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BERRY, COLBY & CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

ROMANCE, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Single copies, 25 cts. - \$3 00
Six months - \$1 50
One year - \$3 00
All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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

All business letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, MA.

VOL. VII. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR Payable in Advance.} NO. 23.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE STOLEN KISS.
TO LIZZIE.
BY LITA B. BAKER.

Lay it on, good Master John,
No deceiver it, lay it on!
By what right, in all the land,
May he kiss thy daughter's hand?
Kneeling on the entrance-rock,
(He had better tend thy flock.)
Hear him vow eternal truth
In the ears of silly Ruth!
She had best be washing dishes,
Than receiving stolen kisses!
She coquettishly is playing,
And another love betraying;
Downward comes the blow, kwhack!
On your simple shepherd's back.
Lizzie, when true love you'd keep,
Let the red go tending sheep;
Keep the morn of this scene
Ever in your memory green;
When we cast a Truth away
For an Error young and gay,
We may sadly rue the day,
And may find the worst of blisses.
Comes of those stolen kisses!
Providence, July, 1860.

WOMEN AND WISDOM.
BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

"The great law of culture is—let each one become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; realizing all his faculties, especially all his noblest, and show himself as length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—CHALICE.

Professor Wilberforce, the phenomenological lecturer, was popularly and somewhat unpleasantly situated. As unwittingly as a bird hops into a snare had he come to Danbury and advertised a course of lectures. He had never before visited the place, and had heard nothing concerning the reputation of its inhabitants. Supposing it to stand, however, in fair comparison with other suburban towns, he felt no dread of criticism or rivalry, but entered upon his work with a sense of perfect security and a happy consciousness of his own ability. He did not know, however, that the place contained a Lyceum, a "Young Men's Literary Institute," a Debating Society, a Shakespeare Club, and a Public Library—that every winter the inhabitants had generously sustained a course of Scientific and Literary Lectures, for which men of the highest order of talent and intellectual attainment in the land were engaged—that Danbury had furnished to the world an unequalled number of teachers, preachers, doctors and lawyers, and that in proportion to its size and number of inhabitants, no other place subscribed so freely for scientific and literary works as this.

Of all this he was profoundly ignorant. He did not know, moreover, that Dr. Sweetser, the most noted physiologist in the country, had here given a course of lectures which was numerously attended, and by unanimous request repeated—also, that many lectures which had been highly extolled in other places, had been pronounced all "highfalutin and humbug" by the critics of Danbury; and, finally, that jugglers, mountebanks, crows, travelling theatres, Ethiopian minstrels and organ grinders, found little encouragement among this refined and cultivated people. But there was one fact of still greater importance to the Professor, of which he was wholly unaware, and we now entrust it as a profound secret to the reader.

Danbury had been, for the last four or five years, the residence of Miss Sarah Fairfield, who was formerly the "lady elect" of the Professor. As a young man of eighteen, and a college student, he had formed this, his first attachment. For a time he was deeply devoted to the object of his choice, but the incidental discovery that she was not only a poetess, but a Greek and Latin student, greatly disturbed the current of his love. He remonstrated, but the lady persisted. Finally, after giving the subject sufficient consideration, he informed her, that unless she confined herself more strictly to the usual order of female pursuits, he should be obliged to seek association elsewhere. She replied, with a quiet smile, that he was perfectly at liberty to do so. Greatly incensed by her apparent indifference, he so far forgot himself as to call her a "blue," and prophesied for her future lot that of an "ambitious old maid." This, however, seemed to amuse rather than offend her. He therefore left her to her fate, firmly determined in himself never to seek the association of a literary, educated woman again.

In pursuance of his resolution, and to heal his wounded pride, he plunged at once into the midst of female society, and ere long selected as his future companion Miss Mary Lester, a girl of sixteen, with scarcely the elements of a common school education, yet possessed of a most bewitching style of beauty. He subsequently married her, and removed to a location far distant from his native place. From that time forth he lost all account of his first love, save hearing incidentally that, after the prescribed course of study, she had graduated from the Female Medical College, and settled in the exercise of her profession—in some country town, he never heard precisely where. More than ten years had now elapsed since he had seen her face. During that time his own willful but early tried wife had found a refuge from their mutual disagreements in the grave, and the Professor, fearing that another matrimonial attempt would produce a like result, had for several years walked the thorny path of life alone. He had continued for some time to lecture, quite acceptably, from place to place, until, by the great current of human events and the railroad track, he at length reached Danbury, wholly unconscious of what there awaited him. He had posted his bills, hired his hall, arranged his busts, skulls, charts, etc., in scientific order, and upon the appointed evening made his appearance before a "highly respectable audience."

At the commencement of his lecture, as was his custom, he proffered the liberty to his hearers to interrupt him at any point, with questions or objections, as they deemed proper—not having the least idea that he would avail themselves of the privilege. He had chosen for the subject of his first lecture, "The Brain and its Functions," and had proceeded without interruption till he had about completed two thirds of his discourse, when he began to enlarge, with some ability and much eloquence, upon the organ of Consciousness, situated in that inner sanctuary of the brain, the Sensorium or Medulla Oblongata. He felt that he was making a great impression upon his hearers, when an individual rose from his seat, and asked, "If this organ of Consciousness, which held such undisputed sway over the whole body, could be properly termed the human soul?"

The Professor drew down his gold-bowed spectacles nearly to the tip of his nose, and looked over them at his interrogator. He was surprised that such an inquiry should have originated with such an individual, for no one would ever have supposed it possible from his appearance. A pair of sleepy eyes, a large mouth, a low, receding forehead, above which the hair was combed straight down and out, directly across, while the hinder portion was left to grow as long as it might, formed the sum total of this individual's attractions, unless his drawing tone and extremely ungraceful attitude should also be taken into account. The Professor felt it hardly worth while to reply, but out of respect to his audience he did so.

"That," he said, "could not be easily determined. Scientific men, philosophers, and theologians, all disagreed as to the nature and location of the human soul. As for himself, he could find no better theory than that which he had advanced, and until he had more light upon the subject, he should believe that the Sensorium was the seat of government for the soul."

"Well, then," continued his questioner, "will you inform me whether this human soul, or—what do you call it?—is dependent upon a compound material organ, or is in itself a single indestructible atom, which has the eternal power of consciousness?"

Now this was, of all questions, the very one which the Professor disliked to hear asked, because it presented one of those singular dilemmas reputed to have two horns, upon either of which he did not like to risk his reputation. If he said that the soul depended upon a compound, material organ, then it naturally followed that death would decompose it, and thus subvert at once the doctrine of immortality. But if, on the other hand, he declared it to be an indestructible atom, endowed with eternal consciousness, then he assumed a position which he could neither prove nor maintain, as it was a question which science found it impossible to decide. He did not like, either, that such a stupefying-looking individual should make him confess his ignorance before so large an audience. His first impulse was to apply his hand to his head, after the manner of a puzzled school-boy, but a sense of decorum restrained him. He glanced up at the portrait of Gail, Spurzheim, Franklin, Swedenborg, and others, which ornamented the walls, but they could not assist him. He took a drink from the glass of water on his stand, but that proved equally useless. Finally he pushed his spectacles nervously up to his eyes again, seized his manuscript, and saying very abruptly that he "did not know," he resumed his discourse at once.

"Fifthly, and lastly, gentlemen and ladies," he continued, "I will briefly present to you one other important point in my subject. I have shown you the difference existing in the brain, both in respect to quantity and degree of development, as it is found in all classes of animals, until we come to the human race, the crowning glory of creation. Here, also, we find a great difference existing in the cerebral development of male and female. God evidently intended each for his or her own peculiar sphere, and the part of wisdom is to acknowledge this and to live wholly in it."

"That can't always be done!" exclaimed a little, nervous individual, belonging to the "genus homo," who looked decidedly "benighted;" there's the fact of circumstances, and other forces, which often drive a man from his sphere; and if the Lord intended a particular position for each, I devoutly wish he'd help us maintain it."

The murmur of suppressed laughter which ran through the hall, seemed to remind the little man that he was "talking in meeting," for he glanced round with a look of surprise, and "unbeheld" immediately. The Professor himself could hardly suppress a smile, although he felt annoyed at the interruption. He proceeded, however, without reply, "Woman," he resumed, "was evidently created a dependent being, and however humiliating the fact may be to some, yet, nevertheless, it is true that in every particular, except that of affection, she is inferior to man, who alone can be properly termed 'the lord of creation.' Therefore, the advice which Paul gave to wives, concerning obedience, was wholly in accordance with the laws of Nature. Should a woman become forgetful of this, however, and for a time usurp a brief authority, she at once loses that peculiar delicacy and refinement, that inexpressible softness and sensibility, which render her so charming in the eyes of her male companion."

"That's a fact!" said the little man, with an emphasis of which he seemed wholly unconscious.

"Neither," continued the Professor, "can woman become a philosopher. Generally speaking, science, art, philosophy, open their broad fields of wisdom to man alone, and when a woman attempts to invade their domain, she is reminded of her weakness and inefficiency at every step. She cannot arrange her ideas in a clear, logical sequence. Although, by a certain quickness, not strength of perception, she may seize upon an effect, and by analysis trace it back to its cause, yet she cannot continue the circle, and by synthesis come back again to the point of beginning. Somewhere or other in all of woman's reasoning there is an arc wanting—she cannot complete the circle."

"Do you know of any one that can?" asked a sedate old gentleman, who had thrown his red silk handkerchief over his head, to shield his decaying crown from the current of air, proceeding from a neighboring window.

The Professor was vexed at these frequent interruptions, and therefore he answered very curtly, "Yes, I do."

"Who, sir?"

"I can," replied the Professor, with a look and tone which were intended to settle the matter at once.

"Well, then," continued the determined old gentleman, "I will take you on your own ground. Supposing, for instance, that a man takes a leap in the dark, directly into a briar bush; according to your philosophy, the nerves of sensation carry the intelligence directly to his brain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, to complete the work, the organ of Consciousness acts upon the nerves of motion, and proceeds at once to liberate the man from his unhappy situation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, the whole train of events, from the first invasion of the bush, to the man's liberation, forms a complete circle. Yet science, according to your own confession, loses an important arc in that circle. It is not complete. In that little inner chamber of the brain, the nerves of sensation and motion, there is a space, where, by your own hypothesis, the soul resides, but you cannot say whether that soul may be an inspired atom of matter, a gas, a fluid, or an ethereal essence. There is where your circle is incomplete, and you can only surmise that missing arc, by the poor chord of a supposition, which future investigations may render asunder at any moment."

"Sir," said the Professor, with much solemnity, "when you and I meet in that world where all such mysteries are revealed, then I will give you the missing arc—then the circle shall be completed."

"Very well," replied the old gentleman, "but that isn't the point. You were saying that woman could not complete a logical circle. When, then, you perceive your own fallibility, you should not parade your superiority. We are all of us obliged to confess that our mothers were women, and that very fact should lead us to speak of the whole female sex with gratitude, if not with admiration."

"Very true," replied the Professor, as the meek countenance of his own departed mother passed before his mental vision, and without further remark, he returned at once to his lecture.

"There is one point, at least," he recommenced, "upon which you will certainly agree with me. As far as physical strength is concerned, man is greatly superior to woman—he has more decision and energy of character, and is possessed of a greater power of endurance."

"Sir," said a pleasant female voice, and at the same time, a lady, simply, but elegantly dressed, rose from her seat not far from the speaker's stand.

"There!" thought the Professor, "is a strong-minded woman!" and he turned a sharp, half contemptuous glance upon her, for he had always had a peculiar horror of such. What was his surprise, therefore, to recognize in the person of the lady who stood so calmly before him, his former "Indy-love"—Miss Sarah Fairfield. The past, which lay beyond those ten long years of separation, rushed upon him with a bewildering force, and he almost lost his self-possession.

"You will please allow me," she continued, "to say somewhat upon the point last presented. As far as muscular strength is concerned, man entirely has the advantage—in decision and energy of character he is often superior, but not always; but in point of endurance, both physical and mental, woman stands pre-eminent. She has long been called the 'weaker sex,' but when I see her restricted from the air and out-door employments, and 'confined to the wearisome toil of the needle, or the endless monotony of household arrangements—when I see her go more than half a century, and burdened with fashions which cramp and destroy her, in body and soul, then I cannot but wonder at the strength of a constitution which is, apparently, so delicate. She also meets pain, deprivation, long continued exertion, watching, and anxiety, with a courage and constancy worthy of all admiration. The woman who, under ordinary circumstances, has become the mother of three, four, or five children, nurtured and reared them, attended upon them through all the various ills and accidents incidental to childhood and youth, and at the same time has faithfully sustained her reputation as a wife and member of the great human family, has passed through a course of discipline—a fiery ordeal, which a hero of the Crusades could scarcely equal. I say not this to exalt my own sex, but that these husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, who hear my reflection and arrive at wise and equitable conclusions. Man, by his great muscular energy, and freedom from the peculiar duties which nature has appointed to woman, may build great monuments of labor and strength, but woman, in the faithful discharge of her relations, lays the foundation of a mighty superstructure, whose top reaches to the Infinite, and whose grandeur and beauty, none but those who see with the clear, impartial eye of the spirit, can behold."

Miss Fairfield took her seat, and Professor W. with a very polite bow, turned directly to his manuscript. He finished his discourse with nervous haste, recommended to the attention of purchasers his last literary work, entitled "Sciencology, or a Battle with a Shadow,"—being a complete exposition and overthrow of "Modern Spiritualism"—and then, thanking his audience for their polite attention, dismissed them at once.

CHAPTER II.

The Professor did not rest well that night. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of unsuccessful lectures and conversational audiences, and his waking hours were filled with visions of the past, which, in the clear "moonlight of memory," seemed almost like reality. Sarah Fairfield's face was again before him—her voice in his ears, and his whole soul yearning for that companionship, which he had so blindly rejected in the past. Experience had taught him, that it was not enough to marry a member of his garments and a sharer of his food and shelter. His noble and better nature required a counterpart—not only an intimate, but a pure communion, and setting aside his horror of strong minded women and literary blues, he felt that only with a refined and cultivated female nature, could he find the sympathy which he desired. Sarah Fairfield alone seemed the impersonation of his ideal, but his pride, like a threatening monster, stood between them.

"What has possessed me!" he exclaimed at length, "I feel as if under the influence of enchantment!" He elected a pitcher of water and plentifully deluged his head, bidding thereby to cool the fever of his brain, but it availed little, for he could find no rest. Observing at length that the crimson flush of morning was fast overspreading the sky, he hastily arrayed himself and went forth for an early walk. The clear, cool air, was truly refreshing. The trees were laden with blossoms, and the birds had already begun their cheerful songs.

Not heeding whether he went, the Professor strolled leisurely onward, until he came to a picturesque cottage, standing apart from the main road, and embowered in trees and flowering shrubs. It suited his taste exactly. He leaned over the front gate in silent admiration, viewed the garden beds, with their neat evergreen borders, and tasteful arrangement of flowers.

"Can you tell me who owns this place?" he asked of a rude countryman, who just then went whistling by.

"Miss Fairfield, sir—our Doctor woman. Tell you what, she's got a power o' money. She goes from Dan to Ipswich taking care o' the sick, and there aint a physician any where round that can best her. Lord bless her! when my Abby Jane was sick with the croup, there was three of your common doctors that could n't do the least thing in the world for her, so we sent for Miss Fairfield, and she had her up in less than no time. And what do you think! She never took a cent for it! not a cent! 'Cause she knew I was poor, and found it hard work to live, anyhow. Tell you what—there's a woman for ye!"

With another fervently ejaculated "Lord bless her!" he commenced whistling his tune again, and walked briskly away.

The Professor sighed deeply, and lost in profound meditation, he wandered slowly back to his lodgings. On the whole, however, he felt much better for his walk. He ate his breakfast with a good relish, and then sat down to read the morning papers, which had just been handed in. The first one he took up was the "Danbury Signal," a weekly paper of no small pretensions. He glanced carelessly over the columns, until his eye chanced to fall upon a poem, which immediately arrested his attention. The emotion which he manifested in reading it, arose from no slight cause. The poem ran thus:

LOVE AND LATIN.

BY ADRIAN MERRY.

Dear girls! never marry for knowledge,
(Though that should be of course, form a part)
For often the head, in a college,
Get who at the cost of the heart,
Let me tell you a fact that is real—
I once had a bean in my youth—
My highest and best bean o' soul,
Of goodness, wisdom and truth,
Oh! he talked of the Greeks and the Romans,
Of Pythagoras, and Socrates, and Plato,
And he quoted from Virgil and Homer,
And Plato, and—somebody else,
And he told me his delectable affection,
By means of a thousand strange herbs,
With numerous words in connection,
Derived from the roots of Greek verbs.

One night, as a shy incubus,
When Nature was meddled in snow,
He wrote in the frost on the window,
A sweet word in Latin—"ama."
Oh! it needed no words for expression,
For that I had long understood;
But there was his written confession—
Present tense, and indicative mood.

Alas! how man's passion will vary!
For scarcely a year had passed by,
When he changed the "ama" to "amara,"
But instead of an e, was a y.
You: a Mary had certainly taken,
The heart once so fondly my own,
And I, the rejected, forsaken,
Was left to reflection alone.

Since then I've a horror of Latin;
And students uncommonly smart;
True love—one should always put that in,
To balance the head by the heart.
To be a duo scholar and linguist,
Is much to one's credit, I know,
But "I love" should be said in plain English,
And not with a Latin "ama."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Professor, as he finished reading, and threw down the paper with a flushed countenance. "She well understood that she aimed a poisoned arrow at me, when she wrote that. Oh! how I have allowed my imagination to deceive me concerning her! But, for my own sake, I will now face this unwomanly woman. I will look at her with the eyes of my judgment and not of my heart, and tell her plainly how lightly I esteem her."

He drew out his watch hastily and looked at it, but it had stopped. "Here waiter! here!" he exclaimed, as he rung the bell with a nervous twitch. "What time is it?"

"Just nine o'clock, sir."

"All right." He folded up the paper containing the offensive poem, and thrusting it into his pocket, started off immediately. Professor Wilberforce entered that little front gate, and walked up the garden path, with the air of a man who was not afraid of anybody. His ring at the door—also very decided in character—was answered by a servant girl, who ushered him into a small, but elegant parlor. While the girl went to speak to her mistress, the Professor improved the opportunity to make various arrangements of his hair and necktie. He also drew down his shirt sleeves, so that the gold sleeve-buttons were plainly discernible, and taking off his right hand glove, he thrust it into his pocket, as there were sundry rips in it which betrayed the need of female handiwork. He had scarcely done this, when Miss Fairfield entered. The Professor rose very stiffly, but she greeted him so cordially, and entered into conversation with such apparent ease and interest, that he found it impossible to commence his animadversions.

"We have not met for many years," she said, "and although time has dealt kindly by me, yet I believe that you have met with at least one end and a bereavement."

"Yes!" replied the Professor, looking very uncomfortable.

"I felt deeply for you when I heard of it, for although Mary was much younger than myself, I always found her a lively, interesting companion, as easily moulded and influenced as a child. Some three or four years after her death, I visited the town of K—, and went into the graveyard to find her last resting place. I sought a long time, but all in vain, and was obliged to come away disappointed. Does a stone mark the spot?"

"Well—no," replied the Professor, with much hesitation. "I—I—thought of sending to Italy to have one carved expressly, but—circumstances did not admit, and therefore I have deferred it."

"That is a matter of small import," said Miss Fairfield, endeavoring to relieve his embarrassment. "Where the memory of the loved is deeply cherished in the heart, no monument is needed to mark the place of rest. Mary was always so confident and affectionate, that you must have felt her loss deeply."

"Yes," said the Professor, in a very abrupt manner. "If I recollect aright, I think I did."

His fair hearer opened her eyes with astonishment. The truth was, the Professor was so earnestly engaged in considering the way whereby he might bring out the obnoxious poem, that he was altogether unmindful of his words. He looked up quickly, and their eyes met. Vexed with himself, and embarrassed beyond all measure, he made a desperate effort at self-possession, and drawing the paper from his pocket, asked her at once if she was the author of the poem.

"I am," she replied gently, "although I cannot imagine how you could have supposed it."

"What!" exclaimed the Professor, in astonishment. "Did not the little incident here mentioned, that of writing upon the window, occur in our early association, and can I doubt therefore that you wrote this intentionally, knowing it would come to my eye?"

Miss Fairfield laughed. "I had not the slightest idea," she said, "that it would ever meet your observation; and even if it did, I had no misgivings upon the subject. The incident to which you refer, truly did happen in our early association; but further than that, the comparison should not be carried out. The poem was written for the benefit of a young cousin, who was about to sacrifice herself to a man of a dazzling, highly cultivated intellect, but of a cold, selfish heart. Whether I employed my pen usefully, or to a commendable purpose, I leave you to decide."

"Let me assure you, also, in this connection," she added, as a light flush overspread her countenance, "that my feelings toward you are of the kindest, most friendly nature. I respect your character, admire your genius, and believe in your moral sincerity."

The Professor felt his heart almost ready to melt before her truthful glance, but he resolved not to yield.

"No," he replied, as he shook his head doubtfully, and rising from his seat, looked down upon her in all his dignity. "You must not wonder if I hesitate to receive the words of a woman, who, for the sake of ambitious aims, or paltry gain, has subverted that pure affection with which God has endowed her for the holiest of purposes, in order to give place to the bewildering manifestations of the intellect. In this last ten years you may have accomplished all that for which you aimed, but to Love—the satisfaction, the exultation and completion of a woman's nature—you are yet a stranger. Let me tell you," he added, with a sharpness of which he was scarcely aware, "that I have given you the desire of your heart, but sent leanness into your soul."

"Oh, Marcus! Marcus Wilberforce!" she exclaimed, as she looked up with a pale face and tearful eyes, "you tread roughly upon a bleeding heart. I have, and do now know what it is to love with all the power of my nature. You do most cruelly misjudge and misunderstand me."

She ceased speaking, and covered her face with her hands to conceal her emotion. The Professor was surprised; but suddenly a thought flashed upon him, which quickened his pulses to a feverish speed. Could it be that he was the object of that affection? That through all these long, weary years, she had concealed this attachment in her heart, and turned to intellectual pursuits as a refuge from the sorrow within? He felt an instantaneous conviction of this, and scarce knowing what he did, he threw himself upon his knees beside her, and seizing her hands in his, he kissed them with unstrained fervor.

"Why, Professor Wilberforce!" she exclaimed, with a look of surprise, not unmingled with alarm, "what do you mean?"

"Sarah! dear Sarah!" he replied, "cast aside your pride, now and forever! By a feeling of the tenderest sympathy I have read your secret, and though I am all unworthy of your love, yet I take it to myself as eagerly as a miser would a newly discovered treasure!"

"Oh, no! no!" she answered quickly; "I did not intend to mislead you. It is another whom I love, another, and a crimson flush overspread her countenance.

"Then," said the Professor, as he rose to his feet with some embarrassment, "I have conducted foolishly, yet nevertheless I will not take back my word. I do love and esteem you, as a clear-minded, true-hearted woman; and if I cannot be happy with you, I will at least rejoice in seeing you happy with another."

"God only knows when that will be," she replied with a gust of tears, "for my hopes have been darkened of late."

"Will you not, at the least, grant me your confidence?" said the Professor.

"I will. Five years since, I pledged my heart's best affections to Howard Elliston. He was a man whom I could respect as well as love. His integrity of character, and soundness of principle, won my entire confidence. But he was a poor man. Too proud to claim me as his bride while thus situated, or to receive any advantage from my attainments, he crossed the ocean to seek his fortune. For some time, sickness and evil accidents attended him; then he wrote more hopefully, and told of his prospects of speedy success. It is now nearly a year, however, that I have heard nothing, and can gain no intelligence concerning him. If he is yet upon the face of the earth, he will return to me; but if not, my heart shall rest in the grave with him."

For some moments the two sat in silence together.

"How is it," at length asked the Professor, "that you can yet attend faithfully to your duties, with this burden upon your heart?"

"Because I remember, that aside from my own selfish interests and desires, I am also a child of God—a member of the great human family; that I have a work to do in the world, and that my true happiness does not depend so much upon any earthly union or enjoyment, as upon doing the work which the Lord hath appointed to me. Thus do I go on, leaning upon faint and weary upon the bosom of my heavenly Father, and ever cherishing the hope that when I have borne this inward cross sufficiently long, I shall receive the crown of rejoicing."

"Oh, my God! my God!" said the Professor, earnestly and reverently, "what is the wisdom of the world compared to that which thou dost bestow upon simple and obedient hearts?"

There came a sharp, quick ring at the door, next a hasty step, and then a tall, sun-burned stranger stood before them.

"Howard!" exclaimed Miss Fairfield, as she sprang forward, and he received her fainting in his arms. The strong woman who

"Had looked on death and feared it not,
Had smiled when other cheeks grew pale,"
was wholly overcome by the force of her affections.

The Professor, moved by a sense of propriety, after expressing his friendly congratulations, withdrew, leaving the joyful traveler alone with "her whom his soul loved," to tell the tale of his shipwreck while homeward bound, of his weary wanderings, and his final success and safety.

CHAPTER III.

The inhabitants of Danbury were much better pleased with the succeeding lectures on Phenology, than with the first. In fact, the Professor was most eminently successful, although he labored with a heavy heart.

Mr. Silas Wilkinson—the sedate old gentleman who had worn the red handkerchief, and described the logical circle upon the first evening—became his warm, personal friend. He invited him to his house and introduced him to his niece, Miss Katie Fay, a young woman some twenty-three or four years of age, who was studying under the direction of Miss Fairfield. She, in her turn, invited him to take tea with them, which accordingly he did, and was treated to such nice muffins and custards of Miss Katie's own making, that he scarce knew which to admire most, the young lady or her culinary skill. She was, moreover, so agreeable in conversation, and gave such evidences of a cultivated mind, that, to use his own terms, he felt himself not only "physically strengthened, but psychologically attracted, and spiritually exalted by the association." He made a phenomenological examination of her head, which he found to be very harmoniously developed, and also furnished her with a chart, and a copy of his "Sciencology, or a Battle with a Shadow." He moreover promised her various other scientific works and all the information he could possibly furnish on the subject of Phenology, as she was greatly interested, and thought that possibly she might want to lecture upon that and kindred sciences in the course of time.

The Professor bore this piece of information with the greatest equanimity, although, in past time, he would much sooner thought of administering arsenic than advice to a woman who contemplated such an undertaking. Miss Katie, however, was weaving a web of enchantment before his eyes, and he gradually became so much interested in her, that one morning, when he took up the "Danbury Signal," and saw the marriage of Mr. Howard Elliston and Miss Sarah Fairfield, it did not affect him half so deeply as he had expected.

He had not visited "Bloomdale Cottage," as the place was called, since that first eventful morning. But as he was now about leaving Danbury, and as, moreover, shortly after reading the announcement of the marriage, the wedding cards were handed him, he felt called upon to do so. He deferred it, however, till within a short time of his departure. He first strengthened his heart by an interview with Miss Katie, and then, with a cheerfulness of spirit to which he had long been a stranger, but for which he had ample reason, he started for the cottage.

He found the bride dressed in simple calico, at work among her flowers in the garden. There was a light to her eye, and a radiant expression upon her countenance, which could only come from the overflowing joy of the heart. "She welcomed him cordially, and immediately leaving her employment, invited him into the little parlor which had been the scene of their former interview. So interesting and animated was she in conversation, that the Professor tarried much longer than he had intended. At length, however, he rose to depart.

"Sarah," he said, as he extended his hand to her, "I cannot leave you without asking you to forgive me for the unkindly words which have passed my lips. As far as you are concerned, my philology is

entirely at fault. I have found that both theoretically and practically, a woman can be a philosopher, without detracting to any particular from her own proper and peculiar nature."

"Let me tell you the secret of that," said Mrs. Ellison, as she laid her hand upon his arm, and looked him earnestly in the face. "A merely intellectual woman is one of the greatest perversions which can be found in the universe; but there is a wisdom which cometh from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; when that third element is mingled with her intellectual and affectional nature, she is prepared to do her duty in each and every relation. Then her intellect is subservient to love, and a childlike humility clothes her like a garment. Professor Wilberforce, if you ever seek companionship again in this world, choose such an one, and such only."

"I think," stammered the Professor; then, hesitating, he collected himself and spoke more calmly.

"Sarah," he resumed, "you gave me your confidence, and now I will give you mine. I think I have already made such a choice. This very morning Miss Katie Fay pledged herself to be mine, through word and deed."

"Indeed! Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellison, "a better thing could scarce have happened. You have my heart's best wishes, and God bless you both!"

The Professor clasped her hand warmly, and turned away. A few hours after, Banbury lay miles distant behind him, but the enlarged views and nobler impulses which he had received there, were still fresh and active in his heart; and when, years after, Katie Fay had made his home, for him, the most blissful spot upon the face of the earth, there was no man more strenuous in his advocacy, both by word and deed, for the intellectual culture and advancement of woman, than Professor Wilberforce.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Come out doors with me, and absorb the beauties of this Indian-summer evening! Out upon the hills and into God's orchards let us go frolicking and fruit-gathering! There you may look and listen while I take a turn with this coaxing harvest-moon. She is a wide-awake night-bird, out on a pleasant voyage of discovery. Unveiled, full-faced and rosy-cheeked grandly she rises, soars and floats in the deep tranquillity. Shining gloriously like a young queen abroad, full-jeweled, gemmed, and spangled. Broadcast she scatters her light, showing us the outlines and beauty-spots of the landscape. Out from the stars banners float, and horses and chariots rush.—I see what it all means! Charous sound, and drums beat! I see what victories and jubilees are coming! God swears by Himself, and every ray of light is a positive surty.

In the eye of Borthia I see testimony enough to account for means and ends; I see how I have come up in God's life-boat through countless nativities. In each soul is the germ bearing God's own stamp, and up and out it will come and tell. No one ever clears from this custom-house without genuine and sure passports.

Behind the full-orbed moon the big stars pale and the little ones hide. Such as are near enough, beckon to me, and I promise to be there in season. They need not hurry me, for I am contented, and there is time enough. Besides I have work to do—poems to write—the sleepy and loquacious to look after.

I have my garden to weed, and lessons to give to the school-boys and school-girls. Have patience with me, and in due season I will render a true account!

I must now see what I can say of this moon of the harvest and storage season. Whilst the children sleep I will be out at the hauntings and fruit-collections.

Taking notes of the stories and love-makings of the folk-lore laborers. They heed not the passive creaking slugs his requiem, and to the departing year.

For the Spring and Summer have been this way and gone, and great are the products and remainders. The moon now comes earlier and waits latest for the husbandman and harrier.

Ever the day's door is closed, she is up with her light to help in the harvesting. All abroad she is out, roaming and coquetting with the fair and beautiful young night.

Over the fields, mountains, prairies, rivers, and lakes, they unroll their witching pictures. They revel in the city, and in the country—play in the woods—peering over and under the trees—

Dance over the house-tops, down the bay, and over the mountains, lakes and rivers. Back they come, tripping over the common, through the highways, byways, groves and gardens.

Now they go peering in at the windows, to see if the children sleep well in their cradles; If the girls have done the kitchen work, and the parlor is ready for company;

If any are sick or wounded, and how they are cared and provided for; If the old and grey grand-parents have been attended to, and made comfortable;

If the watchful mother draws the curtains that they may go in and kiss her sleeping babe; If the blooming daughter is ready—looking for them and waiting for her lover;

And see if the father has furnished any hospitality for strangers and angels.

Now they are off looking for such as have fallen short leaping ditches and pickets; For the belated hunters and trappers out on the lone prairies and mountains;

The belated market-men, who outstayed the glut and low prices; The pleasure-seekers who spun the wisdom and diet upon the follies of life;

The way-worn travelers, seeking and begging over the earth for food and lodging; The poor emigrant hunting for his first supper and bed in a strange land;

The heart-broken wife, turned out of doors, by a brutal husband; The daughter who has disobeyed—been disinherited and abandoned;

The fast son who has run in the road to ruin, and brought up in the prison-cell; The gambler who staked and lost, murdered, and tomorrow brings up on the gallows;

The miser who watches over his coffers, whilst hell-birds pick away his soul; The drunkard who sleeps in the mire with his soul crooked, scared and drugged;

The thief who thought to gain, but stole from himself all he possessed; The murderer who sought revenge, and goes to seek revenge for his wrongs and injuries;

For such as are misused, and misused, degrade and do ill to themselves; Such as loiter hungry and weak by the way, fed with an imaginary spoon; Such as have quarreled with the cook and lie grinning under the nightmare;

Such as have studied and worked at dodging, and so become dodged and evaded; Such as sail on smooth seas, and see no use for any chart or light-house;

Such as have misused the way, got into bad company, and are wrangling over the reckoning; Such as cling to avarice and blindly fall into the ditch with their mouths open;

Such as keep boiled doors, and confound their council and add to themselves;

Such as cut virtue and truth, and take shares and chances with vice and falsehood;

Such as are building rocks upon sand, and stupidly admiring the architecture;

Such as cannot forgive themselves, and are fearful of the present and future;

Such as can neither bear with their own, or others' faults and failings;

Such as have gone to law, and fared like the "ass that had many owners";

Such as are quarreling and cannot agree about causes, conditions and consequences;

Such as made ready for a fair day, and a foul one rushed in and cleared the house;

Such as have no house, and such as are never at home if they have one;

Such as pass by open doors and go peering into corners and rat-holes;

They approach and salute them all, and come to such terms and understandings as they can.

Their manners and movements are lawless as the birds, and as beautiful.

Everywhere they are welcome as a best friend, and as much to be made of.

Once they waited and stooped upon the Temples and Gods of the Montezumas;

Upon the red man by the "Father of Waters," when it washed the primeval forest;

Upon the first navigators of the lakes, who left no account of their voyages;

Upon the hunters by the Columbia and Hudson, and they who built the mounds by the Ohio;

Upon the Great Valley when the mammoth and mastodon roamed the forest;

And Spring and Autumn came to waste places without sowers or reapers.

O beautiful moon! how many warm-hearted lovers have knelt and sung to thee!

How many loves and hopes have you raised to inaccessible pleasures!

How many faint-hearted doubters have you drawn from their cowardice!

How many skeptics have been almost, or quite persuaded by you and the stars!

They had been to the kneeling, heard the prayer and the sermon, but you and they said more!

"This said you have played queer pranks—made men and women raving mad."

It may be so—I'd sooner think your smiling face would calm the mood of madness.

I can tell the harm of thee! I believe in your purpose, beautiful Queen of the Night!

(The doctors may not always know what they are talking about.)

In thy soft light the mother quiets her babe at her streaming breast, and kisses it to sleep.

The sick man turns and moans on his bed of pain, till thy gentle rays soothe him to rest.

As often as they coming the slowly-wasting consumptive hails and bleeds thee!

Thou addest lustre and beauty to the angels' wings who watch and wait over the dying!

Calm and peaceful is thy influence in the sick room, and at thy coming, hope revives.

When the wind sleeps upon his soft bed of grass and flowers, with leafy curtains drawn over the hills.

Then welcome is thy coming, with smiles and friendly looks and greetings!

Hopefully thou comest to the forsaken—the weary and troubled soul;

To him who sees no way clear—the present dark, and the future darker;

To the lonely mariner sailing over strange seas, home-sick and sorrowful;

To the lone mother, watching over her fatherless children, anxious for the future;

To the poor slave who prays and runs, and swears by his legs he will gain his freedom;

To the night-sentinel, who walks his lonely rounds, watchful of his country's safety;

To the suicide, tired of the world and its wrongs, and is going out with his rope;

To the wretched mariner, dashing upon the rocks, and struggling for breath and food;

To the navigator of the polar seas, frozen up for the long and dreary winter-night;

To all sea or land voyagers and wanderers, whether happy or unhappy.

Nearest and furthest seem they rising now, and thy welcome comes surest and heartiest;

To all questioning, tones of answering love come audibly or otherwise.

Light sparkles from the jeweled crests of the playful water-ripples.

From the eyes of dew-drops, bright rays stream over the meadows and tree-tops.

Into the heart and soul thy influence silently work thy soothing sedatives.

And softly they expand like leaves and flowers under the welcome urgency of light and heat.

The pale student folds his books and goes out to bathe in the magnificence and beauty of night harmonies;

The wrapt lover to catch inspiration, and out of the soul of song draw jewels for his mistress;

The seduced and abandoned, for sympathy to ease the hard burden of their disappointments;

The successful and the unsuccessful for strength to meet their responsibilities and trials.

Impatient and wakeful birds look on thee, and become half musical again.

The foxes are abroad, running over the fields and meadows, barking out their satisfaction.

The faithful house dog answers them, keeping an eye to the henry and duck yard.

The racoon crawls out of the hollow tree, climbs to the top and whistles off his joy.

The musk-rats are out surveying and building up their mud-mounds for winter quarters.

The pickered darts from his covert, looks, and moves back again to his fly-bell.

Light and shades lie spread over the river, fields, pastures, and mountains.

All over the landscape are crowded the beauties of thy picture-paintings.

The hills and trees look like the stately and paintings of God's great picture gallery.

Where may be seen the sufficiently healthy and efficient purposes of universal Nature.

The bridge-groom comes and raps, and the echoes sound through the bed-rooms of the world.

Bittern, Sept. 1860.

The Remorse of It.

Bayard Taylor attempts to explain why our own White Mountain scenery is not so satisfying to the soul as that of the Scotch Highlands, the Lower Alps, or the Jura. His philosophy of it is like this: "Virgin nature has a complete charm of its own; so has nature under subjection, cultivated, enriched, fashioned as a dwelling place for man; but that transition state, which is neither one thing nor the other, gives an unsatisfactory impression in the midst of our highest enjoyment. Imagine the intervals of the Sacra under the through culture, the grass fields thick and smooth, the grain heavy, not a stump to be seen, the trees developed in their proper forms, fair pastures on the hillsides, alpine cottages high up on the mountains, thrifty villages, farm-houses and summer villas scattered over the landscape, and what is left for the eye to crave? But take it now, with its frequent unsightly clearings, its fields dotted with ugly stumps, and the many single trees which, growing up spindly in the midst of others, are now left standing alone, robbed of their characteristic form, and you will readily see that here are discordant elements in the landscape. It is not always the absolute superiority of nature which we recognize; we are influenced by these indirect impressions, and they are not to be reasoned away."

A young man in conversation one evening chanced to remark, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or to any one else."

Original Essays.

VIEWS FROM THE INTERIOR.

BY L. JUDY PARKER.

They do say that in immense and magnificent Paris many people live after a fashion thus wise: Huge piles of structures are reared, rising story upon story to a dizzy height. Not often, in this our land, are such buildings for private habitation seen, save as some grand hotel structure, in the European style, presents the parallel. In buildings of this sort, there, in the French capital, almost every grade of society has a representation—caste or quality decreasing and lessening down, in conventional estimate, as you rise in them, skyward. On the first floor the porter or janitor keeps watch and guard; then, commencing, you may measure the grades. The nobleman, or man of wealthy ease, has his suite of rooms *parade*. One round up—and the next in rank or station, as to title, position and fullness of purse, no matter how empty in heart or head of the riches of affection or thought, has his "lone habitation," till, as you stop on the top-step, you may perhaps, find some poor wretch—the most wretched of all—fretting on the sight of faucies kindled with the scant fire-flame as it is kindled, if stern winter be in; or, if it is sweet summer-time, feeding upon the view of sky made gloriously rich either in the travel or departure of a blessed-faced day—these, mayhap, the chiefest food through many a diurnal revolution. So in the world of spirit, but *reversé*. The aristocracy of the skies, whose title and claim to nobility and precedence comes not from, nor rests upon, the impure worth of the red blood of body, but is from the pure, white-shining and electric stuff—criticism of what they essentially are, this, and wrapped around as this a frame-work, for a palpitating garb—sit, and walk, and work, far above the dark, and gross, and low levels of misdirected intelligent life. The halls are first—the moral halls; then the rising circle-kingdoms of progressive and progressed spirit; the angelic dominions next, and last, the archangelic groups and lives, in the fullness, and majesty, and mystery of their divine estate, like a coneying empire rising over all—this is the order there. Let us see if we may not get various views, thence, from all that dissimulate.

Can we not see, accept it, not as simply an accredited, but as a known and felt fact, that the world of spirit is? Then let us make some interrogation as to what it is, since it must be something substantial, if anything, no matter how nice and fine the test of it and its measurement. To him gone there, we feel and know it must be as real, at least, as all this effluence of matter—a condition and a locality; for the kingdoms of existence anywhere are both within and without. Around all the golden orbs, and in them, and through them, it extends and winds, rising circle upon circle and plane upon plane, latitudinized and longitudinized, corresponding with the material world, whose electric breath and emanating spirit is it, as to composite quality, whose orbited status, each connected by silver-shining ties with each, is it as to locality. Now we see strain obtain in everything; not only geologic and atmospheric, but characteristic and dynamic also. Else the outer is not the core forth and representation of the inner idea. We cannot, I think, claim that the realm of spirit comes from that of grosser matter. It existed within the latter, antecedent thereto; or did, at least, that sphere of the same, called the celestial—the originative, the combinative-creative plane—just as the mind of the infinite, engendering all possible formulas of creation, pushed out along the line of gone eternities, the numberless burning and resplendently shining worlds. Design ever antecedent. The use of man's body is to individualize his celestial self, as a spirit; so the body of creation gives individualized form and appearance to the internal and (to the outer), invisible life thereof.

We state that plane upon plane, circle upon circle, and sphere upon sphere, the world of spirit is, while "deeps open beyond deep" in the infinitude of space-substance. Is not space substance? If not, what is it? What, if not electric or magnetic substance? We, indeed, here, are on the outer edge and rim of formed, existent, and circling suns, with all their star-broods. Through the abysses of that called void, are the red runs and whiff changes of comets forms seeking eternally, "a lone habitation and a name." So we rise upward toward the land of pure spirit, not striking down, as a bucket descends in some Pennsylvania coal mine, nor yet pushing out and off from the light and blessedness of the sun-faces of the Divine.

Not only, too, is the land of spirit stratified, but men are, also. There are strata of character; and we, down deep, as to the possibilities and powers of the Divine in self, work up and through and out of the planes of darkness, the misdirection from vice, and the moral halls of ignorance and moral want. Man, microcosm, has all flaming moral halls within him, as all possible and beatified and golden-hued heavens. The plane he inwardly lives upon co-ordinates him to that he will in spirit tend and go to. This we know.

Are there not hells? Not, of course, the fabled, physical, net, whose fiery blasts whirl around, like a top, the blissing souls of the so-called damned; but such of the moral kind there are, where despair and darkness terrible, of the mind, wrap the millioned companions. Never, I think, could the conception of a hell hereafter obtain and hold out so long, were there not some basis in reality for it. And this brings me more specially to speak of the various world of spirit, its different circles and societies, its nationalities and methods—briefly, it is true—and, above all, its operative, subductive, refining, transforming, and constructive and directive influences over us mortals.

Aspirer may conclude that a sphere of and misdirection exists in some lands of the spirit, where, the ships on fire, and driven by the blasts of passion, untold immortal beman and curse the dread calamities of their states. Such, indeed, at last—since God is *for* love—shall rise from the moral pits and prison-houses, and shine like stars in the firmaments of soul. But how now is it with them? Let us not, even through compassion and a sympathetic fellow-feeling, seek to escape facts thrust upon us. Here we see, yearly, millions of the misdirected and passion-aten of earth's sons and daughters launched, like finished vessels—finished because individualized—from off the stocks of the mortal into the immensities of the spirit. What becomes of them? Gross themselves, must they not go to gross spheres? Dark and undeveloped, do the angel radiance attract them, and the watch fires, and dawns, and daylight of these blessed circles? It certainly cannot be so concluded, I think. They gravitate to correspondent conditions and localities; for their heaven, transformed into, or revealed a hell, as they begin to realize their own miserable state, is both a locality and a condition. We may affirm as true the dual side of every view.

Now I estimate that, in the boundless and thick-peopled spirit lands, there are seven circles, rising like planes, or vast stories, one upon and above the

other. Spreading immensely, any given level plane extends circularly, till, rising spirally and pointing upward, it gathers itself to itself, so to speak, and so joins with the whirling and stretching level above. First circles, then spirals, then circles again, and so on, till, looking into the shining sun-face of God, the countless constellations, and all that in them is, are shot off, by the centrifugal force of the positive center, into the deeps, so vast, of reflected and still reflecting immensity. In that second sphere of spirit, seven circles there are, then; and, likewise, three heavens above the hells. Numbers, like language, are not conventional and human inventions so much, but existent in the nature of things and discoveries. The three, the seven, and the twelve, may be called sacred numbers; also, in dynamical mathematics, these so subserve marked, special and striking uses. Consider, from analogical reason, whether this be not thus and so.

The inhabitants of the next two circles, and especially those in the first, are in the moral hells; for misdirection, vice, passion, ignorance, the inversion and extremism of inherently divine faculties, rule them. Like lead, they gravitate, in their grossness and heaviness of spirit, there. We certainly see such, as characterized, go from this, the first sphere—thousands, millions of them, yearly; and they go individualized. The affections and impulses and thoughts, theirs, make and mar them; and from these there can be no sudden or quick release. Who can jump into new states? True, the foregoing may be the more affirmed of the first than of the second circle, since in the latter are societies and conditions not so terrific, but tending and approximating to the freedom which release from the tyranny of passion, and prejudice, and gross ignorance confers.

Now every circle, so various in its multi-varied life, must be, and is, divided into a vast number of societies and groups. One general level of mental state obtains on any given plane, but the diversities of special and idiosyncratic affection, impulse, and aim, make the marked society difference. How huge a number is disembodyed, like a dark stream covered with dark ships and boats, into each of these two circles, from this, our earth, annually! Are there not really, dark ones there? The good negro may shine white and pure; but the actualized and beauteous white, and is, dark and spotted. It is wonderful, but 'tis true; internal states, which make the man, give form, and shape, and color, to his outer. So many a beautiful body on earth is hideous in the spirit land. Does not, now, the general state of the world's character assimilate more to these than to the higher planes—to these low, dark, and gross groups? For ignorance, misdirection, and a relative evil, many-minded, rule the millioned masses. When, then, this plane is gradually lit up, and refined, and progressed by the wisdom-lights which make wide-spread and copious descents, and roll, in big, intelligent waves over the lands, the first epoch in the grand depuratory work of the corresponding hells is reached. So one may preach to spirits in prison, and teach many a lesson, by a reformed life and righteous example to the host at atracted hither from the hells. The incense of purified ether rises; or like returning tides to sea, push us into the kingdoms of the spirit. In captivity, the misdirected see no higher from where they are. Their own thoughts and ruling affections are their prison-houses, and limit, and confine, and shut in the miserable victims. They come back here we know, because more related and attached to the sphere from whose mixed and foul magnetism, they cannot get altogether away; till some flashed light, some dawn in the moral consciousness, some up-gush and some forth from the covered depths of the God within, generates and vivifies a yearning for the better, and higher, and purer state. Not only unquestionably do they come back, using that expression as referential to their appearance as active agents in our midst, but multitudes of them leave not the sphere of their former abodes, or the enervating sphere of the planet. And they do more than this. They set upon their likes in the form, or seek to tempt the pure. Can you ignore or up the law of affinity? Let there be but an open vision upon every one, and the many-hued of this kind may be seen—in the hells on earth, or where any of us lose, for an instant, the moral balance. So many a mortal is hell-haunted. No man can escape the companionship of spirit, whether lost in the tangled windings of Brazilian forests, upon unknown oceans, if any such there be, or mixing and mingling with the masses and multitudes of many lands. An invisible host, white-shining and glorious, or dark and spiritually deformed, waits upon the world. If, then, men here are captives of lust, and vice, and crime, what unseen companionship is theirs? Let analogical reason answer. How many an one has been driven, by the misdirected in spirit, down the black stream of crime, faster and faster, into the very jaws of a penal death! The bright ones sorrow, and linger, till no longer able to touch to a better way, they must needs let the hells rule the day. It is not too much to say these last are let loose. The same law opening the doors of blessed communion with the wise and good, lets the various-colored armies of the temporarily damned and lost; for man must attract his like, and be tremendously affected and influenced thereby.

Now if the hells are open and swarm upon us, for what good end? Since every evil is over-deemed and mired—wrapped by its adverse, or this last is held within the first, like a sweet medicine within the poisonous plant, a seed within the roughest, hardest shell. First, then—they subserve the use of intensification, and so push on that vast work of a greater and greater susceptibility to the touch of the spirit and its influence. Next—they help the labor of disintegration, necessarily antecedent to the new and divine reconstruction hereafter to come. And, lastly—they themselves, the people who dwell in the dark lands of spirit, or ones but dimly lit by wisdom's light, must catch some fresh born hope, have flashed to them a gleam of better brightness than their darkness, or hear a pregnant voice or two in the deeper consciousness of them of that divine gospel, or regenerative, we call progress perpetual. I do think the facts and philosophy, so copious upon us, will sustain this view.

But let us rise to a better land, and enter the first heaven. The third and fourth circles compose it; and we begin to get here the radiance of Wisdom—of Natural Wisdom. These, so numerous, societies and groups are cognizant of, and familiar with, Cause. They have escaped the bonds of the flesh and of sense, the world's prejudices and its petty opinions, its rank ignorance of things as they are in God and Nature; and they are wise from the illuminations of Science. Into this heaven the diversified literary classes, scientists, authors, and benefactors, chiefly go; but millions, too, unknown to fame, whose simple lives were alike unknown as votaries of manufactured and theologically interpreted Gods. The good-intentioned readily gravitate thither—such as are relatively free in that intention. There, these all, hosts upon hosts of them, of every diversity possible to a given plane, are, and dwell, and work. Labor is perpetual. And they linger here till, schooled and graduating thence, they rise to the circles of Spiritual Wisdom, and tend to the Angelic degree. The first and

second circles are ruled by *Self-Love*; but these, of the third and fourth, and a growing and brightening life in the exercise of the *Paternal* kind. They dwell in the first heaven, and come to earth to rectify error. Not there so much, is it, to unfold and teach new and constructive truths, but to indicate amongst other teachings the gospel and theology of Nature, the supremacy of right Reason, (comprehending intuition,) and the use and divinity of the law of Progress. They love the good for its own sake—the good, as they apprehend it—and seek to enact it on earth. Many illustrious persons, once on earth and powerful here where they are, are occupants of the first heaven, which perpetually sends its graduates into the second.

The second heaven, ruled in the light of a higher wisdom, greets us next. The fifth and sixth circles make it. The inhabitants hereof are students of spiritual wisdom, and still cultivators of the natural and transitional kinds. They are in the sphere of universal love. Especially is this the case with the dwellers on the illumined, spiritually ennobled, and gloriously visaged sixth circle. They are these last, angelic, and come to a knowledge of ends. The gift of prophecy is perfected to a great extent amongst them, and they grasp and teach to lower circles, and to earth, grand principles. We get thence revelations of the planned will of God, formed in divine constancies, whose messengers, revelators and exorcists to man they are.

What is an angel? I answer, a highly unfolded, wise and relatively perfected spirit; and an arch angel is a perfected angel, and a ruler in the midst of them. When the first Consul of France, the versatile (the-mind and iron-handed Napoleon, set out at the head of his armies, he had with him many a bated marshal, commanders of corps and brigades. So an arch angel, wise and loving as well as mighty, is a general and marshal over an angel band. They of this grade have authority by divine right—by that law which enacts that the higher and superior, in the unfolding of love and wisdom, shall take the precedence of and direct the lower and inferior. The arch-angel rise to and dwell in the seventh circle, the *celestial-spiritual*. It is the Truth sphere, for here the blended loves and wisdoms, conjoined, form, through centuries of unfolding, that grand composite and harmonious character, fitting, through the roll and round of many other centuries, for a birth into the absolute celestial. How divine and powerful the office of the arch-angel! Upon them it is given to guard and direct the nationalities—to say, as with the voice of God, "Let this nation arise and stand out monumentally; let that deteriorative one go through its ure, go back whence it came, and give up its treasured life to the world." The grand-angel host is withdrawn, and, stop by step, decay comes on, till memories—these and nothing more—make the requiem. Potentates of the skies, they are yet profoundly conscious of the God-powers beyond them. They feel God in the depths of being, through all the mental states, and are students of all the wisdoms, but chiefly of the *celestial*, which overcomes and sweeps around the rest. That, to them, is a wondrous revelation of the Infinite life and way; a subtle, winding, deep, and wide-reaching, and illuminative light of the Holy One. Like the angels, whose perfected kind they are, they see in everything, and teach it as one of the grandest gospels of the ages. They proclaim now, in this turbulent but brightening day of the races, the law of *sub mission*; for they feel it as the chiefest lesson in all the colleges. Truth and Love, wedded in them, is directed by Wisdom's light, and she speaks over of the law. What is done by them is enacted as if it were, as it is, the God in them, the God descending, from the absolute celestial to them. This inter-consciousness gives a light and glow to all the expanse of their glorified being. They take the general name of truths.

Are there not nominations in the divine domain? Names have signify real states, and things, and missions. So there are general and special ones; ones of a circle, ones of a society, and likewise of a group. Even now do the angels seek to externalize to man their ways; and they write upon the brow of selected or marked ones, the missioned appellation. Searchings have been in our midst, selectments and settings apart for holy uses, of men and women; and the high angel congress seeks to duplicate itself on earth.

What a Congress of the skies? So it is and comes to us. Is not the life of spirit very natural? Have the departed and glorified lost the faculty for associative work? Enriched by the acquisition of numerous truth-thoughts and cognizant by retrospection; and a direct sight and insight of the world's varied experiences, natural, social, and individual, they assuredly are not only fit teachers, but fit leaders, governors, guides. Besides, their life, as stated, to ripen up and rule the world, just as Great Britain, when in her juster moods, sends help and aids to her dependent colonies, and bend choirs to them to represent her latent father and mother will.

The angel-world which is beginning to open to man the full Christ-promised truth—dispensation, has organized, by national elections in the spirit, a grand universal congress there; and when that congress shall, throughout the lands externalize its duplicated self, and set in motion the now forming machinery of a great, composite, harmonious, executive movement, then, I think, will it be seen that the higher lives, through and by ante-naturally selected and unfolded ones on earth, is a tremendous and overmastering power. By degrees, making evolution of itself naturally, that power will come forth, and give divine and significant exhibit; and so shall to unfold the height, and length, and breadth, of the plane of the angel-world.

Do not nationalities exist in the spirit? I think so. 'Neath the composite realm of the celestial-spiritual, and far below, the ones of the same nature love to dwell together, as they may. True, when they become *universalized*, they are no longer so much nationalized. But even then as nations, distinct and of hostile to each other, exist on earth, do they seek by unions in the spirit to succor and to aid the lands of their birth—if a forward-looking wisdom and justice permits—if the planned will of God admit. The misdirected of the hells, knowing not the will of God, do not, save as involuntarily they may by their acts and deeds

and drink, direct, their alien. They subject the elements to a refined, sympathetic chemistry; new combinations grow out of their labor. The animal, with its strong teeth, can now grind down the vegetable fibre, and extract those substances which build up its organization. The carnivora, the flesh-eaters, cannot digest such food, however, more than the herbivora, the plant-eaters, can, the mineral. The mineral must pass through the plant, and the plant-eater, before they can enter the structure of the flesh-eater.

See how the equilibrium is maintained. If not for carnivora the herbivora would overstock the earth; eat up all the plants, and perish amid a desert. Now, however, the flesh-eaters, plant-eaters and plants are exactly balanced, and never, except locally, is the balance between them disturbed. When over it, how soon it is regained, and that, too, by the very disturbing causes!

Successive seasons of fertility people the vast prairies of North America with herds of cattle. The stragglers cut off by beasts of prey are of no account. The plains are stocked to their utmost capacity in seasons of greatest luxuriance. There comes the season of parching drought. The grass withers, is blown to dust; the soil cracks in yawning seams; the air is like the breath of a furnace; the streams and springs fail. The reptiles, when such drenching presences, have a singular way of avoiding it, bestowed by the torpidity of their general circulation, and consequent sluggishness of their vital powers. They go to sleep, and do not awake until the danger is passed. The herbivora cannot wrap themselves up in a coat of mud and become oblivious. They flee, therefore, to less parched districts. But, save themselves as they can, they are, destined again and again, and when the winds again consent to bear them burdens of rain, and the fresh grass clothes the prairie with a splendid emerald carpet, few return of the sleek herds that swarmed like bees the former year. The equilibrium is restored on one side to be destroyed on the other. The spring recedes—the pendulum swings as far on the other side. Vegetation, its enemies destroyed, grows rank; and the prairie, gorged like a swollen lawn, surges like a billowy sea. The grass decays, still further stimulating the excess, and the excrement of the herds increases the enormous growth. Now comes the fire, devouring the excess, and drives away the plant food into the air, which bears it to less favored regions, where the kind rains wash it down into the scanty soil. The animals increase on the tender shoots which spring from the black and smoking desert; and after a time the pendulum swings again on the other side, and the process is repeated.

As in the realm of life, so in that of worlds. Perturbations occur, planets swerve from their orbits, but the same force which draws them out of place, compels their return. What if the moon takes a spiral line around the earth, full of loops and turnings; she always gets to the appointed place at the appointed time, and never comes nearer, or goes farther than her prescribed limits.

The planets were so named, because such transient and wanderers. Now, however, it is ascertained that if they were mounted on cars running on iron railways, with the truest conductors, guided by perfect chronometers, they would not make their journeys more surely, nor arrive in better time. Attractions, which waste them onward, keeps tally of every revolution, and compels punctuality.

Once we were frightened by the idea of astronomers who taught that as a traveler, when traversing a forest, sees the trees closing together behind him while they recede before him—the stars in one quarter of the heavens are closing together, while in the opposite they are receding—showing that our solar system, like a look of down upheld by an invisible breath, is rushing, a thousand times faster than a cannon ball, into the unknown regions of space. How awfully sublime the idea; how little, how insignificant, how lost we seem! Relief came; the sublimity, however, remained. Our system is not shot off on a tangent, straight toward the thickest cluster of stars, to be wrecked on the rock-bound coast of some unknown world; but it swings round a great central body, which chains it with ponderous dable, and sets it in motion in harmony with all the star dust of the firmament, like toys to dance in the beams of its adamantine magnetism. We are not leaving our position for good, but eventually will swing round again. A million eons of ages may intervene, but we shall return.

Comets frighten, but they are never wrecked. Revolution after revolution their light substance obeys, as truly as the most ponderous planets. Whether coursing on the wings of lightning round the fiery cops of the system, melted down and evaporated to unimaginable tenuity, or going out until their frozen orbs advance but a single foot in a second, it is ever the same.

Now I ask what is the meaning of these phenomena? Is a divine, omnipotent, planner at the head, and does his essence pervade them all? Perhaps—we know not. This we do know, that the compensation and design we observe do not prove the existence of intelligence. We have endeavored to settle this point. The essence may exist too deeply seated for finite comprehension, but in the absence of all knowledge we cannot receive this theory. The true philosopher must await the proof, patiently, expectantly, and when it does come be ready to receive, hesitatingly, and promulgating it to the world. Something underlies all these specialities, and that something we have asserted and attempted to prove to be the attributes of matter, these properties on which its existence depends, which make it matter. A finally it is impossible to reach, yet, at least, a rational system of investigation may be marked out—a better system of philosophy presented. The law by which this equilibrium is established and maintained is clearly defined as being constitutional and inherent in the universe, and on this basis all investigation should be conducted. If we philosophize, here our theories rest; if we study specialities here we find a foundation capable of supporting all Nature, and showing a unity amid her infinite diversity.

ABOUT FRONTS.—The editor of the *Nashua* (H. D.) Telegraph entertains a very odd notion about the sudden appearance of frogs in certain places, believing, of course, with many others, that they rain down from the sky. Here is his idea:

"Our own theory is, that these frogs may be taken up into the air in an extremely minute size—in a kind of animal state—by evaporation, and are held in air until, by some wonderful process of electricity, perhaps, they are developed into perfect toads, and come tumbling down, neck and heels, to the wonder of the unfortunates who see them, or until they develop in a natural process, and are finally brought down by their own gravity, or by the rush of the rain."

CHILDREN IN EXERCISE.—In a town not a hundred miles from Boston, a bright little girl of five years, was recently standing by a window while examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing my daughter?" asked her mother, whose curiosity was excited by her eager gaze. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child. "The Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this."

Who spits against heaven, it falls on his head.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Plato's startling question to Jesus: *Quid est veritas?* (What is truth?) has been happily converted into an anagram to the comprehensive reply: *Est veritas aliquid.* (It is the man who is before you). The inquiry of the Roman Governor occupies the attention of every rational and honest mind at the present day. In former times mankind accepted what their leaders gave, as law. They did not seek for truth, for they had little light by which to seek; they could not comprehend spiritualized conceptions; they must have visible, tangible objects, on which to lavish adoration. Hence their idolatry and superstition. Slowly a new era dawned. Men ceased to worship golden calves and images of stone; they aspired to something better, and inspiration responded to their aspiration. Still they inclined to hero worship, and semi-deified their leading minds, until another revolution in the world of thought had almost banished that species of idolatry from the earth, and men ceased to deify each other. Then Reason and Science lent their aid to further the growth of mind. Here and there one threw off his old shackles and, hesitatingly, prayerfully began the search for truth.

Notwithstanding its vital importance to the human race, every advance of truth has met with opposition, often with violent persecution; and nearly every leading and original mind the world has ever known, whether in politics, science or religion, has been a martyr to his cause. Even in this enlightened age of the world, whoever departs from the old, worn ruts in the track of thought, and uses those faculties with which he has been endowed by his Creator, and which he is commanded in thunder-tones to exercise, is branded as a heretic and an infidel. Society discards him, and, if he succeeds at all, as success is usually defined, it is only because he has a will strong enough to overcome the arbitrary power of public opinion, and an arm able to carve his own path in spite of opposition.

What earthly or unceremonious object can any human being have, that he should endeavor to destroy even the most insignificant atom of truth, or render miserable his own future existence? Yet every man who holds himself ready to receive truth, comes from whatever source it may, becomes a mark for the ridicule, the sarcasm, and even the persecution of society.

Was it magnanimous to imprison Galileo? Was it rational that Copernicus should have been excommunicated by a Vatican decree? Was it wise that the founders of the Christian religion should have been persecuted, imprisoned and burned at the stake by that infamous mob of Jewish bigots?

All truth belongs to God. Men may deny it, may refuse to mold their lives by it, may crucify its advocates, but they cannot harm it. It is as eternal as the throne of heaven itself! Can it be tarnished by the puny hand of man? As well attempt to pluck the brightness from the noonday sun; and yet the world has ever been afraid to have it brought to light.

What is truth? The Hindu prescribes the Shaster to his fervent lips, the Persian holds aloft the Zend avesta, the Mohammedan devoutly points to the Koran, and the Christian clings his Bible to his heart. Each has the gratifying consciousness that he only has the word of life direct from heaven; each feels a yearning compassion for all who are deprived of his inspired guide. The first worships Brahma, and bemoans himself with the mud of the Ganges; the second venerates the revelations of Ze-roaster, and bows before his blinding God; the third deems Mahomet the latest prophet sent down from heaven; and the last is loth to believe that Moses and Aaron were only men.

The inquirer after truth, if he consult the theories of men is constantly bewildered, and, perchance, led to exclaim: "Is there no guide?" and we, who have been reared under its influence, demand with surprise and impatience, "Is not the Christian's Bible a record of inspiration?" Most certainly it is; but the character of inspiration ever has been, and ever will be, determined by that of aspiration. Men were inspired in the days of Moses, Solomon, St. John, and they are inspired to day! Whenever their aspirations have been pure and holy, true inspiration has followed; and wherever and whenever a spark of truth has found its way to the light of day, in the name of God and humanity let it be received! but in the name of common sense let us not throw away our time and talents in writing ponderous volumes of theology, which vainly and foolishly endeavor to show that the metaphors of Hebrew poetry, limited four thousand years ago, must be considered in a literal sense at the present day.

All truth is from God, and therefore sacred; yet that recorded in the Bible, or the Shaster, or any other collection of human experiences and inspirations, is not more sacred than that imprinted on the leaves of the forest. The truth received by Jewish lawgiver or Buddhist priest, of old, on rocky tablets or by word of mouth, is no more authentic than that carved on the rocks of every quarry to-day. It speaks to the human heart with one concordant voice, "Be pure! Go higher! Live for eternity!" All truth is from God, and there are two methods by which it is imparted to mankind—the open volume of nature, and the breathings of inspiration on the unaccounted human soul; and every developed mind, when it receives a message through one of these sources, can rise up with the consciousness of moral manhood, and thunder forth to the startled world, "This is truth, though at enmity with the philosophy of ages!"

S. S. WALLMAN.

Religious Beliefs.

We copy the following from the *Amesbury Village*:

"The rise and progress of the sect termed Spiritualists, is a remarkable evidence of the religious element of man's nature. Commencing with a few pretended 'raps' upon a table, merely exciting in the minds of the casual observer remarks of scorn and derision, its peculiar religious belief has worked with so much power on the mind, that hundreds of thousands are now firm believers in its doctrines. Men and women, from the common walks of life, of but little cultivation in the schools of learning, become 'developed as speaking mediums,' and astonish the world by the eloquence and power of their utterances. It is neither wise nor sensible to brand this doctrine as 'quackery,' as believers in 'quackery' believe in the communion of spirits as a vital truth, as a guide to purity and devotion to God, their lives and characters as fully demonstrate as do those of any other sober, religious sect. There has never been a new sect, with a new creed of worship, organized without meeting with opposition and denunciations from those who occupied the field before them. The most powerful religious organizations of New England attest to this truth. The Baptists and Quakers could only establish themselves in Rhode Island. The toleration of free religious opinions is scarcely a century old, and not yet have the various sects grown into the fellowship of 'brotherly love.'"

The Spiritualists claim to be a religious body, and there is nothing in their belief, however strange and unaccountable it may seem to us, which should subject them to denunciation or scorn. The word 'individual' cannot with truth be employed against them. It can only be applied to those in whom the religious sentiment has received no word of approval, and who deny the reality of a future state of existence; and it is for this reason that all religious sects look down

upon the term with so much abhorrence. When it shall have been proved that the Spiritualists, as a body, are false to truth, to reason and judgment; when they outrage reason by ravings against the divine commands of God, then will they merit and receive the contempt of the world. If we understand the doctrine they teach, the distinctive feature of their belief is the reality of a future state of existence, in which the spiritual mind can hold converse with those in the present state of existence."

THE MYSTIC LAND.

There's a strange weird land whose shore I have trod
Full many and many a time;
It is not of earth, nor the land of our God,
But a faint and a shadowy clime;
It may not be seen in the glare of the day
When sunlight comes on us in its beam,
But only when darkness has shut out his ray—
'Tis the mystic land of dreams.

When wearied the body, and saddened the soul,
When earth seems a dark vale of gloom,
When faint, like ocean waves, over me roll,
And I almost long for the tomb,
Then enchantment of Sleep steals over my sight,
And my vision with opulence teems—
With golden fleeced fancies and luminous light,
In the mystic land of dreams.
O'er the land, misty shades of that phantom-like world,
The latest hues blow:
The fairest of scenes to the eye are unfolded,
And the clearest of rivers flow.
The brightest of suns on those magical fields
Throws its warm and its dew-drops of bliss;
The choicest of fruits the rich soil here yields,
Of the mystic land of dreams.
And when the spent sun has withdrawn his fair face,
And the dews of twilight distill,
When night wraps the scene in a mantle of grace,
And silent comes the moon in its silver sail,
Then the tender eyes start in the blue-veined heaven
Display in their silver-tinted gleams
Such glories as mortal eyes only are given
In the mystic land of dreams.
And sometimes I meet on this peaceful shore
Fair forms of those I love;
Of those I shall see on the earth no more,
They are gone to bright scenes above.
And often with them I walk once again,
When sunset is fading in its beams,
O'er the beautiful vale and far-reaching plain,
In the mystic land of dreams.
Oh! a wonderful clime and a fairy-like land,
Where the blossoms and sweetest perfumes,
Where soft airs of music so gently are fanned,
Where are endless ecstasies of June,
Where we float on the smoothest of streams,
Where Arcadian splendors like gems are set—
In that mystic land of dreams!

Where the hills and the troubles of life are forgot,
Where the fountains of youth, long sought,
Ripples forth its healing balm,
Its emblem of that realm serene,
Where the radiance of light ever gleams;
Where the peace of heaven is seen,
Is the mystic land of dreams!

SUNDAY LECTURES IN NEW YORK.

L. JUDD PARDEE AT DODWORTH HALL,

Sunday, Aug. 18, 1860.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

L. JUDD PARDEE spoke at Dodworth Hall on Sunday morning and evening, August 19, taking for his theme, "Methods of Divine Government." It is a subject, he said, replete with interest. Like all great questions, it addressed itself to the future—to that time when the human mind shall have been freed from the angelic life upon this planetary sphere. Throughout the whole range of the universe order prevails, and though there appears to be disorder at intervals, yet order is heaven's first law. Order implies system, system implies law, and law implies government. Law becomes the parent of government. Not only in the microcosm of man but in the macrocosm of the universe there is government. It is for us to say whether it shall be divine or devilish. It is not necessary here to argue that there is no such thing as positive, but only relative evil, in the universe. When we get into the deepest, innermost state we see divine sparks, and we are ready to exclaim, "All is right!" though with relative perceptions we see relative evil.

The divine government is external and internal, hence the divine methods are scientific and religious—scientific as relates to the external universe, religious as relates to the internal spiritual part. These two are naturally matched, and are susceptible of divorce. All natural, natural spiritual and celestial, may be scientificized. Religion is the soul of science. Where natural scientific laws and celestial scientific laws begin.

The methods of the divine wisdom, dealing with the measure of forms, are, 1st, mathematical, relating to universals; 2d, astronomical, relating to generals; 3d, geological, relating to particulars; 4th, chemical, relating to mixtures. Although there are other scientific laws, these are the four great parents of all. Without these, how can you undertake to solve the great problems of matter? As mind is but matter in a finer state, so these sciences have a dynamic application to mind. They are persuasive in their action, but just so far as man places himself in antagonism to them, do they change from persuasion to force. It seems unsupernatural to say that in the future not only persuasion but force shall govern, but man must resist, then it becomes necessary to secure the uninterrupted march of heaven, though it be by force. So in the future both sun and force will be the methods of the divine, celestial wisdom.

The angel world contains the legitimate rulers and directors of this world. We in this body are all children as respects the higher and diviner states of existence. What must be the degree of unfoldment of those who have passed from this sphere thousands of years ago? This world, be discovered by the divine government. Going along by the force of progress is not enough. Unless there come to man divine thought-seeds, his possibilities cannot be unfolded. You may wrap seed up and keep it a thousand years, but unless you plant it in the soil, no fruit will spring up. If you predicate anything of the future of the race, you must hold in large account the divine government, descended from the angels' sphere which is stimulating the brains, hearts and souls of men everywhere.

Back of all myths and legends there is a foundation of truth, for you cannot get something out of nothing. So the long prevalent notion of a personal God seems to be founded on a fact. There is an angel world ruling nationalities. That angel world must have organization, order, method, system. Angels live intensely natural lives; they have governments among them. Now man, being of a social nature, is to some extent related to institutions. Therefore you find the law of centrality. Our own government is not manufactured, it is an evolution of the within. So it is in the angel sphere. Just as we have a president, a governor, a mayor, or as the people of Europe have kings and emperors, so do they have central powers in the spirit sphere. There is no ignoring the laws of nature either here or there. But while the best man is not the head of the government here, it is not so there. In the spirit sphere the wisest, the most truthful being is the governor; he gravitates by divine attraction to the central position. I should judge that within the last eighteen hundred years, by growth and unfolding, the man Christ Jesus is the center of that sphere. Therefore in some sense there will be a verification of the saying that he shall "come again and all the holy angels with him." They come not merely by physical manifestations, (though that is something long needed), but to sanctify mortal man.

Those who are nothing but contrivances from the divine sphere seek nothing of what is to come hereafter. In the incipient state there must be disorder. Spiritualism is communion with spirits of all grades, disorderly as well as orderly. It is by placing man in rapport with the divine sphere that God's will will be done on earth as in heaven. The divine influx must permeate the souls of men. If you refuse to bend to the divine will, then force must be used. This is as true in regard to society at large as to the individual organization. If you abuse the stomach, either or either force will force you to obey nature's laws. If you interpose yourself in the way of the march of progress, you will be as irresistibly borne down and swept away as by the tramp of an army. God must reign.

Naturally and orderly will the divine government be established.

As a necessity to the establishment of the divine government on earth, man must be brought into a fit state to recognize and receive it, and this man can do, unless Spiritualism has taken hold of him. I know many who have taken hold of Spiritualism, but who require to have Spiritualism take hold of them. Hence the doubters and grumblers. As to how you prepare yourself not only for a better state here, but hereafter, seek to unfold the religious, spiritual, just as a man gets religiously developed, his "God" will be done. His intellect becomes powerful and subtle, and he comes into the new power. Unto all of you then, I say, cultivate holy aspirations, seek communion with the divine sphere, come into the new birth, and you shall know God's will.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

What subject is greater than that of Man? Man is a microcosm. Microcosm implies relation to macrocosm. Edgar A. Poe's clairvoyant when asked "What is the soul of man?" replied "God." "What?" said the interrogator, "man God?" "Yes," the clairvoyant replied—"yes, relatively; no, as respects the absolute infinity." The universe is like the human soul. Wrapped up in man is not only the form of the universe, but the light of every star. Unless man's microcosmic nature is brought into opposition to all the universe, the germ in him will not come up, any more than seeds excluded from sunlight.

Man, therefore, is a microcosm—a negative God. And like God man is a trinity, consisting of body, mind and soul, corresponding to the natural, spiritual and celestial of the Deity. Outward, as to his body, man is a natural being; inwardly, as to his mind, a spiritual being; and in the innermost, as to his soul, he is a celestial being. His body and mind are the mediums for the soul, just as the natural and spiritual are the mediums for the celestial. The external has a cause-sphere. The celestial is the cause-sphere of the natural; it holds the same relation to the outward, the external, as man's soul does to his body.

Man is still further a trinity, being made in the image of God. The universe is fashioned like a grand man. When we fully understand man, philosophically, we shall be able to apprehend, mathematically, the plan of the universe, beneath the celestial.

Swedenborg, speaking of the divine, says that God is a trinity of love, wisdom and truth—love as to this life, wisdom as to the form which it is to take, and truth as to the use of that form. Wherever there is truth, there is use; wherever there is form, there is wisdom; wherever there is life, there is love. So man is still further a trinity as to his brain, which contains three departments: a wisdom department, a love department, and a truth department. The brain is the seat of the soul, and the brain of love, truth and wisdom. Truth gives thoughts, wisdom ideas, love sentiments.

When a man gives forth a thought, does he lose it? Thought comes through the avenue of the front brain; it goes to consciousness, the center of the brain, but leaves its body behind in the front brain, and its soul is the consciousness. Man sometimes complains of the burden of great thoughts in his brain, and he must speak or write them to get relief. Thought imparted to another becomes to him thought. Thoughts are the result of impregnation of the intellect—the front brain; ideas, of the wisdom faculties—the top brain; and sentiments of the love nature—the back brain.

Man is an independent, a subdependent, and an interdependent being. He is independent by virtue of the development of the front brain; subdependent by virtue of the top brain, and interdependent by virtue of the back brain. An idiot has no independent sense. Most of our great statesmen and bankers are men of massive front brains. They have strong external individuality, but not divine individuality. When a man says, "I think a great deal," he only says, "Thought is but thought." Thought becomes eyes to the soul, in respect to the things with which the intellect deals. Man like Daniel Webster became strong in thought and conscious individuality. Such men are great, but they are not divine. The large elephant trampling amid the jungles of adverse opinions. But they are not complete men.

Man is subdependent through his top brain, because he is thereby related to future spheres and to immortality. He can only progress inasmuch as he feels that relation; and when he profoundly feels it, he becomes deeply religious. It is not necessary to believe in the special mission of Christ to become religious, but it is necessary to feel the love and equity of Christ's life. Man is subdependent by virtue of his back brain, a progressive being; but until he feels that, how can he receive the inspiration in his soul? The religious man commands my admiration.

But man is also an interdependent being. Though he sometimes boasts of his independence, yet he finds himself dependent upon his family, his friends, and even his servants. If man were capable of ignoring his interdependence he would become but one-third of a man. Man magnifies each other with invisible fingers. Not one of you follows but feels your interdependence. On this is predicated the divine legitimacy of institutionalism. Institutions are for the regulation of interdependent beings.

Man is still further a trinity in his relation to the present, past and future. The front brain takes hold of the present, the top brain of the future, and the back brain of the past. The ancients thought that memory was located in the back brain. The ancients are located here.

Man in the early stages of his ascent from the lower orders of creation, was the child of impulse, governed by his back brain, dependent upon a slave to institutionalism, lacking individuality. With the exception of the Greeks and Romans, the ancient people were characterized by the development of the back brain, and to some extent, of the top brain. Hence they were impulsive, lacked individuality, and tended to enslavement. But now man stands forth in rebellion against institutionalism, for the development of his front brain. Now he has strong, rational individuality, but he lacks the top brain. Now the back and front brain rule, but in the future the front, top and back brains will become beautifully unified, and man will become an angel of wisdom. Have we not prophesied of that coming time, and not far off? For man's interiors are becoming unfolded. Now man is struggling against institutionalism, as much so that he has been compared to a bed bug, and man is between institutions. I do not believe he has been reached—only circumvented. What has been invented may be reverted. In the future institutions will be the outgrowth of nature, and while man will be subject to them he will be benefited by them. The process of individualism goes on. True thoughts are crystallized in the front brain, until, gradually, man stands up an exemplar of divine individuality, and a child of wisdom.

How to Bake Beans.

Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is our method: Two quarts of middling-sized white beans, two pounds of salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash, and add a gallon of boiling hot water; let them soak in it over night; in the morning put them in fresh water, and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Take them up dry, and put them in your dish; stir in the molasses, grate the pork and put it down in the dish so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them, and add more water from time to time, as it dries away.

Among the articles brought up from the wreck of the Hungarian by the submarine operator, was a card of a young lady, one of the passengers, who perished on the fatal night of the wreck, on the back of which was written in pencil, in a firm hand—
"Lizzie died tonight!"

Mrs. Lucinda S. Standford, now about thirty-two years of age, wife of Jarvis T. Standford, residing in Tolebrough, Lewis County, Ky., has a full set of beard, about five inches in length, grown upon her face since the 1st of September, 1859.

WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM?

A very pertinent question. One which every man, every Spiritualist in particular, should well consider. We are all deeply concerned in it, and the sooner we are alive to that fact, the better. If of any who know that Spiritualism is true, suppose that it is sent merely to make us gape and stare, to dissipate our minds, and furnish amusement for our idle hours, we must be even more foolish than we are charged with being. The clever people, who turn Spiritualism as a jargon subject, a fit theme for jokes and caricature cartoons, may be excused, for they know not what they do, and are ignorant of their ignorance; but all who recognize Spiritualism as a serious verity, must be anxious to learn whether it tends, and what are the lessons that it teaches. To answer this question in all its length and breadth, and to require a larger knowledge and deeper insight than have been hitherto attained, even by the wisest, and for ourselves, though it has occupied much of our earnest thought, this has only the more convinced us how inadequate must be any answer to it that we can furnish. Hence the study of a lifetime, it is certain, would still leave us with little more than a few pebbles gathered upon its beach, and the vast and exhaustless ocean of its truths, principles and laws, would still lie before us unexplored.

The present article, we would only offer a few preliminary observations on the need of conducting this inquiry in a spirit of careful discrimination. In a future one, we hope to indicate what we think the best method for its prosecution.

In spiritual, as in natural science, we must ever be on our guard against premature theories and hasty generalizations. The best views we can here attain, should still be held only as provisional, partial truth, perhaps, but not the rounded and complete truth, to which a higher light, and a more accurate and perfect knowledge of the subject would conduct us.

Next to the attainment of truth, the most important thing in this, or any inquiry, is the avoidance of error, and if in our investigation we can only clear away some misapprehensions and remove some prejudices, a great step will have been gained. In rooting out these rank weeds, the soil becomes better fitted for the growth of healthy vegetation and logical conclusions. If at present our knowledge of Spiritualism and its teachings is comparatively small, and we have, therefore, to speak with diffidence on many points in relation to it, in which we are greatly interested; we may at least with considerable confidence affirm that those teachings are not. It is of some use to tell people which is certainly the wrong road, even though we may not be able to direct them very far on their journey in the right direction. We assume, of course, the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism; the question, in our understanding, it would be useless to argue on any other hypothesis. If Spiritualism be simply a bundle of delusions; if, as a fact, it has no existence, we need not trouble ourselves about its teachings.

First, then, we must be careful to distinguish between the teachings of Spiritualism, and the teachings of Spiritualists, which latter is only another name for a creed. This distinction should be as obvious as its position is common, and not be more common than banal. Beyond the common acknowledgment that spirits have always said, and do still hold intercourse with men in the natural world, there is among Spiritualists but little necessary agreement; not but that, in our judgment at least, this truth involves many other most important truths; but concerning these, as will have before them the same range and variety of facts, as they differ in their powers of reason and comparison; in their capacity of understanding, and in their education; in their religion, philosophy, and mode of thought, and in their several antecedents; there will be many divergencies in their conclusions even from the same facts; and, with the conviction of Spiritualism there may, in some minds, exist notions inconsistent and even logically incompatible with it. It would lead us too far to trace in this detail, but the history of the fight for every new truth, furnishes us with an instance of the individual mind in which it has always found its admission into the human mind.

Spiritualism is not a new religion, but a quickener of the soul. An acceptance of the law of gravitation does not bind all the various sects into one, nor rectify all their false notions and narrow errors. So neither does a belief in the facts of Spiritualism. One will follow them into philosophy, another into religion, another into both. One will make them a pastime, another a religion, and another a religion. But there is one point, which objection is made from ignorance of this law, on which an extensive and injurious misunderstanding prevails, that a reference to it becomes necessary. It is alleged that, in America at least, Spiritualists generally are deniers of Christianity, and are absolutely hostile to the Bible and its teachings. As we would not endorse the extravagant statements on this head, which of late have been so widely circulated, so neither would we conceal that, so far as we are able to inquire further, they are entirely untrue. In the present time, under their own eyes, and in the face of the facts of Spiritualism, there is a painful extent of truth for these exaggerations. But the point to be proved is, that this antagonism, to whatever extent it exists, originated in the spiritual belief, and is a consequence of it—that whereas before men accepted it, they were Christians; since they received it, and through having received it, they have ceased to be so, and have become Anti-Christians. Now we think it will be found upon investigation, that while there are some Spiritualists almost everywhere, who are both in and out of Christendom, yet the Spiritualism of today has fallen chiefly among those who were outside of all churches and religious organizations.

Professing Christians as a rule would not bear of Spiritualism, they did not want to know more about the spirit world. Hence seems to us its providential mission, and how sad, yet how natural, that these who call themselves the religious classes should be its bitterest opponents. They seemed to think it was a sin to inquire further, they had thought enough already; perhaps a little more would show the dust and cobwebs in their spiritual habitations, and from very shame, they might be put to some trouble to sweep and garnish them afresh; so they concluded to put up their shutters, and, if Spiritualism met them in the streets, to frown upon it as not being either respectable or needed, and to pass by on the other side. But, with those previously unable to realize a belief in anything beyond nature and the present life, it was a new revelation. It was the ultimate and outer plane of being, made visible and theological argument seemed to them at best, of dubious nature and of little account. In place of doubtful disputation, they asked for facts. A reference to the facts of the Bible only added to their perplexities. They asked if spirits manifested their presence, and intervened in human affairs, and if there was a providence in the Bible, times, why they were not to be discerned in our time? If such were possible in past ages, they must be possible in this age, and the need of them is as great now as then? To this, what satisfactory reply could be given by those who believed that this kind of evidence was now a mere matter of ancient history, and that God was nearer to the world in those days than in these? Instead of the miracles being evidence of the truths for which they were cited, they simply brought the books recording them into discredit, and caused their infirmities to be rejected. But Spiritualism manifested in the present time, under their own eyes, which they could witness for themselves; it was just the evidence they needed—just that adapted to their state. Indeed, they were the very demonstration of which they were in quest. To them they were the revelation of the certainty of a spirit world, and of an hereafter life, which the current cold logic had obscured from view. Only with this new conviction could Christianity become to them a possibility; without it there was no future to which the lover of Christianity could be applied.

True, many of the most important consequences of "teachings" of this fact would at first be dimly perceived; their unfoldment would be gradual; old prejudices would impede the growth of new convictions, and, perhaps, arrest that progress which the soul from this new vantage ground might have gained; but even so, those in whose hearts this vital truth had gained a possession, would be nearer to Christianity than they were before, and they would have demonstrated the immortality of the soul, with all the consequences that must necessarily flow from such a knowledge. None of the existing teachings of churches had been able to do this inces-

sant service. The humbler it is, in regarding as a consequence of Spiritualism notions and states of mind existing anterior to its reception, and derived from a false philosophy which Spiritualism, when studied in its principles, tends more or less quickly to eradicate.

We go yet further, and we speak adversely when we affirm that Spiritualism is eminently adapted to remove what is usually to the sceptical mind, an insuperable obstacle to the recognition of the truth of the Bible history. To the "free thinker," the miracle, prodigies, apparitions, and other spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible are utterly incredible; and the more educated and scientific he is, the more does this incredulity appear to him. He has no part in the common sense of our readers, whether a belief in the phenomenal facts of modern spiritual manifestations, such as are recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, must not, more than any abstract reasoning or attempted historical verification, show how utterly untenable this ground of unbelief really is. Is he less likely to believe that a visible spirit-hand would upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace, who has seen a spirit-hand tracing characters under his own eyes? Is he less likely to believe that the apostles spoke of unknown tongues, "as the spirit gave them utterance," who has heard mediums under spiritual influence speak languages with which they were totally unacquainted? Is he less likely to believe that angels rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, who has seen heavy objects moved by invisible agents in his own apartments? Is he less likely to believe that Philip was carried from Gaza to Azotus, who has seen a medium taken up from the floor by an invisible power, and floated in the air about the room, while the presence of numerous witnesses? Is he less likely to believe in the apocalyptic visions, and in the spirit-voices heard by John the Revelator, and in the touch of the spirit-hand felt, and in the spirit-men seen by the prophet Daniel, who knows that spiritual visions and apparitions of spirit men are seen, that the touch of spirit hands is felt, and that the words spoken by spirit voices are heard now? Surely, no man can have the same assurance of the truth of these Scriptures as those who have had the experience of the analogous spiritual facts, occurring at the present day.

Again, we must not confound the teachings of spirits with the teachings of Spiritualists; though this is a mistake, perhaps, even more common than the one we have just pointed out; and it is one to which we are especially liable at the commencement of our investigations. We are apt to import into this, as we do into other inquiries, the notions we have gained from the teachings of these notions, too prevalent, it is true, that spirits know almost everything and can do almost everything. Spiritualism effectually dispels this delusion. The investigator soon learns that spirits are not a kind of minor gods, but that they are men like ourselves, differing from us only in not having the same visible body—that they are fallible, and, so far as at present known, no more to be implicitly relied on, as guides of opinion and conduct, than our earth. This is the order of the investigation. God has given to each of us conscience and reason, not to trust in cloth, but to keep pure and bright by constant use and ever-increasing exercise. It is true that in their use we may make many mistakes, and it is pretty certain that we shall do so, even though we exert our utmost efforts to avoid them; and this should teach us to be modest and charitable; but the sum of all mistakes arising from the limitation of all imperfect of the human faculties, will be far short of the essential mistakes of narrow, judging them to another's guidance, and burying in the earth of the sensual nature, the talents, but they few or many, which God has entrusted to us, that we may faithfully employ them in His service.

We will make a short extract from the *Spiritual Clarion*, published at Auburn, U. S., which well assists us to answer the question at the head of this article.

"Spiritualism, in its modern restricted sense, may mean nothing more than the mere fact of spirit-existence and proof of its existence. But this is often applied to a system of philosophy and religion based on this cardinal fact; a system embracing all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; all that is

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FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY.

It is very common for those who oppose the claims of Spiritualism to describe its diversified phenomena to some one essential principle or force in Nature, as if the same agent—without the aid of intelligence in its application—could be precisely adapted to produce all the multifarious forms and phases which the Manifestations are known to assume. The facts address the understanding through all the senses, and are almost as widely diversified as the processes of material nature and the operations of the human mind. To presume that they all proceed from the action of one and the same material force, or natural agent, is quite as preposterous as it would be to ascribe the physical powers, mental functions, and spiritual instincts of human nature—the strength of the athlete, the reason of the philosopher, the vision of the seer, and the aspiration of the saint—all to the direct influence of the natural star, or the motive power of steam! It is a gratifying reflection, that all such pretended expounders of the Modern Mysteries are as far from the realm of Reason as they can go; nor would they be further from the ordinary daylight of the rational mind, were they to appeal to moral forces and psychological laws, in an attempt to explain the movements of a meteor, a locomotive, or a windmill. When the subject to be investigated manifestly involves the most subtle principles and intricate combinations, only men of quick blood, of superficial powers and attainments, and those whose principal aim is to *ad captum vulgus* will thus jump at conclusions, which neither regard the nature of the most important facts, nor the dicta of enlightened Reason.

The occurrence of different physical and mental phenomena, through the same persons or media, does by no means warrant the presumption that such diversified phenomena all have their origin in a common physical cause; or, indeed, that they depend on external or mundane agents at all. This fact does not so much suggest to the writer the possibility of tracing all to the same source. By the ordinary powers of sensation we are able to perceive forms, colors, sounds, odors and flavors; to say nothing of the changes of temperature, and a variety of other qualities which belong to the several forms and conditions of being. The powers of sensation are all united in the same individual. The Man is one in his conscious individuality; at the same time the functions of his external organs are quite dissimilar, and the outward exciting causes or agents in the production of his sensational perceptions, are extremely various in their nature, and often remote from each other. When, for example, we taste some pungent aromatic, we never think of tracing the sensation it occasions to the same external object or cause that reflects, through the lenses of the eye, the image of the ocean, or the prismatic colors of the rainbow. Sight and smell alike belong to the individual; but the invisible aroma that pervades the atmosphere we breathe, and the distant stars that mirror themselves in the soul, are distinct causes of specific sensations, and as remote from each other as the heavens and the earth. The mind has learned to interpret the various impressions made on the sensorium, and to discriminate intelligently between the numerous forms and qualities which thus excite the subtle medium of sensation. It is worthy of observation, that the mind has no power either to create the form or to determine the size, weight or color of even one among all the objects of the external world; nor does it invest the objects which occasion its own sensations with any of their essential attributes or intrinsic qualities. All these belong to the objects themselves, while only the impressions made on the mind through its external organs, are properly subjective.

If then we can by no means confound the various sources of our ordinary sensations, we can scarcely fail to distinguish between two things so very different as the faculty of vision—physical or spiritual—and the force whereby objects outside of ourselves are put in motion. Vision, of whatever nature or kind, is a passive faculty, belonging in common to men and animals; but there is never developed along with it a power to determine or otherwise influence, either the form, attributes, conditions, qualities or movements of external objects. I look from my window into the street where a multitude of men, beasts, and vehicles are in rapid motion. Not one of all the throng moves faster or slower because I witness the procession. My vision is subjective, but the forces from which the forms in this great living panorama derive their momentum are all outside of myself, and beyond my control. The volition of all the spectators is equally powerless. I gaze from my apartment at the objects in my neighbor's garden; but my vision moves not a single leaf on all the trees. I have just filled this page; and now the will power of ten thousand men would not suffice to turn over the sheet of paper whereon I write the argument for the Spirits. How then can we rationally infer that the force that moves heavy bodies in our presence—both with and without physical contact—must spontaneously emanate from the human body or be unconsciously exercised by the human mind? Is not this at war with the results of general observation and all human experience? When and where in the whole history of the race did a man involuntarily, and at a distance of ten feet, close and bolt the door of his apartment? When did he pull off his boots by the simple act of volition, unaided by the use of his muscles? When did a mere child, with no knowledge of music, entertain himself and others with a masterly performance, vocal or instrumental? When did any one move his furniture without the least effort, or lift himself even, with the greatest possible exertion? These interrogatories plainly indicate the nature of some of the facts we are called to observe; and they, moreover, boldly repel and completely explode all the theories that attribute them to subjective forces, residing either in the media or the persons who witness the phenomenal exhibitions.

To avoid a misapprehension that might otherwise occur, it may be well to observe, that the writer does by no means reject the idea that natural forces and certain impermanent elements which surround, pervade, and permeate material forms and substances, are used in the production of the mysterious phenomena. On this point we acknowledge a profound conviction. But we have no evidence that those elements are either endowed with an intelligent self-governing power, or that the human mind, as developed and exercised in its mundane relations, is either able to direct their movements outside of its body, or to wholly resist their influence within its vital precincts. Of course it will not be pretended, that any physical agent, or state of the unorganized material elements, however subtle, can, by a possibility, possess the attributes of perception and reason. If, not then, Electricity, Magnetism and Odor (if there be such an agent) cannot of themselves produce the phenomena in question. Now what evidence have we that the human mind, in its present state and relations, is able to govern these (or indeed

any other sublimated elements which may be supposed to exist either in or around the body) in such a manner as would be required to produce the results we are called to witness? We have looked in vain for any such evidence. Electricity will not stop to save a man's life; an effort of the will is powerless to arrest the flight of a single solar ray; magnetism will not retire from our presence at the bidding of any man; and all the natural agents steadily follow their own inherent laws. It is only by conforming to these laws, in the use of chemical and other combinations, and in the construction of suitable mechanical instruments, that we can render them at all subservient to the will, or ever make them the ministers of intelligence. Now, as no such means and instrumentalities are resorted to or employed in the circles for investigation, we cannot consistently ascribe the phenomena to mundane agents. Moreover, many of the facts immeasurably transcend the capabilities of mortals to produce them; at the same time they occur—of our knowledge and judgment are not altogether inadequate and unreliable—in opposition to the laws of all the known impermanents.

Let us try the general theory referred to by its application to particular facts. The writer once witnessed a performance on the piano-forte, by an invisible musician, who fingered the keys, or otherwise caused the strings to vibrate, while the instrument was locked! On another occasion a guitar was placed on the floor in the center of a room that was brilliantly illuminated. The company, numbering seven or eight persons, formed a circle round the instrument. Soon the Spirits signified their presence by sounding the notes of a chord in *argyrio* style. In this manner they answered many questions, and gave us such an exhibition of harmonic sounds, as amazed the whole company, not excepting an amateur, who had been accustomed to the use of the instrument for several years. During the entire performance, which occupied an hour or more no visible hand touched the guitar. The power that swept the strings at the same time caused the instrument to move in all directions about the floor, as if it were really alive; and at our request it also repeatedly rose up, and stood erect without any visible support.

Now the idea that any person, without the assistance of confederates, without resorting to jugglery or the use of invisible mechanical appliances, can move such an object in the manner described, must be regarded as simply preposterous; and even the attempt to show that mortals have no such power, would be clearly a work of supererogation, so long as we have no evidence to support the affirmative of the question. It must be admitted—on the supposition that the phenomena are wholly mundane—that they ought to conform to the laws of physical nature; but they do not. How, then, shall we dispose of these and an indefinite number of facts, of a similar character, or otherwise equally extraordinary? To assume that they can be properly referred to physical causes, or agents already discovered or known to exist, seems very much like jesting about a grave subject. Our own investigation of the laws that govern the most subtle material elements, and all our observations respecting the functions of minds in the flesh, have only served to fix and deepen the conviction, that such phenomena transcend the unaided operation of physical forces and the present capabilities of the human mind. If then we discredit the claims of the power itself to a spiritual origin, to what agent on earth or in heaven shall we ascribe this mysterious intelligence, and this amazing force which thus subverts the old philosophy that made inertia one of the properties of matter? The frequent and dissipated attempts to account for these facts—and indeed for all spiritual experiences, of all ages and countries, by referring them to the domain of terrestrial things—violates the enlightened reason and common sense of mankind, as truly as such ignorant and thoughtless expounders profane the sanctuary of the purest affections and the deepest convictions.

Excursion of the New York Spiritualists.

A very large number of the Spiritualists of New York City, and vicinity, with others who felt disposed to enjoy a day of rural recreation, proceeded by steamboat to Fort Lee—a few miles up the Hudson river—on Thursday, August 10th, on a picnic excursion. The day was exceedingly fine, and quite cool for the month of August. Everything conspired to make the excursion pleasant. The committee of arrangements had spared no pains to that end. The exclusive use of the grounds devoted to excursion parties was practically secured by charging an entrance fee of ten cents for all adults, thus furnishing a fund sufficient to procure a band of music, and to pay all other incidental expenses. The grove is situated on the heights at the commencement of the Palisades, and commands a most magnificent view of the river.

After the repast, a circle of seats was arranged, and the friends gathered around to listen to the speaking. The band, consisting of a harp, violin, clarinet and flute, discoursed most excellent music by way of introduction, and to add to the charm extemporized an accompaniment to a most exquisite song sung by Mrs. Adams.

The first speaker introduced was Mr. Ira B. Davis, who delivered a short salutatory oration. Then followed Mr. Pardee, with some brief remarks; after which Mrs. Spence spoke more at length. In the course of her remarks, she adverted to the want of toleration that existed; to some extent, even among Spiritualists. She believed in taking the front car of the express train of progress, and if that did not go fast enough, to get out and go on foot. Some said, "Don't let such a person come in with us; he will kill Spiritualism." If so, let Spiritualism die. But she did not believe it could be killed in that way. If Spiritualists climbed up some way that seemed to threaten destruction to them, let them climb; they would only get to their journey's end the sooner, and perhaps it would be the better for them. Let each one seek the highest and best truth, and impart it freely to others. Spiritualism ought to work a far greater revolution in the next eighteen hundred years than Christianity had done in the past. She alluded to the late clan who in Rhode Island, who said thousands of people assembled under the auspices of the Spiritualists; and although, of course, all were not Spiritualists, yet they got the title put on them by being there. The proprietor of the grounds being asked how the party compared with those on former occasions, said he never had seen so well behaved a party on the grounds in his life. It was so strange, said some, that this horrible doctrine of Spiritualism was represented by such intelligent and well conducted people!

Dr. Hallcock then made a few remarks, and an address by a trance medium concluded the speaking. A portion of the party then joined in a dance, while others strolled through the woods. Whenever a more orderly, well arranged, well conducted, harmonious and pleasant affair of the kind occurs, may be there to participate.

The Chicago Zouaves realized by their late tour the sum of sixteen hundred dollars above all expenses.

Harmonies of our Civilization.

The great Festival Reception given to JOHN C. HENRY, at Jones' Wood, on the 13th inst., is suggestive of unpleasant reflections. Not less than twenty-five thousand people assembled to testify their admiration of the man who only excels his fellows in brute force, and in the capacity to use his superior power to brutalize the human character. We may as well say no more of the inferior civilization that tolerates Spanish and Portuguese bull-fights, or of the more ancient barbarities of the Roman Amphitheatre. We have reason to apprehend that our scientific age, and Protestant Christian civilization, may yet veil all such iniquities in the shadow of their deep eclipse. It is fit that the nation should humble itself when the great Metropolitan center of Commerce, Art, Science and Religion, furnishes such an immense multitude of spectators to witness the apotheosis of a mere prize-fighter! It is not without a deep sense of humiliation that we record this significant fact; and this feeling is deepened by the reflection that the untold good deeds of pure women and noble men are often permitted to go unnoticed while they live and when they die.

There are silent sufferers who have learned to endure in patience the pangs of perpetual death; whose simple and reverent trust in Providence has not been weakened by long years of senseless pain; and there are multitudes who tell early and late to meditate the condition of down-trodden Humanity; but these are disregarded. Like the kingdom of heaven, they escape the world's observation while they come and go. They meet us by the wayside; they even wrestle with their terrible destiny beneath the shadows of our Christian temples; but the spectators are unmoved. Their presence excites no sympathy demonstration. No newspaper reporter is commissioned to share the lonely vigil of the widowed mother, as she labors through the midnight watch to support her babes. Who pays homage to the thousands of poor sewing girls, who tax their muscles and waste their energies in an almost fruitless struggle against capital and machinery. How many sympathize with those who thus toil for life, and whose delicate nerves are brought into competition with springs of burnished steel? Who cares when they extinguish—by a slow yet certain process—the vital flame, by the very intensity of the effort to preserve it? There are few who pause for a moment to consider their hapless lot, and none to celebrate their moral triumph. And yet these are the vestals in the great temple of Toil, who preserve the sacred fires on the altar until the "lamp of life" goes out.

The Sisters of Charity, who never shun the pestilential atmosphere in their mission of mercy; the virtuous poor who bravely contend against poverty, and with a sublime moral heroism struggle against temptation from day to day, and nobly conquer in every contest; these, verily, are real heroes, whom the Angels shall crown at last with immortal bays. But, alas! our poor civilization and impoverished religion—great and eloquent, in verbal claims and professions, elaborate in prayers, learned in constitutional and theological expositions, but small and mean in works of grace and love—permit these, and all who are like them, to live without encouragement, and to die without a record of their martyrdom; or so much as the simplest memorial to testify, that while for the truth's sake some have been willing to die, *these have ever dared to live, truly, when life presented no promise.*

The poor man, maddened by the destitution of his helpless family, until he is about to yield to some compromise that will be fatal to his integrity, is left alone in the contest; and even innocent women, who are driven to the fearful necessity of weighing their respect for virtue against their love of life, must be left to the terrible alternative. These living martyrs must bear alone the ceaseless strife to the bitter end. There are no grand festivals and well-filled purses for them; no gold-mounted supports derived from honored battle-fields and the pockets of an admiring and grateful people. Yet thousands gather to honor the champion who has won his renown with his knuckles, and to give aid to the occasion of his return to the country he is presumed to have honored! (?) At the late grand reception, the people pressed the gladiator with a purse containing over ten thousand dollars; and thus presented a powerful and dangerous appeal to the brute instincts of human nature; and to thousands of our young men and boys the strongest incentive to emulate the wolfish propensities and the ignoble conduct of the heroes of the prize ring.

A number of Ladies and Gentlemen of Lafayette, Ind., procured a canoe out from the boatmen at Tippecanoe, and furnished the boat to mount it in a very costly manner; and this also, was presented to the great music-man on the occasion of the recent festival.

Departure of Mrs. Studdiford.

On the morning of July 28, 1860, AMELIA L. STUDDIFORD, at the age of thirty-seven years and eleven months, was translated to the Sunny Land and the society of those white-robed Spirits who have "come up through great tribulation" on Earth to their immortal inheritance in Heaven.

"Oh, beautiful her passing was,
Through pain and self-sufficing;
Transfigured by her faith, she rose
To triumph through her will!"

So pass the beautiful the life—
Whose lights to Truth are given;
Exhaled like flowers on summer air,
To shine and bloom in Heaven!"

In our public capacity as an Editor, we had a limited correspondence with Mrs. Studdiford, and from time to time have given publicity to her articles, in prose and verse. Her contributions always exhibited her own native refinement of feeling, remarkable purity of sentiment, and, withal, a modesty that little disposed the critical reader to try them by the strict rules of literary art. Her enlightened appreciation of whatever was most excellent in thought, and in the various styles of the authors she most admired, indicated a degree of literary culture and discrimination which were but imperfectly developed in her own productions. Thus the ability to conceive and to judge often far transcends the executive powers of the mind. Moreover, in the case of Mrs. Studdiford, the refined and delicate of the faculties were probably less vigorous than they would have been had the vital fires of her feeble frame been equal to the demands of the intellect, and sufficient to sustain a continued and intense cerebral action. As it was the vital combustion that may have been accelerated by the activity of the mind. One fact, at least, comes home to the consciousness of all who loved her—comes with a solemn certainty and the force of an irrefragable conviction: the mortal flame is now extinguished, and of life's fuel only the ashes remain.

In all the relations of life Mrs. Studdiford gave evidence of possessing an educated understanding; a clear moral sense that recognized every shade of character among men; and a practical estimate of the true uses and proper aims of life. Always gentle in spirit; simple and unobtrusive in her manners; and (from a feeling of innate delicacy) disposed to retire from the "footlights" on the world's stage, behind the shifting scenes of the outward life; it is quite likely that the native power of her free but unassuming mind, and the usefulness of her true and loving heart, may have escaped the notice of many thoughtful observers. But those who were near her person, and familiar with the details of her daily life; friends who have tested the sincerity of her friendship by the most trying ordeals; all who witnessed her life-long devotion to every

great truth and vital principle; who know how long and how patiently she suffered for the sake of others; and the low anxious watchers in the darkened room—made light and glorious by the illumination of the departing soul—only those who were thus honored with her confidence, and favored with such special opportunities for observation, could be expected to justly estimate her character, or realize the silent moral strength and delicate spiritual beauty, of the virtues and graces that adorned her life on earth, and now compose the diadem that encircles the immortal soul. The closing scene in the natural life of the gentle AMELIA was full of instruction and consolation. Peace, like a white-robed angel, found a tenuous in her heart, and the light of her presence was diffused over the transfigured countenance. No torments peeped from the shadows of life's evening twilight, or lingered by the portals of the overlying day. But bright visitors—arrayed in purple glories and golden splendor—were there. We are assured that, in the spiritual life, each pure affection, every living thought, and all noble deeds, are perceived to exist as vital and objective realities. Not in their existence less real while our powers of perception are subject to mortal and material limitations. No scene of mortal conflict is without a silent witness; and there is not a single heart-beat that is wholly deserted.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses—"

In that little room—by that bedside—around the dear One thus purified by suffering and the ministry of Angels, other forms of light and beauty appear, and lend their influence to consecrate the scene and the memory of the departed.

"And what are ye, O beautiful?" "We are,"
Answered the cherub chorale,—"We are!"
Then her soul—sparkling sudden as a star—
Flashed from the mortal world!

Picnic at Sackett's Harbor.

We copy from the Oswego Palladium an account of the Spiritualists' picnic at this place on the 14th inst.

The excursion of the Spiritualists, yesterday, to Sackett's Harbor, was a most successful one. The standing the threatening aspect of the weather in the morning. About half past ten o'clock, the steamer City State, Capt. Brown, and the steamer, Capt. Burnett, left the dock, foot of West Seneca street, with a party numbering over one hundred persons, including the Mechanics Sax-Horn Band on the former steamer, and an excellent Quadrille Band on the latter. The trip down was delightful, and but very few experienced sea-sickness.

Arriving at Sackett's Harbor at three o'clock, the excursionists were cordially received by a large concourse of people. A procession was immediately formed, preceded by the band, and marched to the grove, about a mile south of the village, where they proceeded to disport and delight in the scenery. The picnic style, which their morning ride in the cool, invigorating air had given a keen relish. This over, addresses were made by Dr. D. S. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, and Miss Sprague from Niagara Falls, when the procession again marched to the village, where, after dispersing and rambling about for an hour or so, the excursionists re-embarked at half past six for home, highly gratified with their visit and reception. The banquet and music were not neglected. The evening down, and was culminated by the excellent music of the band, dancing, vocal exercises by several "glee clubs," and the display of fireworks from the deck of the steamer, on the approach to this city, which was about half past ten P. M.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN ITALY.—Perfect religious liberty for all Protestants has been proclaimed by the legislative assemblies of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations—Naples, Venetia, and the Papal States being now the only remaining States of Italy in which the free organization of Protestant congregations is still forbidden. There is a Presbytery of the North of Italy, embracing Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Malta, Gibraltar, Pau, and Cantonese.

Lecturers.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Cleveland, Toledo, and other places, in September; Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other cities, West of the Allegheny, and in Boston in March, 1861. Address, 34 South Avenue, New York; and during September, care of Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. L. L. WADSWORTH goes West in December. Friends in Central or Southern Ohio, Southern Indiana and Southern Illinois, or the South, wishing his services during the Winter or early Spring, will find him ready to make all desirable arrangements. For address refer to notices of speakers.

Mrs. J. W. ORRANT will lecture in Leominster, Sept. 9th; Groveland, 11th and 13th; Princeton 10th; Milford, N. H., 23d; Moores, Oct. 30th.

Dr. A. B. CURRIE will lecture in the Spiritualist chapel, Tuft's street, Somerville, Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 2d.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. Our contributors will save themselves and us much trouble by always bearing this in mind.)—Eds.

M. J. W. STRATFORD, CORN.—The article shall appear in a few weeks.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.—All men who press forward with religious energy to the accomplishment of a noble and beneficent object, must persevere in their efforts. It is to speak the dirt thrown up by their triumphs clear of their path, in their progress toward the goal. No man, great or small, can ever be a success, unless he is able to resist the temptations of Envy and Jealousy, and the selfishness of the multitude, and to stand firm in the face of the most determined opposition.

We are not surprised, therefore, that the most distinguished reformer of our time, the most powerful and successful of our age, should have been so long and so perseveringly persecuted. We are not surprised, therefore, that the most distinguished reformer of our time, the most powerful and successful of our age, should have been so long and so perseveringly persecuted. We are not surprised, therefore, that the most distinguished reformer of our time, the most powerful and successful of our age, should have been so long and so perseveringly persecuted.

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It must be admitted that there is no Science so little understood as that of PATHOLOGY and MEDICINE; and the importance of this work to MOTHERS and FAMILIES, and especially to MEDICAL MEN, is of incalculable value.

This is to certify that Mr. E. V. Wilson has the exclusive right to sell Dr. Warren's Household Physician in the State of Michigan. All applications for a copy of this book must be made to him. BERRY, COLBY & CO., Publishers.

Mr. Wilson will be at Detroit on or before the 4th of July. Letters may be addressed to him at that place.

June 23

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or,
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