep, like a sweet smile,
Line by line, settling into proper sadness;
For sleep seems a part of our immortality;
And why should anything that dies be sad?

Spirit hath no parts. It is
One substance, whole and indivisible,
Whatever else. Souls see each other clear
At one glance, as two drops of rain in air
Might look into each other, had they life.
Death does away disguise.

Earth-like, the heart must undergo all change
Ere the superior life be formed therein.
Men and angels obey the order of existence.

The spirits of the bright invisible
Shall throng around, as the winds
Some mountain-top.

'Tis sweet to feel we are encircled here
By breath of angels as the stars of Heaven;
And the soul's own relations, all divine,
As kind as even those of blood; and thus
While friends and kin, like Saturn's double rings,
Cheer us along our orbit, we may feel
We are not lone in life, but that earth's part
Of Heaven and all things.

Earth and Heaven hold commune day and night;
There 's not a wind but bears upon its wing
The messages of God; and not a star
But knows the bliss of earth.

Earth shall live again, and like her sons
Have resurrection to a brighter being;
And when like a bride, or like a morning
With a long blush of love, to a new life.

Correspondence.

Father Beeson's Movements in Behalf of the Indians.

EDITORS AND READERS OF THE BANNER—Your old friend and correspondent would apprise you of one of the best reformatory movements of the day, now in progress in this, our Quaker city. You have all doubtless heard of Father John Beeson, the zealous advocate of the rights of the poor Indian. He is laboring assiduously to arouse public sentiment, and to win the hearts of the nation to pity and justice toward the long-neglected and cruelly outraged red man. He has lectured in various halls and churches, and such has been the simple fervor and truthful eloquence of his discourses, that large audiences were moved to tears, and to the tenderest expressions of sympathy. Having lived for some years among the Indians, he is well calculated to give an exact portraiture of the habits and customs that prevail among them. He tells of their beautiful spiritual faith; their appreciation of the beautiful in Nature; their love of song, and the spirit of justice and truth that is cultivated in the tribes; the purity, temperance and simplicity of their lives.

Father Beeson spoke feelingly of their many privations; of the wanton cruelties inflicted upon them by the emigrants and the white settlers on our frontiers; how lawless hordes of armed men marched forth against the defenceless and suspecting Indians without the slightest cause for provocation; how wars were carried on against them purely from the sordid love of speculation, and how the atheistic idea had grown in the minds of the people, that the Indian's destiny was to be swept away from the earth—was the doom of extirmination by the hand of the white conquerors, the *Christian foemen*, who should have proved their saviours?

In order to disabuse the public of this erroneous and sinful thought, Father Beeson relates facts and incidents that occurred to himself, or were narrated to him by persons of undoubted veracity, that prove the intellectual and moral capacity of the Indian, that place him far above his Christian opponents in all magnanimous achievement and lovable endeavor. From those who should have been their teachers, they have learnt the *vices* of civilization; and so many horrible outrages have been committed against them, that the combative element has been aroused against the white oppressors. Hence their willingness to join the rebel ranks of the South. Trusting to the specious promises of Jeff. Davis and his advisers, they are arming themselves against us of the North, deluded into the belief that we are, and shall remain, their enemies; and that in enlisting beneath the rebel flag, they will gain the rights so long denied them—the right of their lives, the possession of their homes; and it behooves us now, to point out their mistake without delay.

As a humane, a patriotic people, it is our solemn duty to save the Indian from Southern treachery, and ourselves from the horrors of Border warfare. Humanity, loyalty, self-interest, all indicate the one line of conduct to be pursued; and that is, that a grand expression of sympathy and aid go forth from our Northern cities at this especial time of our country's trial, in favor of the Indian.

To arouse that sympathy most thoroughly, and to gain that expression of a nation's feeling is the aim of the good man, now laboring in our city. For that purpose he lectures, and Larooque, an interesting Indian woman, (who with her husband and children accompany Father Beeson,) sings at the meetings, the touchingly plaintive songs of the forest denizens. Soul and heart are thrilled by her "Funeral Song," by the pathetic questioning strain, "Oh, why does the white man follow my track?"—and she gives our national anthems with deep feeling and electric effect. Her natural and bird-like tones have won for her the name of the "Indian Jenny Lind." Larooque also recites from Hiawatha finely.

A meeting was held last week, at which resolutions were adopted that approved of Father Beeson's plan, and a committee of ladies was appointed to make arrangements with schools, and to further obtain sympathy for the cause, by the holding of a series of Indian concerts; thus presenting to the public the claims of the Indian upon humanity, patriotism, and Christian compassion. It is the fervent prayer of those earnest souls who have rallied around this movement, that the efforts of the venerable man who is striving so nobly against the difficulties in his path, may meet with entire and speedy success—that apathy and indifference will change to willing appreciation and energetic aid from all sides; that the understanding of the masses will be reached, and the hearts of all touched by that Divine love and pity that is enjoined by the great teacher, Jesus—that the Indian may be restored, his home granted, and his life be regarded as valuable and dear as that of God's white children—that we may by immediate proofs of interest and friendship, win forevermore the fervent gratitude and good-will of our long-forgotten Indian brother. God and good angels, joining with good and true men and women, will surely speed the day; so that beneath our glorious Star-Flag, all may bless the Great Giver for the sacred boon of Liberty.

Yours for Truth, CORA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, June 10*th*, 1861.

Associations.

After the long sleep of Socialism, since the pæans rang with the dissolution of the North American Phalanx, six years ago, it would be gratifying to know to what extent the system has been studied by reformers since that period, and whether a body of individuals could be collected, to take part in an Association for joint stock, mechanical and agricultural purposes, combined with a residence in one household, and a common dining hall. Such an enterprise must be undertaken by members of similar tastes and similar business views; and as the aggregation of such persons will necessarily be slow, hired labor at the outset must be availed of.

It may be urged that the time is not ripe for such a movement; that Socialism must grow out of an over-crowded population; that our country as yet affords an immense field for emigration and for prosperity to those who have a business faculty, and that the attention of the masses at large cannot be drawn toward this reform. Arguing from this point of view, the time will not be ripe for some hundreds of years. It will take many generations hence to soundly occupy the boundaries of the United States; many more to occupy Central America, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies, which may all ultimately unite with our government, and still many more, to cover the vast territories of South America with settlers. Is society, through this tedious period, to be preserved in its present form? Are working men to toil for eleven hours a day from early boyhood, with little opportunity for mental culture, and be viewed by dandy snobs as "mud-sills"? Are working women, through those long ages, to continue, to a large extent, prostitutes, without an education to create within them self-respect, surrounded by coarse and vicious associates, and often compelled by low wages to eke out a subsistence through means which their instincts rebel against? Are children to be withdrawn from school by needy parents, and compelled at an early age to work, before receiving equal educational advantages with *all* other young people? Are all men and women who have not the peculiar faculty and *luck* for accumulating money, to remain victims to pecuniary care and wearying routine, without means to participate in the many enjoyments of competence? Are all these, and many other sad features of our present civilization, to continue without an effort to improve them?

Political equality, at least for the white race, was inaugurated by the Declaration of Independence. Now that the stain of negro slavery is being washed from the Stars and Stripes, may we not hope that our country, purged of its great National casuality, will, in its new found health, give birth to *social* equality?—not the equality which levels the upper classes to the lower, but which raises the lower, in polish, in culture, and in pecuniary well being, with the upper.

I am aware that for many years to come, the world at large will continue the present organization of society, yet I feel confident that an associative enterprise, conducted with suitable industry and business tact, will afford an abundant livelihood, a freedom from pecuniary care, and a handsome remuneration to its projectors, while at the same time it would train children within its influence to the keen perception of abstract right and wrong, inculcated by our many excellent modern reforms, and usher them into mature life with well directed minds and healthy bodies.

I know there are many earnest and practical minds who would gladly combine with any feasible plan of Association, but I have no idea of the number of those who have been lifted of late years, through spiritualistic philosophy, to a contemplation of this great, absorbing reform, which comprehends all other reforms.

I have in view two excellent localities in the mild climate of New Jersey, with large buildings and workshops, and abundant land, enjoying railroad facilities with both New York and Philadelphia, and which can be procured at very low rates.

It is not my purpose here to write an essay upon Association. I address more particularly those who understand the theory; nor have I space to detail plans.

What I desire, is a speedy communication from those who wish to co-operate, giving as full particulars regarding themselves as they may think needful. I would like also to hear from those who are unable to write personally at present, but who might assist pecuniarily, upon good security. Also from those friends who can do neither, but who may feel interested in the enterprise.

Let us know what can be done. Address

THOMAS M. NEWBOULD, *Box* 1396, *Philadelphia.*

New Mediums.

Allow me to introduce to the readers of your excellent and widely extended BANNER and to Spiritualists generally, Brother Abram Smith and his wife Nelly. They spoke to us through the month of March as the "spirit gave them utterance" to great acceptance, each occupying alternate Sabbaths here and at Valparaiso, in an adjoining county. In addition to their ministrations upon the Sabbath, they visited the brethren from house to house, giving tests of the presence of Spirit friends, which *could not* be doubted or mistaken, such as personifying, describing character, habits, dress, &c., &c. They appear to be a happy couple, content with what the friends may give them, kind, affable and obliging. Nelly writes her lectures under an influence, and reads them, but she is evidently assisted in this also, as she manifests more power and force in the reading than she possesses in and of herself. Her discourses are written and given in as perfect and beautiful a manner as any I ever heard or read. Brother Smith speaks by impression, with a proper force, energy and confidence. He also discourses most *heavenly* sounds from the Melodeon while under an influence. Their address is Three Rivers, Michigan.

Yours for the truth and the right,

J. H. LUMMIS.

Willimantic Conn.

Three times yesterday the seats of our church in this village, (which is owned by Bro. Burnham,) were filled with earnest and intelligent hearers, to listen once more to my voice, which had not been heard in this place for several years. I have not addressed more intelligent audiences at any station for a long time.

In the evening the audience was somewhat changed as the subject was, our National Troubles, their Causes and Cure. Many sectarian Christians dared venture in, and fully made up for the distant friends who could not remain.

The social, intellectual and spiritual contributions of friends here are fully up to those of any place of its size which I have visited for a year past, and I am sure much credit is due to our able and eloquent Bro. Loveland, who resides here, and has spoken much in the place, having been confined much of the time of late, at, or near home, by the sickness of Mrs. Loveland. She seems better now, and I hope when she recovers, our friends in the West will have a chance to hear Bro. Loveland at the many stations where they are ready for strong and cogent reasoning, and can appreciate our best speakers.

He has long contemplated a tour through the West, and when it is announced in the BANNER, I hope the friends on his route will apply early and secure his services. Willimantic is a manufacturing town, with an enterprising population of about four thousand, nearly all of whom are engaged in some laudable business, as indeed most of the people of Connecticut are.

Education and industry combined, will soon fit our country for a better and happier condition, which can never be attained by separating them and confining labor to the ignorant, and education to the idle and wealthy—making labor degrading, and education an evidence of respectability and wealth.

A true, social system would train all children to industry, science and literature, and when the brain and body were fully developed, each would gravitate by attraction and adaptation to his or her legitimate calling, or profession, in which the highest powers of the soul would be for the time unfolded, and the highest usefulness of each secured, and then we should find the proper persons for butchers, bakers and barbers, as well as for preachers, lawyers and doctors, and not be as now trying to make professional men almost exclusively out of rich men's sons, because labor is not respectable for the rich, when often these would find their proper spheres in the shops, or on the farms, whilst often the poor man's sons, or perhaps daughters, would fill the places now occupied by such, with far more credit, ability and usefulness.

Our country, and especially the Northern States both East and West, are fast bringing about this condition, by the liberal system of free schools and provisions for general education, and by discovering the necessity of industry for all who would have health and muscular development.

The Southern States, have not yet discovered the necessity of making labor honorable and education universal, and are suffering from a surplus of idlers of both extremes in society, ignorant, poor idlers, and learned, restless, ambitious, rich idlers; and until these classes are mixed, and industry or education secured to both, they will be much given to mobs, rebellions, revolutions and secessions, and it would matter but little what form of government they have, none could keep them quiet and in subjection, but one that would do it by force, to which they would be compelled to yield.

June 7, 1861. WARREN CHASE.

"The Cause" of Spiritualism.

In visiting the different communities where the fact of immortality has been most fully demonstrated, I have frequently noticed a morbid sensitiveness regarding the health and prosperity of "the cause" of Spiritualism—so much so, that in many instances its claims are considered paramount to those of individual liberty of speech and action, even when based upon principles of divine love and justice; because of this fear that "the cause" will sustain an injury from some non-conformists who wish to externalize their principles practically.

In every instance on record, where the more progressive minds, tired of the apathy, as well as unwilling to bear the rigors of the Mother Church, have come out, protesting against her authority to force upon them forms and ceremonies no longer satisfying to their religious natures, and made the illustration and advocacy of truth superior to everything else, a few weak men and women have been found to wield a mighty lever for good, that has stirred nations from centre to circumference, and been characterized by a religious fervor, (incident to the advent of new truths,) that has warmed the hearts of thousands, and attracted them with an irresistible power. But as soon as it has been considered necessary to build up a "church" or "cause," the spirit has gradually departed, leaving nothing save a dead carcass to be embalmed and sustained.

Now this seems to be an age of disintegration and individualization, every individuality bringing forth results, corresponding to its perceptions of principles or truths; and as diverse combinations and forms produce diverse manifestations, we should not be surprised or overcome with fear, at the different codes of action adopted by the different members of the human family—even though they be in the form of a tangent instead of a circle, as this is inevitable for a season. The condition of fear is caused by a dim perception of the immutable laws of progress and justice in the universe, thereby leaving a doubt of the supremacy of good over evil, of wisdom over ignorance, and of light over darkness. Yet with the present advantages for light and knowledge possessed by progressive people, this unkind espionage and compulsory treatment of others seems almost inexcusable. For are we not all led by the hand of the same Heavenly Father, and fed at the same maternal fount of our universal Mother? And although all are not "made to lie down in green pastures," or "led beside the still waters," are not all destined to the same great kingdom of Love and Wisdom? Then who shall dare question the right of the Divine Monitor in every human soul, from marking out its own path thither? NETTIE C. TATON.

April 15th, 1861.

La Harpe, Hancock Co., Illinois.

Miss Laura E. DeForce gave several lectures in our village the first week in May last, to crowded houses. Her lectures were of a superior character, being highly intellectual, logical, and philosophical, and were well appreciated by most of her hearers, and will no doubt be as bread cast upon the waters. I think Miss Laura is one of the best lecturers in the field, and from what knowledge I have of her in every capacity, I will heartily recommend her to all friends of Progress.

I would say further, to the friends in the field, who can possibly give us a call, that they will find a few good friends of the cause, with our latch strings constantly out, and who will give our mite in support of the cause of humanity. Yours, &c.,

N. B. BUTLER, M. D.

June 10th 1861.

Spiritualism in Middlebury, Ohio.

It has been some time since I have held correspondence with you, dear BANNER, yet I trust that I am not entirely forgotten. I appear now, for the purpose of informing you of the progress of Spiritualism.

The manner of holding meetings here is as follows: On Wednesday evenings a special party meet at the residence of Sylvester L. Tinker; and on Sunday evenings at H. Camp's. Mr. Tinker is not so old a Soldier of the Cross as Camp, but one quite as firm in his belief, and just as eager to see the cause progress. But few persons on this earth spend their time more happily than those persons who meet to converse with friends long gone to the spirit land.

Several mediums have been developed, the most important of whom are Mrs. Tinker, C. W. Huse, and James Boorman. Several persons have been converted to the truth of Spiritualism within the past three months; and so moves the ship.

Yours for truth,

N. H. BARBER.

The Age of Egypt.

Leonard Horner, an English engineer, has been trying to discover "the age of Egypt," by counting the number of earth layers made by the annual overflowing of the Nile. Mr. Horner's researches were made by sinking a number of shafts, ninety-five in all, across the Nile valley, nearly in a line with and crossing the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis. In every case the alluvium was found to be regularly divided into layers, and the average of many measurements indicated the rate of vertical increase of sediment was about three and one-half inches per century. One of these shafts, in particular, was sunk close to the great monolithic statue of Rameses II., at Memphis, and it was found that there were nine feet four inches of Nile sediment between eight inches below the present surface of the ground and the lowest part of the platform on which the statue stands. Now this statue has been determined by Lepsius and other Egyptian scholars, to have been erected 1351 years before Christ, and this date, added to 1858, gives therefore 3218 years, during which the above-mentioned depth of sediment accumulated; a rate of increase in strict accordance with the results of the measurement above alluded to. Below the platform of stone on which the statue rests, the shaft was driven thirty-two feet; but the lowest two feet consisted of sand, thus leaving thirty feet of true Nile sediment in an undisturbed condition below this foundation.

At the base of this sediment, or at a depth of thirty-nine feet four inches from the present surface of the ground, fragments of pottery were found in a good state of preservation, and exhibiting some considerable artistic skill. Allowing, now, that the thirty feet of sediment covering these remains (below the platform of the statue) were deposited at the rate of three and one-half inches per century, we have in the fragments of pottery a record of the existence of man 12,500 years before A. D. 1858, 11,500 years before the Christian era, 7600 years before the commencement of the reign of Menes as assigned by Lepsius; of man, moreover, in a state of civilization sufficiently advanced to be able to fashion clay into vessels, and harden it by heat.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE EARLY MORN IN SUMMER.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

Some love amid eve's mellow shades,
To wander through the winding glades,
And watch the hectic floral flush,
That o'er expiring day's cheek rush,
Ere it pales in the moon's ashen light,
And is lost in the sombreness of night.

But let me rise with the early dawn,
And greet the blooming maid of morn,
As she rises from her orient bed,
And kisses the hills with her lips of red,
And with her light and blossoming breath,
Wakes all earth to life and health.

Whoe'er has bowed at Nature's shrine,
Must surely with this hour chime,
Nor wander to a storied clime,
To drink in poetry and rhyme,
When every brook, and breeze, and tree,
Is filled with song and melody.

See, lingering still a single star,
In the boundless ether dim and far,
Where lately millions on their march
Were glittering in night's jeweled arch,
But all before the coming day,
Were forced in haste to flee away.

Yon early mill, its wheel well mossed,
The limpid spray has already tossed;
The silvery smoke from the kindling fire,
Is crisping towards the lofty spire;
The wild, free carols of the milkmaid's song
Are echoing from the hills among.

The birds among the forest tree,
Are pouring their music on the breeze,
The leaves are trilling to the sound,
Shedding the pearly dew around,
While leafy mouths and rosy lips,
A sheeny fragrant nectar sip.

The mist has left its chilling lair,
And mingled with the upper air;
The spiders by the dim star light
Have spun their silken web aright,
And on the hedge and heath without,
Their silvered nets hang all about.

Then rising from his downy bed,
The lark his silken wing has spread,
Tuning afresh his flute-like throat,
Sends forth his softest mellow note,
That melts upon the breath of flowers,
And is wafted through elysian bowers.

The mountain's tallest, towering pine,
Is bowing in the soft sunshine,
Whispering Sol its thanks awhile,
For the favor of his earliest smile;
Soon o'er the upland slopes behold,
The coming tide of liquid gold.

The purpled curtains upward rise,
And parts the drapery of the skies;
Sol soon steps forth with royal mien,
His kingly brow with diamonds gleam,
O'er conquered night his sceptre sways,
And rules supreme the god of day.

Now through the woods and winding glen,
Comes the busy, bustling noise of men,
And the swelling toll of yon village bell,
Now breaks the charmed poetic spell.
With quick reluctant steps away,
I haste its summons to obey.

The doctrine of fate, or necessity, implies the eternal and immutable series of causes and effects, within which all events are included.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

H. MELVILLE FAY lectures in Quincy, Mass., the last Sunday in June; two first Sundays in August in Stafford, Ct. Will hold circles for physical manifestations in Cambridgeport, Quincy and Boston the last of June and first of July. All business letters for engagements addressed Cambridgeport, care Geo. L. Cade, 379 Main street; Quincy, care Mr. Rogers; New York, care Prof. Spence, 183 East Broadway. At all the lectures and circles the Life, History and Imprisonment of the Davenport Boys can be procured, he being the only authorized agent for the sale of these works in the East.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Bangor, 5th Sunday in June. Cambridgeport four Sundays of July. Providence, five Sundays in Sept. Bangor 4 Sundays in Oct. and 1 in Nov. Address, the above places, or New York city.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Bangor, Maine, in June; in Oswego in July; in Cambridgeport, Quincy, New Bedford and Boston during September and October; in Taunton two first Sundays in November. She will be happy to form engagements in the East for the rest of the winter, and thus informs her friends in the West of her inability to return to them this year. Postoffice address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

MISS L. E. A. DEFORCE lectures at Cambridgeport, three last Sundays of June; Providence, July; Quincy, Mass., two Sundays of August; New Bedford, first, and Saratoga Springs, N. Y., last of August and 1st of Sept.; Putnam, Conn., 2d and 3d Sundays, and Concord, N. H., two last; Portland, Me., Oct. Address as above.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Bethel, Vt., June 30; South Hardwick, Vt., 4 Sundays of July; Troy, Vt., first Sunday in Aug.; Glover, Vt., second Sunday in Aug.; Lebanon, N. H., fourth Sunday in Aug.; Lowell, first three Sundays of Sept.; Worcester, last two Sundays of Sept.; Troy, N. Y., four Sundays of Oct.; Quincy, Mass., four Sundays of Nov.; Cambridgeport, first Sunday of Dec.; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

MRS. LAURA MCALPIN will speak the three last Sundays in June in Toledo, Ohio. Will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of her Sunday appointments on week evenings. Address, care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio; C. North, Elkhart, Ind.; C. Cole, Goshen, Ind.; and Henry Breed, Toledo, Ohio.

MRS. FANNY BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Taunton, June 23d and 30th; in New Bedford, July 7th and 14th; in Stafford, Conn., July 20th and 27th; will spend August in Northampton; lectures in Springfield, Sept. 1st, and in Chicopee, Sept. 8th. Address, No. 25 Kneeland st., Boston.

LEO MILLER will speak in Bangor, Me., four Sundays in July; vicinity of Bangor through August; Cambridgeport, four Sundays in Oct.; Providence, R. I., five Sundays in Dec. Mr. M. will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

N. FRANK WHITE lectures the five Sundays of June at Oswego, N. Y. Address, through July, at Seymour, Conn. Applications from the east should be addressed as above.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks in Detroit, Mich., five Sundays of June; Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. He will be in the east after August, 1861. Those in that region, wishing to secure his services for the fall or winter months of 1861-2, can address him at Detroit, Mich., during the month of June.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in the Eastern States until late in the Fall, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass., box 815, or as above.

MISS BELLE SCOUGALL lectures in Elkhart, Ind., the four Sundays of Oct.; Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of Nov.; New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON designs passing the Summer months in New Hampshire and Vermont. Those wishing to procure her services as a lecturer will please address her at East Stoughton, Mass. She lectures in Sutton, N. H., the four last Sundays in June—the 9th, 16th, 23d, and 30th.

J. H. RANDALL may be addressed until further notice, in care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O. Those in the New England States who may desire his services as a lecturer next Fall and Winter, will please address him soon.

ABRAM and NELLIE SMITH will answer calls to lecture in the West during the Spring and Summer. Mr. Smith (entranced) will improvise music on the Melodeon when desired. Address, Three Rivers, Mich.

S. PHELPS LELAND will speak at Adrian, Mich., July 21st and 28th. Friends in the East, desiring his services on Sundays, will please write soon. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

REV. E. CASE, JR., is now on a tour East for the Summer and Autumn, and will make engagements to speak for the present in central and Eastern New York, and the New England States. Address, at Oswego, N. Y., care of J. L. Pool.

MRS. H. M. MILLER will lecture at Connedut, O., June 16th and 30th; Monroe, O., June 23d; and will receive calls for Pennsylvania and New York from 15th of July till 1st September. Address, Kingsville, O., care of E. V. White.

W. A. D. HUME will speak at St Charles, Ill., the three last Sundays in June, the 16th, 23d and 30th. All those desiring his services as a lecturer, can be secured by addressing him at St. Charles till the first of July, in care of Hon. S. S. Jones.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will spend the months of September, October, and November in Boston, and requests that all friends in the immediate vicinity of that city, desirous of obtaining her services as a lecturer for the Sundays in those months, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will receive calls to hold grove or two-days meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio, during June, July and August; also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. Address till September, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, care of G. W. Mears.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

MRS. F. O. HYZER will lecture during June in Providence, R. I.; July in Quincy, Mass.

MRS. MARY M. MACUMBER will lecture four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

MRS. ELIZA D. SIMONS will lecture in New Boston, Mass., in June, and July 7th and 14th. Address, Bristol, Conn.

MISS M. MUNSON, Clairvoyant Physician and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal. Miss M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND may be addressed at Bridgewater, Vt., in June and July. Afterwards at Taunton, until further notice.

W ELLERY COPELAND will accept calls to lecture, under Spirit influence, on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Post-office address, Roxbury, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sabbath for the coming year; one-fourth at Glenburn, and one-fourth at Kenduskeag.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak as the friends may wish in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the months of July, August and September. Address, Elkhart, Indiana.

H. L. BOWKER will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

E. WHIPPLE will answer calls to lecture in Southern Michigan up to July. Address, Sturgis, Mich.

CHARLIE HOLT through June may be addressed, care of C. T. Norcross, Geneva, Ashtabula County, Ohio.

MISS B. ANNA RYDER, Trance Speaker, of Plymouth, Mass., will answer invitations to lecture.

MRS. A. F. PATTERSON, (formerly Miss A. F. Pease) will respond to calls to lecture. Address, Springfield, Ill.

MRS. M. H. COLES, care of B. Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.
MRS. A. H. SWAN, care P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.
DR. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 202 Northampton st., Boston.
JOSEPH H. BICKFORD, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.
DR. H. F. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.
M. C. QUESTION, 151 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
LEWIS B. MONROE, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.
MRS. R. H. BURT, 66 Carver st., Boston.
CHARLES H. CROWELL, Boston, Mass.
C. H. DELLFIELD, box 3314, Boston.
BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.
DR. C. C. YORK, Boston, Mass.
CHARLES C. FLAGG, 59 Warren st., Charlestown, Mass.
J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass.
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 33 Winter st., E. Cambridge, Mass.
MRS. E. F. ATKINS, Cedar Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
REV. SILAS TYRRELL, No. 48 Warren Street, Roxbury.
WM. E. RICE, Roxbury, Mass.
MRS. J. PUFFER, Hanson, Plymouth Co, Mass.
MRS. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Harwich, Mass.
WM. BAILEY POTTER, M. D., Westboro, Mass.
REV. JOHN PIERPONT, West Medford, Mass.
MISS A. F. PEASE, South Wilbraham, Mass.
MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass.
MRS. J. B. FARNSWORTH, Fitchburg, Mass.
FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marblehead, Mass.
MRS. L. S. NICKERSON, Worcester, Mass.
MRS. S. MARIA BLISS, Springfield, Mass.
E. R. YOUNG, box 85, Quincy, Mass.
REV. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.
A. C. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.
ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
CHARLES P. RICKER, Lowell, Mass.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro', Mass.
F. G. GURNEY, Duxbury, Mass.
J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.
MRS. M. B. KENNEY, Lawrence, Mass.
MRS. E. C. CLARK, Lawrence, Mass.
F. T. LANE, Lawrence, Mass.
MRS. J. J. CLARK, care Wm. S. Everett, E. Princeton, Mass.
CHARLES A. HAYDEN, trance speaker, Livermore Falls, Me.
MRS. SUSAN SLEIGHT, trance speaker, Portland, Maine.
MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Portland, Me.
ALONZO R. HALL, East New Sharon, Me.
MRS. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H.
MRS. A. P. THOMPSON, Holderness, N. H.
MRS. J. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H.
CHARLES T. IRISH, Gratton, N. H.
FRANK CHASE, Sutton, N. H.
EZRA WILLS, Williamstown, Vt.
MISS FLAVIA HOWE, Windsor, Poquonock P. O., Conn.
MRS. HELEN E. MONELL, Hartford, Conn.
LEWIS C. WELCH, West Windham, Conn.
MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON, Stratford, Conn.
J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn.
DANIEL W. SNELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I.
MISS ELIZABETH LOW, Leon, Cattaraugus Co., New York.
MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, 306 1-2 Mott st., N. Y. City.
MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE, No. 2 King street, New York.
L. JUDD PARDEE, No. 662, 10th street, New York.
GEORGE M. JACKSON, Bennettsburg, Schuyler Co., N. Y.
MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, No. 223 Green street, N. Y.
MRS. J. E. PRICE, Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y.
MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, Phœnix, N. Y.
JOHN H. JENKS, Jenksville, N. Y.
JARED D. GAGE, Oneida, N. Y.
MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY, No. 1005 Pine street, Philadelphia.
MRS. S. E. COLLINS, 35 North Sixteenth St., Philadelphia.
MRS. CLARA B. F. DANIELS, Westfield, Medina Co., Ohio.
ALBERT E. CARPENTER, Columbia, Licking Co., Ohio.
S. P. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit, Co., Ohio.
A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio.
DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio.
LOVELL BEEDE, North Ridgeville, Ohio.
JOHN MAYHEW, care of H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.
MRS. FRANCES BOND, Box 878, Cleveland, Ohio,
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. W. H. TOOHEY, Cleveland, Ohio.
MRS. J. R. STREETER, Crown Point, Ind.
JOHN HOBART, Indianapolis, Ind.
MISS FLAVILLA E. WASHBURN, trance speaker, Rockford, Ill.
MATTIE F. HULETT, Rockford, Ill.
ADA L. HOYT, Chicago, Illinois.
DR. L. K. COONLEY, and MRS. S. A. COONLEY, Sturgis, Mich.
MRS. D. CHADWICK, Linden, Genesee Co., Mich.
MRS. M. J. KUTZ, Cannon, Kent County, Mich.
MRS. C. M. STOWE, Vandalia, Cass Co., Mich.
REV. J. G. FISH, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich.
HENRY A. WALLACE, Flushing, Mich.
ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Leslie, Mich.
A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.
E. V. WILSON, Detroit, Mich.
GEO. MARSH, Adrian, Mich.
MRS. S. E. WARNER, Delton, Sauk Co., Wis.
G. W. HOLLISTON, M. D., New Berlin, Wis.
SANFORD MILES, Salem, Olmsted County, Minnesota.
A. W. CURTISS, Marion, Olmsted Co., Minnesota.
REV. H. S. MARBLE, Atalissa, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

Boston Advertisements.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY,

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of DISEASED SCALPS, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE BLANCHING, a speciality, has established himself at **29 Winter street**, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds,) where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair.

Debilitation of the External Skin, Suppressed Secretion, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Sensitive Skin, Matterated Secretion, Eczema of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles which has ever been presented to the public for the restoration of the Hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseased Scalps, and Restoring Hair. It no doubt will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind.

There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of those diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretions between the skins contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, the natural components of the hair resume their ascendency, and the hair assumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases is useless, and in some positively injurious.

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains what disease of the scalp has or is producing a loss of hair, or premature whitening, prescribes such remedies according to its nature and requirements, as will remove the disease; hence his great success in treating Capillary Diseases.

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in Treating Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching he has in his possession the most reliable testimonials from Physicians, Clergymen and others in every city where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, 29 Winter street.

☞ All consultations free.

All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. B. O. PERRY, box 2837, Boston, Mass.

March 23. 3ms

THE HAMMOND LINIMENT — G. L. BEAN & CO., PROPRIETORS, No. 17 Tyler street, BOSTON. — THE HAMMOND LINIMENT

I cheerfully recommend the HAMMOND LINIMENT to the afflicted. Having the power to look into its Health proper ties, I have watched its effects upon severe cases of Chronic Rheumatism; many cases have been cured; three persons have been cured of White Swellings by the use of this Liniment. If I was in the earth-form, I would speak in praise of its merits. I can still look into the human system and sympathize with the afflicted. A Liniment has long been needed—one that is absorbant, and relaxative, and this Liniment will meet all the wants, for Rheumatism, Spinal Curvature, Stiff Joints, &c. From the Spirit of JOHN DIX FISHER

Sold by G. C. Goodwin & Co., 12 Marshall street, Weeks & Potter, 154 Washington street, M. S. Burr & Co., 20 Tremont street, wholesale agents, Boston; Bush, Gale & Robinson, 186 Greenwich street, New York; W. F. Phillips, 149 Middle street, Portland, Maine; and retailed by dealers generally throughout the United States.

G. L. BEAN & CO., Proprietors,
17 Tyler street, Boston.

March 23 3m

1,200 PER YEAR FOR ALL.—Only $10 capital required! Active men wanted to cut Stencil Plates, with Fullam's Patent Stencil Tools, the only perfect Stencil Tools made. Their superiority over all others appears in the curved side, which is patented, and by means of which a most perfect and durable die is formed, which cuts a beautiful letter, and renders the cutting of Stencil Plates a very simple and profitable business. Two hours' practice enables any one to use the tools with facility. Young men are clearing from $5 to $15 per day with my tools. Circulars and samples sent free. Address, A. J. FULLAM, No. 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston. 6m March 16.

OCTAVIUS KING, Eclectic and Botanic Druggist, No. 654 Washington street, Boston, has always on hand every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, &c, selected with great care; pressed and put up by himself, and warranted pure, and of superior quality. Also, Dr. Clark's celebrated medicines; Beach's, Thompsonian, concentrated, and most of the compounds used in the Eclectic Practice. N. B.—A liberal discount made to Physicians and Healing Mediums.

May 25. 6mos

BOARD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.—Infants and young children can be accommodated with board, and careful attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1 Newland street, out of Dedham street, Boston. Terms reasonable.

Oct. 13. tf

BUY THE BEST.

SNOW'S PENS will be sent to the readers of the BANNER, by mail, postage paid, at the regular gross price, fine or circular points, as ordered. Address

J. P. SNOW, Hartford, Conn.,
Superintendent Snow's Pen Company.

N B.—Mediums and Lecturers will be supplied at half the list price. Send for a circular. tf Dec. 8.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY—312 pages 12 mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Also,

LOVE ANE MOCK LOVE; OR, HOW TO MARRY TO THE END OF CONJUGAL SATISFACTION—a small gilt-bound volume—is sent by mail for nine letter-stamps. Address GEORGE STEARNS,

Dec. 15. tf *West Acton, Mass.*

FREE TO THE SICK.

I WILL send prescriptions and advice to the sick free, when their complaints are stated. For Clairvoyant examinations, or Psycometrical Reading of Character, enclose $1 and two three cent postage stamps. Address, H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass.

P. S.—Important information has been received concerning the Laws of Reproduction, which forever removes the evils of undesigned maturity. For further particulars, address as above. 5t June 15.

MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANT MEDicines. Pulmonaria, $1 per bottle; Restorative Syrup $1 and $2 per bottle; Liniment, $1; Neutralizing Mixture 50 cents; Dysentery Cordial, 50 cents, Elixir for Cholera. Wholesale and retail by S. T. MUNSON,

June 2. tf 143 Fulton street, N. Y.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY

ROSS & TOUSEY,

121 *Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the* BANNER OF LIGHT,

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, *with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.*

TO THE AFFLICTED!

CHARLES H. CROWELL,

Medical Medium,

Rooms, No. 8 1-2 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON,
(Banner of Light Building.)

☞ Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

TERMS.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, $1.00 family visits $2,00; by letter, $1,00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M and from 2 to 5 P. M.

☞ Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given. August 18.

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!!

DR. CHARLES MAIN,

No. 7, DAVIS STREET,
Boston, Mass.

THIS is an Institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no superiority over like establishments. Its *does* claim EQUALITY WITH ALL, *like* it, or *unlike* it.

The Doctor gives *particular attention* to the cure of CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS

Those who desire examinations will please enclose $1,00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address *plainly* written, and state sex, and age.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2to 5 P. M.

The doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHEA CORDIAL,

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

July 21

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. MANSFIELD, of Boston, No. 12 Avon Place, Medium for the world of spirits. Certified by thousands of *actual, written tests.* Friends who departed this life, in various parts of the world, return and communicate through him BY LETTER—being (as far as he can learn,) the only one possessing this *peculiar* phase. To enable *all* to commune with the absent loved ones, or acquire information of *any kind*, from *any spirit*, he charges one dollar for a communication, and on Saturdays, *nothing to the poor.* Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. tf May 25.

CLAIRVOYANT TESTS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

MISS O. L. McCURDY, at Dr. Main's, No. 7, Davis street, offers her services to persons wishing clairvoyant tests of the presence and identity of their spirit friends and such messages as may be communicated by them. Hours, from 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. tf May 11.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Physician, Medium and Prophetess, would invite the attention of the afflicted, and those seeking truthful and reliable communications. Her powers are acknowledged of a high order and of broad scope. Her ability to heal diseases is second to none A single interview will give conviction that your case is thoroughly understood—both your bodily afflictions and your mental traits and peculiarities. Office, No. 292 Washington street corner of Bedford street, Boston. Reception Room, No. 8, up stairs, open day and evening. 3m May 11.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, from Providence, Independent Clairvoyant, Healing and Developing Medium, can be consulted at No. 29 Castle street, Boston, a few doors from Washington street, where she will treat all diseases of a Chronic nature by the laying on of hands. Spinal diseases, contracted limbs, and nervous prostration, and all those afflicted in body or mind, will do well to call and test her mode of treatment. Office hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 5 P. M.

April 6. 3mos

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Rooms No. 2 Jefferson Place, leading from Bennett, near Washington street, Boston. Hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 o 6 P.M. Sunday and Wednesday afternoons excepted. Examination $1. Will attend funerals. Can be consulted evenings at his home, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville, Mass. 3mos April 6.

MISS M. C. GAY, Business Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, gives sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Circles, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. Sittings 50 cents; Circles 12 cents. Office, 624 Washington street, opposite Common street. 3m° May 11.

MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tipple,) Clairvoyant Physician, 48 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, $1 each. 3m Nov. 17.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, Test Medium, No. 22 Pitts street, near Green street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents. tf June 1.

MRS. L. F. HYDE, Writing, Trance and Test Medium, may be found at 8 Lagrange Place, Boston. August 25. tf

MRS. S. J. YOUNG will continue her private and public Circles as usual at 33 Beach street, until the first of April, 1861. tf Feb. 9.

MISS JEANNIE WATERMAN, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, No 22 Elliot street, Boston. 4mos° May 4.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Seeing and Trance Medium, 140 Court street, Boston, Mass. 3m Jan. 14.

New York Advertisements.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Causes of Early Physical Decline of American People; the Cause of Nervous Debility, Consumption and Marasmus.

This work is one of high moral tone, written in chaste, yet thrilling language, and appeals directly to the moral consciousness of ALL, PARENTS *and* GUARDIANS *especially*, detailing scientific and reliable aids and treatment for cure.

It will be sent by mail on receipt of *two* 3 cent stamps.

☞ Parents and Guardians! fail not to send and obtain this book. Young Men! fail not to send and get this book Ladies! you too, should at once secure a copy of this book.

A Word of Solemn, Conscientious Advice to those who will reflect!

A class of maladies prevail to a fearful extent in community, dooming 100,000 youth of both sexes, annually to an early grave. Those diseases are very imperfectly understood. Their external manifestations or symptoms, are Nervous Debility, Relaxation and Exhaustion; Marasmus or a wasting and consumption of the tissues of the whole body; shortness of breathing, or hurried breathing on ascending a hill or a flight of stairs, great palpitation of the heart; asthma, bronchitis and sore throat; shaking of the hands and limbs, aversion to society and to business or study; dimness of eye sight; loss of mem

Pearls.

"——neglect
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

A SERENADE.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark and silent stream—
The champak odors fall
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fall!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

[*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The power of dreams forces the Infinite into the chambers of the human brain, and throws dim reflections from the eternities upon the mirrors of the sleeping mind.

In looking at the Apollo Belvidere, one involuntarily stands erect to assume a more dignified attitude. So, in contemplating a noble life, the soul is elevated and ennobled.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

How she strives her grief to smother;
Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
Calls her *home* to cheer her age.
Weary then with looking—longing,
Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;
All the past to memory thronging—
Hoping on, but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter:
'*T is her own*, she traces there—
Better she had died—far better—
"Gone away, and not known where."

From her home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
How she turns to earlier years;
Prays that heav'n may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy,
How she left her for another—
Sends the picture of her boy.
Then she waits to be forgiven,
Till another year has fled;
Back *her* letter, torn and riven,
Comes—and on it written—"DEAD."

[*J. E. Carpenter.*

SUMMER MOONLIGHT.

Majestic Summer! pardon that my lays
Till now forebore to celebrate thy praise.
The fervid splendor of thy mid-day sun
With wonder strikes me, though its fire I shun.
I love thee most, whene'er thy potent rage
Or Autumn's breath or vernal gales assuage.
Though nature pant beneath thy noontide power,
How sweet the freshness of thy evening hour!
What time the night, throughout the gelid air,
Veils with her sable wings the solar glare;
Then loves the eye, that shrunk before the day,
To drink refreshment from the moon's pale ray;
When modest Cynthia, clad in silver light,
Expands her beauty on the brow of night,
Sheds her soft beams upon the mountain side—
Peeps through the wood, and quivers on the tide.

[*Maunde.*

There are many who decorate the tomb of those whom, when living, they persecuted with envy.

OUR EAGLE.

On high soars our eagle, begemmed with the stars,
A dread to our foe, but a dove to our brother;
One talon still clinching the thunder of Mars,
While the olive of peace is held forth in the other.
The world may unite,
With treble our might;
We proffer them peace, but can meet them in fight.
For the sons of Columbia have sworn to be free.
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.

[*Worsnop.*

Observe what your enemies say, for they first declare your faults.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

"He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 't was to drain;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again!"

The universe is unlimited.

Good Result of War.

Out here in this rural village, hid away among the hills of North Western Rhode Island, all is quiet. We look into the columns of the periodical press for "dissolving views" of the busy world. The tempest of Revolution is swinging the Southern palm against the Northern pine. The "BANNER OF LIGHT" brings us its eclectic items, sifted from the omnivorous daily papers. Was the press ever so busy as now? In 1776 there were but thirty-four newspapers in America; now there are five thousand two hundred fifty-three. And while we could support such a press, bind the land with electric telegraphs, had we not wit enough to keep on terms of amity with each other, and must we be torn asunder by bullets? Well, some good will come of it. The slaves will get free. I do not mean the black slaves. Our white slaves will be emancipated. There were never so many slaves set free, in one day, as on the 12th of April, 1861. When the news of the bombardment of Sumter went over the land, millions of men broke the fetters of party and the trammels of creed, and were free. They gave to their country what they had formerly given factions. Such are the good results we may anticipate. Parties and creeds will be destroyed. After the Revolution, when peace returns, men will come nearer to each other. A community of suffering will teach us that we have a community of interests and a community of rights, and that he who is forbearing, and yet brave, in defence of a brother's rights is taking the best means to secure his own. K.

Mapleville, R. I., June 7, 1861.

Dr. Tucker in the Maryland Medical Journal, denies that coarse bread is useful in dyspepsia. On the contrary, he says, it relieves the constipation at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. He believes cold and stale wheat bread to be most digestible, and therefore the best for dyspeptics. How are we ignorant, common people ever to know what to eat, if the doctors can't agree themselves about it?

MARRIAGE, INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL.

A Lecture by **L. Judd Pardee, Esq.**, at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday Evening, May 26th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light, by W. Brunnell.]

Some months since, a lecture was given to a Boston audience, through the lady who spoke here last Sunday, on the subject we now propose to discourse upon, and mention was then made of a further and different treatment of the same theme through some other organism to be brought hither. We who were cognizant of that are here to-night to make good the promise. Listen, that you may hear, and hear that you may judge. All we ask is a candid attention; and while we may seem to speak authoritatively, we simply desire to do so suggestively. A vomit must necessarily follow the forcing of food into a physical or a spiritual stomach. We shall certainly, however, speak fearlessly and uncompromisingly, and give the whole truth, as we see and feel it, appertaining to the theme of to-night. We trust not to frighten anybody; we certainly shall not any truth-loving body.

We do not expect that the thoughts we communicate will be received by all; but we aim to suggest to the thinking and serious mind our views upon one of the first, now, and solemnest questions which can engage the attention of man or woman. Time was that searching, radical thought on such a question as this hardly dared be uttered here or elsewhere—or if dared, the utterance would be followed by opprobrium upon, and persecution of, the utterer. Times have ripened up, however, somewhat, and changed, and people begin to see that they cannot escape attention to saving agencies—and these are broad, high, deep, eclectic, divine, celestial truths.

For the proper, methodical exposition of this question of Marriage, individual and national, it is necessary to take a view of man, individually, as he is. An individual man is a constructure reared up around about a divine, celestial, *magnetic substance* called the soul. Everybody *believes* that he has a soul, some promulged idea as to the non-immortality of certain persons to the contrary notwithstanding. The self-esteem of all persons satisfies them that they have souls, except when troubled with doubts, spiritually. And if that soul is in them, it must be *something*. A materialist, an intellectualist, says, "Why, I cannot see the soul; I don't know what you talk about when you speak of the soul." Well, no man believes that he feels and thinks with his hands, that the soul within is resident in the hypogastric region—no matter how sensitive that may be; no man believes that his foot thinks. This, however, has to do with the *locality* of the soul, more especially; yet still is it somewhat referential to the substance of which it is composed—not that sort of substance, indeed, which is called external, or *natural*. Animals and vegetables and minerals, while they have a certain internal electrical life, have no immortal principle or soul.

Still further, we affirm that the soul might be, but it is not, spiritual substance. That is, it might be if there were nothing deeper than the spiritual substance. Everything that is, whether seen or not, by virtue of its being a *something*, is a substance; and that which is invisible is either electric or magnetic substance, gross or fine. We find that there is a deeper in man than spiritual matter, namely, *the innermost*. This we call the soul, in contradistinction to some who call it spirit, and who denominate, likewise, the soul, on the other hand, the *inner* body, to the outer body.

At the seventh month of embryonic life—seven being a marked number in dynamic or spiritual mathematics—(parents not being able to propagate soul-substance—but simply the *spiritual* substance and its affinities)—there is formed, by growth and development, a *spiritual matrix*, which, reaching out by the grand law of affinity or attraction, lays hold upon the celestial, and attracts *celestial magnetic substance*. Three great realms there are, and the highest, the divinest, beyond which man practically cannot go, is the celestial. It is the Cause-sphere to this outer, and emphatically the God realm.

Now celestial magnetic atoms are soul-seeds; and indeed they are like great seeds in which are wrapt up vast divine possibilities. No man would believe, looking at an acorn, if he did not know, that the formula of a great oak was embodied in it. It is not that the oak will come therefrom except by the addition of something, water, soil, with their elements, attracted by the idea, fitting it, helping it, to come forth in body and power. So the soul, a celestial magnetic substance in contradistinction to natural or spiritual substance, descends, by a great law, at a certain period of embryo-growth, into the matrix then formed, and is detached from the celestial realm, the great causative sphere, to this external, and to which the spiritual is but intermediate. Then, what is called divine (or celestial) substance is blent with natural and spiritual substance. Henceforth, immortality is a fixed fact.

We say, *divine* substance, not that natural, not that spiritual substance is not divine. The difficulty with many in speaking of the divinity of the soul is, that they come to overlook the divinity of *everything* about man. Why, all appetites, perceptions, thoughts, attractions, feelings, and corporeal powers and capacities are divine—in use. But we must understand that there are relative divinities; and then we come to see that there must be a highest possible divinity to which man can attain. That, we affirm, is the celestial.

This soul-substance is located, by the law of centralities, if anywhere, in the centre of the brain. In the brain, if anywhere, people *feel* the soul. For, if Phrenology is a fixed fact—which no man will now hazard his reputation for common-sense to deny—the mental machinery is manufactured and indicated by the brain. The various mental faculties find residence in the cerebral chambers and complex bones of brain. There are apartments there—office, and kitchen, parlors, ordinary reception rooms, a cellar where fierce ruts of passion may live, and a grand skylight, through which the spiritual looks out toward the spiritual and God.

The soul, then, is the deepest and inmost substance of us, the consciousness profound of man, the specially divine consciousness in man. This consciousness finds exposition in various ways; through some lamely, awkwardly, in a misdirected manner—and dark views, instead of bright and glorious ones are the presentation. Its ways seem debased, spotted, instead of august and radiant—while the opposite indication is largely made. The mission of the angel-world is to touch and refine, remould and reharmonize you, so that all souls may shine out and speak forth, through natural and spiritual channels, with that beauty, dignity, and power which they themselves, the angels, have come to enjoy.

Now, through what channels does the soul find expression? First, through the body; next, through the perceptions and intellect; next, through the moral, religious, spiritual faculties; and lastly, through the social affections. Here you have a whole man. The soul finds expression through those three great spheres in the brain, besides finding it through the body. And you will see a trinity of divinity—microsmic ized in man. First, there is the front brain, or *Truth*-department; next, the top-brain, the *Wisdom* department; and lastly, the back-brain, the *Love*-department. All substance, primally, is love, or life; and the centre substance in man, is central *love*, or life. Yet is it true, that wrapt up in this love, or life, are possibilities of wisdom and truth; because it is a *creative* substance, so to speak, partaking of the nature of that sphere whence it comes, where Love and Wisdom, conjugally conjoined in a creative oneness, bring forth children of law, truth, and fact. It is through the unfoldment of its hidden powers that the soul indicates Wisdom Truth, and Special Loves—*self, and conjugal, fraternal, paternal, filial, universal.*

Having stated thus much, we open the door and clear away the brushwood for the proper treatment of the "Marriage Question."

Everybody is married, even those who have no wives—*married to something*. And it is a question whether a man is married rightly or wrongly, not simply with respect to some other man's wife whom he may have, or his own, but with respect to external things; for the conjugal love of which we shall speak, may be directed in the channel of outward things—may be absorbed by some occupation. Coming, however, to the special treatment, and accepting the term *conjugal* for its special claim—if every body is not married, everybody, perhaps, ought to be—in time. We do not affirm that everybody now ought to marry; because some persons, perhaps, would act wiser not to marry, than the way they do—with eyes magnetized to see things as they are not.

Everybody, we said, is married—certainly, everybody is *attached* to something. Well, everybody that is man or woman, has an inclination and tendency toward the opposite sex; that is a law of nature; woman being the *love*, or negative, and man the *wisdom*, or positive. This last is but a microcosmic representation of the grand divine dual forces which bring forth so-called creations, numberless—some radiant as the hill-tops of divine life, others specked and darkened like the sun in an eclipse.

Marriages come by affections. You cannot be married to anybody without a certain sort of affection; but then it is a question what kind of affection it is or ought to be. *Affection* simply means *love*; in other words, to be married is but an expression of your being united, as to the kind of your love, to somebody. So the term *attached* really has great significance. If you are attached to anything at all—a dog, a book, a gun—some people are more attached to inanimate things than they are to intelligent human beings—that attachment may be literally expressed by magnetism going forth from you, attaching itself. In other words, affection, the attraction of affection, is magnetism. That philosophy which deals with nonentities, with somethings as nothing, will not stand the test of a searching and probing reason.

What sort of marriage will you have of the *seven kinds*? Let us see what they are, and let wisdom determine.

We affirm there is not simply one marriage, but seven; because man, while, prominently, he is a three-fold being, is a seven-fold organization. He is a physical, an intellectual, a social, a moral, a religious, a spiritual, and a celestial entity and activity; and, therefore, he may be married on any one, or more, or all of these planes.

If, now, you are married to a person, you are *attached* to that person—in some one of the seven ways, on some one of the seven planes—and your affection may be seen by the fine clairvoyant eye, going forth from you in lines or streams of magnetic light. Unseen forces are most real and potent; and thus you see how you may get fixed and fastened to things, objects, habits, and, affectionally, to persons. In proportion to the depth of your attachment, to the depth of the penetrations of your magnetism, rooted in or not, do you find difficulty and pain in tearing yourself therefrom. As every thing and organ and faculty has its own *peculiar* magnetism, you see how they may find and mingle with their correspondents. Hence the physical, intellectual, or moral marriage, and so on.

But to the specific question—which of the seven great marriages will you have? You are a physical being; you are an intellectual being; a social being; a moral being; through your reverential faculties, you are a religious being; eminently you are, in the deeps of you, a spiritual being; and in the profounds of self-hood, a celestial egoist. You may be married on any one, or all, of these planes. Your marriages, we say, are by attachment, and attachment means affection, and affection simply means magnetism. It need not be proved to philosophical Spiritualists, at this late day, what we have stated, that around everything is an electric and magnetic sphere, and through the congeniality of that sphere with some other sphere there comes a blending. Your bodies, the separate organs of them, have they not a certain electric, magnetic life? Even the different parts of your brain have different magnetic qualities; and color thereof is there, too. If you are married upon the lowest plane, the physical—some call it the sensual, or the circumstantial—that certainly is not an *enduring*, eternal marriage. Why? Because it does not strike down to the deeps of the soul; and just as soon as the soul departs to the unseen, and rises up by progress, it will shove off such a marriage. It will cease so to be attached, by growth. You should not, therefore, so much fear disintegrations in marriage relations, but rather endeavor to instruct persons rightly to direct themselves. You are now in an age when men and women begin to feel, as never before, how they are related to each other. Because this spiritual life which flows in makes them sensitive to the relation of substances and things; they come to that knowledge, somewhat limitedly, which the old Greek philosopher spoke of—"Know thyself!" they begin to know themselves, if not perceptibly, at least, in feeling—and they now have opened to them arcana of experience, and so of selfhood, which they never knew or suspected before.

We say that the lowest and most primary marriage is the physical. In the mineral kingdom, in the vegetable kingdom, in the animal kingdom, you see it. Minerals marry; they are positively and negatively conjugated; they bring forth, or grow. Vegetables marry, propagate their species. Animals certainly do. And man is no exception. Which is it, then, the lowest or the highest marriage, that people will have? It will not be in time to come, as now it is, *the* question; and the use of the presentation of the lower and the higher, is to point to the beauty and divinity of the latter, and the inferiority—though not devilishness—of the first. The physical, circumstantial marriage, the marriage of mere appetite, position, or form, will cease, as men and women cease to dwell positively and apparently so entirely on that plane.

Next, there is the *intellectual* marriage. Persons are attracted intellectually, and are married, or attached, on that plane; that is, intellectual magnetisms in them coalesce. They may not be married socially, religiously, spiritually, or celestially; they love each other's intellect, some thought, some brilliant intellectual effort—though it may not be brilliant. There must be a certain harmony of intellectual magnetism, not to say sameness of intellectual state and culture. Such are united *prominently* on the intellectual, and may be, secondarily, on one or more of the other planes. These marriages are frequently seen—persons who get along comparatively well, but know nothing of the beauties of a real, divine, celestial marriage. They will some day; now they do not, because they are attached on the second plane only or prominently. While they may be somewhat attached socially and physically, primarily, prominently, and positively they are attached as to the intellectual.

Next, is the *social* marriage; and here we find a vast number of marriages are formed. Persons in the social sphere, where there is intense activity in life, feel kindled up and hatched between them an attraction of social spheres; commingling, they blend; but the core of heart, the deeps of their beings are not touched nor reached, because they are not developed. They do not apperceipt or apprehend that there is a higher and grander marriage than the social. The social magnetisms of two persons affiliate then, and they are conjoined on that plane.

Next, there is the *moral* marriage, which follows the same way; the *religious* marriage—the same method; the *spiritual* marriage, one of the most beautiful, still not complete—after the same fashion. We find many persons, around us, who are spiritually married, living very happily together; and as the higher marriage has a tendency always to embrace the lower marriages, they come somewhat to be married socially, intellectually, morally, religiously; though they cannot be, perhaps, by the law of nature, physically. But the spiritual marriage, high as it is, and an antecedent and forerunner of the harmonial, celestial, lasting and eternal marriage, while it is not the highest, is still a most beautiful one. We find many that enjoy it—here and there.

Now we come to the highest marriage of all—that is, the celestial. That is, where the profounds and deeps of an individual, where the soul-substance itself, is reached, touched and intensified, and—the innermost—comes forth and pours out its magnetic life, and finds somebody whose celestial soul has been touched in the same way, and they meet and correspond—then they are celestially married; then they have touched the deeps of their natures, and that is the bond, the guarantee that they may become eternally mated. We do not say that they *are* so; the celestial marriage does not necessarily imply the permanent marriage. The true permanent marriage is not only where there is a celestial interblending, but a spiritual, a social, a moral, a religious, an intellectual, a physical marriage, also. And while the higher marriage seeks to include the lower, it cannot always do so here.

Do you wonder that there are so few true marriages, when you see how imperfect is the knowledge of man respecting himself, how incomplete his development? Why, one reason why, at this time, you perceive so many persons separating from their companions, especially amongst the lecturers and mediums, is, first, because the depths of their nature are beginning to be touched, and they begin to feel the necessities of that deeper nature—cannot, indeed, endure the former bond longer; and secondly, because there is a *direct and special design*, on the part of angels, to bring this matter of marriage prominently before the public's attention. Under the direct and special charge of angelic intelligences, such stand up as exemplifications of the tendency of the rest of mankind, and are made the attestations, before the public, of that irrepressible desire—bringing on an irrepressible conflict—on the part of the higher life, to present the true marriage before the world. When once the higher life can root in the mind of humanity the seriousness, and make stream through it the light of this subject, and ground in the heart the truths with respect to it, experimental and philosophical, *then* they will have established a foundation upon which to build greater results to the social world than have yet been reached.

Who does not believe that if men and women were beautifully, harmoniously married, married elementally, and interblending and interlocking wholly on all planes, running like two rivers together, the children who come forth from such a union would be God-stamped upon brain and body from the hour of birth, and their after lives would show a spontaneous tendency toward higher conditions?

No; it is because men and women are married on the lower plane so much, that we have these misdirections. We do not say that this is the sole cause, but that it is comparatively the main cause, why we have these family broils, these social squalls, which whip the ship of self around the harbor of social life, and give no settled anchor to the soul of self. When the time comes that this thing shall be more understood and applied, then shall come up an army of beautiful children, raised and equipped in accordance with divine laws, celestial, spiritual, and natural—new divine regiments for the establishment of a diviner social life. But you cannot have largely and unshakably the basis of the new great social organization, which will be the reflex of the New Jerusalem in the skies, until you have children born to you who shall spontaneously give forth in word and act the teachings which flow to them by inspiration from the higher lives. The child, too, that is polarized to God-spheres, as Jesus was, has a tendency to the true and beautiful, as the plant to the sun, as the vine to the stalk upon which it winds.

Is there any doubt, therefore, of the *necessity* of presenting this subject more and more before the public mind, and, if possible, throwing upon it whatever light can be let and shine through the darkened avenues of this closed and shut-up house, *the marriage question*?

We do not come to *advocate* separations. If anybody comes to us and says, "What shall I do?" we say this: Here are the principles; do you apply them. If you are, or were, married on some of the lower planes, and have come to develope out of those lower planes, you certainly have become *positive* to your first marriage, and Nature, God, in you will go its way. You have to apply the principle to your own particular case; as the great philosophic statesman, Burke, said, "The situation of a man is the preceptor of his duty." What we would have men do is this: not to fear, in this age of disintegration, *Mother Grundy*, not to bend and bow, with feeble front, before her old musty mob-cap. What if is not this the *individualizing* age? Why are you touched with Heaven's fire, and get Heaven's teaching, if it is not to call out and crystallize and beautifully formize in you individuality—not rough and hard, not that which wears a bold and brazen face before Heaven and men—no, but a beautiful, a divine individuality, an individuality in unison with God, as to the intellectual, social, moral, religious, spiritual, and celestial faculties, and nature of you—feeling and daring to do right, Church and State to the contrary notwithstanding.

From time to time the spirit-world has spoken, through men and women, upon this question. Rarely have they gone down to its depths; they have not shown what the true marriage is. We affirm that the highest and divinest marriage is the celestial; and that when that is in unison with the spiritual, the religious, the moral, the social, the intellectual, the physical, then there is a permanent marriage.

In the great, general sense, all things are pre-determined. There is nothing occurs without the manipulation of the long, interminable chain of cause and effect. Souls are pre-ordained for each other, in that vast, general sense; yet in the more limited sense souls are not—*and yet they are, too*, by a special providence we shall indicate. Here you have the two teachings. There are two ways of looking at things: generally, specially; absolutely, relatively. Spirit-teachings differ because mediums attract different spirits, and spirits hold different opinions. Some take a special view, and some a general one, and so speak and teach; hence it becomes necessary to weigh and balance both the special and general, the relative and absolute, to reach the beautiful and harmonious mean of satisfying truth.

Harmony lies between two extremes. So, when one seer says that all souls are pre-ordained to have their mates, looking at it in one way, he is right; another seer affirms that all souls are not pre-ordained for each other—looking at it in his way, he is right.

Here is one view. All souls are *alike*; the soul of a woman is just the same as that of a man, but her *mind* is not. There are three things, soul, mind, body—innermost, inner, outward. The innermost is alike in all; because it comes from that grand, composite, homogeneous sphere where are perfectly blended the creative or combinative powers, making the causative sphere (to this external), the celestial. All souls are alike, else there would not be the capacity in woman as to number of faculties and tendency of latent powers, that man possesses—and by virtue of that, woman could not be married rightly to him. If she had not some *correspondence* and *equipoise* of particular faculties, to him, how could she be beautifully correspondential with and attached to him? She must have in her soul-matrix the germs of everything that man has or is. It is only in the sphere of the spiritual germ that sex comes in. Parents give sex, temperament, everything characteristic, but do not give positive souls.

So, therefore, as all souls are alike, if celestial marriages were the only kind—why, any ones might conjoin. It does happen that two persons of celestial tendencies meeting, feel a oneness in the stillness of that celestial state, no word uttered then—but just as soon as distinctive, individual traits, on the spiritual and natural planes, come in active play, why, then a difference not before felt is clearly discerned. No; there must be a harmonial blending of traits, activities, and powers, on the two planes external to the celestial, namely, the spiritual and natural. The *outposts* of soul must be married, as well as celestial interblending be, (from commingling of magnetic emanations from soul-germs), if one looks for, or expects to enjoy, the true *harmonial* and lasting marriage.

Now we find it to be a fact, that certain angelic intelligences, having designs with respect to a mission of other individuals in the body, will so manipulate and psychologically mould two persons on your earth as that they shall become beautifully, truly, wholly interpenetrated or married. Here is example of that special foreordination alluded to. Otherwise we do not find souls specially predetermined for each other.

Open, then, yourselves to angelic visitation and inspiration; and if you would have the highest marriage, seek to be not simply physically, intellectually, and spiritually unfolded, but celestially also. Seek to have the deep inter-consciousness in you, made sensitive, so that that consciousness profound and divine may become inspired. And then, feeling the subtle guidance of angel-lives, you will be directed, instinctively yet orderly led by God, to your appropriate mates.

There is an effort now making on the part of the angel-world to bring together them that are; but they have an antecedent work to do—helped as they are to this by the bells, which stir up and stimulate men where they reach them—and that is, *separation* and *disintegration*. Deplore and lament it as much as you choose and may; cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; you cannot come back to the old status of the pauper-past, nor stem the current of divine truth. Like a vast Mississippi, which gathers volume and sweep as it rolls, this dispensation of the angelic, this celestial trinity-dispensation of Truth, Love, Wisdom, comes to carry out the barks of your individual lives into some *spiritual* Mexican gulf and seas beyond. We want to make all of you noble three-deckers—not mere fishing-smacks, little cock-boats, fitted to scull around in limited harbors of life and thought—but grand frigates of war, war-ships of spirituality, steam-vessels of inner life; and when you sail out, it will be with rich cargo and munitions, to some port that needs you. We see some men and women whose lives are little scull-about in cooped-up waters; but some men take great voyages in massive, huge tug-boats; and others, in Leviathans of the deep and Great Easterns, push across the oceans and seas of a large life, and bring back priceless spiritual treasure.

We said we do not come to preach separations; but we say they must occur—they must occur more and more. We do not come to specially advise, here publicly, any man or woman to separate from wife or husband; but we tell you the irresistible effect of the workings of indestructible principles—and you cannot escape them. We would rather have all men seek to be unfolded and purified; we would rather have men profit by the disciplines of life; we would have men and women take religious lessons of heavenly submission by the ills and toils that camp around about them. But when it goes beyond all bearing—the past *fighting* to maintain itself, the new coming in—when it comes to that point where "endurance ceases to be a virtue," and the great God by his angels seeks to lead you forth from manacles and bonds of conventionality—then *stand forth and break free!* How many souls there are that agonize, and that suffer hells on earth, by a false marriage, which would snap like withes and let the captive free were it not for the constraint of public opinion!

Men stuck fast in conservatism say to us, "Well, let people abide by compacts; besides, people owe something to society." We admit this last. But how is it? Perhaps, hitherto, it was not so well to agitate this question; but now it *must* be agitated. The sufferings of men have ripened them for it. No longer, too, need men be kept back lest society should suffer; because society, like the Church and State, has had written upon it the solemn adjudicative words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." And before there can be any large re-combinations in the social sphere, there must be disintegrations, there must be dissolutions and separations of things improperly together.

We say again, as hitherto, you have got to understand *the law of uses*. Through the law of uses men come to recognize the divine in every sphere. It will not do for a man to condemn a thing simply because it is below him or beyond him; and the man who perceives and feels higher uses ought not to positively cling to lower ones; but let him, above all, not despise lowest uses. As she who died in the brothel will tell you, he who most sees and feels God everywhere has divinest vision—whosoever sees his God in all the walks of a millioned existence, no matter how much misdirected, that is the truest God's son or daughter. Yea, and we re-affirm that another gospel of marriage must be given—another gospel of virtue and of purity. That gospel of marriage is *unity in duality*—or divine matehood—first, highest, and best—and *variety in divine use* annel-indicated—that gospel and criterion of virtue is *Harmony* and *Use*.

And now as to a national marriage. All men are in unison with God, on some plane; and we hold that this nation is, in a certain, general way, married to the Divine methods. When we speak of a national marriage, we mean the attachment of a nation to the Divine plans, general or special—these last formed in angelic consiliums. Now it is by virtue of the *amount* of truth-substance in the constitution of a country, that it is kept from decay—and truth is use and expression of ultimate divinity. But there is such a thing as being in possession of a limited quantity of truth-coherence, and such a thing as incomplete national unison with the Divine—incomplete national marriage.

At this day, is this nation in complete marriage with the plans and the ways, the principles and processes of the higher life? Do the grand designs of august intelligences aiming at great reforms, find exhibition in national lives and laws? We think not; and, simply, because the nation is not developed. This development must sooner or later be induced, if there is to come, here on earth, an actuality of Divine States, Divine Governments. A nation must be married to the Divine Will, as to a beautiful bridegroom.

Understand, there can be no new combinations in the external, natural, before there are combinations in the spiritual. When this government was formed, and the first Congress sat, brooding over it, and sending down its inspirations, was a *spiritual congress*. And now, as the mission of the Government, under its *present form* of Constitution, is irresistibly tending to a close-up, another and grander constitutional plan is seeking to be eliminated from out the angel-world. The nation must yet be wedded to that. Just as the higher life—the Revelator and Executor of the wills of God to man—has guided this and other nations, in the past, on their way, so would it in the present; and seek, through trial and storm and the discipline of fire and blood—since that is the only way—of celestial magnetic fire, penetrating to the soul of things, consuming falsies, and, like a chemical agent, resolving goods from *bads*, and of blood spilt in a long, consuming civil and spiritual war—thus and so to bring this people as a nation, thus and so subdued and purified, into full unison with the special plans of the high Angel-Congress, the special wills of God. Then shall come the Divine government on earth—and Christ, come back again through his selected medium, shall first plant his long prophesied Kingdom here in these at present disunited States. Not with sudden jump or burst, but by natural means and through mediums, men and women, now in process of preparative education, shall the new Kingdom come. Then the Divine Theocracy, uniting the best attributes and uses of a monarchy and a republic, shall at last take form and be the framework through which the divine life may find fit governmental expression and serve as the instrument of power whereby the wills of God, formed in angel consiliums, may be done on your earth as in the higher earths and heavens.

PLIGHTED.

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine—all mine, and for love, not duty;
Love given willingly, fully, and free—
Love for love's sake, as I love thee.
Duty, a servant, keeps the key;
But love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Constant and happy—merry and free.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown golden,
To the silken foot that 's scarce beholden!
Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile;
But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,
Keep holies of holiest evermore—
The crowd in the isles may watch the door—
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;
With all thy goodness, with all thy errors;
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;
Many may love thee—I 'll love them too:
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine—mine wholly—forever mine.

Mine!—God, I thank thee that thou hast given
Something all mine on this side of Heaven
Something as much myself to be
As this, my soul, which I left to thee:
Flesh of my flesh—bone of my bone,
Husband and wife, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's own sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one,