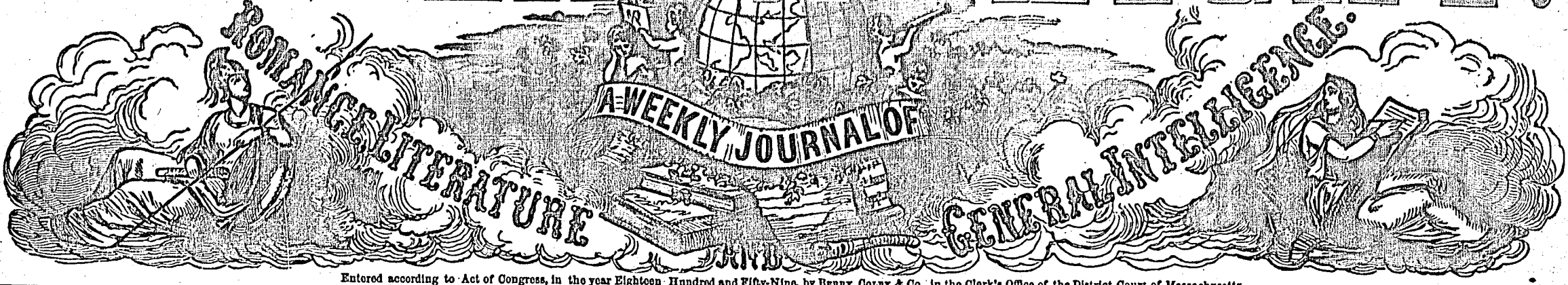


BANNER OF LIGHT.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Nine, by BERRY, COLBY & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

VOL. VI.

BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 16.

THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN, are reported for us by the best Theologians of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

For the Banner of Light.

ADOLPH.

OR,

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman,
BY CORA WILCOX.

CHAPTER V.

THE SILVER MINES OF PERU.

The Fortuna passed swiftly on her course, sailing safely by Capo Horn, and arriving without delay or accident at Valparaiso. There Adolph continued his business transactions for his employers; and he applied himself with such true zeal to the furtherance of their interests, that Captain Renger became more and more attached to him. He also added to his own fund, denying himself any participation in the merry and extravagant modes of life that Valparaiso so temptingly presented. The thought of his mother, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake, was his safeguard.

They remained in Valparaiso fourteen days, then continued their voyage along the coast of Peru, making a short stay at every business town; and Adolph, at every stopping place, showed the same industrious application, the same willing energy, with which he had begun. The result of this mode of action was to gain for him the almost fatherly love of the good captain, who promised him a lasting and compensating situation on their return to Hamburg. At last the object of the voyage was fully accomplished, and he spoke hopefully of their return home.

"God be thanked!" he said; "our voyage has been a prosperous one; my owners, I doubt not, will be very well pleased, and give a glad reception to old Renger. We sail now for Valparaiso, take in our return freight, and then, please God, without delay we turn homeward."

This was glad news to Adolph. Although his earnings by no means amounted to a sum sufficient to rescue his mother and sister from toil, yet he hoped ere long to be enabled to support them, and restore them to their accustomed comforts. He felt that he had been true to his good resolutions, and that Captain Renger could testify to his continued good conduct and unremitting efforts. With quiet joy Adolph thought of his return; and, as evening time, he would steal to the house his mother lived in, how quietly he would open the door, then, suddenly falling at his mother's feet, call out, "Here I am, mother! dearest mother, here I am!" and he would pour his heartily-acquired treasure in her lap, and while his sister's arms were around him, he would tell them how his mother's blessing had been his safeguard and his shield; how he had partly atoned for the evil past, and that hope and success beckoned to him from the future. And then he would feel his mother's kisses on his brow, her tears upon his face, all the renewal of his first love; and as it once had been, happiness, peace, love and unity would pervade the quiet household.

Such dreams strengthened and delighted him; and as mightily grew his desire to behold his loved ones, he would have breathed into the sails to hasten the ship's speed. But all these dreams were dreamt in vain; for their fulfillment was not so soon to come as he desired. On arrival at Valparaiso, the captain went on shore, and when he returned, after a few hours' stay, his countenance betokened anxiety and care.

"I have troublesome business in hand," said he, as he called the young man into his state-room. "The owners, Messieurs Bach & Company, have written to me that they have bought a mine in the neighborhood of Pisco, that promises a good return; and they call upon me to send a person there capable of keeping accounts and otherwise attending to the business. I have done all I could to find such a person in Valparaiso. It is useless; good and trustworthy people are as rare here as they are at home, and I don't know what to say or to do, unless—"

"Well, sir?" interposed Adolph, as the captain hesitated, and scanned him with a doubting yet imploring look.

"Well, then, I must say it—if you would only take the place," replied the captain, quickly. "I know I ought not to ask you, for you are so joyfully expecting the return to Hamburg. But the owners write so earnestly—their interests are so much at stake—that I feel troubled not to fulfill their orders. Dear Adolph, be entreated, if for my sake you could decide to take the office, only for one year, you would bestow a very great favor upon me."

Adolph turned pale; he had dreamt so sweetly of home, and now the happy vision was about to be dispelled! In place of the expected welcome, the resting place upon his mother's bosom, he was to seek the distant and wildest solitudes of Peru! It was a cruel choice; but could he refuse Captain Renger—the man who had shown him so much confidence, kindness and esteem? could he be ungrateful toward this friend? He could not—duty and conscience remonstrated. His resolution was formed; nobly and manfully he overcame the promptings of selfishness. He took the captain's hand. "I will remain, sir!" he said; "you may command me."

"But do you remain willingly, Adolph?" demanded the captain.

"Yes; I remain willingly and gladly, because I can thereby give you a proof of my gratitude and love," he replied.

"But your mother? you were anticipating so much pleasure on your return to her?"

"Yes, sir," said Adolph, frankly; "the thought of soon again beholding my mother was the sweetest dream of my life. But a year will soon pass away, and God will permit my beautiful dream to be realized."

"Poor boy!" said the captain, "you love your mother very much!"

"Love her!" cried Adolph, with deep emotion, "indeed I do, sir—she is the best, the tenderest mother I do. In this matter, duty dictates to me, and I

will obey the voice. You shall never find me ungrateful, captain. And if my good mother were here she would sanction my resolve. You can return in peace, assured that I will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction to you and my employers."

"You are a brave soul!" said the Captain, much moved by the disinterested spirit of his young charge, as he pressed his hand in acknowledgment. "Now, then," he continued; "since I am compelled to accept your sacrifice, let me tell you that it is a situation worthy of acceptance, but I am sorry that it denies you the return home for a year. In the first place, you will receive a fixed salary of a thousand dollars, and besides, a portion of the returns of the mine. Here is the letter—read for yourself; two per cent., as upon the silk bales and other goods. If the mine is productive, and you are fortunate, you can be a rich man in a year; if not, you receive at least your salary, and are no loser by it. And I shall not forget that you have delivered me out of a weighty embarrassment; I shall remember you, rely upon that! And now to something else. If you have any messages to send to your mother, I offer you my services, and will deliver them personally."

"Thanks, thanks, for the kind offer," cried Adolph, eagerly; "I shall be truly obliged, if you will carry my earnings to my mother."

"Most willingly; and I will tell her what good friends we have been. Bring me the money; I will take it safely."

He brought his guarded treasure, amounting to nearly eight hundred dollars, and handed it to the captain.

"But, my dear young friend," he cried in astonishment, "this is almost all you have earned. Will you not retain a portion for yourself?"

"No, sir!" replied Adolph; "in sending this money to my mother, I pay only a portion of a sacred debt; for the entire payment of which I shall continue to use every effort. Please give it to my mother, with my loving remembrance; and tell her her son has not forgotten her tears or her blessing. She will understand what I mean."

"I will do as you require, and will not lose a moment about it," said the good seaman. "My first visit on shore must be to the owners; my second one to your mother. Have you no further commissions for me, my friend?"

"None," said Adolph; "and when must I begin my journey? where is the mine I must seek?"

The name of the mine is Vomerus, and it is near Pisco, it is said; you need not be troubled about finding the way; in the Inn of the Silver Cross, in Valparaiso, there are ten laborers and a guide; awaiting your coming; and you will find a mule ready for you. All you have to do is to go on shore with me, and I will present you to the people as their leader, whose orders they are bound to obey. To-morrow morning, as early as possible, you can begin your journey, which, I am sorry to say, is a somewhat tedious and fatiguing one."

"Very well, captain," said the undaunted Adolph; "I am ready when you are."

Captain Renger ordered the boat; the young man's luggage was put in it, and ten minutes afterward they were on shore. In the hotel of the Silver Cross Adolph was presented to the people who were to accompany him; some of the men were German laborers, which rendered the prospect of their companionship more pleasing. The captain gave a sum of money to his secretary, and prepared to take his leave.

"God bless you, dear young friend," he said, giving him a hearty embrace. "In a year's time, please God! we shall see each other again; and I trust when we meet you will have made your fortune, and have no occasion to repent of your willingness to oblige me. God bless you!"

A thousand greetings to mother and sister were confided to the captain's keeping. Adolph accompanied him to the boat, once more pressed his hand, then gazed after him with a heavy heart. Immediately upon the captain's arrival on board, the anchor was weighed, and soon the Fortuna sped swiftly toward the open sea. A tear glistened in the wanderer's eye, as he gazed upon the receding ship; his whole heart followed her, and longed intensely for re-union with the loved ones. But it could not be; the duty of gratitude forbade, and Adolph wiped away the rising tears, and summoned courage and endurance to his soul. "Farewell!" he said, softly; "farewell, good ship; and may God guide thee safely. One joy you will carry to my mother's heart, with many tender greetings; she will hear of my reformation, of my welfare. And this is a sweet consolation to me." He stood there until darkness veiled the surrounding objects, and hid from sight the glimmering of the ship's white sails.

The next morning, at break of day, Adolph and his followers left Valparaiso and commenced their journey toward the interior. The road was often wild and solitary, and their day's ride very fatiguing; but no accident befell the little caravan, that at length safely arrived, one evening, in Pisco, their last station. Adolph took care that his people and their mules were provided for, and then he took his seat in the sitting room of the hotel and patiently awaited the coming of his supper. The room was filled with guests; some were smoking, others eating and drinking, and others sat in the furthest corner playing cards. No one took notice of Adolph, who, having finished his supper, arose to take a look at the players; for he was astonished to see such large sums of gold so carelessly thrown upon the table, as if they were so many pennies. The dices, too, of those engaged was of the coarsest kind; they were nearly all laborers in the mines, who thus staked large sums of gold, and carelessly lost or won huge piles of the shining ore.

"Is it really gold they are playing for?" inquired Adolph of an elderly man, who like himself was merely observing the game.

"Si, senior, it is so," replied the man. "Does that astonish you? We inhabitants of Pisco are used to it. The people you see here, most of them laborers, earn great sums during the week, and could lead a life free from care, if their passions for play were not stronger than their judgment."

"But such enormous sums!" said Adolph. "How is it possible that the most industrious and skillful laborer can earn so much more by the labor of his hands?"

"Ah, you do not know," said the stranger, "that all

these persons have a share in the proceeds of the mines. When you become more acquainted with the circumstances, you will cease to be surprised to see persons of the humblest standing throwing away heaps of gold. It is a usual occurrence here. Peru is rich in silver veins that extend like a network beneath her soil; chance, and such chances often occur, causes the laborer to find one of these places; he lacks the means to search for the treasure; he sells his right to the first wealthy man; and with the large sum thus obtained he beholds himself raised from the wretchedness of his poverty to the possession of wealth. A sensible man would thank God for his good fortune, and would spend the remainder of his days in peace and comfort; but no, that is not what this people do; as it is won, so it goes; and their wealth flies from them as quickly as it comes."

"That is truly a pity," said Adolph. "Yes, the love of play is a terrible passion, and brings anything but blessings to its victim."

"Si, senior, so it is," replied the stranger. "And with us, unfortunately, this passion rules; rich and poor, the highest and the lowest, give themselves up to its dominion. The wealthiest owners of mines sometimes ruin themselves in one night at the gaming table; they play for all they possess; depriving themselves of all their ready money, of house and lands, even of the very mines from which they draw their means. They thoughtlessly risk their all, relying upon the discovery of new treasures, that, with a silver wand of magic, shall restore all their losses."

"And are these hopes ever realized?" inquired Adolph.

"Oh, certainly; there is no doubt of it," replied his agreeable instructor. "But it is not always reliable; and I have known persons, who, in the days of their prosperity, played with millions, dying in rags upon a bed of straw. Changes come here with surprising swiftness; one may be rich enough to-day to throw handfuls of gold out of the window, and to-morrow be deprived of every copper. Luck is all that is needed in this country."

"But these treasures in the earth, they will some time be exhausted. Do the people never think of the future?"

"They do not think of it; they live only in the present. And to exhaust the treasures of Peru—young men, you and I shall not live to see the day! The wealth of this land is inexhaustible. Look at yonder young Indian who has just come in; he does no work; he wanders idly around the streets and in the hotels; he spends thousands in an hour, and yet his pockets are always supplied with money, though his dress is in tatters. Where does he come from?—from a silver mine that no one knows anything about but himself. When he has spent all the money he has with him in gambling, drinking, or by simply throwing it away, he steals by night to his treasure room, and cuts off a few bars of the precious metal, exchanging them for one-third of their value into ready money; then he eats and drinks and spends again, until the last coin is gone, when he returns for a fresh supply to his reservoir."

"But, if the source of his wealth is known, how is it possible that the man can keep his secret?" questioned Adolph.

"Oh, there is no danger that he will reveal it to any one," was the reply. "Even when most deeply intoxicated, he never has given the least indication that would lead to the discovery of the treasure. On this point he is as silent as the grave."

"But they will watch his movements, and secretly follow him."

"It is impossible to watch an Indian, without incurring danger. You do not know this people, or you would not entertain such a thought. It is impossible for a white man to overcome their cunning. It has been attempted, but envy, curiosity and avarice have been severely punished by these Indians. Only a short time ago, an incident occurred by which a young man fell a sacrifice."

"Please tell me the circumstance," said Adolph.

"With pleasure. There lived in the neighborhood of this town an old Indian, with his only daughter; and he had plenty wherewith to purchase all he needed. From time to time he would come to the city and bring for sale a bar of solid silver. Whenever he was asked where he had found the metal, his reply invariably was, that he had found it in his wanderings through the country. That a credit was given to this tale, you may believe. A young man, bold and courageous, undertook the adventure. He was determined to discover the hidden treasure. For this purpose, he sought the acquaintance of the old Indian; but he was as silent as the tomb. But he was more fortunate in gaining the confidence of the daughter. He promised to make her his wife if she would reveal to him the secret of the mine; and he vowed never to betray it to a third. The Indian girl believed his words; and one dark night, when she deemed her father was away, she led the tempter to the spot. 'There it is,' she said, pointing to a moss-covered stone. 'Roll away that rock, and the silver will meet your eyes.'

The young man, impelled by hope and avarice, exerted his utmost strength and rolled away the stone, which left an aperture, into which he sprang without delay. He carried a lantern, and its feeble light revealed to him the countless treasures with which that place was filled. He was in the act of stretching forth his hands to grasp some of the costly ore, when a sudden cry from his companion caused him to start with terror. He had no time left to spring from his concealment, for, like a thunder-bolt, a heavy stroke fell upon him and threw him senseless to the ground. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a distant part, lying in an open field. He had scarcely strength enough to crawl away; but he succeeded in reaching a house, where he obtained help and good nursing. Before his death,—for he had received a mortal blow—he told of the easy beginning and unfortunate ending of his enterprise."

The old Indian was sought for, but could not be found anywhere. He had burnt his hut to the ground, and with his daughter had left the neighborhood."

Many attempts were made to discover the silver mine; they were all in vain. Like its owner, it was nowhere to be met with."

"That is a strange history, indeed," said Adolph; "and yet it seems to me that the avarice of men would find some means of compelling the Indians to reveal their secret."

"Ah, you think it could be done by force?" said the stranger. "That has been tried, but without success. An Indian will suffer torture and death ere he will reveal a secret. Yes, some of them were known to be in possession of the mines, and they have been tortured, their limbs disjointed, their flesh torn by glowing iron pincers, and molten lead poured in the scorching wounds; the thumb-screws applied; they have been roasted before a slow fire; in short, all the dreadful punishments of the Inquisition tried upon them, all without the effect desired. They were silent; not a word, scarcely a sigh of pain, passed their lips. They died, and their secret perished with them. It is impossible, either by entreaty or by force, to obtain that kind of information from an Indian. But see, there comes our Signor Alonzo. While we have been talking, he has swallowed a couple of bottles of wine, and now he is staggering about in order to lose his money at play. Pay attention over there, and you will see some strange scenes."

Adolph fixed his eyes upon the Indian, and saw that he was quite a young man, clad in costly apparel, which, however, hung soiled and tattered upon his person; costly rings sparkled upon his fingers, around his neck was a heavy gold chain, and a watch and various ornaments were attached to it; a diamond breast-pin of great value sparkled on his bosom; his black and smooth hair hung wildly around his bronze-hued countenance, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of intoxication and gambling. With unsteady steps he neared the table of the players. They quickly made room for him.

"Ah, it is you, Alonzo," said the one who presided at the gaming-table. "Do you want to make up for yesterday's losses? You are welcome to try your luck."

"I believe it," said the Indian, with a heavy utterance; and he felt in his pockets and drew forth a handful of shining gold pieces, which he threw so carelessly upon the table, that several of them rolled off and fell upon the floor. Ten hands were outstretched to catch the golden shower; but the Indian never moved a finger, and laughed sarcastically as he beheld the scramble.

"Put back the gold!" cried the one who held the chief post at the table. Give the Signor Alonzo his money. Fair play, seniors!"

"Pah! I don't want it," said the Indian scornfully. "The seniors need the plunder more than I do. Cards, seniors, cards." With unsteady hand, he chose a card, and placed it upon a large pile of gold. In ten seconds he had lost it, and the bank-holder had taken it. The Indian muttered a curse, and in the same manner staked upon another card. In a short time he had not a solitary gold piece left, and he raved against his evil fortune. He took off his rings, his chain, his breast-pin, all his ornaments, and threw them upon the table. "What do you value those, demon that you are?" he cried.

The presiding demon calmly valued the costly things; again a card was chosen as before; again, in a few seconds, the Indian had lost all.

"Demon!" he cried, and struck the table with his clenched fists; "something is wrong here. Either I am bewitched, or you, seniors, are swindlers."

The Indian had scarcely uttered the last word, when he who was thus addressed, sprang with a sudden bound from his chair, and drawing a knife from his girdle, he seized the drunken Indian, and was about to plunge the weapon in his bosom, when Adolph as suddenly sprang forward, and with a well directed blow, threw back the hand intent upon the murderous design.

"Hold, there!" he cried. "Do not attack an innocent man! Even if the Indian was in the wrong, you should make allowance for his excited condition, and allow him to go in peace. But the Indian is not wrong; he has told the truth, and you, sir, are a deceiver!"

The Indian, who appeared almost sobered by alarm, looked upon Adolph with sparkling eyes. "Is that true, senior?" he said, eagerly. "Is that so?"

"As sure as the cards that man holds are marked with pin points," replied the young man.

A scene of confusion ensued. The accused, pale and trembling, leaped over the card table and sought refuge in flight from the twenty or thirty clenched fists that threatened him; hastily gathering up the gold nearest to him, he escaped by a back door. Several men followed, but the door was bolted on the outside, and before the front door was reached and the vicinity of the house searched, the villain had made good his escape. The Indian made no attempt at pursuit; but he felt like a tiger upon the cards, and placed them in his pocket. The rest fell upon the remaining heaps of gold, and the Indian watched them with a mocking smile, making not the least attempt to hinder them until they placed their hands upon his rings and chain; then he stretched out his arm commandingly, and cried:

"Hold, seniors! these things no one will dispute with me, for every one knows they belong to me. Away with your hands!" The covetous fingers were withdrawn, and the Indian coolly collected his ornaments. He turned to Adolph, saluted him with a certain proud and friendly air, and said, politely—

"I thank you, senior, for discovering that thief; for a long time I doubted him, but I had no proofs to condemn him; now, I beg you, do me the favor to explain to me the manner of his deceptions."

"It is quite simple," replied Adolph. "He has marked the cards with pins, and before turning a card he knew it by those marks. It was easy for him to turn the card without being noticed, and so to cause his own to win. There, senior, you see the marks of the pins. You can scarcely see them, but the touch discovers them easily."

"Yes, yes, I see you are right, senior," said the Indian, convinced of the truth of his remarks. "The fellow is a great villain, and has often cheated us all. But he will be dealt with if he comes here again. Thank you, senior, and if Alonzo can serve you in any way, please command him."

Adolph smilingly put back his thanks. "I have only done what the simplest duty of an honest man demands," said he. "I have unveiled a traitor, and that is not worth so many words."

"Very good! very good!" cried the Indian. "You are a *bueno hombre*, a good man. There are not many here, and very few would sustain a poor, scorned In-

dian against their white brother. Thank you, senior, and at least, accept this breast-pin in remembrance of Alonzo."

It was a costly pin, richly set with diamonds, worth at least five hundred dollars, and Adolph declined receiving such a present. But the Indian was determined, and his young friend was compelled to yield. They exchanged a few words of friendliness together, and then Adolph sought his chamber. In a quarter of an hour afterward, he had forgotten the exciting scenes of the evening, the play, the Indian, and all that surrounded him. All was forgotten in sweetest slumber, and he dreamt of home, of his mother and sister, the sweetest dream of return and reunion.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRATITUDE OF THE INDIAN.

The distance from Pisco to the mines of Vomerus was about five good miles, [German miles are here meant,] and the way, as the guide had declared, was rough and difficult, so that it was necessary to set out betimes in order to reach it in season. With the first rays of the sun, therefore, Adolph called to his followers, and their mules were saddled, their bills paid, and the little caravan was in motion. Leaving the town, they soon found themselves in a rough, solitary and mountainous country, that presented few charms and no variety. Up and down hill, over great rocks and stony paths, they pursued their journey, seldom cheered even by the aspect of a solitary tree or a thorny hedge; the mules could pick their way only step by step.

They had traveled thus about two hours, and the guide spoke of halting a short time that the animals might rest. Adolph was listening intently, for he thought he heard a faint moan from amid the rocks before him.

"What is that?" he inquired of the guide. "Do you not hear? Listen, good people, listen!"

All were silent; even the mules raised their ears, and all listened intently for several moments.

"It is nothing," at last said the guide; "perhaps it was some animal that uttered a cry at our approach, and then fled."

Adolph raised his hand to enjoin silence.

"Do still!" he whispered. "Just now I heard it again. Not surely it is no animal; it must be a human being in distress."

The sound was now distinctly heard by all. Deep moanings, as of one in pain, seemed to arise from the clefts of the rock. Adolph sprang from the saddle and hastened to the spot.

"Hold, seniors!" cried the guide; "these places are not the safest in the world. Do not trouble yourself about the moaning, but let us continue our journey. You may run willfully into danger and lose your life."

"How can I run willfully into danger in seeking to aid an unfortunate being?" said Adolph. "Come with me, some of you; we may perhaps render help. You shrink back? Well, I will go alone. It would be shameful to leave one wounded or dying without an effort to give assistance."

"Who knows that it is a human creature? It may be evil spirits seeking to ensnare you," said the guide, who, like most of the natives, was extremely superstitious.

"Pooh! I am not afraid of ghosts or evil spirits," said Adolph, and he resolutely pursued his way; climbing the rock, he saw beneath him, on the other side, a dark figure, lying with its face toward the ground, the hands convulsively clenching the stony soil. This sight redoubled his sympathies; he sprang to the other side, and approached the prostrate form. Adolph lost no time in making inquiries; he lifted up the wounded man, and uttered an exclamation of terror and surprise as he saw a deep wound in his left side.

"Great God! you are mortally wounded!" he cried. "Help, there, help—quick! Perhaps he may yet be saved."

"Aqua—water! I am dying of thirst!" whispered the wounded man.

Adolph put him gently down and hastened to fulfill his request. With flying footsteps he hastened to his companions, and told them of the discovery he had made; and pulling one of the water-skins from its place, called on the people to follow him.

"But who is the wounded man, senior?" asked the guide.

"How should I know? Ask him yourself," replied Adolph. "Enough, it is a human being, and we should render him all the assistance in our power."

"A white man or an Indian?" further queried the guide.

"I tell you, a human being—a poor, wounded man; is not that enough?" said Adolph, impatiently. "Why ask the color of the skin, when a human life is in peril? Follow me instantly, and hasten as much as possible."

Without another word, he returned to his charge and offered him the cooling draught. It seemed to do him good, for the painful rigidity of his features relaxed, he opened his eyes and fixed them upon his benefactor. He uttered a faint exclamation; and Adolph, gazing intently upon him, recognized the Indian, Alonzo.

"Ah, senior—is it you?" he said, faintly. "See, to what condition the villain has brought me!"

"What villain—who was it?" eagerly inquired Adolph.

"Don Guerrero, the gambler, whose deceptions you discovered last night," he replied. "He lay in wait for me, for he knew I would come alone to seek my lot. It was moonlight; the rascal hid himself behind the rocks yonder, and shot at me. I sank to the ground senseless, and then he dragged me hither and left me for dead. I know nothing of what occurred from that time to this; I must have lain senseless here all night. But this burning thirst that consumes me! Have mercy, senior! give me some more water!"

"Drink, poor Alonzo; take all you need," said the pitying Adolph. "And now how do you feel?"

"Badly, senior," replied the Indian, with a choking voice. "The wretch has gained his object; I am nearing my end. This terrible night, lying here without help—the loss of blood—I shall not live to see the evening of this day!"

"Take courage; do not despond," said Adolph, consolingly. "We will bind up your wound and carry you to your home. Is it far from here?"

"No, senior; only a walk of a quarter of an hour. If you can take me there, I shall know how to be grateful."

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRINTON.
SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VI.

IMPORTANCE OF MAGNETISM IN SURGERY.

Not only are the magnetic processes of the utmost importance in the treatment of all nervous affections, every phase of inflammation, rheumatism, ankylosis and paralysis, and likewise in removing aneurism and anastomosis, together with all abnormal obstructions and morbid secretions, by increasing the electro-anastomosis action; but it may also be employed, with most beneficial results, in the practice of Surgery. The modes whereby we influence the distribution of vital electricity, enable the skillful operator to control sensation in the subject; and hence the most difficult, protracted and painful surgical operations may be performed without pain. Moreover, the danger from hemorrhage, and from subsequent inflammation, is greatly diminished by magnetism—when a complete state of coma has been induced—will scarcely admit of a rational doubt in the mind of any one who has witnessed the results of its application.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since M. Cloquet, an eminent surgeon, removed a cancerous breast from a woman who was in a magnetic trance, and whose insensibility to pain during the operation was demonstrated to his entire satisfaction. Indeed, the use of magnetism was, for a time, opposed in Europe on account of its pain-destroying power—opposed by certain doctors, who probably loved to see their patients shriek from the knife, or writhe under the process of cauterization. It is said that the Royal Medical and Surgical Society of London received, with implied approbation, the absurd assumption of Dr. Copeland, that "patients ought to suffer while their surgeons are operating." It appears to have regarded pain not only as a wise and necessary provision of Nature, but also as an agreeable punition for those who are duly commissioned by the authorities of science and law to inflict it on their hapless victims. The science of Dr. Copeland was about as remarkable as the piety of a stupid old Scotch divine, who, not long since, opposed the use of chloroform. In obstetric cases, as a profane attempt to subvert the Divine law, woman having been visited with a special curse because she took the initiation in the transgression.

Isolated cases, illustrating the use of the magnetic processes in the alleviation of human suffering, have occurred in the experience of many practitioners, both in this country and in Europe; but the application of this beneficent agent, in the practice of Dr. James Esdaile, as surgeon in the service of the British East India Company, perhaps affords the clearest experimental demonstrations of its paramount importance. He found the natives of Bengal extremely impressionable, and a few trials, by himself or his assistants, generally subdued their natural powers of resistance, leaving them in a state of profound coma, and insensible to pain. In the short period of eight months he performed, at Hoogly, no less than seventy-three *major operations in surgery*, embracing among others the dissection and amputation of different members of the body, operations for sarcomata and hydrocele, removal of scrofula and other tumors; actual and potential cauterizations, etc., etc. In these operations the subjects were entirely deprived of physical sensation; with rare exceptions, they were altogether unconscious, and often expressed the greatest surprise on learning what had been done to them during the interval of oblivious repose. The operations were seldom followed by much pain or inflammation, and the process of organization generally occurred by the first intention.

In order to give the reader—who may not have access to Dr. Esdaile's book—some idea of the difficult and painful nature of some of his surgical operations, and also of the benign influence and salutary results of Magnetism in such cases, I will here refer, in a more explicit manner, to two cases. Teenavrie Paulit, of the age of forty years, had been "suffering for two years from a tumor in the antrum maxillare," which, in the language of the doctor, had "pushed up the orbit of the eye, filled the nose, passed into the throat, and caused an enlargement of the glands of the neck." Respiration was rendered so difficult that he had slept but very little for five months. After repeated and fruitless trials on the part of Dr. Esdaile's assistants, the doctor himself at last made the effort, and succeeded, in about forty-five minutes, in producing the state of magnetic catalepsy, when he at once proceeded to remove the tumor—the operation being one of the most protracted and painful in surgery—and the patient being all the while in a comatose and unconscious state. The following extract is from Dr. Esdaile's description of the operation:

"I put a long knife in at the corner of his mouth, and brought the point out over the cheek-bone, dividing the parts between; from this I pushed it through the skin at the lower corner of the eye, and dissected the cheek back to the nose. The presence of the tumor had caused the absorption of the anterior wall of the antrum, and on pressing my fingers between it and the bones, it burst, and a shocking gush of blood and brain-like matter followed. The tumor extended as far as my fingers could reach under the orbit and cheek-bone, and passed into the gullet, having destroyed the bones and partition of the nose. No one touched the man, and I turned his head into any position I desired, without resistance, and there it remained until I wished to move it again. When the blood accumulated, I bent his head forward, and it ran from his mouth as from a leaden spout. The man never moved, nor showed any signs of life, except an occasional indistinct moan; but when I threw back his head, and passed my fingers into his throat to detach the mass in that direction, the stream of blood was directed into his wind-pipe, and some instinctive effort became necessary for existence; he therefore coughed, and leaned forward, to get rid of the blood; and I supposed that he then awoke. The operation was by this time finished, and he was laid on the floor to have his face sewed up; and while this was being done, he for the first time opened his eyes."

The man subsequently declared, in the most unequivocal manner, and with peculiar emphasis, that he experienced no pain during the operation; and it appeared that not only the coughing, but even the forward movement, to prevent suffocation by discharging the blood, was involuntarily and unconsciously performed. When the wounds were dressed—on the third day after the operation—it was found that the parts were united throughout by the first intention, and the man could both breathe freely and speak plainly.

The case of Gooroochun Shah, a native shop-keeper, is perhaps the most extraordinary of its class on record. He had a tumor of almost incredible dimensions. For years it had served him as a "resting-deck." This enormous mass, weighing eighty pounds, was removed by Dr. Esdaile while the man was in a death-like sleep that suspended all the powers of sensation. When the patient was restored to complete consciousness, he affirmed that "nothing had disturbed him." Had the tumor been removed while the man was awake, and the voluntary powers of his mind actively employed, it is not probable that he could have survived the operation. On this point Dr. Esdaile expresses his opinion as follows:

"I think it extremely likely that, if the circulation had been hurried by pain and struggling; or, if the shock to the system had been increased by bodily and mental anguish, the man could have died to death, or never have rallied from the effects of the operation. But the sudden loss of blood was all he had to contend against, and, though in so weak a condition, he has surmounted this, and gone on very well."

In five weeks Gooroochun Shah was so far recovered that he was permitted to leave the hospital and return home.

See Genesis, chap. lii, 16th verso.
A American edition of Mesmerism in India.
Bibb, pp. 221, 222.

Esdaile on a subject of this nature was excusable in the time of Mesmer, but at this late day it is only compatible with a most beautiful indifference and a mournful destitution of all knowledge on a subject of great moment. The domain of accredited science comprehends no phenomena more real, or more acceptable of a clear and triumphant authentication and defense, than those developed by the magnetic processes; and we shall look in vain for any that more deeply concern the vital interests of mankind. To say nothing of the psychological phases of the phenomena, the physiological effects are such as can neither be counterfeited nor mistaken. Sensation and voluntary motion are often wholly suspended; the limbs become rigid, preserving any position in which they may be placed by the operator; and sometimes the thoracic movement is completely arrested. Those who are suffering from a serious derangement of the nervous forces, and in consequence experience extreme pain, or a partial suspension of the power of voluntary motion, in certain portions of the system, often find that the magnetic sleep results in an equilibration of the vital motive power, and hence of the entire circulation. The arterial action and the respiration are invariably diminished by the magnetic processes, and the temperature of the body falls in the same proportion. Hence the efficacy of magnetic manipulations and the consequent state of coma in subduing fever and inflammation. Under the mysterious spell, the eyes roll wildly about the orbit as the magnetic needle oscillates when suddenly acted on; the iris loses its contractility under the strongest hydro-oxygen light; neither muriatic acid nor the hot iron applied to the flesh occasion the slightest pain; the strongest powers of liquid ammonia make no impression on the olfactory surfaces; and the discharge of heavily loaded firearms close to the ear, will not in the least disturb the *experientium crucis* elsewhere. If it is found in these various and wonderful phenomena.

That all the effects produced, on and through the motive and sensational medium of the living body, are occasioned by the irregular distribution and consequent action of vital electricity, we have no room to doubt. While Dr. Esdaile does not attempt to furnish a philosophy of the facts, developed in his interesting experience, he drops occasional observations from which it appears, that he more than suspected that all the magnetic phenomena depended on the capacity of the operator to give a new direction to the nervous circulation, and thus to either increase or diminish the action at the centers of nervous energy. On this point his views suggest the view he is inclined to entertain:

"It seems to me that irregularity in the distribution of the nervous energy is at the bottom of all the mesmeric symptoms, however produced, whether naturally or artificially; and I suspect that the same effects may follow a state of exhaustion or depletion of the nervous system."

When the patient is conscious during the performance of a surgical operation, and the voluntary faculties of the mind are fully aroused and painfully excited, the mental forces will inevitably be concentrated at the point where the injury is inflicted. The electrical currents are thus increased in that particular direction, and their action greatly intensified; and as the distribution of this agent gradually measures the measure and the motion of the blood and all the animal fluids, it follows of necessity that the arterial tide is augmented in the same direction, and in a corresponding degree, producing excessive hemorrhage, while this concentrated electrical action, at the seat of the injury, increases the subsequent tendency to inflammation. But the loss of blood, and the danger of inflammation in all surgical operations, must be greatly diminished by the magnetic sleep. No careful observer of the facts in the case will be disposed to question this, and whoever discerns the laws that regulate the vital action, and the circulation of the fluids in animal and human bodies, will be able to comprehend, at least in part, the philosophy of these effects. When the patient is insensible to pain, and unconscious of the injury inflicted, the general circulation is undisturbed by any excited action of the mind. There is no sudden agitation of the fountains of life; the arterial currents move through their channels with a steady, rhythmic flow under the normal play of the electric forces on the vital organs. All this is confirmed by the following observations of Dr. Esdaile, founded on the results of his numerous experiments. Having in view the importance of Magnetism in the practice of Surgery, he says:

"The benefits are not confined to the extinction of pain during the operation, but are of the greatest general and particular advantage in the after-treatment of surgical diseases. The nerves and brain have not been shattered by bodily and mental anguish, which generally excites an irritable fever in the system, wasting the powers of life, and rendering local inflammation in the injured part; thereby often destroying all the hopes and precautions of the surgeon. In the memoirs I have published, only the necessary local injury has been inflicted; and on awaking, the patient sometimes feels no pain whatever, and generally only a slight smarting in the wound, and the constant sets about repairing the breach of substance quietly, and under the best possible circumstances. If local pains follow, they can be easily removed by topical manipulations."

Of necessity the writer's own opportunities to witness the application of Magnetism in practical surgery, have been very limited; and yet I am not without a small experience even in this department. On one occasion—some years since—I magnetized the wife of a clergyman, who had nine decayed teeth extracted without once breaking the spell. On the restoration of sensation and consciousness, she was most agreeably surprised to find that the cause of long and severe suffering had been completely removed, without inflicting upon her sensitive nature a single pang.

Some nine years since, while the writer was living in Stamford, Conn., Mr. C. P. Price, who lived in an adjoining tenement, accidentally cut off the end of the index finger of his left hand, while employed in cutting hay for his horse. Mr. P. walked directly to the house, leaving the severed portion of his finger in the hay at the barn. One after another, the physicians, to the number of three, were sent for; but they were all absent. In this emergency the writer was called in—when some twenty minutes had elapsed after the accident—and the separated portion of the finger was quite cold. But I conceived the idea that if it were properly adjusted to the stump, and the electro-vital action could be restored by magnetic manipulations, it might be possible to save it. Accordingly, I procured the end of the finger and adjusted it as accurately as possible, with the aid of the needle and several narrow strips of adhesive plaster. When this was properly done, I commenced the magnetic electric action, making the passes from above the third joint to the end of the finger. This was continued until the natural temperature was restored to the severed portion, when it was carefully bound up in brown sugar and spits. At evening, when the doctors returned, they were disposed to amuse themselves at the expense of the writer and his patient. Of course the village authorities in medical science all concurred in the opinion, that it was impossible to save the finger, and that it would inevitably rotify. However, it united completely by the first intention, and in three weeks it was entirely well, except that the sensation was not quite as acute as before. If the doctors never put on limbs when amputation has occurred accidentally, it must be confessed that they make up for every such deficiency by the cheerful grace with which they cut them off!

"They laugh at scars who never felt a wound."

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants.

ANCIENT ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT.

TAVEL.

NUMBER TWO.

Haslenson, in his "Civilization of the Assyrians," says, "The heavy burden of a learned language lay upon all those who desired to devote themselves to scientific pursuits, and, owing to this, knowledge tended to become the exclusive possession of a priest-class, which did not aim at progress, but was satisfied to hand on the traditions of former ages."

But is not this true of every priest-class that has ever been? Look at even our modern Unitarians, preparing to take the back track to the dark ages, with Hellevs, Huntington, and many others. The priest-class, with exceptions so few and far between, as hardly to be noted, are ever the representatives of fogdom, in which they live, move, and have their being; and almost the same may be said of medical fogdom, and the profession of law, the three, forming a fossilized trinity of such huge dimensions of the grosser dead past, as to constitute a burden grievous to be borne.

The old Assyrian religion pursued heretics with as much holy fury as the scribes of Rome, or the ascetician brood of narrow Protestantism. The late unfolding of Assyrian inscriptions, enables us to read the religious character of that people, twenty-five centuries ago. On the monument of a priest-king of that day, is now read—"I established true religious worship and holy rites throughout the land of Tadmuk. As far as the land of Cardanash, I extended the true religion of my empire. The people of Chaldea, who were contempters and revilers of my religion, I crucified and slew them." Senecub says, "The men of the city of Akemi, impious heretics, who from days of old had refused to submit to my authority, I put to death according to my religious laws." And again, "I marched with my army against the people of Bishra and Yarbbit-rebia, impious heretics."

The great God of Assyria was *Asshur*, the tutelary God of Babylon, on the same way as Jehovah was the tutelary God of Jerusalem, after his wandering about in the earlier Ark. The titles of Asshur are "the great Lord," "the king of all the Gods," and sometimes "The Father of the Gods." Larda, Gods, Kings, and Chiefs, are interchangeable titles, as in the Jewish scriptures, and in the Persian scriptures as well. "The word king," says Jones, "was applied by the Persians to every governor of a province, and the lofty title of king of kings, was no more than ruler of rulers, or chief of several chiefs." Another Assyrian God-Arm had the title of "the Lord of spirits and demons," equivalent to "the Father of all spirits." Bel-Nimrod had among his titles, "the Lord, King of all spirits." He had four *arks* or "tabernacles." Another God had the title of "Lord of the Earth," and "Prince of Heaven." Another, "the Lord of the Air," equivalent to St. Paul's "prince of the powers of the air," and another has the title of "Lord of the temple, and God of Gods. He who dwells in the great heavens," equivalent to the God of Gods whom the heaven of heavens could not contain, though he dwelt between the cherubim in the ark of the covenant.

Herodotus, in speaking of the Egyptian priesthood, says, "They observe, so to speak, thousands of ceremonies. They enjoy, however, not a few advantages. They consume none of their own property, and are at no expense for anything; but every day bread is baked for them of the sacred corn, and a plentiful supply of beef and of geese's flesh is assigned to each, and also a portion of wine made from the grape." How apt in all this to the Jewish theocracy in the name of their God—the sacred corn of the Egyptian priesthood, like the holy show bread, lawful only to the Jewish priests, with libations also of wine, flour tempered with oil and other "elixirs," as the food of God. With what longing must Dr. Belovs look back to the ceremonial flesh-pots of Egypt. How "those thousands of ceremonies" would have refreshed his pious soul, through all of that exterior growth that marks the tom-foolery of an ignorant and superstitious people.

Wilkinson, in a footnote to this passage of Herodotus, says, "The greatest of these (advantages) was the paramount influence they (the priests) exercised over the spiritual, and consequently over the temporal concerns of the whole community, which was secured to them through their superior knowledge, by the dependence of all classes on them for the instruction they chose to impart, and by their exclusive right of possessing all the secrets of religion, which were thought to place them far above the rest of mankind. They thus usurped the power and place of the Gods whose will they affected to be commissioned to pronounce, and they acted as though the community had been made for their will, and not their own office for the benefit of the community. Priests indeed are always odious, but especially when people are taught what the priests themselves know to be mere fables; and the remark of Cato, 'It appears strange that one priest can refrain from laughing when he looks at another,' might well apply to those of Egypt." But no more to those of Egypt than to all other hierarchies who have befuddled the people from that day to this, with their exterior ceremonial absurdities. It is only the weak soul of who thus want proping by artificial stays. The free outgrowths and proportions of the mind are thus cramped and distorted, the same as the muscular system by staying and disease.

It is for the behoof of these rickety souls which have grown zig zag in the shade, under the pressure of dead formulas, that it is proposed to adjust to this lower scale the more vigorous religious outbirth of the nineteenth century Christianity; and there are those, from whom we should expect better things, who are not ashamed of their impotent growth, but ask that it be perpetuated in rites and symbols as the normal status of religious life, thus making imbecility pious and interesting in the manner of those who account bodily weaknesses as the physical status of beauty.

To have health of body and of soul, there must be free play of all their energies in conformity to the temperate laws of their being. Ignorance in action, or disuse of physiological laws, casts the body in disorder, and ignorance of a brave, true, spiritual unfolding, distorts the soul and leaves it to wander in darkness, feeling for the outward props, not opening to the light of day. Yet we are invited to build a "broad church," upon the debris of past ages, where the priest-class may continue to find their sanctuary, and present us, as the bread of life, their sentimental fungus. But not on such is the coming church to be built. The true Broad Church must come in fullness of physical and spiritual life, instinct of the Almighty; must enhance every realm of science, and show the direct relations of this, with the future world, and rid us of those bables of a fossilized theology.

Of the earliest Grecian oracle, that of Dodona, which stood at the base of Mount Tomarus, on the borders of Thessalia. Herodotus is not quite clear as to the origin of the "prophetic fount, and oracle divine." Though he talked with the medium-priestesses of this sacred abode, yet what he learnt would seem to be rather of the nature of parable, or allegory, than of the letter that killeth. One account is that of a dove alighting on an oak, speaking with a human voice, and announcing that "there should thenceforth be an oracle of Jove." This would rather remind one of that "holy ghost that descended in a bodily shape like a dove." The other account is, that the Phœnicians carried off two holy women, and sold them into slavery. These holy damsels, proving to be mediums, prophesied under the Dodonæan oaks, as Hebrew Deborah under the palm trees, where "the children of Israel came up to her for judgment," and as Huldah, at the college of Jerusalem, where she uttered the oracles

of her familiar spirit, with a "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel."

While the influence is clear that transcendental souls, or familiar spirits of early Palestine, spoke in the names of Lord, God, and other titles, as was the custom of surrounding nations, the immortality of the soul is nowhere directly taught in any authentic scripture of the Old Testament. Warburton's Legation of Moses has very well settled this matter. Jewish spiritualism, in this respect, is darker than any of contemporary times. Xenophon, in his Cyropædia, represents Cyrus as saying to his children and friends, when he is about to pass from this to another sphere of being, "That you ought not to imagine, after I have closed this period of human life, I shall no longer exist; for neither do you now see my soul, but you conclude from its operations it does exist. And have you not observed what terrors and apprehensions murderers are inspired with? What racks and tortures do they convey to the guilty? Or how do you think honors should have continued to have been paid to the deceased, if their souls were destitute of all power and virtue? No, children, I can never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on its separation; for I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies, during its continuance in them; neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence on its separation from this gross, senseless body; but it is probable that when the soul is separated, it becomes pure and entire, and is the more intelligent."

Two thousand years before the advent of Jesus, the most beautiful spirit we can find among the ages, there was belief in miraculous conceptions, or that spirits could beget to life from incarnate spheres. This, too, is intimated in that early Hebrew scripture, where it is said that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and so chose their wives from these. This furnished the text for Moore's "Loves of the Angels." Cotton Mather has inklings in his works of spirits who sometimes came into rather close rapport with mortals.

According to Diodorus, an Egyptian Goddess "found out many medicines for the recovery of men's health, being very expert in the art of physic, and contrived many remedies for that purpose; and, therefore, even now, when she is advanced to an immortal estate, she takes pleasure in curing men's bodies; and to those that desire her assistance, in their sleep she effectually manifests her presence, and affords ready and electrical relief to them that stand in need of it."

"For clear proof of all this," the Egyptians claim "the undoubted evidence of fact to confirm it; that many who have been given up by the physicians as incurable, have been restored by her; and that many who have been blind and lame, and have sought to her for help, have been perfectly restored to their former sight, and soundness of body." It was also claimed for her that she could "raise the dead to life." Thus we see in these magnetic and spiritual modes of being, the clue to the mysteries of all ages; and that the earliest Heathen Goddesses could perform miracles equal to any of the Romish Saints. Here, too, is the clue to the mode of being of American and Irish revivals. A physician present at this latter, and writing thereon, admits a physical agency for which he cannot account. Had he been acquainted with the mesmeric or spiritual operations of the impenetrable world, as amenable to laws as any other phase of being, he would not have remained in his present darkness, which blinds him in superstition and not in light.

From Diodorus we learn that dreams and visions among the ancient Egyptians were as much an authoritative mode of spiritual telegraphing from the world of spirits as a "thus saith the Lord" in the Hebrew word of God.

Dunlap, in his "Vestiges of Spirit History," says that "the Seraphim in Genesis are a portable household Gods or penates, such as the Greeks and Romans possessed, and after Jacob as settling up a stone statue and offering it libations." This author says that "the adoption of the human form in images is a more advanced conception, and that God is represented in the legends of Genesis with the human shape. The Egyptian and Hindoo sacred writings often exhibit the same conception of the deities."

Cicero, on "the nature of the Gods," leaves us in doubt as to his own belief; but in his work on Divination, he is clearly a Spiritualist. In his treatise on the Gods, there are cases related which are explainable only upon the clairvoyant or spiritual plane of being; and in his own language, "Deities have appeared in forms so visible, that they have compelled every one who is not senseless or hardened in implecy to confess the presence of the Gods."

He also speaks of Attius Navius's staff, by which he divined where his row could be found. Somewhat akin to this is Saul seeking his father's asses by inquiring of God, through Samuel, the Hebrew Seer. Jacob had a staff which he worshipped, and which carried him over the Jordan. Moses had one which he called the "rod of God." Eliza wrought wonderful miracles with his staff, and the London Quarterly Review declares the divining rod to be a fact, explain it how you can.

Cicero makes one of his speakers on the nature of the Gods declare that "there never was a great man without divine inspiration, and that we are likewise forewarned of many things by the entrails of victims, oracles, and many other means, which have been long observed with such exactitude, as to produce an act of divination."

It will be recollected that Joseph in Egypt was an interpreter of dreams, as well as a diviner by his favorite silver cup. Cicero, through another of his speakers, seems as much grieved as to the peculiar way of some of the manifestations of early times as many superficialists and skeptical non-seekers of the present day. They do not understand how the lofty assumptions of superior wisdom can be confounded by the humbler simplicities of the more inner truths. Hence, the modern stumbling block that those things should be hidden from the wise and prudent in their vain conceits, and be revealed unto babes and sucklings, who would therefore find the way to all past mysteries and handwritings on the wall.

In his work on Divination, Cicero maintains the clairvoyant powers of the soothsayers as past dispute, as they could readily tell of things beyond their natural vision. Jehovah is said to have spoken through Balaam, the Hebrew soothsayer. It also appears that he was a trance-medium, by going into a trance, and having visions of the Almighty.

We have all read of the good Demon of Socrates. Xenophon, his pupil, was also a Spiritualist, as appears in all his works. This author finds the belief in holy pigeons, common in Syria, as related in his Anabasis. He was a believer in divination, and a divine himself—a scrupulous observer of the indications of the sacrificial victims. By taking heed of them, he prospered in his movements, as may be seen all along his Anabasis. He sacrificed to "Jupiter, the King," the Lord God of Greece, equivalent to the JAO-pater of the Hebrews, as set forth by Diodorus.

According to Grote, "A divine inspiration prompted Syllon" in his reply to a request of Darius; and

Clæmus Alexandrinus, an early Christian writer, in speaking of the miracles performed by the guardian angels, or gods of Greece, reproves his Pagan opponents for accepting these and rejecting those of Moses and the prophets; while in this nineteenth century the Spiritualism of Moses and the prophets is accepted, and present Spiritualism derided, as was Christian Spiritualism in its earlier days; though Jesus, himself, had promised that greater things should come than he could perform.

"In the most ancient times," says Dunlap, "Gods

In the meantime, a kind of litter had been arranged between two mules, and Adolph hastened to bandage the gaping wound; but when they lifted the wounded man from the ground, he fainted from excess of pain. Bill unconsciously, he was carefully placed between two mules, and he started in the direction the Indian had indicated with the motion of his hand.

"But why are you going in that direction, senior?" inquired the guide. "Our road is to the left."

"I know it," said Adolph; "but behind yonder hill lies the hut of this poor man. He must not be deserted, and I will not leave him until I know he is cared for and is placed in security."

"What a fuss for a poor, miserable Indian!" grumbled the guide. "The fellow is beyond the reach of help. Let him lie here, senior, or we shall not reach Yomoras to-day."

"What matters it if we do not reach it until to-morrow?" said Adolph, somewhat indignantly, vexed at the other heartlessness of the guide, who, like most of the Spaniards, looked upon the Indians as upon mere animals.

"What matters it?" the surly guide replied. "Why we have no provisions, either for ourselves or beasts, for to-morrow. If you want to starve, you may starve alone! I have no desire to fast twenty-four hours for the sake of a boggary Indian, who is almost dead, anyhow."

"Very well," said the young man, now quite calm and resolute. "I cannot persuade myself to be as cruel to a fellow-creature as you can be. You can go on your way with the rest of the people; I shall follow you to-morrow or next day. Yomoras is not far from here, and I hope to find it without any trouble."

"But you have taken possession of two mules," said the still surly guide, for he felt abashed by the noble conduct and the calm of Adolph. "We have no spare animals, and you will not demand one of the men to go to Yomoras on foot?"

"I shall not," he replied; "but the Indian's hat is not far distant; the rider of the mule I have taken can accompany me, and return with it, when we have assisted the wounded man. Before you have done breakfasting he will return with the animal."

"Well, do as you please, senior," said the vexed fellow. "But I can tell you, we are committing a great imprudence. The fellow is not worth so much trouble; he is not even a Christian, he is a miserable heathen."

"Christian or heathen, Jew or Turk—it matters not, he is a human being; a wounded, suffering, almost dying fellow creature! And I shall not leave him to his fate, uncared for; I shall take charge of him, and you may go, in God's name, on your way."

"All right, senior!" was the reply of the abashed and mortified guide. "But I wish you would remember that if you travel alone, the ball of the murderer may reach you also; there is no more safety in these parts for a white skin than for a brown."

"That may be," said the youth; "but even this fear shall not prevail to keep me from doing my duty. And now, a good journey to you, guide. Tell your employer in Yomoras that I shall be there in a day or two. Farewell, the man who owns the second mule may accompany me."

"It belongs to me, sir," said Gottfried, a young German; "and if you will permit me, I will remain with you, so that you can have company on your way. You and I need not be afraid of half a dozen assassins, and I have not one particle of fear about me."

"That is well, my dear Gottfried, and I gladly accept your offer," said Adolph, cheerfully. "God will surely aid us in the fulfillment of our duty."

The mules were urged forward, and the direction indicated by Alonso pursued, and the hut was soon reached; it stood in a pleasant valley, surrounded by hills. Gottfried and Adolph gently lifted the poor creature and placed him upon the bed of moss and skins. His eyes were open, and expressed the deepest gratitude for the concern and tenderness with which he was treated.

"How do you feel now?" inquired Adolph.

The Indian shook his head mournfully: "Agua—water!" he murmured. He appeared to be consumed by thirst.

In one corner of the hut, Adolph found a barrel of water, and, filling a glass he had brought with him, he applied it to the sick man's lips; he drank as eagerly as before.

"Now what is there I can do for you? Is there any one in the neighborhood that can take charge of you? I would willingly remain, but pressing business calls me away. But do not be troubled. I shall not leave you until I see that you are cared for; and then, I could leave Gottfried with you. Tell me, my friend, is there any one you would like to have called?"

"No, senior, no one," replied the Indian in a faint voice. "It is not necessary. My wound is mortal. I shall not survive it; before night my spirit will be released."

"Do not say so; there may yet be help. Gottfried shall return to Pasco, and bring a physician. That is a good idea; quick, Gottfried, hasten!"

The good fellow, bustled about the mules, heard the call, and entered the hut. He was quite willing to return to Pasco, but he shrugged his shoulders, and thought the journey was a useless one. "Believe me, sir," he said, "the poor Indian is a dead man, and I wonder he reached his place alive. See, the mark of death is on his forehead and in his eyes. There is no help for him, sir."

"We must do our duty," said Adolph; "perhaps, after all, he may be saved, and if you do not wish to return, I will."

"Senior," said the Indian, "I implore you do not leave me! I would rather die without help than have you go."

"Well, we must do all that lies in our power. How is it, Gottfried? Will you oblige me by going for a physician?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," said Gottfried. "I don't care for a few hours' travel. Shall I find you here, when I return?"

"Yes; I shall wait you, Gottfried."

"Adieu then, I go at once," said the trusty German, and he was soon upon his way.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
NIGHT.

BY T. W. OSGOOD.

The day had gathered up her skirts of gold,
And quickly on her crest the twilight fies;
The shepherd star just leaping from his fold,
Calls his bright flocks into the open skies.

One by one they mark their allery way
Among the golden hills of the west;
With their long, purple stems they seem to play,
Or couchant, 'neath them, sweetly chime and rest.

Bath and sweetly fall upon my ear
The winter music of the immortal pipes;
As proudly they their corgies steeple rear
Beneath the winter's snow, as summer's vines.

My soul is full of thy calm beauty, Night!
The stars that gleam within thy misty veil
Seem the soul's pathway for an upward flight—
The beacon lights of that immortal pale.

Wherein our Father's holy angels stand,
And keep their watch o'er all the sons of earth,
Until they guide them safely to the strand,
Whereon the soul has its divine birth.

Oh, beautiful, pale Night! not on the gorgeous day
Can all the soul with such sublime delight
Thou call'st the spirit into thy heaven way,
Thou higher realms of life and light.

Touch their rapt souls and chain them listening there
 The poet that opens the cells of the heart
 Its melody. It is his harp that leaps and spans
 the vibrations of the soul. It is the poet's
 tell-tell of these holy things, that the profane
 know not of. It is as far above the comprehension
 as nature as is Erosus from Elysium.

"The maid's pale shade who walks her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 Even rose and bud and thornier blazes the tear
 Upon the gentle poet's cheek."

Never did the immortal bard of Avon write a

sentence than this, which he has put into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark—

"For every one hath business and desire, such as his is."

From gross material and pleasure in boozing, some in war and carnage, in the din of battle. All have their fancies. Some take to horses and hounds; others to cats, dogs, birds, and other pets; whilst the more refined and exalted minds are affected with the divinest attributes given under heaven to mankind, which lift them from the earth to sublimer things, their natures become purged of grosser matter, and their souls are

"Warmed, made liquid, and to heaven exhaled!"

What would heaven be without love? As a celebrated and satirical writer once said, "The grin, writhing God of Calvin is not the God of our adoration; and did we know of none other, we would refuse to bow down and worship at all risks." Even so. We verily believe that, could we be transported to that place where we read that "the spirits of the just men are made perfect," and did not find one genial soul there,

"We would fling our bright robes resplendently down, And dash from our forehead the beautiful crown,"

and return to earth again. Oh, love, what a lover thou art! Influenced by thee the mighty Samson knelt before Delilah. Softened by thy power, the warrior leaves the tented field, and is made a willing captive. By thy sweet influence,

"Stood Dido with a willow in her hand Upon the wild sea-banks, and wailed her love To come again to Carthage."

Ten thousand pages could we fill upon this subject; we could quote both prose and verse from the rising to the setting sun, touching this exhaustless theme, but we have neither time nor patience for the task; so we will close this rhapsody of ours with the commandment which him of Nazareth gave unto his disciples, and which, in our opinion, is ten times more good and beautiful than the whole ten that Moses wrote.—**LOVE ONE ANOTHER.**

THE

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Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers.
WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. BOLLIN M. SQUIRE.

PUBLICATION OFFICES:
312 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

EDITORS:
WILLIAM BERRY, Boston; J. B. BRITTAN, New York.
LUTHER COLBY, " J. B. M. SQUIRE, London.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

To live to the world's eye is a thing comparatively easy; but to live truly to one's own, that is the fulfilling of the entire law. There are those who deem it a sin to violate, much less to repudiate, any external observance or ceremony, especially if it has any relation to the religiousness of their lives; for them it would be sin, if they gave themselves up recklessly to any such violation. But while they thus insist on their forms and ceremonies, they are not at liberty to assert that others, who seek to live on another plane, or with a more interior meaning to their lives, shall accept as final, or even as essential, the same observances at exactly the same spiritual value. Nor again, have they the right to find fault if these others characterize their lives as spiritually external and superficial, albeit there may be manifest need that they should continue to lead them till they have exhausted all they have to bestow. He who seeks great benefit in form, whether of days or of worship, is conscientiously bound to regard it just so long as it holds out any meaning to him; but he errs in declaring that another shall, perforce, see in it what he sees, and extract the spiritual advantage from it that accrues to him. There is just the mistake—that any one should try to make a harness for the living soul of another. It cannot be done; and when people say it is done, because they know it to be true in their own cases, they do but testify to the little free development with which their lives have thus far been characterized.

To all, there are constantly two worlds, and so two lives; an outer and an inner. The one is external, and of the senses; the world of life, and motion, and colors, and sounds; the world of the senses and the passions, of taste and touch; that which we know through the finger, the eye, the ear, and the smell; what we come in contact with every day, and furnishes us with hints without end for the active exercise of the faculties that lie within; what stirs us to thought as well as to exertion; reports momentously to the awful soul all that seems to be going on without, and leaves the latter to work over again into the shape of reflection and sentiment; the great world, in fact, wherein men move and we behold them—hung about with the curtains of many-hued clouds, lighted by those divine flames called sun and moon, and made to laugh and grow glad by the ceaseless progression of the seasons. This is the outer, or external world; and from it do we

all receive what may be termed a primary education, or instruction in the rudiments.

But there is another, and a still greater; unseen, and, by the material eye, undiscovered; making no external sign of its existence, never yet circumnavigated by the full bark of periling adventures, whose ocean was never yet sounded with line and plummet, viewless, therefore, profound, and deep with mystery. This world is the interior world, or that of the spirit. There is no life for us except on its surface. Those of us who are conscious at all, are made so because we refer our existence to that inward and silent sphere. Outward nature has no meaning, till it has been duly studied and interpreted within and here. Sunsets and sunrises are no pictures, except they receive their glorious colors from the excited imaginings of the spirit. Time has no wonders, save as the soul interprets them such; and eternity makes no profound appeals, unless to and through the same soul's undying faculties.

Thus there are two existences for us, nominally; though in fact, and absolutely, but one. Each is, while we dwell here on earth, the natural half of the other. The life of the senses may be a life of itself, but it is doubled, when it is reached through the perceptions and silent experiences of the spirit. And herein consists the wisdom of the man who knows how to unite these two halves, and thus live two lives in one; that he suffers nothing to be lost to the enjoyment of any of his senses or faculties, but possesses the skill to harmonize the external and the internal continually. It is no art, or knack, that he has learned, either; nothing more than how to live through the whole range of his being, keeping each faculty in its appropriate place and sphere, and giving to all free play in the healthy and harmonious development of his nature. It is genuine life, when this state of existence is once reached, for there is nothing without that does not feed and nourish the immortal principle within, and nothing within that is not necessary, and ever at hand, to give meaning and substance to what is continually transpiring without. Happy is he—all men must in their hearts exclaim—who has come to that period of spiritual development where he can draw all enjoyment from such unfulfilling sources!

Reformation—that is, progress—is certainly something else unless it commences from within. This overlooks about reforming the world, as if it were something to be done outside of one's own self entirely, is idle, from beginning to end. We may, it is true, marshal ourselves in moral armies, march under banners emblazoned with the loftiest moral sentiments and purposes, and defiantly resolve to redeem the world from sin and error, or bravely die in the attempt; but this, we presume to say, is not the spirit with which genuine reform is ever undertaken, nor is such a spirit, so thoroughly external as it is, likely to lead either to happy or permanent results. As all life lies in the interior, so must all its healthy movements proceed thence; whatever is otherwise, can claim but a feeble and uncertain hold on the surface of the being. It is thoughtless, in fact, to speak of an outer and an inner; it must be all inner, or it is nothing. If we live, it is because of consciousness; and that is within. The senses merely report to the soul of outer objects, leaving it to soul to interpret and fix their meaning. What we agree to call beauty, and grandeur, and brilliant, is so only because these the faculties of the soul have decreed; and thus have they decreed, because they find them to be really so in nature—that is, in their own nature. The oak is not noble, from some arbitrary cause, no matter how ancient may be the custom of so styling it; but because thus the soul's secret faculties, studying it, and comparing it, and referring it to their own high standard, have resolved it shall be—and for no other reason possible. And all the meaning life has is given it in this identical way. It is not for us to say we will live out of ourselves; we must live within, or from the moment we attempt self-delusion all genuine life is gone.

How easy it is to tell a man, who has this happy interior sense of his own existence, from one who simply scrambles along through the several brief epochs and eras of an earthly existence, vegetating because that he cannot help, knowing only as much as he is unable to avoid knowing, and alive only when lashed and goaded up to an unreasonable sort of action, from the lowest motives of self-protection, and a desire to preserve unbroken the line of his present existence. It is just this, too, that signifies the difference between men; that calls the attention of the crowd to the superiority of the individual; that forever gives one the advantage over another, and stamps pre-eminence on the brow of him who has received and cultivated his noble spiritual gift. Here, then, we can see for ourselves, and see it because it is brought home to our very doors, that the true reality is, in fact, the unseen, and that mere materialism is the most ardent and changeable thing in the world. Cities, and wealth, and honors, and lands are altogether unreal and fleeting, and thoughts, and noble purposes, and sentiments are the realities, and nothing but these are. So we shall all come to learn, sooner or later.

So a great many of us, in fact, did learn, at the time the late commercial revolution overtook the world. Before the coming of that great financial storm, men could borrow almost without limit, traded beyond the necessity of calculation, paid little or no regard to the requirements of prudence, lived without stint, gratified all the calls of their senses, roiled in the fictitious wealth with which the flood tides of commerce and speculation had overwhelmed them. They could see no end to this "shorter of gold," or paper promises. Life was nothing but a quick succession of flesh sunnings, dazzling the eyes that tried to gaze upon them. Vanity followed vanity at a quick pace. Men had become extremely material, for they found all they thought they should want in the abundance that material wealth brought to their hand, and no farther thought or trouble would they consent to take. Oh, if they could only live in this way forever! If there was never to be an end to all this! And they lived on as if they did not dream there could be, lost to everything but the external and the present.

By-and-by came "an untimely nipping frost," nipping their enjoyments in a single night, as it were. Not expecting the revision of affairs, they who had been rioting without thought or reflection in their fancied wealth now took deep alarm. They concluded that the very heavens must be falling about their heads. Nothing of the sort was over known in their history before. Earthquakes, and inundations, and high winds that cause the very steeples of our towns and villages to topple, were sought in comparison. But gradually they were led back to reflection again, to the sober exercise of their inner sense. They were made to look away from the external, which they had come to regard as the eternal, and explore the rich and long-neglected resources of the interior. On a sudden, the spirit of materialism fell below par a great way, and another and a better spirit rose to take its place and do its offices. Finding that money was not always to be relied upon, men bestowed their attention upon thought. And thus did they confess, though very much against their will, that nothing is real but what belongs to the soul, and that money alone is nothing.

The confession was made by the sudden rise and rapid progress of the revival that made such march over the land, a year ago. People then found time to think; and as they had lost the strength of their hold on material things, it was the easiest matter to approach them with spiritual truths most effectively. One would have thought, from beholding the direction of the current, that people were never going to give a serious thought to the allurement of "filthy lucre" again, and that the reign of "peace on earth"—the genuine and long looked-for millennium—had

been. It was always to be so delightful, with nothing but love in the world; and so much charity, too—so much forgiveness. But how soon was not all this changed! The return of better prospects for business killed out this beautiful spiritual revival. Blow its cloudy sides away, and revealed the stubborn old dog of a material-loving human nature again. So that now, during the winter that is now passing, we hear of no "revivals," and no religious "awakenings" anywhere of an unusual character. These have been forgotten, because the human soul happens to be engaged about more material things. Even here in Boston, and even now, a well-known and widely-trumpeted revival preacher of former days fails utterly to draw his olden crowds of eager and excited listeners, consoling himself for empty benches by charging that the devil is in league with us who know not how many people in Boston to prevent his labor and destroy his usefulness.

All events, all circumstances, all things combine to show what we know of life comes only from our consciousness—from what is reported to the faculties within. It is moral death for any one to say that he will ignore this interior existence, for that is all he has; he may succeed in getting along with but a limited degree of it, but by so much will he find at length that he has wronged himself out of his existence. A man may manage to live in a very low spiritual estate, but he cannot do entirely without, until he sinks the immortal in the animal principle forever. Here is the hint of the great mistake we are all apt to make, in our theory of "life and living"; we forget that the outer is no more than the expression of the inner, even as Plato himself so beautifully taught; and that they who would rest content with having secured what appertains to a material and external life, are utterly deluded in thinking that there can be such a life, separate and distinct from that of the soul within. Let us look closer at these things. Let us refuse longer to be deceived about them. It may seem a little matter to-day, but it tells with a terrible emphasis when we come to make up the accounts and adjust the final balances. If we know ought of our own selves, we shall do what we can to develop the rich resources that are bequeathed in such profusion within us.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

We have before us Mr. Fernald's new work on the Divine Providence, a 12mo volume of 437 pages, wherein the author has given free, lucid and forcible expression to his views of a great subject. We feel assured that no truly religious mind can rise from a careful perusal of the book without a deeper sense of the magnitude and importance of the theme, while he can scarcely overlook the genuine ability of the writer. Mr. Fernald has long been favorably known by a select class of appreciative minds, through his occasional contributions to the periodical press. These have usually been characterized by great earnestness of purpose, clearness of conception, and by the nervous energy of the style, which doubtless derives quite as much of its spirit and power from the author's love of good and truth, as from the peculiar blending of the mental and sanguineous temperaments in his constitution.

We have never been an inattentive observer of the mental struggle through which Mr. Fernald has reached his present place and performed his chief work. We have had some knowledge of the operations of his mind for more than fifteen years. The writer of this with him when he came out of Egypt; and it—since that time—our paths have diverged in some degree, we have still been able to discern from our own small emplacements the general course and the more important positions occupied by our old friend. After Mr. Fernald left a secular ministry, and was denounced by the very persons who should have esteemed and commended the sincerity that prompted him to follow the deepest conviction of the hour, he manifested a strong inclination to a natural, rational and spiritual theology. But his Rationalism did not take on the materialistic form; his Rationalism did not assume a pantheistic character, in any proper sense of the term; and his Spiritualism never has degenerated into anything at all resembling the idolatrous corruptions of the pagan Polytheism. With a combination of mental, social and moral faculties, affections and qualities, and temperamental conditions, inseparable from a natural impulsiveness, he gives abundant evidence in the work before us of having preserved his intellectual and moral equipoise amid all the conflicts of mind, while time and a somewhat varied experience have increased his intellectual capabilities, matured his thoughts, given him a more perfect self-possession, and inspired him with a deeper feeling of devotion, and a serene confidence in the wise administration of the world's affairs.

Mr. Fernald's illustrations of the Divine Providence constitute his most extended and elaborate effort as an author. The work was evidently wrought out as a cost of much earnest thought, from the results of a deep religious experience. The writer has seriously compared the practical life of the world, and its present imperfect institutions, with his own iridescent ideal of the true life, through which he looks hopefully and reverently forward to the realization of the heavenly harmonies on earth. The contrast was startling, and must have been painful to a nature that combines with great mental activity a truly womanly delicacy of sensation and affection. Few persons are more exquisitely alive in their relations to the moral harmonies of being, and very few are so acutely conscious of, and painfully sensitive to, every moral and social discord. But instead of turning away from the picture of life as it is, with that feeling of disgust that so often begets impatience, distrust and resentment, Mr. Fernald contemplates the imperfections, infirmities and corruptions of poor human nature in a more amiable and philosophical spirit. His survey of the present unhappy state of society, instead of discouraging rational hope and earnest efforts, has only furnished stronger incentives to action, and led him to seek for the time grounds of imperishable hope and spiritual rest in a reverent yet rational submission to the ways of the Divine Providence.

Mr. Fernald does not believe in the capacity of blind material forces to create or to govern the world. His God is not a mere principle; he is not a young inventor, experimenting either for amusement or instruction; he was not gradually developed along with the forms of the material world; and as the common Father was not a child at the beginning, he is not adolescent now. As our author's Deity is not a subtle principle like electricity, the philosophy of the book does not regard the several kingdoms of Nature as forming a huge galvanic pile, and nothing more. Mr. Fernald rather conceives of Deity as comprehending all principles, all laws, all processes, and all results; and of the Divine Providence as universal only because it includes all particulars. On this point his views are comprehensively expressed, on the sixteenth page, as follows:

"All attractions, affinities, and forces, of whatever kind, exist originally in the Divine Spirit, and thence in the ultimate of material nature. And when we speak of gravitation, electrical affinity, etc., in material nature, we must remember that there is a like and corresponding necessity in the Divine Will."

In his judgment, the slightest movement of matter, the feeblest revelation of life, and the holiest reach of thought, are all the varied expressions of the Divine Love, in forms chosen by the Divine Wisdom. As our author finds the Infinite Love and Wisdom everywhere displayed—animating and directing all—he has no foreboding apprehensions for the safety of the world. The earth is not doomed to perish.

"Like a worn darning needle's path."

For will it be left to drift—like an abandoned ship in

"God in His Providence: A Comprehensive View of the Principles and Particulars of an Active and Divine Providence over Man—his fortune, changes, trials, culture discipline on a Spiritual Being from birth to eternity. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Second Edition. Boston: Oils Clapp, No. Beacon Street, 1859."

unknown seas—to some dark, undiscovered shore. On the contrary, all things exist in accordance with a wise purpose, and all things, in some way, subserve a beneficent use. Such a view is alike compatible with the "Philosopher's reason and the Christian's reverence. In the mind of the author, this view has all the force of a deep and unwavering conviction, which is thus expressed on the page 201:

"Enough that the Great Father loves all his children with an undying, inexhaustible affection, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown, and which in itself has no power to diminish. Enough that all his providences tend invariably to some kind and degree of good, forever and ever. Our soul is made glad within us, and shouts with an interior joy for what unknown merces must eternally be measured out, and what more than puny human thoughts are in the GREAT EVERLASTING LOVE."

Mr. Fernald conceives that God exists by a Divine necessity, and the freedom of the Infinite Will is as much a necessity as its existence. Hence free-will and necessity are regarded as strictly compatible. Natural laws are expressions of Divine volitions; all the necessities of Nature and Human Nature are only a Divine necessity, more or less distinctly manifested on earth, and the freedom of the human will is one illustration of that necessity. With these views of God, Nature and Man, the author proceeds to discuss the nature and methods of the Divine Providence, as illustrated in the various relations, duties and experiences of human life on earth. The present crowded state of our columns will not permit even a brief analysis of the contents of the several chapters. However, this may not be necessary, as our readers will doubtless peruse the volume for themselves. In the treatment of the particular themes, the author's intellectual vigor and discrimination are everywhere apparent. Without accepting any man as an absolute authority or unerring guide, Mr. Fernald quotes very fully from Swedenborg, with an expressed or implied endorsement of his philosophy, which is generally earnest and unqualified. We are not ready to accept all of Mr. Fernald's views, precisely as he expresses them; but his manifest seriousness, his reverent and earnest spirit, and his undeniable ability as a writer, all command our respectful consideration, where we are compelled to dissent from his conclusions. Whether the reader may, or may not, be prepared to sympathize with the author's ideas on all the questions comprehended in his great theme, he may yet be able to derive no less advantage from an attentive perusal of his excellent book. We extract the concluding paragraph of the volume—

"Finally, what remains but calmly to review the whole subject; and when we think of its mighty sweep, its stupendous heights and depths, and its all-embracing nature—when we think of the eternal necessity for the Divine Providence, and still its connection with the free human will—of the origin of evil, and its subjugation to the ultimate good—of the absolute necessity of the Divine Sovereignty—of the intimate connection of God with Nature, in the immensity and in the ultimate of all things—of the sublime philosophy of such a religion—of all general and all special providences—of the angelic ministry so active and efficient everywhere—of designs and permissions—the great heaven for which;—of the eternal memory of the human soul, and the whole course of the regenerate life—its struggles, triumphs, fluctuations, final rest—when we think of the wonderful treatment and moderation of the human will—the control of human prudence—the infinite divine foresight—the admirable regulation of earthly and heavenly riches—of prayer and its answer;—of chance, chance, and accidents—of the ministrations of sorrow—of the sublime economy in regard to little children—of the divine beauty of Marriage and its accompaniments—and then see how the whole train of this grand arrangement rolls onward with unerring wisdom through all this life, to the hour and moment of the human being's death, and with equal precision all is done—beyond it, what remains but to receive most fully the whole Truth, and by a life of reverent trust and active doing in all good works, fit and prepare ourselves for what still lies beyond? We would not seek presumptuously to lift the veil which falls before that future; but with the amount of truth we do know, we would look cheerfully upward and forward, and, in the endeavor to act that Providence which the Lord Messiah is endeavoring to act through us."

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

"Our Junior" in London; Goes to hear Spurgeon; Visits the Docks and Vaults of the Metropolis; An Immense Wine Vault; The Spiritualists of London; The New Spiritual Monthly: Personal.

DEAR BANNER—I am doubtless put down by your numerous readers as quite dilatory in keeping them informed of what is going on in this far realm; and I submit that I am, but with some good reasons why I merit their forbearance. In the first place, until two days ago, it has rained just enough to confine one entirely to the house, and thus I have had nothing new to pen. I arose yesterday morning and found London entirely lost, so to speak, in one of those terrible fogs peculiar to England. In fact, you could scarcely see across the street, and felt the need of a light in the house as much as though it were midnight. Nevertheless, as our plans had been made for the morning, in company with a friend I started for Surry Garden to hear the far famed Spurgeon. On arriving at the Garden we found an immense gathering outside the gates anxiously waiting to be admitted. With such a crowd before us, our chances for a sight began to look some what slim, when we were astounded to hear the cry—"A ticket sir! a ticket sir! this way!" However, we recovered ourselves, made our way to the speaker, and for the small sum of fifty cents were allowed to enter. By this means we found ourselves inside a few moments before the stampede of the crowd at the gate, and just as we had secured a not over comfortable seat, in came the tide with a noise not very different from a near peal of thunder. In a short time the gigantic building was one mass of life, crowded from top to bottom, with between four and five thousand souls. At eleven o'clock Spurgeon stood up in the pulpit. I found him very different from the ideal I had formed of him, from his fame and reputation. Instead of a nervous, spiritual-looking man, I found him fully as lymphatic as either our Chapin or Beecher, a low, peaked forehead, with quite a prepossessing profile, but ordinary front face. His voice is quite musical and impressive, and he fills the entire building with the utmost ease. His perfect ease and self-possession in the pulpit is manifested by numerous expressions, such as the following, to which he gave vent after having read a hymn—"Now give us a real old Lutheran shout, to manifest our faith in God." The singing was at once grand and stirring; never before have I heard so many voices mingling in harmony, as on this occasion. Mr. Spurgeon chose for his text, Acts xx, 24-31: "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure of the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

He founded his text upon the principle that any one of the counsels of God, taught to the exclusion or disregard of the other, was pernicious, and generally led to the most deplorable bigotry, and assured his hearers that it had constantly been his aim to preach, not only that part of God's word which was pleasing and beautiful, but the whole, even to the terrible warnings to the unrighteous and the sinner. He assured us that what he knew of God's truth had been gathered from the vast resources of the Holy Word, and that as a man of honor, and a faithful teacher, he could do not less than to preach the word. The sermon was destined, he said, as a farewell sermon, as they were about to use the hall for God in the morning and the devil at night. I have spoken to you in this place for three years, and during that time have been able to keep this hall free from public balls on the Lord's day, but my wishes have ceased to be of any value, and to-day I can only say, in the words of Scripture, "Let us arise and go hence." Were I to continue here, my beloved, my name would cease to be Spurgeon; and so, by the grace of God, we worship on Sunday next in Exeter Hall.

In doing this he begged of the people, whatever befel them hereafter, not to lay any fault to him; if they were not saved, it will not be because he had ever ceased to call them to Christ.

His sermon was far from being open and manly, or direct, and although the might have been conscientiously laboring to save the souls of his listeners, still he was doing so much after the selfish fashion, save yourselves that I may be justified as a faithful teacher, and one who has not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. If such was Paul's idea of being justified by his people, I regard it as an unworthy one, and could only look upon that man as most sincere who, despite the testimony of his people, can say, Not these, but thou oh God, art my judge. But Mr. Spurgeon seemed dependent upon the testimony of his congregation. As to his choice of language, it was nothing above the common average of our pulpit orators. He manifested none of that beauty which is so common in Chapin, and none of that point and power of simile peculiar to Beecher.

Last week I wandered among the docks and vaults of London, and these places, I believe, afford a man a better idea of the vast resources, commerce, and fabulous wealth of England, than any other.

Possibly I can say nothing of the sights of London which has not already been said. Yet my descriptions may be read by some who have not fallen in with others; if so, I am repaid.

I visited one of the largest Wine Vaults, known as the East Vault. On entering I was furnished with a torch and a guide, and spent very nearly an hour in wandering through the vault. It is said to cover very nearly ten acres of ground, running for some distance immediately under the city, and entirely under the immense warehouses of the docks. The outer walls of the vault are nearly six feet through, and this immense weight of masonry is supported by arches having four equidistant pillars to every square of eight feet. These massive arches are hung all over with funeral festoons, a sort of fungus, formed by the fumes of the wine. These tend a peculiar, though a solemn beauty, to the place. Thousands upon thousands of casks are piled here, some of which have lain for a quarter of a century.

No pen can describe the sensation which visits one when he attempts to fathom how great and powerful must be the human intellect to plan and carry out such almost fabulous work. Englishmen lack much that activity and sprightliness peculiar to the American, and fall far short of us as regards the rapidity of consummating their progressive plans; still, what is accomplished by them, however slowly, bears the evidence of something which is to endure the march of ages, and cope even with time. The builder builds not for to-day, but in the solid masonry and almost divine ingenuity, comprehended something for the future. We build generally for our own individual comfort, and our children do the same; but the English build for their posterity, who are to see in the lasting work types of their ancestors' minds. Ah, me! the great lessons to be read in this world of ours!

I have met with a number of our Spiritualist friends in London, and must acknowledge my gratification to find them, though few in number, generally members of classes in society whose opinions are treated with respect and consideration. I find the same system of secrecy extant here as at home, and many who are believers, in silence. The new Spiritual Magazine is to make its appearance in January, and I am happy to be able to say, that it will be well worthy the perusal of all our American friends. Among its correspondents may be mentioned the Howitts, Mr. Rich, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Ashburner and Dixon, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. D. D. Hume, and Mrs. Crowe, whose Night Side of Nature has led us far back through scenes prolific with spiritual evidences. This Magazine, consisting of forty-eight pages, is to appear once each month, subscription \$1.50. Address Mr. T. J. Allman, 5 Camden Road, N. London.

Rev. T. L. Harris, I hear, is in Manchester, having in his tour to the heathens, brought up in England, instead of Asia. I hear his success is not very remarkable.

Squire.

London, Dec. 12, 1859.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We remind those of our subscribers whose terms of subscription are about to expire, that, if they feel that the BANNER OF LIGHT meets the wants and necessities of the world at this epoch of its development, it is proper that they should be prompt in contributing their mite toward its support. It is now an acknowledged fact that it stands far ahead of any journal in the country which presents the truths of the new dispensation; yet it is our desire to progress, and we have many improvements to make, as increased patronage shall warrant us in doing so.

We desire, at the close of the present volume, to add another column to each page of our paper, increasing the pages in length, to preserve its present proportions. This will add at least three pages of our present size to the BANNER, and enable us to dispense altogether with the smaller size of type which we have been obliged to use, in order to meet the demands upon us for the publication of communications from our friends. This will make the BANNER unobjectionable in every feature.

Our friends must remember that their cordial support in the matter of subscriptions, is absolutely necessary to enable us to effect this. To be spiritually great, any enterprise must be placed upon a substantial material basis, and it really appears to us that the three millions of Spiritualists in the United States should afford us a circulation—provided our course pleased them—second to no journal in our country.

The price of our subscription is low, and our terms sufficiently accommodating to all, so that it is not a burden to the poorest of our friends to take the BANNER into his family. And we trust that they will make increased effort, and give the necessary support to enable us to carry forward our enterprise to the point of perfection we aim at.

Be prompt in your remittances, and let all who can afford it, purchase or subscribe for the BANNER, and we shall soon circulate fifty thousand copies weekly, and have ample means to make it the very best paper in America.

"Bertha Lee."

In answer to a correspondent, we have to say that "Bertha Lee" may be published in book form, but at present we cannot promise it. We have many inquiries for it, and if those who wish it will forward their names as subscribers at one dollar per copy, and sufficient encouragement is offered, we will place it in course of publication.

Electro-Therapeutics.

Mrs. C. M. ROLLINS will lecture on Electro-Therapeutics (a cure of disease without medicine,) at Music Hall, Monday, Jan. 8th, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. The earnest and investigating are invited.

We have received from the State Printer, Wm. White, Esq., a copy of the Governor's Address to the Legislature, Jan. 6th, 1860. Beside the more important address, this pamphlet contains several important documents, and much valuable statistical information.

We have a large amount of correspondence on file to print; but this description of matter accumulates so fast that we are unable to do justice to our numerous friends in this respect. When we expand our BANNER—as we shall in due time—then ALL shall be represented upon its ample folds.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)
REV. J. H. LOVELAND
At Ordway Hall, Sunday, January 1st, 1890.

ADDRESS.
Rev. J. H. Loveland, known as the "Reformed Methodist," lectured at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the first of January. His theme, in the morning, was, "The Chief End of Man." He began by defining as the three great ends of human existence—self-comprehension, self-expression, and self-fulfillment. The first step, in the attainment of the true end of our being, must necessarily be a compliance with the maxim of the ancient philosopher, "Know Thyself." Without this knowledge of our own nature, we can never express it in speech or action; nor shall we unconsciously expand this nature, of which we do not know the essence or the manifestations. It is only when we know ourselves, that we are enabled to appreciate our own standpoint in the universe, to comprehend anything of the ends of our existence, or to advance in the path which will lead us to its normal fulfillment. But there cannot be self-comprehension without self-expression. It is not until we come to give utterance, by speech or by action, to our own nature, that we learn, ourselves, what that nature is. The lecturer warmly enforced the necessity, to any genuine growth or true happiness, of a full expression of ourselves. This alone it is which can secure to us that sympathy of our fellow-beings, indispensable to our progress as well as to the social demands of our being. We must have expression. The soul must get out and reveal itself objectively to others, or it can never attain the true end of its existence. From a sense of necessity, or native inclination, we may cover up ourselves until the covering is so close that we do not see ourselves. Yet, to shield ourselves from the prying eyes of others, thus, is a way to grow. As well might we take the bud of spring, and cover it up from all the genial influences of the atmosphere, and suppose it would bloom in beauty; as to imagine that the human soul, cramped and concealed from others, will expand. We often-times fail to express ourselves, because of an unwise shame. Our hearts become icy and frozen, instead of warm and glowing and tropical as the sun itself, which should be the condition of humanity. Our social structure tends to make us more and more hypocritical. False to ourselves, we are not what we seem, and seem what we are not.

But there must be not only self-expression, but, in the third place, the great end of existence is self-fulfillment, or growth. As there can be no comprehension without expression, so there can be no expression without fulfillment. Give expression to the thought, and there comes a negative condition to the soul, and the result is, that there flows in upon the soul still more; and that inflowing expands us. All these three are linked together, as a sort of divine triality, in the progress of the human being, acting and reacting upon each other, the one aiding the other; for, as we expand, there is room for a still more profound comprehension, and then an expression, and then an expansion, and then another step forward, and so on and so on, we go, in growth and progress and happiness, forever. This truth was alluded to by the Man of Nazareth, when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," because, in the very act of giving, we do receive, and receive more than we give. Immediately upon the acquisition of any spiritual good, we set ourselves to bestowing them; and the return is greater and better than that which we seem to give.

The final result is universal happiness. From the life of him who fully preaches and practices this, radiates an influence which goes out to other lives. From such a standpoint, we appreciate existence in altogether a different light from that in which we could otherwise view it. The end of existence is represented to be that mind should become individualized, should get off from others, and get apart by itself; but the true philosophy reveals to us the very opposite of this doctrine as the only true one. Standing in the very focus of nature, where center and whence radiate influences from all beings and all thoughts, we, of course, individually expand and become, in all the powers of our existence, rounded out and fully grown. There is within us a greater potency of life, not only in each, but in the whole, as composing one grand, positive unity. There is a greater potency and power to operate upon ourselves; not in the sense of desiring or willing that, but by the same great processes of nature by which the sun sheds upon the celestial bodies around it those influences which return to it, negatively, and feed again the fountain from whence it flows. So, from each of these living sources of spiritual truth, spiritual influence and spiritual power will of necessity flow forth, and shed an influence which modifies to a greater or less extent, and adds to the sum total of life and joy, in every other individuality existing in the universe; and again we return from these a greater and better influence, and our life and our joy are proportionately increased. And thus the end of individual existence is seen to be, in the last result, universal happiness, or the joy of the entire race.

Granting this to be true, then it follows that the entire race is so intimately blended in one grand community, that, of necessity, there must be a want of perfection in each one, until all have reached a certain condition; and that it must so remain, perchance, forever. Bound together with chains more durable than steel, by a destiny more inexorable than any heathen philosopher ever dreamed of, we, the human race, and the progress of one, is, relatively, as the progress of the whole. We move on at the same relative distance, and at the same relative speed, in the great pathway of progress. Together we approach the goal of universal happiness, which is the dream of those who talk of the New Jerusalem and the Millennium. This it is which, in our ideal conceptions, always seems bright; and when it shines within us, darkness gives place to light, certainty takes possession of our souls, and, for the time, we forget that we are indeed human, and fancy ourselves to be even then among the immortals. Standing on the plains of the golden Elysium of our ideal conceptions, we listen to the songs which the spheres sing in its prospect, and hope that all shall share its ineffable bliss.

And so they shall; and so, in a measure, they do to-day. For, put your ear close down to any heart that beats in a human bosom, and there is immortality, there is the spiritual man, that gives utterance to itself, in some measure, even in the excesses of crime. There is nothing animal in him, but is baptized and bathed in the spiritual. There is a force, a terrible force and sweep, in the crimes of the human mind, that stamps them other than the brutal passions which they seem to intimate. At the terrible results of the unscrupulous ambition of a Bonaparte, or an Alexander, or a Caesar, we may tremble; but we must also bow down and adore. There is, in that vaulting and insatiable ambition, not only the ferocity of the beast; but there is there, giving itself expression to that way, the immortality of the spirit; and we venerate that, even though it goes forth clad in the terrible insignia of destruction and blood. In all the forms of vice we see immortality; and we know that, although it may now be marred, it will one day perceive the truth, and be led to holiness and happiness. We are all one, all parts of the same great community of the human race. The nature of us all is essentially the same, and we must therefore obey the command of Jesus of Nazareth, to keep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice.

The lecturer closed with an ardent anticipation of the reign of that universal joy, which he predicted as the end of human existence. In contemplating that glorious vision, said he, I stand beneath the beams of a light which is almost darkness because of its intensity, and see from out that blazing sun a ray of truth and power that reaches each human spirit which has been, or which is to be, not calling, with audible voice, humanity into existence, but calling, by the very exercise of its own power, the human race into being, and carrying them on, with eternal potency, through these eternal changes, unfolding, unfolding, unfolding, forever and forever.

EVENING.

In the evening, Mr. Loveland treated of *Progress*, which he viewed in a different light from that of most Spiritualists. The audience had a fable, that the universe sprang forth from harmony. From this idea he came to our phrase, "The music of the spheres." In the silence of the heavenly music, we have heard this celestial music. The interpretation of this musical idea is no other than *Progress*. If *Progress*, we mean the change from a less to a more perfect condition. If we correctly listen to the hymn of the spheres, it sings forth *progress*. The lecturer proposed to refer to some of the principles of progress, and to illustrate them by the history of the race.

Looking over the condition of humanity, it is a question, with many thinking minds, whether there has been any real progress, or, indeed, whether there has not been retrogression in the history of the human race. The speaker would inquire the truth of this matter. Certainly, the progress of the race has not been even. There has been a seeming ebb and flow in it; and the conclusion of many is, that there has been no real progress. This age, as a progressive age, is not so because we have much that is absolutely new. All thoughts and theories of to-day are almost, if not quite, as

old as history; and most of them go back into the ages of tradition. This, however, is no evidence that ours is not a progressive age. We are progressive. It is all that we find that we make new applications and combinations of truths. It will be found that the new application of old truths is the distinguishing characteristic of this age, and constitutes its progress.

We cannot trace the earlier history of the race, when there existed the nation which spoke and wrote the Sanskrit language. But, in the East—in India—on the banks of the Ganges, in times more ancient than history, lived a nation with a religion substantially that of the present day. This religion, working eastward, became the foundation whence Judaism and Christianity drew all their ideas. In Palestine, the highest type of that religion culminated. Here is one phase of human progress. Coming down to the age of Jesus, we find the spiritual nature of man had reached the highest culmination. The apostles of Jesus Christ went forth to preach his religion, regardless of their comfort or their lives. They felt themselves in rapport with the spiritual universe. No shall never get beyond that spiritual elevation of theirs. No more sublime spectacle can ever be presented, than was given in the spirit of the martyrs of early Christianity. It has since been equalled, but never has it been exceeded. But it is said there has been retrogression; that the original spirit of Christianity became absorbed in the corruptions of the Catholic Church, in the third or fourth century, and has since been but a shadow in the Protestant Church. True, but it has shown out. We have lost nothing, but we have gained nothing. We must turn our eyes to another line of progress.

Turn to Greece. There was religion, but there was something more; the intellect was there. In Greece, we do not find the morbid devotion of man to religion, exhibited in the history of the Christian religion. Aristotle perfected the intellect of man, as regards the exercise of reason. His system, made a thousand years ago, never has been and never can be improved. But there was, also, the culmination of artistic progress. The chief of Greece attained perfection. The statue of Jupiter, as a work of art, has never been excelled, and never can be. Demosthenes stands the peerless one in eloquence. In this age, to be able successfully to imitate the Art of Greece and Italy, is the highest perfection of the artist.

But Greece did not remain. Rome furnished another phase of progress. In Rome, we see patriotism such as has never existed in any other nationality. But the northern nations overran Rome, and the ancient civilization despaired. These northern nations, however, had another phase of progress. In Rome and Greece, woman was degraded. But among the northern nations, the women were venerated.

So has it always been in history. Each nation has had its departments of progress. Germany, now, is the land of profound thought. France is the acme, critical mind, seeing and stating everything with a precision unrivaled, and not to be rivaled by any other nation or any other language.

But we have reached a new period. Nationalities seemed to be growing old. Kings and priests were sitting heavily upon the neck of the race, until the end of the last century. There arose a new nationality, the last born of the nations of earth, arose. Here is a peculiar phase of progress. It is thought by the old world that there is no progress here; that there is but a sort of seething cauldron, in which all the elements of human nature are poured and mixed together, and from which nothing but confusion is produced. In part, this is true. Here is the combining and mixing together of all the nations of the earth. We are a complex race. Europe, Asia and Africa have united to form the American people. We share the peculiarities, in part, of all the nations which have gone to make up our existence. With us, there is no faculty left unemployed. Our circumstances call out every one of the faculties of human nature. And as, in the dawn of ancient religion, there were spiritual manifestations, presenting no idea which has been kept alive in all the changes of the world; so, now, there comes from the invisible life a new series of manifestations, to the last born nation of the world. Human nature always repeats itself. The same manifestations which came to the childhood of the race, come to our manhood; but in such a new form as to make them seem altogether different from its earliest development.

It must take ages for this progress to perfect itself. Men are doubting whether the Union will be preserved. Men say that ages ago there existed a freedom something like ours; and our "experiment" may perish like theirs. It may as likely perish as that the sun, which has sunk, will in a few moments re-appear in the western horizon, and retrace its steps. Be sure humanity will work out its destiny. This nationality will live, and live not only to accomplish its destiny, but to be the potency by which the world itself is to be regenerated. Other nations have attained perfection in some single department; it is reserved for America to achieve a universal excellence.

We are still in the state of transition. This process is to go on for years; and when it is completed, there will begin to work back and out in every direction, from this great center, a new influence of life and power. Greece succumbed to barbarian Rome. Rome became civilized and Christian, but fell before the northern barbarians. That was the era of brute force. But brute force is no longer the power that rules the world; and these reverses in the progress of the race can no longer occur. Science, and not strength, now decides the battles of the world.

We shall be the focal center to which the desire of all nations shall tend, and from which this light shall expand. Asia, receiving back its sons and daughters inoculated with the new blood of a new nation, shall begin to feel its sluggish life stimulated; and its ancient glory shall return to it again. The Brahmin, as he waits the plains of Hindostan, begins to doubt the truth of the religion which has ruled him so many ages. The missionary unfolds to him the scheme of the Christian religion, and he says, "All this my ancestors know before Jesus was born, and before Israel fled from Egypt." He does want something new, but he does not wish his old doctrines brought back to him in a new form. But, when he shall be shown that all these doctrines have a common origin away back in the distance of time, and that that origin was real spiritual demonstration of immortality and a future state, the nations of the East will begin to listen, and to see that, while they have kept alive this idea, it has been perverted to all the forms of idolatry in which it has been abused. Thus will come on the great progress of the race in the years to come. In the revelation to our age of the truth of immortality, by means of spiritual manifestations, the race shall see a new and fuller development of those intuitions of religious truth, which, in the infancy of the race, gave birth to that ancient religion which has been the foundation and the essence of all the theologies of the world's history; and seeing, in this clearer light, the truths of our spiritual being, the world shall be led into that higher plane of thought and action in which may be attained the final ends of human existence.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. B. NEWCOMB.—There is but one person here who answers sealed letters. We advise you to write your letters in such a way that whether opened or unopened, no medium could answer it independent of spirit aid. Then, if answered, and any test is given, you can have no room for doubt. In a matter of so great importance, we do not trust too much to others; we want knowledge, not belief, in the matter of spirit communion.

J. S. D. EAST STATION, ME.—We regret that it is not in our power to pay special attention to letters addressed to spirits. It will be seen at once, that if we commenced such a work one medium, nor ten, would suffice to answer our calls, nor would one person a week be sufficient to publish responses. We do not govern our manifestations—not even by "calling" upon any particular spirit to commune. But letters sent to us are returned, and occasionally examined. Your father probably knows that it is, and will answer it as soon as he can. It often happens that a letter must remain here months before the spirit can obtain an opportunity to answer it.

JULIA A. D. NEW ORLEANS.—We cannot send the BANNER one year for less than \$1.50. Send \$3 more for the six subscribers. We will send eight months to your club, that being the proportion of time, at club rates, to which six dollars entitles you.

S. M. R. WASHINGTON.—Mansfield's address is at Pittsburg at this time.

J. V. MANFIELD.—Send us your address to be inserted among the Movements of Lecturers, &c.

Love for the Benefit of the Poor.

A social love will be held at Amory Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th. All about the expenses will be placed in the hands of the ladies for disbursement among the needy of Boston. Our readers would do a double good by responding to the call—only themselves, and assist others. The tickets are one dollar each, to be had at this office, at Bala Marsh's, the principal hotel, and at the door.

Ex-President Lamar, of Texas, died on the 19th of December, of apoplexy.

DROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 4th.

QUESTION—"Is there any evil?"

MR. PRATT took ground that there was positive evil. He said—"If I voluntarily separated my arm from my body, I have done an injury to my physical being—I have produced an evil. My physical body was intended by its Creator to grow in perfection; and I contend that to thwart the divine intention, in any way, is a positive evil; the act would be evil, and the consequences would be evil. We see wrong everywhere around us in all its hideous forms, and there is something from within us that rises up to rebuke those palpable wrongs; there is a power in every one that moves them to oppose evil. To say that a degraded drunkard is as good as an angel, it seems to me would exert an influence to open the gate wider for evil influences to come into the soul. Dr. Child takes the idea of a Godhead that is perfect, and in this embodies all things; he ignores human consciousness, moral responsibility, individuality, and free-agency. This is a wrong position, and tends to the support and increase of evil.

DR. CHILD—Do not ignore anything, even the perfection of God. I accept individual sovereignty, free moral agency, and moral responsibility, and what is called evil, as the necessary effect of a degree of human growth. The journey of life, in the material world, runs through a large number of gardens, whose products send forth flowers of various perfumes, and fruits of various flavors; all these gardens in our journey of progress we must pass. When we pass each, we breathe in the atmosphere peculiar to each, and we breathe out the same; we exude what we inspire. We eat the fruit of each, and we send forth emanations peculiar to the product of each, and our material manifestations of life are in keeping with the fruit that nourishes and supports them.

We pass the garden of vindictive hostility; it is dark here. In this garden, are the lurid flames of hellfire that shine through the imagination; and this is a dismal light, it must be passed. We pass to the garden of justice, ruled by love; salvation for all. We come to the garden of free moral agency and individual responsibility; we must pass it. So we go through all the various gardens of religious beliefs—through all the various creeds in material reality, but not necessarily, to tangible perception; and when we pass each, certain positive convictions possess us, partaking of the nature of the products of the garden through which we are passing; to that these manifestations of different beliefs are the necessary effects of our journey of life. All the various religious beliefs are in a less or greater degree antagonistic one to the other; so in passing one belief we oppose every other belief. Thus one is accepted, and all others ignored. In the same way we pass the gardens of all the various "isms" incident to life, and all the gardens of fraternal goodness, too. Later, and further on the journey of human progress, we come to the garden of intellectuality, in the atmosphere of which all gardens previously passed appear terribly bad; and condemnation comes not here. We come to the garden called destiny, where the soul falls to rest in the arms of infinite truth, and from this rest it rises again, with new perception, and the undimmed power of intuition is unfolded, and it reviews the gardens of the past; the darkness has gone, and in the light of God's wisdom every plant in every garden is seen to be beautiful and useful; in time and in place absolutely necessary to the demands of the soul in its progression; and every step that every soul has taken in the gardens of material life, has been lawful and perfectly right.

MR. GURHAM—Those who believe that there is no evil say that they predicate their belief in philosophy, while their belief is destitute of all philosophy. A man is a philosopher no further than he backs up his belief by philosophy. Dr. Child cannot show a single fact on which to predicate his theory; it is imagination, pure, from contrivance to circumstance.

MR. ZENOS—Daylight and darkness are represented to illustrate good and evil. Darkness is only the absence of the light; the night is not opposed to the day. Day and night are both in place; so are good and evil. Evil is a manifestation of the soul's growth as much as good is. I cannot recognize evil as a part of the soul. I am on both sides of this question. A pain which I suffer, when I could have avoided it, becomes, to me, an evil. I agree that most evils are necessary for good. Why travel around to get to heaven, when we can go direct? If we did what we know to be right, we would not be lost. Light enlarges our capacity for doing good and also for doing wrong.

MR. THAYER—Dr. Child admits evil, for he ignores nothing. That holy book, the Bible, says that a good tree brings forth good fruit, and an evil tree evil fruit. Look at the evil life of the prodigal son and see the fruits of evil; and then at his brother who was good, and see the fruits of goodness. [Question.—Which of these two sons would you go to for charity the sooner—the one who stayed at home and unfolded his history and jealousy, or the one who went abroad, and was prodigal without selfishness, and who by the hard knocks of misfortune had learned forgiveness? Mr. Thayer declined answering this question, because it was not in point.]

DR. GARDNER—I take the ground that there is positive evil in the world. Man is the highest manifestation of God's work on earth. Goodness consists in a man's living perfectly, externally and internally—in every respect—and the opposite of this is evil. Man has no control over their birth; some are well born; some are born with imperfect development; and every birth of this nature is positively an evil. [Question.—Does not the cause of imperfect human development lie in nature as much as the cause of perfect development does? Yes. [Question.—Then are natural causes wrong? No; but they are wrongly applied. It is hard to draw the line and say where evil begins and good ends. Yet to do this is positive evil. All violations of natural laws are evils.]

DR. SMITH—Darkness is a part of nature as much as light is; both are necessary to the growth of vegetation. Evil and good are natural productions; none no less than the other; and evil is as necessary to the growth of the soul as light is to the growth of the vegetable; darkness is as necessary to the soul as light is. Many of us can say that the greatest calamities which we have met in life, (which are the fruit of sin,) have proved our greatest blessings.

Cure through Spirit Agency.

MESSRS. EDWARDS—I wish to say a few words through your excellent paper in reference to a cure performed upon myself by the spirit of Mr. Rufus Kittredge, through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Crowell. I had been for three years suffering from a disease which seemed to buffet the efforts of all doctors which I employed. The attacks were periodic, and each one left me weaker than the last, and consequently I became so feeble as to have no hope of recovery. About two years ago Mr. Crowell moved to our town; when a friend advised me to consult Dr. K. through him. Although no believer in this thing, for the sake of my children, I was willing to hear what he had to say. I accordingly sent for the medium. He came, and was controlled, as I believe, by a physical man, who understands the human body. He (the spirit) gave me much useful information, and said that by complying with certain directions I could be cured, and I promised to do so, and he left. He subsequently visited me, and continued to give me advice until I was cured. I am now well, and have perfect confidence in his skill as a physician. Consequently I feel it my duty to make known these facts to the public. Others have been cured in a similar manner, the truth of which I am willing to vouch for, if required.

Yours truly, O. F. WILSON.

Watertown, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1890.

[We are cognizant of several cures made through the instrumentality of Mr. Crowell. One case of typhoid fever, in this city. The patient was dangerously sick, and was so far restored as to leave her bed in three weeks from the time the spirit-doctor first attended her. The best of reference in this case can be given on application to us.—Ed.]

Lectures.

MR. FANNIE BURKARD FALCON will speak in Larnette Hall, corner 8th and 9th streets, New York, on Sunday, the 15th inst.,—afternoon and evening.

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The Spiritualists' Regular Sunday Meetings in Boston.

Will hereafter be held in the "New Melodeon," on Washington street, near J. B. Loveland will lecture there on Sunday next, Jan. 14th, at 4:30 and 11:15 o'clock, P. M. We are glad to hear that the acquisition of this new and splendid hall, and we trust that all who have the good of Spiritualism at heart, will second the efforts of Dr. Gardner, by filling the house every Sabbath. Mr. Loveland is a talented speaker, and on this particular occasion he is expected to surpass even himself if that be possible.

New Publications.

Direct At American Whims, and Hints for House Use By Frederic W. Sawyer, author of a "Plan for Amusements." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., No. 245 Washington street.

The patrons of the Transcript have read with pleasure, and profit too, we trust, the articles which are here collected in a style for preservation. And we are confident that, with most of them, this volume will be hailed with delight; for there are many rare gems of thought in its contents, pointing the way to a more national life and national religion than mankind in general enjoy. Its tone is not dictatorial, nor is the spirit of harsh censure to be met with in its pages. The writer simply presents a picture of what may be gained by modifying the old mode of passing life, by softening our customs, our manners and our religious theories, which make many a nature hard, cruel and repulsive. We had occasion some months since to copy one of the articles in this volume, entitled, "Religious Creeds of New England," and to commend it to our readers. The other subjects treated upon are handled in a manner equally deserving of praise. The genial good nature of a soul to harmony with all that is good, and beautiful, and useful, coming from what source it may, is brought to bear upon the evils he discusses; and a light seems to glow in his suggestions that wins the heart of the reader. It is a practical, common-sense book, which all may be benefited by reading. Among the contents we find the following chapters: Whim against Dabbling; Education save Morals; The Late Capt. Fumo; Hints for promoting Juvenile Depravity; Elevating tendency of Soap and Water; Parks and Promenades; Jury Trials, and Trials of the Jury; the Drama; Two-fifths Educated; Precept and Practice; Physical Culture; Mr. Blot gored by Bulls; Hints to Stringent Law makers; Jonathan's reverence for the Past, &c., &c.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY from New York to San Francisco, in the summer of 1859. By Horace Greeley. New York: G. M. Baxton, Barker & Co.

The letters written by Horace Greeley to his paper, the New York Tribune, are here collected in book form, convenient for the general reader. They contain much valuable information, narrated in an entertaining style, and will doubtless command a wide circulation. Brown, Taggart & Chase, Boston, have the work for sale.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First Page—"Adolph," continued.

Second Page—"Man and his Relations," chapter 6; "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-World," chapter 2.

Third Page—"Isabel," poetry; "A New Discovery," by La Roy Burdett; Rev. Dr. Chapin's New Year's sermon; "A Chapter on Love," by Ormon.

Fourth Page—"Four columns of Spirit-messages; 'Life's Work,' poetry; Correspondence.

Fifth Page—"Mrs. Bynce's last two lectures at Ordway Hall; Letter from Mr. Ruggles; Movements of Lecturers, &c.

Sixth Page—"A Familiar Lecture by Mr. Beecher.

The Northern Light of Dec. 28th, published at Mendocino, Cal., says: "Dr. Samuel Johnson, after attending a lecture by Thos. Oliver Foster, at the brick school house on East side it was a masterly effort, every sentence was packed with ideas, evidencing deep thought upon the subject of the discourse."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Buenos Ayres letters of Nov. 4, have been received. On the 23d of October, the Buenos Ayres army, 10,000 strong, under Gen. Mitre, was attacked by Urquiza with about 17,000 men, at San Nicholas fifty miles from Buenos Ayres. Gen. Mitre was defeated after a hard fight, losing all his cannon and heavy provisions. It is said, also, that Urquiza found in the camp 500 millions of dollars. Mitre managed to retreat to Buenos Ayres, taking his wounded with him. That city was to be prepared for a siege, and a vigorous defense would be made.

On taking up the Saratoga County News, Dec. 30, we saw an article headed, "An Honest Rental." Will some one do this term? Perhaps some of our debating clubs will take the matter in hand.

ONCE OR TWICE—"BUT,"—A good joke is told of the Grand Trunk Railroad manager, who, desiring a large number of axes, and having no faith in Yankee skill, sent out a pattern to England for the requisite article. In due time twenty-five hundred were "sent over," but not one of the whole number had a hole in it. Digby thinks these axes must have been sold by weight, and that the purchasers had to wait some time before using them.

PAWS IN RAY, W. B. BROWN'S CROWN.—The regular annual sale of the paws in Ray, Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, took place on Tuesday evening week. The highest premium was \$100, and the lowest 25 cents. The assessed value of the paws was set down at \$12,000, being the same as last year. To this was added, for premiums upon paws, the sum of \$10,000 to be, the assessed value of the paws, \$200, with premiums thereon, \$31.25, thus resulting in the net sum of \$23,429.80, being about 40 percent increase upon the amount realized last year.

At the annual meeting of the N. E. Historic Genealogical Society, held in Boston, Jan. 4, a very interesting paper was read by Rev. Henry A. Niles, D. D., on William Blackstone, the first English inhabitant of Boston, and the former owner of Boston Common. Dr. Niles was presented with the thanks of the Society, and a copy of his paper was requested for its archives.

There has been horrible fighting of late among the Moors and Spaniards. The knife, in a hand-to-hand fight, did awful execution. The details are too horrible to relate.

Philip Lynch, the man who murdered Goulton at Borden-town, N. Y., about three months ago, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the 23d of March.

"There is no such thing as death."

"It is but the blossom spring, Slaking before the coming fruit, That seeks the Summer's ray; 'Tis but the bud displaced, As comes the perfect flower; 'Tis faith exchanged for sight, And weakness for power."

NATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON.—This hotel, under the management of Oliver Bissop, an experienced landlord, is doing a flourishing business. It is centrally located, nearly opposite the terminus of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and hence very convenient for eastern travelers. Those who patronize this hotel once, are sure to call again, as the office register fully testifies.

PEACIFICATION.—The Portland Argus states that the surplus upon the defaulting State Treasurer's bonds have put their property out of their hands. The amount of the State money used by Peck is supposed to be from \$30,000 to \$70,000.

If every husband would copy into his memorandum book the following, from a recently published work, there would be more harmony in the family circle—in our opinion:—

"Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, and for a moment misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

THE DIFFERENCE.—They are playing "The Three Fast Men" upon the National stage, Boston, with great success. They are playing many more fast men upon the "National" boards at Washington, with ill success. The first a burlesque, the latter a farce; the first making money, the latter spending it.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.—The glory that is so often pictured of the heavenly kingdom, comes to us as doubly beautiful, because it is to be composed of little children: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." This was the emphatic teaching of him who "went about doing good." The beauty, simplicity, and sincerity, so manifest in little children, before they are corrupted by the world, is the type of Heaven, when man, purified from sin, shall return to the "bosom of God."

"Who is the happy husband? He, Who, scanning his unweaving face, Thinks heaven with a conscience free, 'Tis faithful to his future wife."—PATRICK.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every oval is far better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quality remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks a leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was

on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of sublimation—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

Palms Celebrated in Boston.

The 123d Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, which much adorned Patriot and Statesman, THOMAS FAIRBANKS, during the American Revolution, so effectively seconded the sword of Washington in the achievement of our Independence, will be commemorated, not having myself, my fifth in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald head is covered all over with young hair, about three-fourths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obedient servant,
D. T. MERWIN.
Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston. 1p Jan. 14.

Burnett's Cocaine.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of Baldness.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1889.
Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, especially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible,) without any beneficial effect. The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocaine, which I did, to please them, not having myself any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald head is covered all over with young hair, about three-fourths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow

would suffer. And they suffer by constantly thinking
have done wrong, not right—by constantly drawing to

Sunday, Dec. 24th, 1869.

very reasonable woman—an old resident, 210, 12th Street,
Newark, N. J. Nov. 20.

