

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

NO. 23.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## HARRISON MERCER. AN OLD MAID'S REVERBY.

BY ENOLA.

"You do love me, don't you, Nellie?"

A fair young girl heard those words last night, and I know their haunting memory will linger long in her lonely heart, and leave the impress of their footsteps there forever.

Ellen Waugh was an only child, and I had known her from infancy; but the person who addressed her thus fondly, and almost caressingly—ah, he was a stranger—a city clerk, idling away his summer vacation in the pleasant village of Corville (abbreviated from "Corner Village;") but how came he thus domesticated at farmer Waugh's? Oh, he was rich, and a kind friend interposed—hopelessly at first—and then—but it matters little how the point was gained. It was a pleasant, a delightful transition from the confusion of a country hotel, with its trouting parties, boating clubs, horse races, fashionable boarders, late suppers, and pleasure seeking generally, to the quiet farm house, with its order, neatness and taste; and foppish Harrison Mercer, selfish as he was, could thoroughly appreciate the change.

For three long weeks that kindly roof had sheltered him, and this was the first time he had been out. In the clammy comfort of the old chaise, and Ellen for driver, he had ridden as far as the village post-office, and back; and now he lay on the wide, old-fashioned sofa, with its load of downy pillows, dreaming, and yet awake. I walked up the path, and placed my hand on the latch, intending to enter and inquire about the gentleman's health; but the parlor attracted my notice—the shutters were not closed, and the long, uncurtained windows proved a temptation too strong. It was no private meeting—there could be no sin in watching—so I leaned against the low porch, and looked, and thought, Ellen had always been a pretty girl, and now, I thought, looked prettier than ever. Her dress was a trifle richer, and more carefully arranged, her cheeks flushed redder for her late ride, and her soft brown hair combed smoother, and perhaps not so plainly as usual. She moved about the room with a slow, still grace, peculiarly her own; and when all was arranged, she turned toward the sofa with its silent occupant. His closed eyes, parted lips, and weary, regular breathing deceived her. She thought he slept, and, kneeling on the thick carpet, she laid for a moment her burning cheek close to his cool, bearded face. When she raised her head there were tears in her dark-blue eyes, and I knew she had (poor fool!) breathed a prayer for him. But, before she could rise, he put one arm languidly around her neck, and drew her back, blushing and half frightened, to her self-chosen place. And then those words were spoken, with a half yawn, as though it were an effort, as much as a pleasure—

"You do love me, don't you, Nellie?"

They drifted through the small panes of glass, crept out at every crevice, by door or window, rebounded from the ceiling, and rang in the long hall, dropping on my heart like lead as I turned away, sick and faint, and walked homeward, with those low, gentle tones echoing all around me. I knew just how they were situated, those two young people. I knew Ellen Waugh was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, every ready to blame herself, and forgive all errors in others. I knew, too, that Harrison Mercer was selfish, indifferent, and morbidly sensitive and vain. He thought Ellen loved him, as a matter of course—partly because he was so perfect that no one could help loving him, and partly because she was so good and kind she could not help loving anybody. But he did not care about acknowledging his love for her just yet. It might make her too fond of him, or she might even now care more for his money than himself—he would wait and see.

Oh, how I scorned him for that suspicion which I knew had a place in his thoughts. But I could not stop for scorn. My prophetic eyes were reading the dim future of a twelvemonth hence—when he would make her costly presents, because his means allowed it; would give her jewelry, because it was proper that his chosen "lady" should wear jewels; would encourage her taste for the fine arts, supply her with interesting books, poetry, romance, fiction and history; hire a piano, pay for her music—do anything, in short, that money could or can do, and, at last, install her as mistress in a pleasant, perhaps luxurious home, where he could go every night, after the confusion and business of the day, and, noting not her dimming eyes and paling cheek, and quick exclamation of repressed joy at any careless mention of her old-time home and friends; heeding not that she was lonely, and needed more than his unfeeling presence to cheer her drooping spirits, he would take possession of his pretty parlor with a self-satisfied air, and, after reading the evening paper, stretch himself upon the sofa, watch his ever-busy wife as she moved about the room, or looked up smilingly from her work, and, plainer than words would say, with even more indifference than he felt last night—

"You do love me, don't you, Nellie?"

Yet who was most to blame? Ellen had unwittingly shown more than a sisterly fondness for the young stranger, in his loneliness. She had taught him to call her Nellie, by calling herself so when talking with her pet bird, and had changed his name to Harry—sometimes to Hal—and he had repeated it after her, laughing pleasantly at the drill conceit, as though it were a grateful sound to take the place of Mercer, Mercer, as his brother clerks and business acquaintances invariably called him.

But I know, perfectly well, if I were to tell kind, bustling ambitious Mrs. Waugh that Harrison Mercer would never make her warm-hearted, careless

Ellen a good husband, she would answer, with laughing, pleasant scorn, "Sour grapes, Hester!" for I am an old maid; and "backward memory" goes with trailing step, and a low, sad song, over more than a score of years, and, pausing, lifts time's magical shroud from a pretty cabinet picture. Shall I paint it, dear reader, for you?

There is a large wooden house, built in the style of clumsy airiness which characterized Southern architecture perhaps fifty years ago. The windows, opening upon the shaded veranda are draped with costly damask, and all around the room are luxuriant articles of wealth and taste. I do not wish to describe them. Please allow imagination to supply the defects of my lagging pen. But there, in the shade and fragrance of those luscious magnolias, see, two human forms are standing. Do you recognize that young girl? It is Hester Luernoe at eighteen. I was never very beautiful. My straight black hair was thick and soft, and Greta, my mother's favorite slave, had a way of plaiting it that took the harshness in part from the outlines of my dark, full face, lighted as it was by a pair of the fairest black eyes. I was rather tall, and quite commanding, passionate, wild and willful. Books and my pen were my almost constant companions. I wrote simple stories for Uncle Hubert's Magazine, and poetry for all my friends—thrilling, burning, longing poetry, that woke transient echoes in many a colder heart than mine.

But where did you see me last? Standing by the lake side with cousin Genevieve. Oh, she was a beautiful creature, a dear, gentle girl, two years my senior, and yet as young and fair-looking as a girl of sixteen. And when we stood there by the lakelet, I told her—just the old story, of girlish, romantic love, and a noble, deathless idol.

"He is coming, to-night," I said. "Oh, Vivie, I am so glad you are here, to see my knightly, my splendid Adrian!"

And he came. I introduced Genevieve with almost a sister's pride, and no one could help noticing the look of bewildered admiration that he gave her. He spoke as one would to a pet child, talked of birds and flowers, while she appeared remarkably childish and insipid. Night after night it was the same. She would talk with him for awhile, in a pretty, dippant way, then, gathering up her white robes, kiss us both, and float away like a bird, or dance sportively from the room, showing her slippered feet, and throwing kisses as she ran, from the tips of her tiny fingers. I asked her, one day, what made her appear so, and she replied, evasively—

"Oh, it is my way! Don't let him know it is anything unusual, will you? It is only a freak of mine!" And I wondered, but was silent.

That night I fancied there was more of her own gentle dignity in her manner than before. She stayed with us longer, and bade us good night more calmly than was her wont.

After she was gone, Adrian spoke of her for the first time since she came among us. I told him how kind and good she was, how lonely, too; and he grew sympathetic, and pitied her, talking eloquently all the time of our perfect love for each other, with which we could never be lonely, or selfish, or poor. And I forgot all doubt and fear when he folded me closer in his protecting arms, and kissed my proud, dark face in the still, pale light.

Well, he went away; and I stepped out upon the balcony to watch his retreating form. My dark dress fluttered in among the green leaves; my black hair harmonized with the heavy shadows, and I knew he could not see me. But I was proud, and I loved to watch him unobserved. To note his regal beauty of form and face—the unstudied lofty grace that every motion evinced.

Half way down the gravelled walk from the veranda to the gate that guarded our park, he turned and looked back. Almost my white kerchief fluttered out on the night air a farewell signal. But an unseen hand drew mine down still and firm, and a silent voice whispered—"wait." He moved on; passed the bed of violets I had tended so carefully—the magnificent tulip tree, almost to the cluster of flowering almonds, woven into a great harp, with tiny olive vines climbing round the strings, and—he paused. There in that delicate niche, screened, yet plainly visible, knelt Genevieve. I had been listening to his echoing steps, and now that they ceased so suddenly, I could catch the sound of her sweet voice, low and tremulous, as she put up her white arms pleadingly—I thought temptingly—in the clear moonlight. He bent his courtly head very low, to listen to her incoherent words—and in a moment those fair arms wreathed his neck, that sunny head lay pillowed on his shoulder, and springing from her kneeling posture she clung to him. What could he do? What do men generally do in just such cases? Why, he gathered her up in his arms like a weary child, and spoke low, soothing words, calling her by ten thousand pet names he had never deigned to lavish on me. Every word, every tone, came up to me with a softened murmur; and though I wondered at first, a darker feeling soon came. Why was she there? Why was her dress so disordered, her hair floating so wildly, her voice so sad? If she were sick, he could easily conduct her back to the house; but nay, it was very evident, he had no wish to leave her. I saw him brush her light hair back from her low brow as she looked up so bewitchingly in his face, and I saw the quick, caressing way in which she nestled both her white hands into one of his; and so I watched and waited angrily with the wild, indignant fire flushing my face and firing my eyes—and I scarcely know how the night went by; but in the early morning I was startled by a low, murmuring sound from Genevieve's room. At first I thought they were walking up the garden path, and I fancied the rich, melodious voice whispering half aloud—"Oh, Gennie, my spirit-guide, my watching angel, my singing bird, my own, my

beautiful!" Then all was still, and again the low, murmurous tones broke forth:

"Gennie—Gennie darling!" they seemed to say, ending with a quick, sharp cry of pain and agony. I arose, and stood for a moment sulky and undetermined. Then, determined to put the best possible construction upon the affair, I arranged my dress and pushed open the door that separated, or rather connected, our two apartments.

"Poor Vivie—poor child!" was my involuntary exclamation as I saw her. Her cheeks were flushed with a dark crimson, her hands closed tightly, her lips parted and swollen, and the breath came through them hot and labored. Every few moments she muttered uneasily, and moaned as if in pain. Her eyes were half open, and looking painfully wild. It was the work of a very few moments to summon aid, send for a physician, and find, if possible, some relief for the sufferer.

Alas! we could do little for her. She was in a high fever, aggravated, the doctor said, by some violent excitement, or a sudden cold. I thought she might have had both, but I kept my own counsel. All that day the delirium was on her—she knew no one, noticed nothing. Once, when I entered the room softly, she gave me a stare, and said vacantly, yet with bitter emphasis, "Adrian, Adrian!"

The next day and the next went by, and then he came again. I called him Mr. Forrest, as was my wont; but Genevieve caught the sound, and laughed mockingly. I stepped quickly into her room from the veranda, where I had been standing, and Adrian followed me. Vivie lay very still on the low couch that had been placed close beside the long window, whose drapery the night wind scarcely stirred. Her eyes looked bright and wild, her cheeks were touched with scarlet, as though the afternoon fever fit had scarcely left them, but her voice sounded low and sweet, and natural. I left her room for a moment to procure a glass of water, and when I returned she was talking rapidly and earnestly.

"Four times won, by the witchery of woman, you once affected to despise them all. I know it only too well. Your first love was neglected in her loneliness, to make room for the more dazzling beauty and more potent charms of the second, who, with bitter scorn and angry denunciations, refused you, in turn, because she would not tread upon a broken heart to reach her bride. The third you had not quite decided to call your own for life; and the fourth—ah, ha! the list is completed now! For the fourth you have gone back to the first. And do you not love me now, Forrest Searle?—does not your true heart own its allegiance now?" she asked, in a fierce, mocking tone, while he buried his face in his hands and groaned—"Don't Gennie, don't—you will kill me."

"Oh, no danger of killing such as you!" she continued; "you are as proof against death as love, I doubt not."

"Come here, Hester!" she called, upon observing me; "do not stand there like a frightened ghost—come and enjoy your cup of triumph over a broken altar—come and listen to deception, and villany, and fraud. If he had been true to you, darling," she murmured softly, "I would not have come between you like a shadow. I only wanted to test his affection for you. I meant to try him in a fiery furnace, but I only held him in the smoke a little, and it blackened him all over."

And her wild laugh rung again through the still room.

"No, Gennie," Adrian said, rising his head firmly. "You are unjust to me; you judge me falsely—but you shall hear my justification. You, too, Hester," he added, reaching out his hand toward me; and when I came nearer he took both my hands in his, and drew me down to a seat beside him.

"Now listen."

Genevieve nestled her face more quietly among her pillows, and I laid my head down upon his knee—a favorite position of mine when sitting at his feet, as I did now.

"When I first knew you, Gennie Luernoe, (for my lips still cling to the old familiar pet name,) I was, as you well know, a mere boy—not out of my teens, which you had just entered; but I proffered you a true heart's worshiping, and you accepted the gift like a little queen. I well remember exchanging a ring of gold for a look of your sunny hair. But this is not to my story. You know how circumstances separated us, after a while, and then she came before me, like a glorious vision. Three years my senior—tall and graceful, with cold, dark eyes, and beautiful, abundant hair, swept back so artfully from the white scar on her brow, which my baby hands had made. Yes, Hortense was beautiful as a dream, and she did refuse me—not, as you have thought, because she would not wrong another; (little cared my father's troublesome ward for such considerations) but a nobler chance awaited her; she played for higher game, and she won. There, forgive me girls. I did not mean to use that expression; it is a disgrace to the name of woman. But I was nursing my outraged pride, and cursing her artful blandishments, trying all the while to forget the fair young face that would look in with laughing triumph upon my air-castle, so terribly shattered. Since then I have wandered far and wide over the great world; have bowed before many a shrine of beauty, wit or wisdom; have gathered many scattered trophies of wealth and victory. I crossed the wide waters at last, and stood alone upon the far-famed soil of liberty. It was business brought me here; but I soon found friends. Hester knows how our acquaintance commenced; but she never dreamed why I lingered near her so long. Alas! the light in her black, flashing eyes minded me of two sunny orbs of blue; the turn of her proud head, the tones of her voice, the taste and skill she displayed in gathering and arranging flowers; her loves, her hates—all haunted me like a half-forgotten dream,

waking pleasant memories and bright thoughts I never cared to analyze. I thought I loved you, dear Hester, when I guided your hand in drawing, your voice in singing, your mind in its upward strife; I thought I loved you very much—" and his hand fell caressingly on my hair—"I thought you loved me in return, and that your love would gladden my lonely life, though I had never told you this."

"And I know that I loved you, Mr. Forrest," I answered him. "I was proud of your handsome face, your splendid talents, your very marked preference for me. I have loved you just as I would love an older brother, if God had given me one."

Oh, what a light swept across his face, chasing the shadows away; and he bent his head and kissed my brow, while in his heart he blessed me for those words. And I smiled in triumph at the victory I had gained over myself, for I had woven his image into many a day-dream, and builded a pleasant future, in which he, too, had a part. Genevieve heard me, too, and looked up with her wild, pleased eyes, and called me her brave, precious sister; but she glanced doubtfully at Adrian, and closed her eyes with a weary, patient look, as though it troubled her to think. He left us very soon after that, and I sung Vivie to sleep, and sought my own pillow, feeling wonderfully happy, though one bright page in my life-book was to remain unread forevermore.

But as time went by and Genevieve regained her wonted health and spirits, he—Adrian—renewed his visits, and became again the frequent and always welcome guest. He told us long stories of his world wide life, and how and why he had laid aside the proud old name of Searle, preferring to earn his reputation only as Adrian Forrest, his maternal grandfather's cognomen.

He sung, and talked, and rode, and walked, always with us both, for we were never separate now—yet I could see the old affection lingering in both their hearts, as they recalled the happy days of childhood, and early youth, and lived over the pleasant time when they were all the world to each other. At last there came a time when we must part; Vivie's visit was ended; Adrian's business completed, and my father was chosen Senator.

As we sat together on the veranda, one night, talking of all this, father abruptly called Adrian into the library, and Vivie and I, left to ourselves, wandered off into the moonlight, and among the magnolia trees together, dreaming how truly that shining could be more beautiful on earth than those shining green leaves and silver petaled flowers.

When we returned, Adrian at grave and silent, but father was looking satisfied and happy, and immediately he commenced discussing our plans for the coming year.

Well! the time for parting came. I was to accompany father to Washington, and so the old house would be vacant, save the domestics. How, where, when, should we meet again? We dared not look into each other's eyes and ask this.

I care not to write of what followed. The seasons were happy enough, and brief enough, and brought each their quota of joy and sorrow. And years went by, and we went back to the old homestead; and still I walked by my father's side, fearless and free.

There had been hands and sometimes hearts, offered me. Once I had heard my bridal day appointed; but death swept between me and the carriage that held my betrothed, and we parted thus.

My father died at last, suddenly, unexpectedly—died, blessing his only child for the patient watch and ward she had kept over him. It seemed to me, that the sun went out that day, and the stars forgot the dreary night. I was alone.

I heard the physicians talking low and earnestly of heart complaint, pecuniary and political trouble, etc., but nothing was real to me; not even the costly mourning robes, the heavy pall, the coal-black horses, and the dismal hearse. Only this was real—I was alone!

Then there came a letter to my desolate home, marked with Genevieve's graceful hand; and to it was added a long postscript from Adrian. "My Adrian," I said bitterly. I had sadly neglected them of late—for of course, the reader knows the were married long since—had been to Europe together, and were now living in a wild, pleasant home of their own, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. To this I was invited, warmly, earnestly; but even death had not conquered my natural perversity, and I haughtily declined the invitation. Vivie was grieved at this. I knew it by her next letter—so like her gentle womanly self—and I was sorry to have hurt her feelings.

But after this I grew absorbed in my new cares, and again forgetful, or neglectful of my correspondence, until, one sweet, cool day, the postman handed me, among more business like documents, one tiny note, directed in a terribly unsteady hand. It contained a few words of sorrowful, pleading entreaty from Genevieve. She was sick and lonely: "would I please come to her, if only for a little while?" Then I went. I could not resist that appeal. She was too dear to me.

When I saw how wan and tearful, with pain and watching, she had grown, I was glad that I came. Her husband was away on business, and she knew not when he would return, so I took my olden place, as her sister, and we were very happy.

Time passed, and Adrian came back. He thought I was changed; and I thought he was, too. Probably neither was very much at fault.

But Genevieve plead for me to stay longer—she was so lonely and despondent; and I gathered the mantle of pride a trifle closer round my heart, and—stayed.

Hours lengthened into days, and days to weeks, and still I looked out from the moonlit balcony of that beautiful home—waiting. But there came a time when every moment seemed laden with grief;

when the twin angels, Life and Death, stood scintillating at the threshold, and each a victory gained.

A tiny, helpless child, nestled on the pillow, and Genevieve opened her eyes and smiled; and Adrian, suddenly grown patient and watchful, looked so inexpressibly happy. Perhaps I envied them those hours of love and trust. Alas! the time came full soon when I had no need to envy. Even while their cup of joy seemed fullest and sweetest, there came a black shadow upon them.

Genevieve was dead! Calmly as the sunshine fades at eventide, unthinking as the weary child lies down to rest, did his idol, his darling, his dear, dear Genevieve, close her eyes in sweet restful sleep, and never open them again.

O wild and uncontrollable was his great grief. The whole earth was a desert—his home is dreariest cavern. Whatever she had loved or enjoyed was hateful to his sight; and even the little stranger, with eyes like his own, had no power to charm him—for was not his life purchased by the sacrifice of hers?

Why dwell upon what followed? He sold his house in town, his horses and carriages, all save the country seat, for he could find no purchaser at so short notice; then at his pitiful request, proffered almost with indignant scorn, I took the wee child and its nurse, not to my Southern home, but away up by the Green Mountains, where dwelt my dear Aunt Hester, whose name I bore.

For a long, long time I heard no tidings from Adrian, but at regular intervals there came bountiful supplies for the little one, and I was satisfied.

One day in the late spring I received another letter from the pleasant villa on the Hudson—not, as years before, penned by Vivie's hand, but bearing the heavy seal which only Adrian wore. He had grown weary of the world, so he wrote, and wandered back to his long-ago haven, where everything looked so calm and natural, it almost made his heart ache. He could think of no one he wished to see save Hester, and as he had business in the city of B—, about twenty miles away, he thought of taking the afternoon train that stopped at Midway station, and so looking in upon her. If she pleased, she might drop him a line at B—on the seventeenth, and tell him how to find her from the depot as he supposed a little out of the way country village afforded no public conveyance.

For a moment that letter seemed perfectly precious, and I hid it away from Aunt Hester's sharp eyes, all my own.

Two hours later, I sat by the great open fire-place—alone. I drew the letter from its hiding place, and read it. "It is very curious," I mused. "He does not say if he is married or single, sick or well, rich or poor."

I read it again, looked into the fire and thought, "How like his old-time self it is," whispered Memory. "And he remembers you so kindly," added Feeling. "You will have such a pleasant visit," suggested Hope. "Hester Luernoe, you are thinking a great deal too much of that letter," spoke up Pride.

Just then a great drop of rain plashed down the wide chimney, and hissed upon the coals. I threw the letter upon it, and as it lay a moment, I reached out my hand impulsively to recover my treasure. Pride laughed mockingly in my face, and I let it remain. Soon the little yellow flames crept up, and wrrapped it in their shining, treacherous arms, and I thought of the two other letters—only two—that shared a like fate, long ago.

I wrote no reply to that note, but when the seventeenth day of June arrived, it found the house, as Aunt Hester wonderfully expressed it, "all in apple-pie order." Her new white cap looked so neat and fresh, and I had put the finishing touches to a soft dark dress, which I fancied was unusually becoming. Then I dressed my little charge in his brightest frock, and tied over his thick, dark curls, his handsome hat, placed the slender whip in his hand, and lifted him upon the saddle of his pretty black horse. Tom was going to the depot with the carriage, and my noble little boy often accompanied him, riding slowly and proudly.

I had taught him the simple equestrianism that children are expected to know; his name and age, the town, county and State where he lived, together with much, very much for a child, about the far-away countries whence had come his remittances. And now—why did my cheeks burn with such a steady crimson, and my heart bound so? Oh, I must see the meeting between the long-severed father and son, so ignorant of each other. It was the work of a moment to don my long dress, sigh-brown Jenny, and a seat upon her back, and by a short-cut across the fields where the carriage could not go, I was soon at the station, just as the train came up.

I recognized him the moment his firm, graceful step echoed on the platform, but he did not see me. Twice he strode past me on the planks, and then called out, in a voice half ironical:

"I say, little fellow, does your mother let you ride that spirited horse alone?"

I could not see who he addressed, but I plainly heard the reply.

My mother has gone to heaven this dozen years, and Ma Hester likes to have me ride to the depot with Tom, or up to Silver Spring with her."

It was a perfect study to watch his dark face then. There were deep, firm lines around his mouth, and large, knotted veins tangled in and out the terrible scowl on his forehead. Just then Tom approached, and with a low, respectful bow, asked:

"Would the stranger—like a carriage anywhere about the village?" pointing at the same time to his really fine looking team. (I had given Tom a lesson.)

"Can you drive or direct me to Deacon M.'s?" he inquired.

"It is directly in my way, sir." And Tom held



the door open, and the traveler seemed glad to enter the carriage without further parley.

I waited but to see the little black horse canter off, then with a leap over two fences and a ditch, I was at home again—angry, and grieved, and glad, all in a breath. The carriage came soon, and I welcomed the quiet, dignified man it contained, inquired for his health, and introduced him at once to the house and its inmates, then turned to catch my little charge just as he was slipping carelessly from his horse.

When I entered the parlor, Mr. Searle stood by the table, comparing two pictures that hung near. One represented Genevieve and myself, painted by a Southern artist, in our delicate drapery. The other was his little boy, taken six months before, in the very heart of a New England winter. His velvet cap hung from Bruno's mouth, one scarlet mitten was crushed beneath the exultant tread of his "first pair of boots," while the other held his "sled rope." Adrian looked quietly from one to the other, and said, half to himself:

"His mouth is like hers, and his hair falls back in just such shining waves, but—"

"His black, beaming eyes and high, full brow belong to his father," I remarked, coolly.

He turned quickly as I spoke that word. I saw the deep flush on his face, the quick, sad look, and when he sat down so despairingly, and covered his eyes with both hands, I left the apartment softly, and only returned in time to show him his room that he might change his dusty clothes before tea.

That night he retired early, but the next day his habitual cheerfulness had returned, and it did not again forsake him through all his long stay with us. My little boy—I called him Forrest—took with wonderful instinct to his dark-browed father. I had been so afraid he would not, that it really seemed a relief—and they never wearied of each other. I often rode or walked long, pleasant ways with them, and they often joined me in the sitting-room, little Forrest climbing upon his father's knee, while he read or talked.

Those were very quiet, happy days, and long before the autumn came laden with luscious harvests, it was all arranged, I never knew how, that I was to go with him when the late October frosts were changing the green woods to gold and fire, on a pleasure excursion—to the lakes first, then down to my sweet Southern home, where the silver magnolias were blooming, and back again to New York, to his long-ago home on the Hudson.

Of course, there was to be a bridal first, in the quaint old church, and—and—I seem to see it now, just as it looked on that eve before our wedding, when we wandered up the aisle in the dimming twilight, and stood, silent and alone, by the little altar. There were heavy festoons of evergreen and bright bouquets of flowers swimming in water, ready to be arranged at daybreak, for we should be married early, and leave in the first train, he said, contrasting this with another day, far back in the annals of memory.

How strong, and proud, and noble he seemed then! How willing I felt to lean on him, henceforth and forever! And then the light in his black eyes faded so softly as he thanked me for my care over his darling child, and spoke of Genevieve's gratitude, a precious boon in heaven.

We talked long, that night, of past and future, sitting in the quiet country parlor, he on the sofa and I in my half-forgotten girlish place, with my head on his knee and his arm thrown lightly over me.

"Good night, Hester—it will be bright and pleasant in the morning," he said, at last, turning from the western window as he was about to leave the room, and with one silent kiss he was gone.

Time passed, and when every eye was closed in sleep every footfall in the household hushed, there came a wild, half-smothered shriek, a crash, an angry roar, as of an unchained demon—and the house was in flames. Of course, my work was plain: to snatch little Forrest from his crib, and find, through fire and smoke, a safe place for him. When I returned to the house, its half-clothed, frightened inmates were gathered before it—all save one, Mr. Searle—and he?

Strong hands were busily engaged in planting a long ladder by the window in his room, when suddenly it was thrown open, and an apparently shapeless, lifeless mass fell heavily to the ground. The fire had burned up beside the chimney and between the partitions, until it reached the ceiling of his room, where it had burst forth; and the first intimation he had of it was in a half-detached beam that swung from the blazing flames, falling directly across his feet. How he liberated himself, he could not tell, nor did we pause to inquire. Other homes were open to receive us, and all that care or kindness could devise was freely offered—but of what avail?

Adrian did not seem to suffer much—his wounds healed rapidly, and the physicians promised a perfect restoration to his wanted health; but he complained of a terrible heat in his throat and lungs, and sometimes, after coughing slightly, a few drops of fresh blood would stain his lips. As soon as he was able to sit up, he commenced writing, and soon, stern dignified looking men came frequently, and held long conferences with him, and the steady rustle of papers, and scratching of pens, told of the work going on in his pleasant sitting room. Then the writing desk was closed at last, and the men went away, all save one, who arranged the heavy curtains, and drew the cushioned lounge into the most favorable light, then "clattered" the still sunshiny room with all an artists materials, and commenced his work of transferring to canvas the face of Mr. Searle.

And now I was with him every day, and the picture, like little Forrest, was a never failing source of interest and amusement, as it seemed, each day, to grow more and more into life. I fancied it was only serving to beguile his convalescence, while Uncle Merriam was busily engaged in rebuilding his house, but he knew better than that, and when one day I noticed an unusual palor on his brow, and asked, had he not better defer his sitting until the morrow, he answered sadly: "No! I must finish my work to-day." I was glad to hear this, for the picture had grown almost wearisome, and I feared it was injuring him to sit so much. Vain fear! That night he died.

Some strange presentiment of evil had driven sleep from my eyelids, and once, when a sudden breath of wind stirred the casement, I fancied Adrian's voice was calling me. I knew that from my chamber I could not hear him, if he called, and I was just trying to reason myself into forgetfulness, when a sweet voice said, close to my ear, "Good night, Hester." I arose instantly.

Ten thousand worlds would have failed to convince me then that I had not heard my cousin Genevieve speaking.

Down the stairs, and along the hall, I hurried

dreamily, and stood at last in our room, as I had learned to call it.

There was the easel, shrouded in grey drapery, my workstand, and Adrian's books, and there, on the lounge, reclined Adrian, propped up with pillows, and apparently sleeping. Caspar, his black attendant, whispered softly that "Massa complained of heat in the bed-room, and wanted to lie in the cool air."

He (Caspar) doubted the expediency of this; but Massa would have his way.

I did not feel like sleeping, so I sat down by the open window to dream, of some pleasant coming time, when—

"Gennie! Gennie!" said Adrian, in a low, plaintive voice, "oh, if I did kill you—if my stern pride did crush the light and life from your young heart, God knows I loved you, darling. Gennie, is it you?"

"No, it is Hester," I answered, bending over him with a soothing draught.

"Hester, is it? Well, I must have been dreaming. I thought Gennie was here," he said; and added, after a pause, "Did you know, Hester, that we did not always live happily together?"

I started back with a cry of horror, for I thought him insane; but he spoke again calmly and kindly: "It is only too true. We were both proud; I was terribly stern and unyielding, and though I surrounded her with all that wealth or taste could procure, I often thwarted her, in little plans and pleasures, and I believe it killed her—stole her strength and spirits, little by little—oh, dear! And it would be just so again. Just so for me; but you would never bear the petty tyranny of conscious power. Your untrammelled spirit would rebel against its oppressor. You were born to be free. Nay, do not contradict me, dear Hester. Do you know the dying never speak falsely?"

"Dying?" I looked at him with wide-open eyes and sparrowing heart. Something in his look and manner told me it was true.

"Yes, dying," he answered with forced calmness. "I have felt this for many days. Can you stay with me until the morning?"

And he reached out his one well hand to clasp mine.

Caspar came in soon after, but Adrian's eyes were closed, and he scarcely spoke. I watched that proud, bold face, shaded over with an indescribable softness now, and saw the red flush fading out from lip and cheek and brow; but the hand I held was warm and firm. I thought he slept. Suddenly starting up, he exclaimed, "Where is my boy?"

Of course I went up stairs and took him once more from his crib, and in another two minutes his rosy face nestled contentedly on his father's pillow.

"My pride—my beauty! God keep thee from a possible future of unhappiness. God keep thee—"

And the deep, strong voice was drowned in a sudden rush of uncontrollable emotion.

"Good-by, father," murmured the little boy, drowsily, as I took him away.

And thus they parted!

Adrian was taken coughing soon, (as the country people have it), and the red blood stained his pillow, and dripped from his dressing gown; but when the coughing fit had passed, he lay back, white and still. I thought he was faint, and offered him wine. Instead of drinking it, he put his arm up round my neck, and drawing my face down close to his, he whispered:

"Remember, it will be bright in the morning; you will meet me then; meet me early. I see my mother's eyes looking kindly on her long-lost boy. Good night, Hester—good night!"

He spoke no more on earth.

I knew not when or how they buried him; days, weeks, and even months, went by without my knowledge, for I was too sick to live, the doctors said. But I did live; and when first the light of reason came back to my clouded brain, I called for my little Forrest. I shall never forget the puzzled, pitiful look that Aunt Hester wore, as I made this request, but I understood very quickly that it could not be granted; and, in a few days more, I learned why.

In the will that Mr. Searle had left, was ample provision for his only son and heir—left entirely and unreservedly to Hester Luerner, and her best judgment. But in case said Hester, at any time, wished to free herself from his care, or in case of her demise, etc., etc., there were other ways and means provided for the orphan. These other ways had, most unceremoniously, been made use of now, for I had not been expected to live an hour, and the wealthy New York banker, and his kind-hearted wife, had taken to their home my precious charge. He must be pining for the country and his dear old home, I thought; at any rate, I would go to him, my life seemed such a senseless, aimless holiday without its accustomed care. I had a motive for getting well, and I recovered steadily and rapidly, though the cold was intense, and the snow lay thick and white as far as eye could reach.

Long before the spring opened, I went to New York, to the palatial residence of Caleb Mercer Esq., and found my little boy. The roses had not faded from his cheeks, nor the fire from his eyes; his plump little hands were just as full of dimples, and a New York barber had scarcely lent new grace to his thick dark curls. He was glad to see "Ma Hester;" but when Mrs. Mercer entered the room, with her little Harrison, a year older than my Forrest, I noticed that both the boys called her mamma.

I talked a long while with Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, and they were kind and polite, and willing to yield to my claim; but the result of that visit was what I had not intended. I left Forrest Searle in New York, happy and contented.

Time passed. What need to note its flying feet? And after the lapse of all these years what do we find? Scarcely three months had my little boy been in his city home, when both the children were attacked with that terrible disease, scarlet fever. One of them died. The other lived, and grew strong again, gradually taking the name and place of the lost one, until few remembered there was any deception about the affair. Caleb Mercer had grown rich, and retired from business, long ago; but he had won his own place in life—so must his son.

And thus the little Forrest Searle of long ago has grown to the fashionable, active, handsome Harrison Mercer. And thus his proud, indifferent heart receives the homage it inspires. But all this while weeks, months and years go by. Perhaps you think my prophet eyes saw truly, and he has been true to the love he pledged and won—that Nellie Waugh was not deceived in him she fancied so truly noble.

I wonder sometimes if my Adrian was so perfect as my young heart made him, or if I worship even now a bright ideal of mine, to which he bore an imperfect resemblance.

But age is prone to wonder at the follies of youth. Have you woven a cloudless future for my two young friends, dear reader? Well, it is the pleasantest thought you can give them, for a farewell.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE.

The pale old year is dying now,  
I almost hear his sighs;  
And round me moan his watchers wild,  
With ceaseless cries.

The wintry, night-winds o'er his bier  
Chant solemnly a song,  
Now high, now low, and far and near,  
The whole night long.

'T is midnight hour, and round his brow  
The gathered dews of death  
Lie heavily, as 't were to bind  
The pent-up breath.

Another victim to the ranks  
Of the dim shadowy past;  
Blight hours of joy, dark sorrow's day—  
All gone at last.

A voice unto me saith "grieve not,  
For I am come to cheer;  
My name is Eighteen Sixty-One—  
Why wilt thou fear!

I'd speak to thee as spake the men—  
Prophets of long ago,  
Of one true shrine where all should kneel  
While here below.

My reign, like you, forgotten kings,  
Which the dead past now holds,  
Will be too short for half the deeds  
Of noble souls.

Many shall bow before the light  
Of freedom's rising star;  
Its beams will rest o'er bondmen's chains  
In glory far.

Then shall the wall of parting cease,  
The watcher's cry of woe,  
And hearts will not be rent in twain  
By freedom's foe.

And mingling in the halo bright  
Are other lights divine,  
The lights of truth and justice dear—  
The stars of Time.

These canst thou worship with thy might,  
Winning a conscience clear,  
And thus temptation's quicksands through  
Thou'lt safely steer.

Remember, mid the circling hours  
Of my swift, noiseless flight,  
I wait not for man's own good time  
Or promise bright—

But sweep with silent, tireless wing,  
To an eternal land,  
Where love and truth will ever dwell  
At God's right hand."

San Jose, Cal.

"LADE US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

BY PAUL FRY.

The night was bitter cold. As was my wont, I strolled forward among the emigrants. All was silent, for 't was too cold to talk. Apart from the others were crouched two very thimble clad. A glance told me that they were mother and daughter, and also that there was a sadness upon them that did not belong to the sufferings of the ordinary emigrant, and a sudden impulse prompted my taking a heavy shawl from myself, and wrapping it around them. The act was so sudden and quick that the tongue had no time to give utterance to the feelings of the heart, before I was back and out of hearing.

The steamer in due time arrived at her destination; and as I was taking the last step from the plank to the wharf, I felt my coat pulled.

"Master, master; you have forgotten your shawl!"

"No, I have not forgotten it; keep it."

"Keep it?" cried the mother.

"Keep it—keep it for our own?" cried the daughter.

"Yes, keep it for your own till you find some one that needs it more."

Ah, what a change came over the countenances of the two! I can compare it to nothing but the sudden flash that leaves an intenser darkness, as the old woman repeated to herself my words; then looking at her daughter for a moment, she turned to me, and with a voice trembling with emotion, she uttered the words—"Lade us not into temptation—take back your shawl!"

The bell rang, and the whistle gave forth its shriek; but high above the sounds of the bell and the whistle, as I entered the cars, was the voice of the mother and daughter, calling down blessings upon the giver of the shawl.

Over and Over.

The wheel of fortune keeps turning. The man that is underneath to-day, is likely to be on the top to-morrow. A great deal is conceded to lie in chance. We see many an one calculating, prudent, and industrious, and ready to take advantage of all fair opportunities; but, somehow, nothing ever comes of it, except perhaps a harvest of discipline, and that is worth all. Then again, we find a person who has appeared to take little or no thought of the morrow, actually bathed in a golden flood with whose incoming tide he had nothing to do. This may be all right, in order to teach us how secondary are matters that are so folk in their goings and comings; or it may be for the equally valuable purpose of showing us that a perfect self-reliance is never gained until even disappointments are all conquered by a patient acquiescence in the powers that rule overhead.

The Way of the World.  
Men may swear, gamble, profane the Sabbath, be obscene in speech and licentious in conduct—they may absent themselves from home and spend whole nights in lasciviousness, lust, excess of wine revellings, banqueting and abominable idolatries—and yet none lose their place in society, but be recognized as honorable men. But let a woman follow their example, and she is driven, like Eve, from the social paradise. If ever the breath of suspicion blow upon her vestal robe, it is soiled. If she lapse but once from the path of virtue, she falls like Lucifer. No patience, however protracted, can place her on the pedestal from which she fell. No tears can wash away the stain upon her fair name. You might as well attempt to reconstruct a broken vase or to restore the tints and fragrance of a flower.

The white snow lay  
On the narrow pathway.  
Where the lord of the valley crossed over the moor;  
And many a deep print  
In the white snow's tint  
Showed the tracks of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.  
The next sun's ray  
Soon melted away  
Every trace on the path where the false lord came!  
But none shall see the day  
When the stain shall away—  
The stain on the snow of fair Eveleen's fame!"

And yet that proud lord will lift his head in society, as if he were an angel, while the victim of his hellish art is, like Cain, a vagabond upon the earth. And even the virtuous woman who would shrink from her presence as from a pestilence, will give him her hand and heart, as if he had never sinned.—Philip Slaughter.

## Original Essays.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

We have seen that the ancient Lords, Gods and Angels were, for the most part, held as independent creatures. They were personifications of the moving panorama of the universe within the scope of their mental status. The Most High God had his sitting in the luminous ether which pavilioned the sun, moon and starry hosts. These were deemed living intelligences and mediators between the Most High and man. Flanking this hierarchical host, and shaking much the mystical arena, were the mediums, prophets, or seers. These were the "Men of God" to speak in his name. "Beforetime, in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, he said, 'come, let us go to the seer.'" On this wise we have received the mysteries of Godliness and the oracles of God.

Philo Judæus says, that "the Heroes of the Greeks were the angels of Moses," and that "the air is full of souls, and the word of prophecy is accustomed to call these souls angels, and that which interprets the will of God is the prophetic race, being under the influence of divine possession and frenzy—that the spirit speaks by possessing the prophet—that the prophet is the Man of God; and reasonably to be called God. These souls, philosophers are wont to call demons, but the Sacred Scripture calls them angels, and the reporters of the Word of God." Philo claims to have been, at times, influenced like the prophets, and his familiar "invisible spirit" is apparently the same as his God, holding the same relation as the good demon of Socrates.

Of all the Heroes, Gods, or Men of God, worshiped by the ancients, not one dwells so highly within the holy of holies as Jesus of Nazareth. Most of the Hero Gods were rather renowned for the grosser or worldly exploits, while the Hero of Galilee expanded from the moral, the spiritual, and the affectional plane. In all these was unfolded the flower of his being, quickening with delicious aroma a limitless expanse, and even to this day is a ministering angel from the ever upwelling fountain of his love.

In old Jewry, all was of the Lord till after the Babylonian captivity, when the Persian dualism of a divided empire among the heavenly hosts begins to impregnate the theology of the Jews. The Persian Arhimian, evil principle, or Satan, unfolds in the later days, and appears as an out-flanker against the Lord. So, too, the word Demon was made to change front from the better to the worse sense of the term. Christianity took growth in dualism, permitting the Prince of the Power of the Air to bag a third part of the heavens, and he has so far succeeded in more than holding his own, that modern orthodox, fleeing from the wrath to come, have yielded him almost the whole—the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters under the earth. The Romish Church adopts the "Legion," while the Protestant is rather inclined to hold fast to the Omnipotent, All-Devouring One. With either branch of the Church, however, much more depends upon the creed you believe, than upon the life you live, whether you are Godly or Devilish.

M. Gasparin has tried very hard to prove, through one thousand octavo pages, that Modern Spiritualism is neither of God nor the Devil, but of "fluid action." This author is a French Protestant, and strives very hard to parry the Roman "Legion," and also the rationalists, who claim that the Biblical phenomena are in the same line of causation. With him, God and the Devil are the engineers of the Biblical dualistic manifestations; but all outside he reduces to "fluid action," which is equivalent to the *reductio ad absurdum*. He fails to see that his charges are equally as applicable against the Bible and Protestant church as against the Romish, when he says that "the Dualism of traditional belief manifests still another sign. In the conflict between divine miracles and diabolical prodigies, we hardly know how to distinguish one from the other. The two supernaturals are continually confounded. We shall be told, indeed, that extraordinary facts are of God, when they are produced in the name of the church, and that they are of the Devil when produced by the hand of heretics. The crusader, who passes through the flames, holding in his hand the true spear, performs a miracle; the Protestant *cavalier* who passes through flames singing a psalm, achieves a work of Satan."

"This is a convenient mode of reasoning," says M. Gasparin; but he and his brother Protestants as readily resort to it when it serves their turn. Those who do not adopt "fluid action," "Od," &c., are very full of the Devil as a "convenient" answer to the phenomena, which, if happening within the "pastor-board barriers of the Bible," or in camp or revival meetings, is of the Lord, or holy ghost—yet our author, while removing the mote from the Romish eye, perceives not the beam that is within his own. He says, "So long as the illuminated magnetisers operate in heretical countries, in Germany, in Sweden especially, they are instruments of the Devil, although they fancy they call down upon the sick the action of angels, and drive away that of demons. I willingly abandon them to M. de Mirville, for I reject with all the power of my Christian faith, revelations furnished in a state of ecstasy, or confirmed by the insensate writings of a Swedenborg." Of course, by a parity of reasoning, we should infer from this that no revelation in the Bible is worth a straw if delivered in a state of ecstasy, in trance, or in the spirit, so that spiritual gifts were of no account whatever, but simply of "fluid action." Not so however with M. Gasparin. These things are spiritual if within the Bible, but "fluid action" on any other wise. Truly "a very convenient mode of reasoning." For our own part, we see no difference in the Camisard prophets, speaking in the language and person of an invisible intelligence, as, "I tell thee, my child," and the Hebrew prophets speaking on the same wise in a "Thus saith the Lord."

It would appear that the church has never yet "had light enough to distinguish between the action of God and that of Satan," in the way of spiritual manifestations, and Gasparin cites the case of Madeleine of the cross, as showing that "the work of God and that of the Devil are blended." "This confusion," he continues, "is everywhere." The two supernaturals are so imperfectly distinguished from each other, that multitudes of intelligent and pious men have for ages persisted in a classification forever impossible. There has always been great danger that the diabolical would be mistaken for the divine; a just punishment of Dualism! Is it possible that any one can really desire mankind to become familiarized with the idea that the Devil effects cures, that the Devil delivers from the Devil, that the Devil preaches up conversion? Again: "consulting Jewish traditions, we shall see the Rabbis evoke angels, or the souls of the dead, just as sorcery, at a later period, evokes demons. The processes differ but little. The Rabbins assert that the patriarchs, prophets and ancient kings showed themselves on the mountain of Garizim." Very well—Moses has made a similar declaration: "The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousand of saints."

If they were apparitions in the one case, why not in the other? It is impossible to place the tutelary God of the Jews in a position not relative to all other Gods of human conception; impossible to remove him from the status of civilization in which he appears, whether his aspect be astrological, or as a familiar spirit on Sinai, Seir and Gazarin, or vulgarized in stone and wood. Before Dualism cast its shadow upon Hebrew unity, the circle of all things embodied the Lord. He was the author of all evil. "Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it? I form the light

and create darkness; I make peace and create evil—I, the Lord, do all these things."

By proving the transmundane mode of being as Modern Spiritualism does, we are neither confounded by the Lord nor the Devil, but we find human souls, men, women and children from that world, manifesting to this. We only stultify ourselves when we deny their unfeigned human individuality of being, and cry Lord! Lord! or Devil! Devil! from the standpoint of the ancient darkness, where every apparition was a Lord, a God, or a Demon, signifying the same personality, sometimes visible, but mostly otherwise—yet uttering their oracles through apt mediumistic conditions—through bloody sacrifices—through wizard's cauldron-pot, or with magic rod evoking fire from heaven, as in the sacred mysteries of Bileedon.

There is a land of souls whence have come the authoritative mysteries of all ages. The undeveloped mind, too gross, unintellectual and unspiritual to trace the intervening links in the chain of relation embracing both worlds, has been forever a prey to ignorance, superstition and priestcraft. Unfledged souls have been magnified into very God of Gods, or into the omnipresent Devil of orthodox theology. Whether God or Demon, their lower estate has always presented the same vampire-like proclivity of being ever thirsty of blood. There is odium or essence of the blood when freshly shed that has rapport with the grosser appetites of the spirit-world—hence Jewish and Gentile sacrifices as the most acceptable offerings to their God. The blood poured out in libations as containing the rapportal life in which the grosser spirits would manifest—"The sweet-smelling savor" from the burnt panaches of bullocks—the buck-goats for sin, and the libations of wine so delectable in the feasts of the earlier Jehovah-Moloch of Israel, to say nothing of the human sacrifices which have so often garnished the altars of the Gods—all these simply mark the undeveloped status in the relations of the two worlds.

Says Cudworth, "The tabernacle or temple being thus a house for God to dwell in visibly, . . . there must be some constant meat and provision brought into this house, which was done in the sacrifices, that were partly consumed by fire on God's own altar, and partly eaten by the priests, which were God's family, and therefore to be maintained by him. That which was consumed upon 'God's altar, was accounted God's meat, as appears from the first chapter of *Malachi*, where the altar is called God's table, and the sacrifice, 'God's meat'; 'Ye say, the table of God is polluted, and the fruit thereof; his meat is contemptible.'" And often in the Law, the sacrifice is called God's bread or food. Whence in that learned Hebrew book *Cosari*, the King Habor objects to the Jew *Cosari* against his religion, that it seemed to place corporeity in God, in making him to feed upon the flesh of beasts in these sacrifices. To which the Jewish Doctor answers cabalistically in this manner: That as in men corporeal meat is a means to unite and continue the soul (which is a spirit), to the body, so, in the land of Israel, the blood of beasts offered up in sacrifice had an attractive power to draw down divinity, and unite it to the Jews." Thus it is apparent that the sacrifices to Jehovah were as bloody as those offered to Moloch, or to the bloodier Gods of Heathendom. The Hero-ghosts of Homer appear at the sacrifices of Ulysses, the same as the Elohim or ghost-Gods are present in the sacrifices of Israel. So, too, the Druids of Gaul and Britain had their God-Stones sprinkled with blood. "And when they appeared in public," says Burke, "it was seldom and only on some great occasion; in the sacrifices of the Gods, or on the seat of judgment. They prescribed medicine; they formed the youth; they paid the last honors to the dead; they foretold events; they exercised themselves in magic. They were, at once, the priests, lawgivers and physicians of their nation; and consequently concentrated in themselves all that respect that men have diffusively for those who heal their diseases, protect their property, or reconcile them with the divinity."

The Druids were eminent above all the philosophic lawgivers of antiquity, for their care in impressing the doctrine of the Soul's immortality on the minds of their people, as an operative and feeding principle. Sun, moon and planets, as well as the elements fire and water, whose baptisms were supposed to wash away all sins, were a part of Druidical worship. God-Stones were venerated as of equal virtue as those set up in the name of the Lord in old Jewry—as the Bethel Stone of Jacob, when he covenanted to serve the Lord, if the Lord would come down in a *quid pro quo*. The Lord, to meet his part of the covenant, appeared to Jacob in a dream, and said, "Lift up now thine eyes," as then he would behold the process of transfiguring Laban's cattle. The sons of Laban were rather mystified at the marvelous work of the Lord; nor was it altogether satisfactory when Jacob told them—"Thus God hath taken away the cattle of your father, and given them to me." Moses set up one of these altar piles, and named it Jehovah-nissi, or Swearing Lord, because the Lord swore that he would have war with Amalek forever. These God-Stones had local habitation and names in old Jewry—were personified as the Lord to swear by, or to immolate victims upon, and invoke as a helper—"The Lord is my helper," as Ebenezer or Stone of Help—so, too, the great Stone of Abel, or Sacrificial Stone of Abraham.

It is impossible, with unlearned vision, not to see the common humanity in the contemporary status of all the ancient religions. The ancient Druidical worship finds its counterpart in early Jewry and Gentiledom. Stone and Serpent worship with the "sweet influences of Pleiades," but no images of the unapproachable Supreme. Says Edmund Burke, "The land mark was in those times held sacred on account of its great uses, and easily passed into an object of worship. Hence the God Terminus amongst the Romans. This religious observance, toward rude stones, is one of the most ancient and universal of all customs. Traces of it are to be found in almost all, and especially in these northern nations; and to this day, in Lapland, where Heathenism is not yet entirely extirpated, their chief Divinity, which they call *Stor Junkare*, is nothing more than a rude stone."

"The Druids performed the highest act of religion by sacrifice, agreeable to the custom of all other nations. They not only offered up beasts, but even human victims. . . . The knowledge and policy of their priesthood appeared the more striking, by being contrasted with the great simplicity and rudeness of the people over whom they presided. But, notwithstanding some peculiar appearances and practices, it is impossible not to perceive a great conformity between this and the ancient orders, which have been established for the purposes of religion in almost all countries. For to say nothing of the resemblance which many have traced between this and the Jewish priesthood, the Persian Magi, and the Indian Brahmins, it did not so greatly differ from the Roman priesthood, either in the original objects, or in the general mode of worship, or in the constitution of their hierarchy."

Thus, on every page of the past is stamped the oneness of the religious sentiment; blind, bloody, vindictive in ignorance, it is clad in the more beautiful robes only in the progress of knowledge and civilization. Mr. Buckle is right in giving precedence to these as the saviors of the higher and broader divinity; for in ignorance all religion is as one with superstition. We worship our Bibles, our prayer-books, and our creeds, on the yet crude plane of the undeveloped past. We take them as finalities, instead of sloughing their grosser parts as we pass from the darkness which begot them. We have reversed the symbolic worship of the ancient serpent which symbolized newness of life, whether as casting its skin for a new resurrection, or in its astronomical aspect of returning from the winter solstice, and bringing life and immortality to light by leading up the heavenly hosts from the dark shadow and valley of death, and seating them on the high meridian of the summer splendors, where all the sons or stars of God sang for joy under the sweet influence



of the Pielades. But our orthodox theologians cling to the old skin of the serpent—to the body of the dead, and think that if this is suffered to slide, they will be of all people the most miserable. So they continue to hold to that old skin, till it is almost impossible to secure the resurrection of a new or spiritual body. They feel that the old skin must wrap them about, or each is ready to exclaim with old Jewry Micah, "Ye have taken away my God, and my priest, and what have I more? Woe is me!" They think that the old possesses a talismanic virtue not given to the new. The Stone, Jehovah-nisi, which Moses set up, we still think more sacred than any upheaval of the geologists. The Hebrew stone is orthodox for reminding the Lord that he had sworn to have war with Amalek forever. The Lapland Stone is heterodox and heathen, for setting up "a crude Stone," and calling it *Stor Jun-kare*, though we fail to see the essential difference in holiness of the Jehovah and Jankare Stones. We hope that the Lapland Stone was not the monument of such an exterminating oath as appears in the monumental hard swearing of the Hebrew. We are not idolatrous of either Stone, but rather given to the melting mood. So we here confess our own sin of idolatry in another direction—of the angels, goddesses, or saints in glory; but then the Lord pardon his servant, if, in this respect, he bow too much in the house of Bimmon.

We still have altar-stones, which are supposed to be more holy than granite, pudding-stone, or quartz. We still worship a book as the word of God, though it never was the word of God in any exclusive sense of the term, but only in the assumptions of the priest-ess who direct and govern in such claims. We still worship Sunday as being the Lord's day, though instituted in honor of the sun, and called Saturn's day anterior to the days of Moses; for our earlier Bible is but a compilation from pre-existent records, as appears in the more thorough archaeological researches; yet we set up this book, full of contradictions, call it the word of God, and invest it with a talismanic virtue—the same as past ignorance has done with other idols. No one denies the many good things it contains, but it is not therefore infallible. How many read it with freedom of judgment and criticism, as they would read any other book? Not many are yet out of this idolatrous bondage, but are inclined to regard it with the bated breath and whispering humbleness of the trembling slave, so imbecile in their mentality in the direction of religious knowledge. In such training of the religious organs, if a ghost appears, it is either the Lord or the Devil; and yet no spirit has ever yet stood out in objectivity of being, whether in the name of Lord, Angel, or God, but from the world of souls, who were once incarnate like ourselves. Swedenborg saw those who had uttered themselves in the name of Jehovah. The writer in the name of Moses supposes his Lord to have come from Sinai, to rise up from Sinai, and to shine forth from Mount Paran; while others, still lending enchantment by distance to the view, saw in the ghosts of their mountains the patriarchs of their nation. All divinities must be of the mythical old time, because a ghost of the present would be, like the prophet, without honor at home. It cannot be shown that the tutelary God of Israel, when not a personification of the Supreme Principle, or otherwise representative, was of any other source than from the land of souls, who live, move and have their being in the Universal Father, continuous from this world, and correspondent to ourselves.

C. B. P.

## MIND AND MATTER.

BY WARREN CHASE.

I use these terms to distinguish the dual character of the universe. Both are substantial existences, absolute, eternal in duration, both ways from our point of time; never have been and never will be increased or diminished in quantity, and relatively and essentially never changed in quality; their powers, conditions, essences and actions are different and distinct from each other. Mind is positive, matter negative; mind active, matter passive, or inert; mind masculine, matter feminine, both essentially unchangeable to each other, but in perpetual union and eternal sexual affinity, producing the infinite variety of forms and individualities, generated by mind, ultimated in matter, exhibiting on our earthly mind, or spirit, as some call it, in the mineral kingdom forms—bound by mind in the cohesion of the rocks, until the ages have satisfied its sexual demand, and mind relaxing its gripe, the particles disintegrate, to be magnetically drawn to other centres and form other unions. In the vegetable kingdom another quality (life) appears, added to cohesion, and, while it changes the condition and expression, greatly reduces the general time of individual duration; but still it is mind and matter playing the eternal tunes of aggregation and degradation of bodies.

The many general and special qualities of minerals and plants furnish some of the most interesting studies of human life; but I must pass over them, and leave them for the students of physical science, to whom I would recommend a work, soon to appear, from the pen of Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia.

From the vegetable kingdom one short step brings us to the animal, where we find locomotion (not generation) added to the distinguishing feature of the kingdom. Sensation seems to be a condition of development far from universal among animals; for it is not yet certain that it exists at all below the vertebrates; but locomotion is the distinguishing feature of the kingdom. Rocks and ores lie in heaps, or single, in or on earth, in or out of water, and with little regard to climate. Plants have homesteads and anchor in the soil, and stretch out in air or water, and feel the sunshine and gases, and are tempered to climates, but cannot fly, or swim, or travel; while animals move on earth, in water, or air; still it is only a higher manifestation of form in matter, shortened in duration as it ascends the scale. Collectively, animals are much shorter lived than plants, and plants than rocks. I say high and low, but I only use these terms in our standard of human measurement; for to the Omnipotent and Divine Mind there can be no high or low, good or bad, great or small, long or short, past or future, but all things exist in the universal consciousness, and change in their respective seasons, and may be good or bad, long or short, hot or cold to each other.

Thus far all the organic forms we find in these three kingdoms are circumstances, governed and controlled in their organic existence by external and internal influences and powers. The most important and mysterious of the external is instinct, which we discover acting on plants, but which becomes potent on animals, ruling some of them (as the honey bee), with almost absolute sway, setting aside other forces, and often outreaching the reason of man.

Mind, in all its connections with the forms in these kingdoms, seems to be wholly satisfied with the organic existence and outward surroundings, adapting each to its sphere and capacity, and utilizing all in earth-life and temporary duration. I cannot discover different mental individuality in animals from strata in plants or rocks; in each I find the highest, and all desires and demands met in the bodily connections and surroundings. But one more step and Man appears, another kingdom, and here

we find a *centeredness*, soul or spirit-life being the distinguishing feature of the kingdom, beginning and being coeval with it.

I leave for physiologists to decide where human beings begin, both as a race and as individuals; and when they have decided, I will endeavor to show that then and there a human soul or human souls began to "live, move, and have a being," and that spiritual individuality is coeval with humanity, and is not dependent on physical or intellectual development, but only upon organization for a beginning, quality and capacity alone depending on development. However feeble the physical or spiritual organization of a human being be, or she has souls; wants that no outward conditions can supply or answer, and they increase with the soul's growth and become more and more imperative, and are more and more happy or miserable, as they are answered or negated.

In the human form, mind forms an internal as well as external nucleus, and gathers elements for a spiritual body, while it cases it over with grosser particles of decomposed mineral, vegetable, and animal bodies; and, in this sense, man is in the image of God, (or the Universe), being dual in form; but the spirit body, or, as Davis terms it, the soul, is not the mind. Mind is still both interior and exterior, playing with the spiritual body and physical body, as with plants and insects. But when we commence the individualities of spirit-life, we enter upon a new cycle, and a new sphere of existence; and our lives there may be as the duration of our worlds in this sphere, or, if less, still as durable as the first of our earth forms, the rocks, or, for aught we know to our present capacities, external; and yet, no doubt, a change may await us beyond our ken. I am glad to know I shall go on, still myself, after this body drops back to earth, and that I shall not have to stay here seventy years to gain a point of soul-life, for, if that were requisite, I should have little hopes.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 7, 1861.

## "WHO THEE WONDERS OF HIS HAND CAN TRACE?"

Visible nature is a glorious temple. Its foundations are "of all manner of precious stones;" its walls, the towering mountains; its lamps, the burning planets; its organ choir, the voice of many waters; its orators, the thunderbolts of God; its ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue, festooned with clouds whose edges seem fringed with the stripes of disbanded rainbows of all hues.

This beautiful temple was built for man. It is his play-ground and studio. He rejoices in its golden light, and meditates in its solemn darkness; he fathoms the depths of its oceans, and scales the heights of its Andes—explains the formation of snow, and who hath begotten the drops of dew; measures the belts of Jupiter, and numbers and weighs the moons of Saturn; with one hand he plucks the flower of the field, and with the other arrests the lightning in its course, and clipping the wings of that fiery bird, encages it, and applies it to the uses of ordinary life. Having pushed his investigations to the last brink of visible nature, at one bold flight he has crossed "the broad Atlantic of worlds," and joined in the hymns of the sons of God who sang together when time began, and this globe took its place as a shining star "high up the walls of heaven."

"Every man," says Dr. Paley, "has a particular train of thought into which his mind falls when at leisure; and if one train of thinking is more desirable than another, it is surely that which regards the works of nature, with a constant reference to a Supreme and Intelligent Author."

An old hermit being asked by a philosopher how he could spend his time in the wilderness, seeing he was destitute of books, answered, "My book, oh philosopher, is the nature of all things created by God, which I can read at pleasure."

"Nature," says another, "is God's library. God manifested and drawn out, and all creatures are as glasses in which we may see, and as scaffolds and ladders by which we may ascend and draw near to him."

"It is a Christian exorcise," says Chalmers, "to extract sentiments of piety from the works of nature."

Such employment is sanctioned by the great and good of all ages and of all lands. In the writings of the old Hebrew prophets nature is incessantly personified, and there is attributed to it both the mouth and the mind of a rational personality, "The heavens declare the glory of God; the firmament showeth his handiwork." They tell, in their sublime and splendid revolutions, of the skill and power of him who stretched them as a curtain, and spread them as a tent to dwell in. The stars are sent round the universe, making proclamation, and flashing evidence how great he is who launched and kindled them. He is the strength of the hills, the glory of the forests, the grandeur of the ocean, and the beauty of the flowers. They are the "orators of God," and preach from all their splendors and scenery homilies on his perfections.

"Thou art, oh God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see: Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee. Where'er we turn thy glories shine, And all things bright and fair are thine! When day with farewell beams displays Among the opening clouds of e'en, And we can almost think to gaze Through golden vistas into heaven, Whose hues, that mark the sun's decline, So soft, so radiant, Lord are thine! When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'erhangs all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage Is sparkling unnumbered eyes, That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine."

Now, he who raised the fair temple of nature, and adorned it with beauties countless as the drops of morning, never intended that we should pass through it like the poor country girl, having made a law for herself never to raise her eyes from the ground, passed through a great city without admiring anything but the pavement. Although the object of our journey through life is of the most serious moment, it is both a duty and a privilege, as we pass along, to admire the blush of morn, the blaze of noon, the pensive hues of evening, the grand old galaxy of night stretching over the serene heavens like a mighty breastplate of stars bound athwart the bosom of eternity, the grand old mountains, the wavering forests, and the rolling rivers. For

"There is a voiceless eloquence in earth, Telling of him who gave her warmer birth. Hill, flood and forest, mountain, rock and sea, All take their errors and their charms from thee. Whose hidden but supreme control Moves through the world a universal soul."

Without underrating other objects of study, it may be safely affirmed that if there is one field of contemplation in the bright realm of creation more step and Man appears, another kingdom, and here

holding, or captivate the mind by contemplating, it is that which the heavens unfold

"—when the moon, resplendent orb of night, O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light; When not a cloud o'er casts the solemn scene, And not a depth disturbs the day serene."

If in such an hour we cast a glance along yon glorious highway, how grand the scenes that opens to the view. Here is a star of the first magnitude shining forth with superior brightness. Yonder are the glimmering rays of millions of twinkling luminaries; others are those diminutive gems scattered with such profusion through the milky-way, forming that ample road whose dust is gold, and pavement stars.

"As stars to us appear."

Jupiter moves yonder in the car of light, canopied with a firmament more magnificent than that which mantles our world, and driving his blazing steeds around the sun at a speed of thirty thousand miles per hour. There is Saturn, too—the most beautiful of all shining hosts—diffusing a flood of light sufficient to eclipse a thousand moons, and girded with rings, the smallest of which would belt this globe four hundred times. And there is *Georgium Sidus*, the most indolent of the flaming troop, moving at the lazy gate of fifteen thousand miles per hour, while little *Juno*, without whip or spur, completes her fifty thousand! Lo! yonder comes the full-orbed moon like a sweet shepherdess attended by her glittering flocks to roam the azure fields of night. Under yon frowning cloud she seems to stoop, then up the purplean rides sublime, and o'er the dark her silver mantle spreads. Unnumbered worlds march out in successive splendors, gradually lighting up the firmament till it seems throughout its vast extent powdered with shining worlds, each making its respective contribution to set the bosom of old night on fire.

But this contemplation has no limits. If we ask the number of suns and systems, astronomers tell us that the unassisted eye can take in about one thousand, while the best telescopes can take in from ninety to a hundred millions. Imagination may soar where eye cannot pierce, nor telescope sweep, and she shall see "other worlds rolling afar, the light of other suns shining on them, and the broad, bright skies that circle them, gilded with other stars."

"The grass withers, and the flowers fade." The mountains crumble, and the rocks decay. But those heavens are always fresh. The hand of violence cannot mar their beauty, and familiarity can leave no foot-print on their untrodden floor. "Power be-longeth unto God." And where do we find it so eloquently written as in the ancient manuscript of the night?

Those faint lights that fringe as with a network of silver the curtains of darkness, are ponderous worlds millions of miles in circumference. That which we call the morning and evening star, now riding foremost in the procession of night, and anon heralding the king of day, is a vast globe, equal in magnitude to that on which we live.

"Spirit of God! as up yon star-hung deep Of air, the eye and heart together mount, Man's immortality aims with thee, And thou art all around! Thy beauty walks In airy music over the midnight heavens, Thy glory's shadowed on a slumbering world," VIRGINIA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

## ON LANDING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN IRELAND.

BY J. ROLLIN X. SQUIRE.

Oh, Erin! I rest on thy surf-beaten strand, My fevered cheek fanned by the breeze from thy hills, My gaze stretching far o'er thy memoried land Where the green shamrock grows by the side of thy rills.

Where grows the green shamrock by sweet-singing rills, The Mountains of Wicklow rise far on the scene, Whose height, could they speak of the wild days of yore.

Might tell of the fights in their valleys of green, When the clashing of arms shook the echoing shore, When the meeting of foes shook the far-distant shore.

Thy power is lost, and thy kings who once reigned, Though they lead thee to battle no longer as then; Though conquered thou art, yet thy honor unstained, And thy glory shall live in the annals of men.

And thy bravery shall shine in the histories of men—The brown hill of Howth towers far to the right, On whose brow the sun lingers at ebbing of day, Whence the saint threw his book at the Devil in his flight.

And shattered the rock which lies split in the bay, The dark, dangerous rock rent in twain in the bay, As fountains long frozen in the sunset-a-bubbling, With these visions of beauty my heart thrills anew, And goes out before me to beautiful Dublin.

Whose spires and steeples break faint on the view, Whose turrets and towers rise dim on the view, How rich are the legends which live with thy name, Thrilling tales which to love and to bravery belong, That justify accord thee thy undying fame.

And make thee the dwelling of romance and song, The home of weird stories of romance and song, Thou Parent of many of my wild boyish dreams

In the land that lies west o'er the dark, heaving sea, Now I stand in thy vale by thy murmuring streams; Then I sung, "Oh, sweet Erin, I'm dreaming of Thee," Emerald Isle of the Ocean, I'm dreaming of Thee."

I'm ashore on Green Erin, the dear native land Of the sunny-haired maid I love sweetest and best, If to wish were to have what the heart would demand, I should walk not alone with this weary unrest, Not alone on thy shore with this weary unrest.

"Glenalua Lodge," Killiney Hill, May 14, 1860.

There is a story, which is repeated to every traveler who crosses the height of the Hill of Howth, that once upon a time one of the Saints, (St. Stephen, I think), on going to the top of the hill to view the sea, was accosted by the Devil with a proposition regarding the disposal of his soul. The Saint became so enraged as to throw his book at the "gentleman in black," whose quickness enabled him to catch being hit; when such was the force of the book, that it went far out into the bay, striking a rock, which it split in twain.

WHAT IS DIPHTHERIA?—We see by our exchanges that a malignant disease of the throat and lungs is remarkably prevalent and somewhat fatal. Many people are much frightened respecting it, because the faculty, who are always noted for high sounding technicalities, have given it the name of *diphtheria*. We learn from Dr. Stone, the distinguished physician of the Troy Lung Institute, that it is nothing more nor less than the old disease known as membranous croup and plastic bronchitis—in other words, it shows a disordered state of the blood, in which condition severe colds develop an exudation of lymph or false membrane, the predisposing cause, as he pretends, being disordered digestion and assimilation. So this quite fatal phenomenon only goes to prove the necessity of correct habits of living, and establishing regular habits and functions of the body.

We learn from Dr. Stone, that he has treated many inveterate cases successfully. Among them is the case of Ex-Gov. Tallmadge, who came near succumbing from the formation of false membrane in the bronchial tubes; but by the skillful treatment of Dr. S., they were caused to be expectorated eight inches and more in length. We are confident that Dr. Stone understands this malady well, and is capable of treating it with great success.—Troy (N. Y.) Democrat.

## Correspondence.

Emma Frances Jay.

This name, still sacred to the memory of many hearts, once hung on thousands of lips, and identified a form which was the wonder and admiration of hundreds. It was borne by an inspired teacher of eternal life, one through whom angels sent messages to loved ones of earth; one whose voice gave utterance to notes of music and words of love from spheres above us, cheering, strengthening and encouraging many a lonely wanderer on our earth, and renewing the hopes of thousands for a reunion with the loved ones whose death had snatched from sight and touch. She arose, a brilliant star in the morning of Spiritualism, lightening the horizon of its early day, and many of us hoped its brightness would not pale; but grew brighter and brighter, till the noon-day glories of our system should be complete. But soon, too soon, the form disappeared in the west; the voice sank faintly till its notes are heard no more, and often the question comes to me, "Where is the beautiful messenger to whom the angels whispered words for the private and public ear?" And I reply, she is married—not dead, but married, and mortals, not angels, are using her now.

The men and women who are bound up in this world, who care nothing for the next, who feed mainly or entirely on physical and material things, think she has been wise, and would advise all mediums to do likewise, and let the spirit-world whisper in vain to ours. True, hundreds have arisen to fill, as best they can, the place of this and others who have retired, or gone over, or switched off the track; true, an Emma Harding is filling out the circuit which the other Emma begun; but still we feel the loss, and need both, and hundreds more like them, to supply the demand of our world for mediums and spiritual inspiration.

I have long waited and hoped this eloquent, noble, inspired soul would again be in our midst, calling the inhabitants of earth to look up to heaven and see, to listen and hear, the dear ones who had left them. But too often I have seen marriage prove to be the grave of usefulness as well as happiness; and sometimes I have known it to prove the door to usefulness and happiness, one, or both. Often it is the door to oblivion, and not unfrequently to the grave for the body and to heaven for the soul. But yet I cannot see why it should silence the voice of mediums, or stop the pen or tongue, made eloquent by the inspiration of angels.

Oh, Emma—Emma! if thou art still on earth with voice or pen, why not let us hear or see occasionally a word from thence? If thou art effectually silenced, I fear the policy will be settled by our enemies, and soon they will lay siege to the other Misses whom they cannot silence by argument, and entrap them in marriage nets, as they have thee and Charlotte Bebe, so we can hear ye no more. One after another of the pioneers goes to rest or to heaven, and now few are remaining of the morning laborers.

WARREN CHASE.

Philadelphia, February 9, 1861.

## Spirit Manifestations in Dixon, Ill.

During the past year, there has been living in the family of Dr. J. B. Nash a Mrs. Briggs, who is a medium, and who, in her normal state, is entirely blind. When Mrs. Briggs first came to live with the doctor, his health was so poor that he was unable to attend to his business, that of a druggist. During the past year Dr. Gregory, who formerly lived in Dixon, but who has been some ten years in spirit-life, has been prescribing for Dr. Nash, and under his treatment the Doctor has so far regained his health, as to attend to his business again. The Doctor's disease was a long-standing chronic affection of the liver, attended with a great prostration of nervous power, or vital energy, which had baffled the skill of the best physicians in the country.

The Doctor's family are often receiving tests through Mrs. B.'s mediumship, among which I think the following worth recording.

Dr. Nash has a daughter about fifteen years old, who was attending school, and who wore around her neck a gold chain. One day last December, at noon, in washing herself, she took off her chain and laid it in the wash-bowl, and forgot to take it out again. After she got to school she missed her chain, and on her return home she inquired for it. The hired girl told her she had emptied the contents of the wash-bowl into the well-pail, but saw no chain, and that she had turned the contents of the well-pail into the hog's trough. The daughter immediately went and hunted in the trough and pen, but found no chain. This was near night. The next morning the Doctor and his wife, both went to the hog-pen, and took hot water, and thawed all the ice out of the trough, and searched the pen all over, but could not find the chain, and gave it up as lost. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Briggs said to Mrs. Nash, "I feel Mr. Davis about me, and I think he wishes to influence me."

This Mr. Davis is the spirit who takes the principal charge of her mediumship, and at a former time had promised to come on some special business, and they thought it was for this purpose he wished to come. So Mrs. Nash sent to the store for the Doctor, and when he came Mr. Davis influenced the medium and said to the Doctor, "I have not come for the purpose you supposed, but have come on a matter of mere curiosity. Your spirit-mother has told me that your girl has lost her chain, and we have been and found it, and I have come to tell you where it is. It is outside of the trough, near the post standing in the corner of the pen."

Mrs. Nash went, and found it exactly where he said it was, but so covered with frozen manure, that only a link or two glittered in the light of the lamp. She got some more hot water, thawed it out, and obtained the chain all sound.

Now, the medium being blind—and, more than this, at the time unable from sickness to leave her room, precludes the idea that she had found it, or could possibly know anything of its whereabouts.

Yours for the truth, A. W. BENTON.

Dixon, Ill., Feb. 6th, 1861.

## Corrections.

EDITORS OF BANNER OF LIGHT:—I read with pleasure Mr. Lawton's lecture on the "Philosophy of Languages," but there are one or two errors that should be corrected. *Sir William Jones* was never Governor General of India. He was an eminent lawyer and judge of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, under the administration of Lord Cornwallis.

The dropping of the *h*, or improperly adding it was never adopted on the stage in this country or in England by any educated actor, and is a vulgar cockneyism. His prejudice against the study of German in American schools is unreasonable, as German is richer in poetry, metaphysics, science and music, than any modern tongue. Webster's dictionary, in opinion, cannot for one moment be com-

pared to Worcester's, and Lindley Murray is far behind the age. And as to the study of the Bible, though some parts of the New Testament might improve one's morals, it never would one's English.

Yours truly, A. W. IL

New York City.

## From the Far West.

From this far off prairie land my thoughts often run back to the good old eastern hills and the great warm hearts that dwell among them; especially today, is that the case—sitting in the comfortable home of brother and sister Witham. I listen to the bitter winds outside, see the snow whirling and drifting away off across the prairie, and am reminded that many a mile of this great white snow-carpet is between me and those hills and hearts. Lakes and streams and valleys must be passed to reach them, and yet I seem almost to hear their familiar voices louder than mind they are speaking, and my soul-vision cannot be dimmed by the driving snow. Your glorious Banner is before me, and it is from its perusal that my mind is thus brought in rapport with the far-away friends. I know while my soul feasts upon the thoughts of our good brothers Child, Chase, and many others, that you weekly send out to us, that among those New England hills many that I love are also feasting upon the same thoughts, and so we come nearer together.

Since I turned westward, last September, mine has been a busy life; all along through the valleys of New York and Ohio, up in the thriving towns and settlements of Michigan, and all over the great prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, instead of a fainting, sinking away, the glorious soul of humanity is growing brave and bold. I have found those hearts that were strong and hopeful before, more strong, more hopeful now, and have found many new faces glowing with the happiness brought them by the religion of peace and love, many new hearts growing strong in their freedom, many souls that were once sad, comforted under the ministrations of the dear invisible ones. Sometimes the burden of labor seems heavy, the journey too tedious; but when I see this great, growing life, I forget all the weariness; the burden grows light, and so I go rejoicing along.

Most of the month of December was spent in Beloit, Janesville, Evansville and vicinity, and I became fully satisfied before leaving, that though sleeping they are not dead; the great thought of the age has been at work there, and though there has not been much surface-ripple, the deep under-current has steadily rushed on, undermining, washing away the great error-deposits of the past, laying bare the solid strata of eternal truth.

I have just closed my month's labor in Milwaukee, and have never felt a deeper regret than that called forth by the separation from the few noble ones there, who dare to be unpopular that they may be men and women—God bless them! Milwaukee will never, I am sure, lack bold hearts to battle for the right.

Two or three days' rest here in this good old prairie home, where I can laugh at the rough winter winds, and look upon the driving snow without the dread of being car-bound and drifted under, and I shall go to my next appointment (Rockford, Ill.) fresher, stronger for the work that is mine. One month longer and my face will be turned eastward. The hot July sun will find me again among the hills of old Connecticut, looking back upon this western winter as a thing that has been—forgetting all its roughness in the memory of its pleasures, forgetting its keen, cold winds and its annoying prairie drifts, but not forgetting its true, warm hearts.

N. FRANK WHITE.

West Rock Prairie, Wis., February, 1861.

"Let go the jib, there! quick! let go!" shouted the captain of an eastern packet to a raw hand; as a sudden squall came up. "What's all that yelling about?" inquired Jonathan; "I ain't touching yer jib!"

Good sense and even propriety require manners to change according to ages. Puerility in an old man, is as ridiculous as presumption to accomplished manners in a child.

Make not a confidant of a servant, for if he finds out that you dare not displease him, he will dare to displease you.

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.

When rattles are not in unison, words of love are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim he is bound.

The worst kind of fare for a man to live on is warfare.

Do good to your friend, that he may be wholly yours; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

Life is shortened by irregularities of the liver.

Backbiting oftener proceeds from pride than malice.

Hearts may agree, though heads may differ.

Smoking cures hogs, but it kills men.

## Conference of Speakers—National Convention.

A fraternal Conference of Spiritualist Lecturers and Teachers will be held in the City of Worcester, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, the 16th day of April, 1861, and continuing four days.

The object of the Conference is, to further the good work so well begun at the late Quincy Convention—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritualism; the securing of greater unity of heart and purpose; and thus greater fitness for the work of delivering on us.

The present disturbed and distracted state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious and theological ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history of no ordinary importance. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be spiritual teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a New Age of Wisdom and of Harmony—to the inauguration of both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization. Anything less than this will fail to meet the demand of the times, and the promise of the opening Era.

All Lecturers and Teachers (including Mediums and Editors) identified with or interested in the Modern Spiritualist Reformation, who recognize the desirability of the object above named, and who may be at the time within convenient distance, are cordially invited to be present.

It is proposed that the first two days of this Conference be devoted exclusively to the benefit of Lecturers and Teachers—that the sessions be spent in free, conversational interchange of opinions and experiences, and such other methods of accomplishing the desired ends as may be deemed suitable. The remaining days (Thursday and Friday, April 18th and 19th) will be mainly appropriated to public meetings, for addresses and for the consideration of the general interests and claims of Spiritualism. To these meetings all Spiritualists and the public generally are invited.

The friends in Worcester have generously offered the hospitalities of their hearts and homes to all Lecturers who may attend. The place of meeting will be announced in due time. The Conference is deemed as preliminary to a National Convention, which the Committees, in pursuance of the duty assigned them, intend to convene in the month of August next, (14th to 18th) and in the city of Oswego, N. Y. The purposes of this National Convention will be more definitely stated in a Call to be hereafter issued.

AMANDA M. BENTON, E. L. WADSWORTH, H. E. BROWN, F. L. TOWNSEND, LEO MILLER, Members of Committee appointed at Quincy, January 15, 1861.



## WILD MUSIC.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Brilliantly the shaker's iron slugs,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year—  
I listen, and it cheers me long!—*Longfellow.*

## Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

\*The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications designed specially for him should be directed to care of Box 3235, Boston.

## PRELIMINARY WORDS.

On retiring from connection with the Spiritualistic Press, upwards of a year since, the writer intimated a readiness to return to the post whenever the voice of duty should call. That voice seems now to be heard, and he obeys;—though he could wish the work might fall to other and more competent hands.

The season of retirement from active service which has of late been enjoyed, has not only afforded physical and mental recuperation, but also opportunity for a thoughtful review of the Spiritualistic movement as a whole. Its facts, its claims, its relations to the redemption and progress of humanity have been reconsidered and closely scrutinized. The result has been, not only a firmer conviction of its heavenly origin as a movement (notwithstanding incidental drawbacks), but a clearer perception of its ultimate ends, and of the means and methods by which these ends are to be wrought.

The impression heretofore felt has been deepened and confirmed, that the great Spiritual Reformation of the Nineteenth Century is yet only in its incipient stages—that Spiritualism, as it has been popularly received and understood, is but the external shell or husk of the mighty truth that is yet to be recognized and made practical.

The first stage of the movement, properly enough, has been marked by strange and startling phenomena—miracles addressed to the senses and the understandings of men. These were needed to arouse a skeptical age, stumbling amid the shadows of materialism—a materialism which hung as darkly over the Church herself as over what she pleased to term the "infidel world." These wonders have done their work—in a measure at least—and they have mostly ceased. Perhaps all have been aroused by them who would be benefited by that form of evidence, or who are needed in the great work of the future.

The second stage is already beginning to develop itself. If the indications are not misapprehended, it is to be marked by phenomena no less startling and significant than the first, but of a different class. The first were mainly external; these will be mainly internal. The former were addressed to the understanding and the senses; these will have to do with the heart and the inner life. They will be miracles of moral transformation and of Spiritual regeneration, which will make noble, Christly men and women of many who are mere slaves of self and sense.

These are not empty, canting words. There is a deeper meaning in that term, *regeneration*, much as it has been abused by religionists—a profounder philosophy than has yet been dreamed of by those who deem it a mere sign of "old theology," or even than is thought by thousands who imagine they have gone through the process after the most orthodox prescription. Spiritualism is disclosing the significance of "the new birth"—explaining its philosophy, showing its necessity, and leading not a few through at least the first and often painful stages of its experience. And quickened spiritual insight is detecting its counterfeits. The time is coming, and now is, when professions will no longer pass current—when nothing short of regenerate living will be demanded. This implies much; and that it is the great need of the present hour, none will deny who at all comprehend its meaning.

To unfold this department of spiritual truth, and apply it for the revolution of individual, social and national life—in other words, to develop the practically religious and re-constructive elements of Spiritualism—is felt to be the chief work of the present and the future. Not that the phenomenal and scientific departments of the movement are to be ignored. These are important, but not the whole. They are the ABC, but not the entire literature. They are the external foundation, but not the superstructure.

The present is a time of almost unexampled commotion and mental activity. It is one of the crises, or judgment-days, of earth. Men now live longer, think more, in a year than in a century of ordinary time. And it is a time of extreme perplexity and distress in individual minds. Men and women are crying out, within themselves, if not aloud, "What must I do to be saved?" from various impending evils. This state of things is incident to the grand movement of the age. It marks a transition from the Old to the New. Spiritualism being in one sense the cause of these commotions and perplexities—in so far as they result from a mighty and general quickening of the spiritual forces of the world, pervading nations as well as individuals—brings also the remedy. It leads and impels men and women to seek for and lay hold of eternal principles—the only resource which can never fail them. Though it may be rejected by the Doctors and the Chief Rulers, who are appealed to for wisdom in this hour of peril, yet true Spiritualism will be found to embrace both the corner-stone and the superstructure of the grand temple of Liberty and Harmony which the future is to rear.

It is quite probable that, in the contributions which may be offered in this department, the writer may differ somewhat, both in theory and in practical suggestions, from some of his co-laborers in the Spiritualistic ranks. He may not coincide altogether in sentiment with even the conductors of this paper. But he hopes that no reader will take offense, or refuse his thoughts a candid consideration, on that account. He has been employed not to reiterate the views of others, but to give his own; and to present a phrase of thought which has been heretofore but partially expressed in these columns.

While he will take the liberty, as occasion may require, to dissent from others, and to point out what he deems their mistakes, he hopes to be able to do this always in a courteous and kindly spirit; having no claim to infallibility, and no wish but to subserve the best interests of universal humanity.

Much of the profit of these labors will depend upon the degree of intimate and sympathetic interchange between writer and readers. As our work is to be largely literary, let there be a free interflow of heart-life. Familiar correspondence (confidential when desired) is invited from any who may be perplexed with questionings, internal struggles, or strange experiences; as well as from those who may dissent from views that are presented. A portion of time and space will be devoted each week to such correspondence.

Spiritualism has been with many, hitherto, but a theory and a sentiment. The times demand that it should become an earnest life. Earnest men and women will make it such.

## SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.

NEW SERIES.

No. I.—The Church.

Institutions are the embodiments of ideas. An embodiment may be imperfect and transient, as to its form, while the indwelling idea may be indestructible. If so, the latter will forever seek to reproduce itself in new forms.

Those ideas that have their origin in man's nature and needs, can never lose their vitality, while man continues the same being that he now is. Around them, as centres of organizing force, cluster the interests and affections of the race, crystallizing into institutions, which are forms of use. These will vary with the genius and wisdom of the age or nation where they have birth, even though they spring from the same generic ideas.

That every idea and institution which has held sway over the minds and hearts of humanity, in the past, has had at least a basis of vital truth, and has subserved some important use, is deemed axiomatic by the best thinkers of the age. If this be so, the philosophic Reformer, instead of ruthlessly inveighing against the old, as altogether false and vicious, will reverently acknowledge its truths, and candidly recognize its uses. Nay, more, he will gratefully treasure up every vital idea of the past, and seek to give it a higher interpretation and a worthier embodiment, for the use of generations to come. The scornful Destructionist can never be a real Reformer; and he who blindly rejects all that is Old, is no less a bigot than he who closes his eyes to all that is New.

Of all institutions that have existed among men, none have exercised a more universal or potent influence upon the race than have those of a religious and ecclesiastical character—those which have sought to express and to supply the spiritual and theological needs of mankind. These may be included under the general term of

## THE CHURCH.

What, then, is the vital idea of the Church? What the meaning and uses of its prominent symbols, rites and orders? and what good, if any, may it subserve in the future of the race? These are questions of profound interest to every true reformer; and it is the purpose of the present series of papers to answer them in part, by the aid of light afforded through the revelations of Modern Spiritualism.

There are not a few who have little better idea of a Church than this—that it is a body of people bound together by a narrow and merely a speculative creed—assuming to be wiser and holier than others, and hence especial recipients of Divine favor, seeking to hold each other in mental and spiritual bondage, and to reduce as many as possible of the outside world, to the same condition, sticking with sectarian zeal, for abstract points of doctrine and useless ceremonies, yet indifferent to the practical humanities—to the urgent wants and woes of suffering millions of their race.

It cannot be denied that the example of the popular Churches of our day—the practical definition which they give of their own purposes and aims—affords too much ground for such an estimate. Nor can any sensible, earnest man or woman be censured for turning away in disgust from an institution to which anything like the above definition justly applies.

But there is a meaning in the word Church far other than this—an idea underlying this institution greatly nobler and worthier than has ever yet been fully embodied.

The term *Church* is derived by lexicographers from the Greek *kyriakon* (German *Kirche*), which signifies the *Lord's House*—a term which may be applied either to a material structure dedicated to religious purposes, or to a spiritual structure—a body of men and women, self-consecrated to Divine uses. Another word used by early writers, and commonly translated Church, is *ecclēsia*, meaning the *called out*. Combining both these terms, we have this comprehensive idea of the Church consists of those who are called out from the world, (that is, cease to live for the ordinary selfish ends and aims of life,) and become built up, as living stones, into a spiritual house, a living temple, for the indwelling and manifestation of the Divine presence among men; or, to drop the figure, the true Church consists of those men and women, in every sect and persuasion through out the world, (and those in no sect,) in whom Goodness and Truth predominate over selfishness and evil, and who thus become, individually and collectively, centres of redeeming power on earth.

Let us see what this means.—It has been made patent through modern Spiritualism that every person is a sort of vital battery, continually giving off subtle emanations, which affect, in some degree, every other person and thing around him. These emanations partake of his personal qualities, mental, moral and spiritual, and tend to reproduce the same qualities in all whom they affect. If we are diseased, impure, sensual, selfish, then we are constantly streaming a foul magnetism at every pore, carrying pollution to all around us, (unless they are fortified against it,) even though we speak not a word. If, on the other hand, we are morally and physically sound—if we have subdued the flesh, subordinated self to the divine, and thus made our bodies temples of the Holy Spirit—then we constantly radiate a healthful, life-giving, saving potency, which tends to ennoble and bless all about us. This is the philosophy of silent influences.

An individual, in so far as he has incorporated with himself the divine principles of Goodness, Truth, Purity, etc., becomes a Divine Incarnation—a living Church in himself—a celestial battery, to set upon the grosser elements around him. The more of such individuals are joined together in harmony as one body, the stronger the battery they constitute—the greater their power upon the surrounding world. No one person alone, is adequate to be a receptacle or channel of the Divine influx in its fulness—for we all have our limitations. Hence a body of men and women, having varied capacities, is required to constitute a vigorous Church. Doubtless the whole of Humanity, as one body, is requisite to its entire completeness.

Thus we have, at a glance, the simple philosophy of the Church as an institution. None can fail to see that it is chiefly through the hearts and lives of godlike men and women, that God, or the Absolute Good, operates and makes himself felt in human society.

We deduce then, the essential idea of the Church to be this—It is the Divine Goodness embodying itself in, and manifesting itself through, human society. And as Deity can never cease to pour Himself out, or mankind to receive, so the Church, in some form, can never cease to exist among men.

Now, that there are men and women who, without arrogance or assumption, are actually centres and radiators of divine influence in this world, in greater or less degree, every person must be aware. That must be a God-forsaken community, indeed, which has not one or more of such. Prominently, they are those people who, without pretense or show, are constantly dispensing around them the sunshine of kindness, cheerfulness, and trust—whose hearts are overflowing with charities, and goodwill to all—whose voice is ever firmly on the side of right, truth, justice—who are ever ready to sympathize with, and to relieve, to the extent of their power, the sorrowing and the suffering—who yearn tenderly toward the erring and the sinning, whose words are a benediction and whose lives a benefaction to all around them.

Such men and such women, wherever found, are a real power in the community. They may not have wealth, or worldly wisdom, or intellectual greatness; their voices may not be often heard from pulpits or rostrums, nor their names blazoned in the newspapers; nevertheless, they are a felt potency, without which the society would speedily relapse into barbarism, anarchy and savage selfishness. They may not have a standing in any of the popular churches; they may indeed be

counted as heretics and infidels, if judged by the usual standards of belief; yet they have a place in the hearts of all who truly know them. They may not wear the name of Christ, even, as an outward badge; and yet they possess the spirit of Christ, in so far as they lovingly sacrifice their own comfort for others' welfare, and practice that which is pure, just, true and good, in all their relations.

These are the members of the true Church—the real "Lord's House"—which, to use the definition of another, "includes within itself the seed of every sect and persuasion, throughout the world, excluding none." All such hearts are one, however widely their heads may differ; however divided in action by sectarian partitions. The bond of such church-union is, not belief, but love—that unselfish, Christly love which seeks, not its own, but another's good. The test of this real church-fellowship is, not some shibboleth of theory, but practical good doing, unselfish living.

Here, then, in this class of persons, we find the TRUE CATHOLIC CHURCH, whether on earth or in higher realms. For—

"The saints of many a warring creed,  
Who're now in Heaven, have learned  
That all paths to the FATHER lead  
Where SATUR the feet have spurned."

There are, we would fain believe, numerous members of this Church Universal, scattered throughout the contending sects of Christendom, as well as outside the pale of all, though they may not recognize each other, or even know themselves.

Persons who live more in the head than in the heart, necessarily tend to place an undue value upon theories and opinions, and allow these to over-ride and stifle the nobler promptings of the heart. This is especially apt to be the case with scholars, thinkers and theologians. With them orthodoxy of belief is first—orthodoxy of heart and life are at best but secondary. As a consequence, they love "doubtful disputations," doctrinal tests of orthodoxy, and are unwilling to "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." But a Catholic unity can never be arrived at through the head. Minds will never see wholly alike. Unity must proceed from the heart—from hearts purged of pride and selfishness, and baptized with the fire of celestial love. Such hearts will tolerate—nay, rejoice in, those mental differences which spring from organic causes.

Members of the true Catholic Church are men and women of regenerate hearts. Some such there are already. There will soon be more. A heavenly Spiritualism is descending, and the purifying baptism of fire is being felt by many. These cannot long be content with a cold isolation, nor to remain in sectarian enclosures. They will yearn to grasp each other's hands, and to feel the pulsations of each other's hearts. As surely as they are surcharged with the magnetism of Divine love, so surely will they attract each other, with a force stronger than that of any sectarian bonds, and will be lifted out of all narrow limitations. They will gravitate together, first into sympathetic unity,—sooner or later into fraternal organized relations, for ends of noble use. As the refined particles of earth, coming within the magnetic attraction of a living seed, are drawn together and lovingly built up by its mysterious power into the noble tree, bearing fragrant flowers and luscious fruit; or as living stones might each spontaneously take its true place in an uprising edifice—so will all good-willing, regenerate human souls be built up, by a Power wiser than themselves, into instrumentalities of use and blessing to the nations—into a vast Temple of Benevolence, wherein the hungry shall be fed, the naked clothed, the outcast sheltered, the sick healed, the ignorant instructed, the sinful redeemed.

Such a church will be free from despotism, either spiritual or mental. For it is a voluntary, spontaneous coalescing of individuals, each preserved intact, and bound together only by attraction.

It can never become indifferent to human weal—for its life is the All Father's impartial love, pulsating through every member. Or, to use the glowing words of a modern seer:—

"The Church is God's eternal life in man,  
Whom human creeds but limit and restrain  
Its rites; its customs and its usages  
Are inward breathings of inspiring truth,  
In the cathedral silences of mind  
And presence chambers deep within the breast,  
Where the Eternal Splendor bodies forth  
His thoughts in workings of unbounded love.  
Oh, man alone is holy God within  
Man's well-being as he doth not in the world;  
And God THROUGH MAN, reharmonized and made  
The type and image of the infinite,  
Shall yet reveal Himself as ne'er before,"

[Lyric of the Golden Age.]

Out from such a Church will spring all Humanities, —all wise charities,—all needed helps, governments, educational institutions, social regulations,—a beneficent commerce and a fraternal industry, in place of the present selfish competitive and piratical systems. It will be, in short, a Parental Providence over all the interests of man—the Divine Goodness incorporated in human society.

Such, in brief outline, will be the CHURCH of the FUTURE, whatever name it may assume. Towards it all past churches have pointed. For its descent the nations are waiting. Sometime shall they walk in its blessed light.

## Modest Love.

The brightest and the chastest brow  
Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show  
That love, as a mere vague suspense  
Of apprehensive innocence,  
Perturbs her heart; love without aim  
Or object, like the holy flame  
That in the Vestals' Temple glowed  
Without the image of a God.

## Our New President.

Mr. Abraham Lincoln is a man of excellent good humor, and that is a great point gained on the side of a peaceful solution of our difficulties. He does not get mad easily, at least, so they say—and hence he will not put himself at the mercy of his opponents. Good for Uncle Abe! On the road to the capital he is making speeches in the open air, to all who choose to crowd up and demand them, and has talked his lungs hoarse, long ago. He tells stories as he proceeds from town to town—reminds the girls, in this and that place, of the tender sentiments they expressed to him, while the canvass of last summer was going on, and calls on them, without a blush on his cheeks, to come up on the open platform, and receive a kiss, before the fixed gaze of thousands! Very few Presidents have we had in this country, like that. It is not every man who can pilot his way along to office, in so free and easy a style.

## North and South.

We observe that our Boston line of steamers to Charleston are put on again. Why were they ever taken off? Who has gained anything by that ebullition of passion? It must be a wonderful triumph for any people, to succeed in driving commerce away from their shores, or in cutting off all commerce with the outside world, this is very much after the policy of the Japanese,—that nation which just now appears to be the world's oyster, to be opened by the edge of the sword, if by no better means. But cool reflection has brought the senses back to their normal condition again. As soon as the fit is over, a better feeling sets in. Why not, then, control the fit, in the first of it? So we ask, in relation to all our national troubles, when we hear rash men talking so freely about fighting; why not reason first, or, if needs must, fight afterwards? But no; the reverse has been the custom, and it is likely to be until men can discipline themselves, to the perfect control of their passions.

## Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

OFFICE, 143 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year, . . . \$2 00  
" " " six months, . . . 1 00  
" " " three months, . . . 0 50

Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:  
One year, . . . \$1 50  
Six months, . . . 0 75

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 53 cents per year, for prepayment of American postage.

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Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Business Letters must be addressed,  
"BANNER OF LIGHT," New York.  
WILLIAM BERRY, Publisher.

## REMOVAL OF THE "BANNER" TO NEW YORK.

It has been our desire, for the past two years, to change the location of the publication office of this paper from Boston to New York.

With this object in view, we established a branch office in the latter city some two years since, and have at last made such arrangements as enable us to effect the desired change.

With the increased facilities which a residence in the metropolis of the western world will undoubtedly give us, we hope to render our paper more attractive to our readers than it has heretofore been.

The interest of the Spiritualists of New England will be fully subserved by our contributor, Mr. A. E. Newton, whose first instalment of articles appears in the present number of the Banner. With such an esteemed friend of the cause, so popular in the Eastern States, connected with our paper, we may safely feel that our friends there will not complain at the change.

We shall not materially alter any features of the Banner which have made it a local New England paper, but shall add to it from time to time other characteristics which shall render it more cosmopolitan in its nature; inasmuch as New York furnishes elements for this class that are to be found in no other city in the United States.

Trusting that the change we have made may prove advantageous both to our patrons, to humanity and to ourselves, we leave the result in the hands of that kind Providence which moves and directs all things.

We have only to add, that all business letters must hereafter be addressed to us at New York as per directions given at the close of the terms of subscription to be found at the head of our Editorial.

## Mild Governments.

A greater mistake can hardly be committed, in a free government certainly, than to think that, when the machinery of any government begins to betray signs of weakness, nothing is fit to supplant it but naked authority; that where the people are, any great parties of them, seriously disaffected, the best resource for setting matters right is that of force.

This is but a return to the spirit or letter of the old times, which the better class of minds suppose we had all grown out of. Force is the child of barbarism; the new era ushers in another principle, which is that of Fraternity. Many affect to lament, and many more do seriously lament, that there seems to be no power in our constitution to compel recalcitrant states to lose what they declare they can not abide; but the fault is rather a radical one, and to be laid at the door of human nature only. If we were brethren because of compulsion, the fraternity would amount to but little; the secret of our system is, that we are one people no longer than we can agree to live together in harmony. Providence would appear to have so complicated circumstances around us, to have so enmeshed us with the use of necessities, that we cannot seem to live together in close political relations except by conceding and compromising at almost every point, and that we cannot separate, except on terms of peace and good will. Thus has war and violence come to be our impossible matter, save as it must bring total ruin to both sides. We may have no good reason for taking any credit to ourselves for this state of things, but we surely can rejoice with all our hearts that our hands are completely tied for permanent or wide-spread mischief.

At the time these colonies were petitioning the king and parliament to consider their grievances, and receiving scarcely any response save desultory answers or contentions silence, the gladdest sounds and noises, Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke—those men whom the Almighty designed as well for the whole of mankind as for their own country—were both emphatic in their opinion that no coercion would avail to hold the colonies still attached to the parent country, but that affection, concession and good will could alone effect the object desired—that force always overreached its own ends, while peace, and a desire for conciliation, secured just what was wanted—that to coerce the colonies of America, even if their complaints were baseless, would tend to compact them in a powerful opposition, while to respectfully consider their complaints, and grant such relief as was nowise inconsistent with honor, would at once disarm their growing spirit of resistance, and convert them, as by magic, from foes into friends. But Chatham and Burke were not listened to by the selfish and narrow-minded Lords and Commons, the result of which was the total dismemberment of an empire that might, to-day, have stood the grandest political fabric on the face of the globe.

Men are so selfish, and selfishness is always short-sighted. Rulers and leaders are ashamed to yield, as if there was any moral turpitude in getting out of the way, that greater and better results might be permitted to flow forth unobstructed. Let us not talk any longer about fairness and generosity and charity—any of us—unless we can show that we know what these pregnant terms carry with them by way of meaning, and unless, too, we are willing to practise after their spirit and style. A great man is he who can afford, from the make-up of his character, to overlook himself once in a while, and consider that his own sacrifices are cheaply enough made, if they co-operate and conduce to a great general benefit. It is this everlasting thinking of ourselves that spoils the whole.

It will be a good thing for us all, in this era of civilization, if it shall at last be made plain to us, even by measures of stern and absolute necessity, that we must have constant regard to the sentiments, and even to the prejudices, of others, rather than think to drive them out of human breasts by the old practices of coercion and naked authority. We trust those days are all gone by. The execution of constitutional laws by sufficient civil force is, on all hands conceded to be necessary, in every state; but war upon a dissenting people, long a portion of the same nation, is a very different matter. For war overturns all the statutes that are in operation in times of peace, and supersedes them with a totally different order. When the reign of violence begins, then the reign of order is ended. Mild governments are ever the surest of continuance; those of force and authority only are sure to come, and end the instant larger force comes into competition with them.

Nature has furnished human kind with pleasures that are plain, easy and serene, and the imagination has created them such as are perplexed, uncertain and hard to come by.

## The Coming of Spring.

Nominally, Spring is at the door. We have not yet seen the blue birds in the apple tree, nor heard the trill of the frogs in the marshy ground at the edge of the wood; but we are assured by the feeling of these advancing suns that the new times are close upon us, when spray and leaf, winds and waters, all will feel the freshness of youth that is in store for them.

Who does not look forward to this welcome change with all the bounding delight of which his heart is capable? Who denies that life lies in thought and sentiment, quite as much as in the simple acts of eating and drinking and sleeping? We are made glad, at the thought of a returning season. Our pulses throb with a new delight at the prospect of brighter skies, blander winds, and clearer suns. This is nothing but sentiment; and there is hardly a human being in existence, but at some time secretly confesses to this mysterious influence of climate over his soul. We live in an atmosphere of earth, and not yet of heaven. We draw our spiritual sustenance as much from that, too, as from any other source. So we must not suddenly set ourselves up as too sublimated, in the matter of spirit, to admit that we draw in influences from the outer and visible world, and even from so trifling circumstances as the sun and the earth and the green grass.

Spring is welcome alike to all,—to the sick and the well. Nothing is so refreshing to the pallid brow of the invalid as the faint breath of reviving spring through the open window, calling of pictures that were never beheld, yet have always had a clear existence in far off lands and upon tropical seas. The domestic life takes on a new and more beautiful meaning, as this genial season brings along its bright promises and suggestions. The reviving flowers begin to break forth in new exhortations to the truly awakened and devout spirit, in response to which both birds and bees lend the gladdest sounds and voices.

Spring is but a flash in this latitude; coming and going before we can so much as bestow upon it its proper name. Yet, brief as it is, it performs its legitimate office in the heart by awakening all the sensibilities of the same to life that is rapidly dawning over them now. It almost melts in the lap of Summer, which approaches hot and hurriedly. It hardly gets the eyes wide open to a perception of its beauties, before it has vanished and hidden itself in the denser leaves of full grown Summer. Yet even this narrow strip of season, preliminary to Summer and sequential to Winter, is of all others welcome; even the bluster of noisy March is delightful, and the dripping rains of water-soaked April by no means to be overlooked. The poets may be responsible for much of this mischief if it be mischievous to be content to find a pleasure where it is not; if so, it does but prove the healthy influence of a well developed imagination, and the compensations that a Providence has furnished, good on every hand, for securing our own happiness.

## The Future Supplies of Cotton.

Should this country consent to blacken its whole history and destroy the entire power and beauty of its Republican example, by entering upon a bloody civil war, forgetful of the lessons of the past, and throwing to the winds all its fondest hopes of the future, it is clear that Great Britain must, for a time certainly, look elsewhere for her supplies of cotton. And this is just what her leading men are engaged in speculating upon, to-day. They sniff the danger to their vast laboring population—a danger not so very far off, either.

Lord John Russell in a recent letter to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, refers to the possible effects on the cotton supplies under the political crisis in the United States, and tenders to the cotton manufacturers the services of British Consuls in all the cotton-producing districts, for the dissemination of the wants of the cotton trade, and the acquisition of information relative to possible supplies. Lord John says that Government is not prepared to incur any expenditure or any liability in the matter, but he thinks that Consuls may be useful in ascertaining what amount of cotton may be forthcoming from their respective districts to meet any sudden demand; or what amount might be brought into the local market, if the native dealers had a reasonable assurance of finding customers for it at a given time. The movement is as general in England as it is active, and it is not at all improbable that it may lead, in due time, to a sharp and perhaps successful competition in the markets of the world with our own cultivators, who have become almost monopolists.

## Having and Giving.

It is often thought by those who are satisfied to think superficially, that he who gives the least has the most. Nothing could be less true, in real actual fact. The pleasures of festival, especially where the act is the effect of a new sentiment or sympathy that has been called out, are not to be set forth in an article in a newspaper, nor to be measured by the mere words of any man. The discriminating and generous giver does a great deal more for himself, in performing his charities, than he can do for those whom he benefits, although he might be the very last man to think so. Nature has arranged these affairs much better than we could ourselves. If a person benefits another, whether by word, look, smile, or gift, he gets the greater benefit straightway himself. To be good or generous toward others, is, of course, to call for the best qualities from one's self, that are asleep in the soil of nature.

Why will not even a single reader of these words conceive a little plan of his own for experimenting upon this theory, and then set apart only one day for the operation of the experiment? He would certainly find, on looking backward to it, that this was the most beautiful of all days to him, even before those golden ones, when he remembers to have made much money, or to have achieved some selfish conquest. He will point to this single experiment with a satisfaction of which he may now entertain no conception. To his eyes and heart, it will always remain a day overflowing with blessings, and at the end of which he will find to have come up for him and borne fruit, much more abundantly than for those who thought they reaped all the advantage, long ago. There is nothing in the world that pays such fat dividends as goodness.

## The Effects of Extreme Cold.

Since enjoying our "cold snap," with the mercury down below twenty-five degrees, public curiosity has been directed quite extensively to speculations on the subject of enduring the cold, and to inquiries as to how much a man can bear without actually giving in. It might be said that none of us knew much about it, previous to the test of the 8th of February, and do not even yet. Bayard Taylor, however, has had a chance to "try it on," and he says of it like this:—"But there is still a degree of cold beyond that, which I have not described. It is when there is a strong wind blowing from the North at a temperature of forty or fifty degrees below zero. The sensation with which you endure it I can only characterize as a continued struggle for life. Then you not only feel the cold, but you actually see it. The air is hazy with the frozen moisture. The sky is like a vault of solid steel, so hard and pale does it appear. And the wind is like a blast out of that fabulous frozen hill of the Scandinarvians. The touch of it on the face is like cutting with an exceedingly dull and jagged knife. I endured this weather during two days of travel in an open sleigh, but very fortunately it was blowing on my back, or I would have been obliged to give up the battle. Every man I met who was traveling against the wind had a face either already frozen or just in the act of freezing. Those purple faces sur-



rounded with rings of ice did not seem to belong to human beings. Dr. Kane described to me his sensations upon being exposed for two days to a storm at a temperature of 47 degrees below zero. Although the physical effect was not particularly painful, yet the mental effect was such as to make him and his men delirious for some days afterwards. The physical effect of an extremely low temperature—perhaps the lowest which the human frame is capable of feeling—is a sort of slow, penetrating, deadly chill, rather than an acute and painful sensation. But after the battle is over, on entering a warm room, then a painful sensation commences. I experienced a curious counterpart of this on the African desert. During the warm hours of noonday, with the air like the blast of a furnace, I did not suffer any feeling of intense heat; but after sunset, when the temperature fell rapidly, then I began to burn and glow through and through like a live coal. It would seem from that that the absorption of either heat or cold into the body, is much less sensibly felt than giving it out again."

The Education of Children.

Dr. Bushnell, the Hartford divine, over whose liberal writings his orthodox brothers were wont, of late, to make so much dissentant discussion, has recently re-published a very suggestive little volume on the above topic, written a little above a dozen years ago, and from the same we are glad to make an extract or two.

"Children," said the Doctor, "are discouraged and hardened to good by too much of prohibition. There is a monotony of continuous, ever-sounding prohibition, which is really awful. It does not stop with the ten commandments like the word of Sinai, but it keeps the thunder up from day to day, saying always, thou shalt not do this, nor this, nor this, till, in fact, there is really nothing left to be done. The whole enjoyment, use, benefit of life is quite used up by the prohibitions. The child lives under a tit-hammer of commandment, beaten to the ground as fast as he attempts to rise. All commandments, of course, in such a strain of injunction, come to sound very much alike, and one appears to be about as important as another; and the result is, that, as they are all in the same emphasis, and are all equally annoying, the child learns to hate them all alike, and puts them all away. Nothing so fatally worries a child as this fault of over-commandment. There must be no attempt to raise a conscience against play. Any such religion will certainly go to the wall; any such conscience will be certainly trampled, and things innocent will be done as if they were crimes—done with a guilty feeling—done with as bad effects, every way, on the character, as if they were really the worst things."

The Use of Steel Pens.

At last we are beginning to find out something. Our worthy friend and co-laborer, President Fretton, of Harvard College, has made a discovery, and an important one. It is not for us to assert that he accomplished it with the aid of spirits, for we expect he is shrewd enough to keep his own secrets, and, inclined, like human nature at large, to retain the credit, rather than generously and needlessly transfer it to other shoulders. The particular secret examined for occultation is, that the use of steel pens by men whose occupations compel them to write much is productive of a sort of paralysis of the nerves of the arm. This statement the excellent president made of his own observation and knowledge, at a recent examination of the Normal School at Framingham. And by way of offset and precaution, he declared for an immediate return to the old fashioned goose-quill. He said that sad proof of the hurtful tendency of the steel pen had been brought to his personal notice, his predecessor—Dr. Walker, and at least six of his acquaintances, having received permanent injury from the use of this little instrument for writing. He knew of cases that can only be explained in the same way.

The Prince at College.

The young English Prince—our Prince, in fact, has been back in Cambridge at College for some little time. Everybody was glad enough to see him, of course. He had been absent a long time, and had been traveling a long way. As he made his entry into Cambridge, then for the purpose of resuming his place in his college class once more, the bells of the town were rung, and flags and banners displayed, while the municipal authorities, in the servile prostration to use abroad, "humbly craved permission to offer to His Royal Highness" their congratulations. The Prince was then duly matriculated a member of the University, swearing to maintain the supremacy of the Sovereign, her heirs and successors, the church of England as by law established, and the privileges and immunities of the university. After this there was a regular scramble among the ladies present, for the pen with which the Prince signed the matriculation book. The Prince we are told, put on his academic robes, went through the buildings with the Master of the College, Rev. Dr. Whewell, and ended the day in the Tennis Court with General Bruce.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Read the fine story on our first page.

"Ancient glimpses of the spirit-land—No. 24 will be found on the second page of this issue.

She who loves show, is unqualified to show love.

"Paul Pry," one of our most valued correspondents, is the author of a heart touching morceau on the third page of this week's BANNER, entitled "Lead us not into Temptation."

Pi.—The Typographical Union? South, has dissolved its connection with the national body.

An angry word, a jealous thought, a frown—all these are little things, but powerful for evil, and are helping to build penitentiaries and prisons.

THE DANCE.—The fourth of the Ladies' Relief Society's parties will be held at Concert Hall, Boston, Monday evening, Feb. 20. The committee of arrangements have engaged the services of Walker and Davies Band, one of the best in Boston, and their popularity alone will insure a crowded hall.

Men who are disposed to punish their wives, and women who are disposed to punish their husbands should remember that one ray of sunshine will melt an iceberg more than a whole month of nor'westers.

He never flings the blessed mite To fill the orphan child with delight. The dog may howl, the widow may sigh, He hears them not—they may starve and die. His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow Spreads there at the piercing tale of woe; All torpid and cold, he lives alone In his heaps, like the toad embedded in stone.

BOARDING-MONKERS.—We know not, says the Portland Pleasure Boat, whether the beings which occupy this department of animated nature, have ever been observed and subdivided by naturalists, according to their species, etc., but we do not hesitate to assert, from our own personal observation, that they comprise both genders; and though the female can boast the most activity, the males certainly do the most mischief. The masculine retailer of scandal has all the venom of a toad's tongue, without the jewel of its brain. They may be called, Gourmands of scandal, who never grieve, To give to others more than they receive.

GOOD.—A jury in East Cambridge, Mass. last week awarded a young girl \$1300 damages for slander from an old lady neighbor. This is a lesson many may profit by who seem to take delight only in what they may say detrimental to others.

THE BOOK OF HUMAN LIFE.—It is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fire of passion with, from day to day, that men begin to see that the leaves that remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly, at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again, then come remorse, irresolution, and the inevitable action of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.—Hyperion.

ENGLISH AT LAST!—A Yorkshireman having occasion to visit France, was dumfounded to find, on reaching Calais, that men, women and children, all speaking French. In the height of the perplexity which this occasioned him retired to bed, and was awakened in the morning by the cock crowing; whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of astonishment and delight, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last!"

An elderly maiden lady recently entered a church in London, and was shown into a pew where there were some four or five other ladies. At the conclusion of the services, her co-powers stood up, and, without looking, she did the same. Her companions presently knelt down. She again followed their lead, and, by paying great attention to the succeeding prayer, she discovered that it was a thanksgiving for safe deliverance from the great peril and peril of childbirth, and that all the rest of the congregation were merely spectators.

THE INDIANS.—A large and enthusiastic meeting in behalf of the frontier Indians, and under the auspices of father Deeson, was held in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 17. Ex-President Fillmore, and Mr. Lincoln were present. The Buffalo Advertiser in alluding to the fact, says:—It shows of what spirit our new President is to be, in his high office—that amidst all the seeking for him just now, and amidst all the fatigue of his journey and reception, he should leave his hotel, and quietly and alone, go to hear of the condition and wrongs of the poor friendless Indians. May God help him to do them justice.

In the discussion upon hemp a short time since at the Massachusetts State House, it was stated as having been proved, that hemp could be produced, ready to manufacture, at two thirds the price required to raise cotton, and that a pound will make as much cloth as a pound of cotton.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

CORA L. V. HATCH AT DODWORTH'S HALL.

Sunday, Morning, Feb. 17, 1861.

HERO-WORSHIP.

There are no sounds so thrilling as those made by the fingers of Nature upon the heart of man; there are no utterances of wisdom so profound as the silent, yet ever distinct utterances of Nature; there are no voices of love so perfectly toned as those which sing in the silences of the sky, or the glad sounds of earth and her children; and nothing in all the revelations of sense, and the perfection of human wisdom, compares with the silent promptings of the inner soul; with those ceaseless and unquenchable aspirations which form all that belongs to the individual man, and without which he degenerates into a mere mechanism of dust. Yet how prone are we to deify and worship mere human beings, who are no more in comparison with the thoughts and truths which have been evolved through them, than is the instrument of music, apart from the dexterity and science of him who discourses on its strings. In human affairs we make heroes of the machines and the outward forms of men, while we forget the deep-toned utterances of goodness and truth within them. So in religion—Moses, the utterer of inspired truth, and Jesus, the example of perfect holiness, are made the objects of a personal adoration; and in this worship of their embalmed forms, we forget their precepts of love and wisdom, and the depths of the eternity to which they came to direct us. And in the history of nations, when freedom is brought forth and established after a long struggle and preparation, we hail her instruments and champions as the heroes of the movement, when their achievements were but the outgrowth of natural causes, and the results of inevitable progress. Thus your own nation calls Washington the parent of its Liberty, and worships with him the heroes who aided to obtain its independence; their ashes are held sacred, while their deeds were disrespected or forgotten, and trodden under foot. We set up the mouldering, physical form of him we venerate, and say, "This is our sovereign and our God;" we build churches and erect monuments in his honor, while we forget the ever-living Spirit—the giver of that wisdom and knowledge which inspired his utterances and his actions. We differ not essentially from the heathens, who fall down before idols of wood and stone, when we make idols of human beings, often times for virtues they did not possess—celebrate the anniversaries of their great deeds, but forget, on all other occasions, the sublime lessons of their lives, and lose sight of all the truths they inculcate, in the mockery of a superficial admiration. This will be so until the human mind has burst its fetters of materialism, and sees in great men something more than embodiments of physical strength—until it venerates elevation of purpose, and the inspiration of truth and goodness; until men, raised above the level of hero-worship, have ceased to be blind followers of the blind. For it cannot be denied, that in most cases, popular admiration is really no evidence of greatness, but merely expresses the selfishness and cupidity of the masses, or the vanity of the objects of their idolatry. When you ask in what consists their greatness; in what sublime act—in what evidence of a lofty morality, or a pure religion, you will get no satisfactory answer. They only happened to be placed as leaders in such and such a national struggle; or they expounded clearly such and such an accepted theory; they were the objects for the overflow of an unreasoning and idolatrous enthusiasm. Does the so-called great man possess any superior degree of moral courage, or is he benevolent and self-sacrificing? Does he denounce hypocrisy and corruption; does he dare unfold the banner of liberty in the face of oppression; does he face down bigotry and wrong; or encounter the inveterate evils of society; does he dare to reproach those who in high places are corrupt and degraded, and lift up the poor in spirit; does he expose the false glitter and pretension which prevail in life? No! he is a great man for none of these things; but, because what he says corresponds with our own views; he stands forth as the leader of our ideas; he gratifies and flatters our most cherished vanity. By this he is great, and for this man bow down before the rotten image of their own corruption. As we have said, there is no wisdom so profound as that written in the starry Heavens, and the deep breathings of natural laws; in the harmonies of nature there are no discords; whether in the wild bird's song, or the sweeping of the mighty winds, and roar of ocean's waves, they send up one grand unceasing poem of praise to the master of their choir. The wisdom of the stars teaches that all the universe is built with a view to a grand and perfect result—that Nature dispenses at pleasure with any of her forms and outward manifestations of greatness; to promote the one grand scheme she sacrifices, if need be, all forms of unimpaired existence. For this she ordains that every thing should prey upon that which is beneath it in the scale of being—the work of ages is often torn down in a moment; and in order to work out some great general object,—that earth may be beautiful and higher forms of humanity spring up—the volcano and the earthquake are commissioned to do their work of terror and destruction. This course is imitated by the earthly hero, not in order to subvert any great general and beneficent idea, but merely to gratify the petty im-

pulses of vanity and selfishness. This is the real purpose of all conquests by the sword, of all enforcing of religious theories and the spreading of church organizations—and this the spring of action on the part of each man who arrogates a superiority to the masses of his fellows—and asserts it at the expense of human life and happiness; and of all those virtues which constitute in reality the highest glory of our humanity. But what constitute this great—this absolute tendency to the worship of individuals? Was Alexander great? Yes, in murder—in devastation,—in sending misery to millions of hearts! Were the Caesars and Catilines of Rome great? Yes, in rapacity and tyranny. And the present Napoleon is indisputably great in intrigue, in political management to serve the purposes of his uncontrollable despotic ambition. All the heroes of the past were great in what should sink them lowest. Are the sages accounted great—the Ciceros and Platos? Yes—in the simple achievements of their individual purposes in the realm of intellect. In the enforcement of their ideas and theories. The men Demosthenes, Plato, Socrates, were truly great, not as individuals whose mental successes cause you to dwell admiringly upon the past ages which they have adorned, but in virtue of that in their conceptions which is eternal; and he who proclaims as great truth through the same sources of inspiration, to day is as great as any of them, though history may never lend her enchantment to his name. Are the individuals great who have benefited society by inventions and applications of science? Fulton, Franklin, Moore, are accounted heroes in science, because they have brought out, under favorable circumstances, what many, greater in reality than they have not succeeded in—because they plucked the fruit when it was ready to fall; while those who watched it while still ripening, receive no more admiration than ordinary beings. It should be remembered that a man is not a truth,—an individual is not a principle. Yet they who chance to be instruments for the development of any principle are called great inventors and discoverers. He who spies out a solitary star and adds it to the map of the heavens, is called a great astronomer, while, perhaps, he who, through vast depths of mathematics, has solved the great problems of the universe and reduced them to harmony, remains forgotten and unknown. The first expounders of truth receive from it no personal advantage until they are beyond the reach of praise or blame. Socrates was despised and considered a madman by most of his contemporaries. Seneca, who in spite of his faults of ambition and avarice, was undoubtedly as great a scholar, and as profound a statesman, as then existed, was not known to fame until many years after his decease. To day, your greatest men are the humblest among you in station and pretension; are the least praised and sought after, and care the least for flattery. Not one is now struggling on the vast arena of public strife, who will be called great a century hence. Napoleon III. is called great; he has reached that eminence through chance and his unrivalled skill as a political schemer; but what will remain of his fame a century hence, when despotism will have been swept from the face of the earth; when, a man to be recognized as great, must be something more than a successful warrior or diplomatist; but will be the noblest in his aspirations, the most peaceful, the least arrogant; and the most free from stains of tyranny and crime. Now, we call a man great who persistently proclaims some individual doctrine, who dedicates himself to the expression of a single idea, by which he is entirely engrossed; to the exclusion of all other beautiful and glorious conceptions. In this estimate, we do not agree: it is not to us, evidence of greatness, that a man is successful in forcing an opinion on other minds, for which they are not prepared; and in defiance of the experience of the world; that he knows how far to go in advocating a theory, without danger to his popularity; that he espouses a doctrine which is just enough in advance of the general idea, to gain for him much admiration, at the cost of a little reproach. Such a character we think really but little greater than one who says nothing because he has nothing to say, or who clings to the doctrines of by-gone ages of darkness. Nor do we call those great who are always contending with the opinions of others for the sake of being on the opposite side of every question; and take pride in denouncing the advocates of every popular opinion. It is no evidence of an individual's true greatness, that he has chance to be placed, by mere accident, at the head of some prevailing party; or that he maintains, through pride and ostentation, any doctrines which do violence to human feelings, or causes misery and wretchedness. No man has arrived at ultimate, perfect truth, so as to be able to say, positively, "I know I am right." Therefore hero-worship is always the result either of ignorance and folly, or of selfishness and vanity—never of admiration for lofty wisdom and goodness. When we hail some, in public life, unselfish politicians and disinterested patriots; and, in private, individual citizens extending to their brethren sympathy and aid; when we see men accounted great through their justice, integrity, meekness and goodness, instead of their achievements in arms, their pride, arrogance and tyranny, we shall think the world knows its true heroes—and knows they are not great in deeds of force, but in virtue of that truth which is enduring, of that wisdom which is immortal, of that harmony which is the purest and sweetest,—that there is a greatness which cannot be quenched by the fires of persecution or by any material strength. True sincerity is always silent, but always performing its task—seldom proclaiming its intentions. True renown is always careless of worldly praise, so also, true meekness and piety do not require themselves to be pompously enrolled on the catalogue of Christian virtues; but are silently seated in the soul, having no name, no pretension, no deed, save that of love to all earth's creatures, ever striving and aspiring. Such are the evidences of genuine greatness in all departments,—in opposition to the prevailing morbid tendency towards the worship of individual forms, of creeds instead of principles, it utters what is just and perfect for its own true sake. When men love Justice, Truth and Goodness for their own sakes, because they know them to be, then we shall see humanity free from all corruption, despotism and tyranny; and the glory of Truth shall shed a halo round the soul, rendering it, on all sides, bright and beautiful, and causing the worship of God to be spontaneous and everlasting.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, DUNSTON PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2 30, and at 7 15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss Lizzie Dusen the last two Sundays in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Miss Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONVENT HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Union Society will confer on every Wednesday evening, at 7 15 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Banner. The subject for discussion at the next meeting is: "Kato and Free Agency."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

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

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Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung The beads or worlds of life. It may be here, It may be there that I shall live again.—o o o But live again I shall where'er be.—[Petrus.

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The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres. The Monomaniac, or the Spirit Bride. The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant: Being an Account of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Rockwood. Life: A Fragment. Margaret Infelix, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man. The Improvisatore, or Torn Leaves from Life History. The Witch or Lowenthal. The Phantom Mother, or The Story of a Recluse. Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Picture Spectra. Haunted Houses. No. 2: The Banford Ghost. Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest—An Incident founded on Fact. Christmas Stories. No. 2: Faith; or, Mary Macdonald. The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact. Note.

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## The Messenger.

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

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

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

**Our Circle.**—We shall commence holding our sittings in New York City as soon as suitable rooms can be found for the purpose. The notice of this will be given. When this is done, they will be as open to the public as they have been in Boston.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular column. Will those who read one of a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

**Wednesday, Jan. 23.**—Is the soul ever tempted?—And if so, does it ever yield to temptation? Theo. Dall, Boston; Walter Foster, New York; Mary Frances Moore, South Berwick.

**Thursday, Jan. 24.**—Is there any difference between soul and spirit? and what is the difference? Daniel McCluskey, New York; Ichabod Poole, Hartford; Margaret McVillie, New Bedford.

**Friday, Jan. 25.**—What is the true philosophy of disease, and the best method of cure? Joseph Smith, Mormon Elder; George W. Graves, Methodist; James L. Draper, Chicago.

**Saturday, Jan. 26.**—What proof have you that the whole human family are destined to eternal happiness? Elijah White, New Haven; Jackson T. Eton, Philadelphia; Samuel Adams, Boston; Ada Augusta Deane, New York.

**Sunday, Jan. 27.**—What is the highest manifestation of the soul? and of the soul? the immortal? Isaiah S. Keith, Sarah Hanson; James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

**Monday, Jan. 28.**—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emery Stone, Rue Hill, Me.; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, South Boston; Betsey F. Norton, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

**Tuesday, Jan. 29.**—Do disembodied spirits know disease and recovery? Ebenezer Francis, Boston; Mary Elizabeth Cordes, Thomas Boswell, Fryeburg, Penn.; Mary Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Wednesday, Feb. 1.**—Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we know that the soul may be unfolded harmoniously? Joseph W. Lyon, Boston; Michael Brady; Charles Jackson, Westchester, New York.

**Thursday, Feb. 2.**—Is Spiritism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Perrevo, Dover, N. H.; Jake Moore; Mary Augusta, Howard, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary L. Ware.

**Friday, Feb. 3.**—What do you think of the breaking up of the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala.; Abigail Phillips; Mary Sweeney, New York.

**Saturday, Feb. 4.**—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon? James P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Frances Anna Whortley, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

**Sunday, Feb. 5.**—Is not American Slavery unconstitutional? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice D. Jewry, Montreal; Samuel Roberts, Salem; Anna Smith; Wm. Jones.

**Monday, Feb. 6.**—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, Margaret Ellen Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murray, East Cambridge; Joseph Astor.

**Tuesday, Feb. 7.**—How may principles be there in the economy of nature? and does not every epoch in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Aurora, Mo.; Joseph S. Parker; Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Hervey.

## The Human Soul.

A series of questions pertaining to the soul have been given us to discuss, and we shall take up each in its regular order.

The question before us this afternoon is this: "Did not the human soul begin its existence in the human body?"

We answer, no. The human soul, as an element, a principle, or a power, or as an essence, did not begin its existence in the human body. It has ever had an existence somewhere in the universe. But we may as well try to bring the infinite within the comprehension of the finite, as to bring the question down to the strict, or entire comprehension of our questioner. The human soul, the immortal part, that which ever has had an existence, that which ever must exist—oh, how vast the subject, how mighty even in its individual self! The human soul first came to consciousness after it took up its abode in the human body. This alibi may be called the stepping stone to consciousness. Herein the soul became aware that it was an immortal essence; and through the medium of the body the soul began to measure its capacities, began to control itself, began to make conscious progress according to the law of its own internal being. But the soul was as perfect in its combinations and its qualities, prior to its existence in human form, as after the event, and its destiny was as fully marked out. And hence a good foundation for the doctrine or theory of Foreordination. That the destiny of the soul was fore-ordained, all nature proclaims. That it came from Deity, and must return to Deity, we know. Nature, as unfolded in ourselves, has taught us this beyond a doubt. Then we say that these manifestations or unfoldments of the soul did not exist until they existed in the human form. But the soul, as a positive power, or essence, or principle, has existed throughout all eternity.

The doctrine of Foreordination, when improperly understood or applied, is productive of much sorrow, and in this way: The believer in the theory foolishly supposes that God, or Deity, has marked out a certain plan for each individual, and he may strive as far as he may, and he cannot step outside of it.

This and this only the Lord has prescribed for you, and you must walk according to the law, and not without its boundaries.

The soul, as a principle, has indeed, and does indeed live under the law of Foreordination. Its destiny was marked out in the beginning, and you may live ten thousand times ten thousand years in sin, and you may not change the essence—soul. But the unfoldments, the ways and means by which you are to attain an ultimate, you may change, and in this sense you are free-agents. You are free to choose the manner of its unfoldment, but not free to choose the ultimatum of the soul-principle.

The germ of immortality—who can tell where it began? Who can look through the vast eternity of past ages, and behold its first condition of life? Not the finite mind—no; the power rests alone with the Infinite; and when man seeks to go beyond his own depths, or reason beyond his own capacities in the external, he is lost in the sea of mystery, and the waves of the Infinite roll over him.

But in the soul-principle there is a power that conceives of its first existence—its primal condition. But that power is not, nor has it been as yet brought to external consciousness.

Nature, in her outward unfoldment, gives but one thing at one time. She unfolds from the internal in accordance with the law of man, which is a branch of the law divine; and according to that law man, the human, can understand. By it he sees, by it he hears, by it he comprehends, if at all. But the law of the soul-principle is distinct—entirely separate from the law in the external, else the soul would become contaminated and lost in the sea of error—else the Deity would not recognize the germ of immortality he hath cast out upon the sea of external conditions. That must ever remain the same. You cannot change it, because you cannot know its law.

Be satisfied that you, as a soul, as an essence, have had an existence through past ages, but as an individuality, you had no existence until you entered the human form, which is a machine, whereby the soul can outward itself. Know you that you are masters of the manifestations of the soul, or its unfoldment to a high degree. And knowing this, let us be-ware you to hold before your vision this power; lay it not down at any time, for you will suffer in consequence by closing your reasoning faculties upon the bright flowers blooming in the highway before you.

## Charles Todd.

I do not see as I am ever going to get over the habit of stammering. Some of the folks I have been accustomed to speak with, have thought I have grown silent, or tired out. But I thought I would let them know I can speak. You know who I am? Well, I'm Charles Todd. Now I am here I want to ask Mr. B. how he likes his quarters, and would suggest to him the propriety of making up his mind to have a hard time of it in future. I know if you make up your mind to have a hard time, it's not so

hard to stand it, so you see I'm on the humane this afternoon. Owing to him it's no use, for him to build castles in the air—they will just as sure come to nothing as the rest he has built. He ought to suffer, and he knows it, and he ought to be man enough to face it; and if he don't face it, he'll have to back it. I came right out and met him in open contact, and he met me in the back, like any coward.

He's scheming to get free, and I'm scheming to keep him close. We'll see which will conquer. There have been some boasts made lately with reference to my not coming any more. They guess if I ever came at all, I have backed down now. I'll let them know to the contrary. I'm just as strong in the traces as I ever was. I'm strong in the work, and it's the best work I ever done in my life. A man is a saviour, who saves the country from the fangs of a serpent, as he is.

Hard on me? Well, you know I'm bound to be hard, if I choose. You must not expect a dog to show the disposition of a calf, and you must not expect me to fill the place of a charitable man. I'm performing my mission as well as anybody.

I'd like to get rid of the habit of stammering, but it sticks to me yet.

No, no, Mr. Berry, I don't think I'm hard at all. You have not suffered as I have; don't see the man inside and out, as I do, and you can't be expected to feel as I do. Oh, let me alone. I'll bring him up to the stake, and straighten him up, and he'll be the better for it, for he's crooked now.

You remember I told you I'd burn the National House up if he was not out of it. Well, I meant it, and I had the power to do it. I'll follow that man as long as he lives. I'm his "guardian angel," and I hope he appreciates me.

I tell you I'm not alone in this. I may seem to have more than some others to do with it; but there are a good many interested, if they don't work as hard here as I do.

We'll see, in the reckoning day, who's right and who's wrong; and we'll square up accounts when he comes here, for guardian angels generally meet those they have charge of when they come across. That's their mission; and I shan't be likely to forget mine, for I've stuck to it, pretty close, to this time. Well, William, I'll go now.

## Isaac Graves Darling.

I do not know what I shall say first. My name was Isaac Graves Darling. I was eleven years old. I died in spasms in 1859. I was born in Cohasset, Mass. I died at Albany, N. Y. I was bitten by a dog.

I want to go home. Can I? I know it will be necessary for them to find me a medium. My father would, if it wasn't for my mother, or step-mother. My father is in the grain business. I'll ask him never to mind my step mother, but get me a medium. She's sick, and will die pretty soon, but I don't want to wait till then.

My mother is here with me. I saw her soon as I had my last spasm. I'm much obliged to Dr. Perry; he helped me a great deal. I suffered a good deal, and knew everything just as well as I do now, only when I had the last spasm. They thought I did not know; but I knew all about the spasms. They tie you all up in knots, and you feel like as red hot needles were running through you. I had them once in two or three hours, at the first of it, and then I had them oftener. I was bitten in my hand, but did not feel much of it until I had the first fit.

My father's name is Isaac Darling. My uncle's name was Graves.

## Abigail Hunt.

They told the world I slept in Jesus! "Asleep in Jesus," are the words on my tomb-stone; but God has called me from my slumber, and the dead do speak, and the graves are opened, and those who were once dead do live—not only in memory, but in open communion with those they love on earth.

In the year 1837 I yielded up my mortal body. I then lived in the town of Amesbury, Mass. My name was Abigail Hunt. I was the mother of three children—two daughters and one son. These children are now living on earth. I want to speak to them, and the great world from which I come, tells me I may do so. Tell me, stranger, shall I find access to the hearts of my children? Their names are Abby, Harriet, and Samuel. I cannot tell where they now are, for I know not.

My disease? 'Tis faintly pictured on the walls of memory, and yet I have not forgotten it—droopy of the chest. My age was fifty-one.

The above name we did not hear distinctly when this message was given, and are not sure whether it should be Hunt, or Lunt.

## Matthew Robinson.

Be kind enough to inform my friends through the columns of your paper, that I am satisfied, if not happy; that I presume I should follow the same course were I again to walk the earth, provided I was controlled by the same conditions. I see there is an eternity before me. Yes, a longer road is before me than that I have left, and if I am not mistaken, I stand as fair a chance as any to make myself not only satisfied, but happy in my condition.

I ask no favors—not even the favor of pardon. I am accountable to none but God, and I can find him always at home. Therefore, there is no necessity of my going abroad to search for him.

Bear my kindest compliments to the friends who have asked me to come, and my best wishes for their welfare.

## Are Souls Male and Female?

"Are there not male and female souls, each having a positive individuality? or does not the soul, as identified in male forms, differ from the soul as identified in female forms?"

This is the portion of our subject that has been presented for this afternoon's discussion.

We have before told you that the soul-principle or element was one and the same thing wherever found; under whatever law it manifested itself, the element, or essence, or primal condition, was the same.

The soul-principle is a creative power. It holds within its own being the power to beget not only a something that shall resemble itself, but a something that shall be far from a resemblance of self, as in the soul-element may be found all the internal principles of life, wherever seen, wherever felt, wherever understood.

Then, again, the soul-principle, or immortal part of man, contains within itself the creative power, and thus it must embody male and female. It could not be a part or portion of Deity, unless it could lay claim to those two forms. Male and female, therefore, are embodied in the soul-principle, as understood under the term immortality. But the manifestations of the soul depend upon the condition or law with which it has for the time being become identified. Thus, the soul embodied in the female form manifests according to the law of the female form. Hence we see a peculiar unfolding of the affectional, that portion of the law of life being more intense in the female. This is not because the soul differs, but the soul must harmonize with the law of the external body through which it must manifest.

The soul-element is not only found in man, but it exists everywhere. It permeates every atom in the universe. But as we told you before, it only lives in conscious life when identified with the human form. And we told you, also, that the manifestations of the soul were one thing, and the soul another, both positively distinct from each other, co-workers together.

Look where you will in the universe, you will find this male and female element embodied. Look it shows itself in every flower, in every grain of sand, in every forest tree, in every breath of wind, in every thought. Yet mark you that a vast variety is given upon the external, or surface. The same soil that nourishes the rose, nourishes the violet. The same sun shines upon it, the same air breathes upon it, and it is governed apparently by the same law. Yet the rose has a law of its own, and the violet one of its own. Although the same conditions are brought to bear upon it, there is a marked difference in the unfoldment. But is it because the life-principle in each differs? No; but simply be-

cause the law in the external differs from the law internal—the great immortal law.

Again we say the soul, as existing in the male form, is precisely the same in principle or element as that in the female. Although the manifestation may differ ever so widely, the internal, or the source, is one and the same, positively and eternally connected.

Now the male and female of life, or positive and negative, or soul-principle, exists everywhere. It comes under the head of male and female in the animal creation. When it is in active life, man gives it the cognomen. But does it exist nowhere else? Yes, the good and evil principles that exist in your mortal atmosphere, are but parts and portions of this male and female principle. Now the one is as necessary to the other as is the sun necessary to the unfoldment of the germ in the bosom of your mother earth.

The evils floating in your midst are but the positives of your mortal atmosphere—mark us, the positives—and thus they are eminently necessary in that condition. The positive element is always requisite to the unfoldment of the negative, as God is to the unfoldment of life.

This should teach you a mighty lesson—that you should ignore nothing—cast nothing aside, but remember that all things are necessary for your everlasting good. Though they come to you like midnight shadows, who can say they are not necessary to your unfoldment?

Can the earth rise up and say, "I have no need of thee, oh night; I have the sun, and that is enough!" No—she knows she has need of the shadow also. And shall man ignore the shades of life? No; if he would but grasp the left hand of Deity as he grasps the right, he would see God in every manifestation of life.

If the immortal part were a variety in itself, the consequence of the unfoldment would not be what we see it is—it could not be so. The same external law that is brought to bear upon one soul and another, gives you an assimilation of unfoldment always. There is a similarity running through all, where the external law is the same; no matter whether it be in the male or female—the result would be the same. And it should prove to our questioner that soul is the same, wherever found, as God is God. The soul is the independent, distinct and positive God-principle, and it must be the same under every condition of life, whether in the oak, the rose, the man or woman; and when the soul goes into the conscious part of its existence, it becomes accountable in a measure for the manner in which the soul is unfolded. You are every one accountable to a certain extent for the manner in which your own souls, in the external, do rise toward Deity. It is of vast importance that you understand this accountability, for it will give you another law, new strength, and the unfoldment will be more harmonious, more in concord with the general unfoldment in Nature everywhere.

Man, the intellectual being, often is drawn far from his primal condition, by reason of ignorance, by reason of a misunderstanding of the mortal, by reason of setting the law of the outer at too great a variance to the law of the inner. Wisdom ever gives strength for man's unfoldment. Therefore seek it. On whatever tree it grows, it is yours. Your Maker hath given you a vast variety of lessons, and he gives you one for each moment. Yes, he gives a mighty lesson upon each thought, and if you would analyze for yourselves every thought, you would see that we are correct.

Now learn to see God with a clearness of spirit, such as hath never been given you before. Learn to recognize God, as dwelling in the male and female forms, as one and the same thing. Learn to see the same power unfolded in the darkness or crimes of humanity, as in the sunlight or the unfoldment of the devotional of man's nature.

Here are but the lights and shadows in the great picture of life, and though the source is the same, the manifestations are countless.

We believe that man has a never-failing, an inexhaustible fountain within his soul-element. This makes him a God, or an immortal individuality. We find this power nowhere else unfolded, until we find it in individualized immortality, which comes within the concord, or circle, called male and female.

The great Eternal Principle is but an embodiment of these two principles. This is the creative power, and if it did not exist in every identified form of life, where the law of progress, where the power to unfold, where the immortality? There could be none. So, then, once again we say, soul is soul, wherever found, although the manner of its unfoldment is as countless as the sands on yonder shore, or the thoughts which people your spiritual atmosphere.

## David Parker Hyde.

One thing which suggests itself to me is this: All the difference in men is in the right. When you come down to the first principle, it is the same. All the old gentlemen who have just spoken say, "Well, the same source gives a variety of children. That's all I have to say."

I have lived most of my time in that part of the spirit-land that has more darkness than light; but, according to his theory, the foundation is the same—it's only the shell that differs, and the fixing made up in the shell—the thoughts and acts.

I belonged in Dayton, Ohio, but I spent about five years of my life here. I got a little acquainted with this manner of doing things, and so I thought I'd come back. I lived in Massachusetts a spell. I've been in California, and in Manchester, England. I married a lady from the latter place, and I went out there with her, and stopped about two years, and one of the children was left there. We had two, named John and Margaret.

I've a queer way of telling my story; I tell whatever comes to mind first. It's a queer lot of truck I bring to you; but it's mine, and I suppose I must bring it along.

My wife is dead; that is, she's as much dead as I am. We are not together, though. About the children—one is with her folks, and the other with mine. I want the two to be together, somehow, and I think I cannot do better than to come here and give a little advice about it. I do not know how it can be brought about, except in this way. The one in England better be brought here. The folks out there have a better chance of doing this than the folks here; and if they do, I would not have the child left, except where it would be looked after pretty close. My folks are willing and able to have the two, and they would make an effort to have them together, if they knew it was my wish; and I come here to let them know it is my wish. There is money enough belonging to the children to bring them together, if no more.

I'm a queer sort of a fellow. When I was here I had not much belief in the immortality of the soul, or in the soul at all. I thought the last of us was, when we forgot in death—we never remembered again. But I made a mistake, that's certain, because I am here. If it is not certain to those I come to, it is to me, and that is enough.

I think my folks will do as I wish, and they can choose their own way.

My name was David Parker Hyde. My age when I died was between forty-six and forty-seven. I'm blessed, stranger, if I am giving you the exact age. They said my disease was water on the brain; but I've been told it was a sack of matter, or pus, the result of an injury I received on the top of my head and back of the neck, some three or four years before that.

My wife's name was Margaret Healy. I might as well claim the occupation of carpenter as anything else. I learned that trade, but never followed it.

I have an idea that there is a lady in Dayton, where I hailed from once, whom I can use. She is one of the mediums we use. I'm blessed, stranger, if I know her name. I want my folks to go to this medium, if they can find her, or to any other, so I can speak as I do here.

I made three down and return passages from San Francisco to Honolulu. I was there when gold was first discovered—before California was much. It was an infernal place, then. The small hills were mountains; and they told me when it was dry it was so sandy that you could not see half the time, and in the rainy season it was rain all the time.

If my folks don't hit on the right medium, let them get another; and if they can't get hold of one, let them do the business on this. But it takes a large amount of proof to satisfy some people.

I suppose I may as well own up in a way that would be called honest. I told you I had a trade, but that I never followed it. It's no matter how I got my money; but to make it all right, I'll say I did not get my money in a way they would think honest.

## Mary Ann Arms.

God forbid that I should say anything against any one; but I must speak freely; I must, for I know God will it. Three months ago I left a little girl, nine years old. She was taken charge of by a Charitable Association, and the ladies told me before I died that she should be well cared for. I am sorry for them that they have broken their word; and a mother is caused much sorrow in consequence.

I was not always poor. Once I had enough. I was born of respectable parents, who had a good supply of this world's goods. I received a good education, and was taught to know something of the better things of life. But I married unfortunately, I separated from my husband some seven years ago; it is no matter what for; I thought I had just cause; I think so now. I did the best I could, and thought I was doing right for myself and my child. I think I did do right; but sickness, in form of consumption, came upon me two years and a half ago. I was obliged to work slowly and late to support my child, and had little time to take care of my body. I think now I should have taken better care of it, for the sake of my child.

I have connections in this city, who have plenty of money, and no heirs. I wish I was not obliged to say it; but oh, I believe it is my duty to do so. Shortly after my death I found I had power to look back to see what was transpiring here. Instead of being borne away to a place of rest, I was kept here as the guardian of my child. But the highest scrip cannot be happy while he has an offspring unhappy on earth. As soon as I had the power of discerning, I began to experience a sorrow as deep as any I found on earth. I began to see the frailty of human promises; for many dark clouds were hanging about my child, and I doubted my power to save. But I prayed earnestly to God, and it drew around me a class of holy ones, who stood ready to aid me; and that is why I am here so early.

Oh, if I could only speak to those three representatives of a Charitable Institution, as they stood about my bed before my death, I'd speak to them as mortal never spoke; I'd show them a picture of their own lives, their own principles. God would give me power, I know he would. But as I may not be able to speak so to them, let me beg of those here to be true to the talents God hath given them—for he will call them to a strict account of their duty.

My child was placed under the control of a certain family (whom now I will not mention), a few days after my death. She has been cruelly treated; has had cause to charge God with cruelly forgetting her. I have stood over her in my spiritual form, when, had a mortal seen her, they could but pity. I know her impulsive nature will take a hard channel through which to perfect itself, unless there is a gentle hand to guide her.

The three ladies who visited me have never seen her but three times since my death. I know what I speak, and I speak the truth. They have thrown off their responsibility—they have forgotten their vows; but I want to tell them that if they have forgotten their vows to the poor mother, let them not forget their vows to God; and if they made no vows to God, I do not ask them to redeem their vows to me.

Oh, I have seen cruelty dwelling in that Charitable Institution; I have seen it with my own spiritual eyes; I have looked at those in charge, because a great many children of the Father are dependent upon them for a correct unfoldment; and I think much will be charged to those who promise at the altar of death, and fail to keep their promise.

My name was Mary Ann Arms. I was just entering my thirty-ninth year. I died of consumption, three months ago, in the city of Boston. These ladies visited me a number of times the last three days before I died, and made many promises, which I am sorry to say, have not been fulfilled. May God, in his infinite mercy, watch over them, and cause them to bloom in fragrance, is the prayer of the poor mother.

## Jeremiah Capen.

You don't see me praying for folks that kicked me down hill, when I was here—not a bit of it. Some folks here I like, and some I don't like; I mean when I used to live on earth, and I am going to say I pity the folks I didn't like when I was here, for I do not.

My name was Jeremiah Capen. I was fifteen years old. I could not read nor write very well, because I did not have much of a chance to learn. I was born way down to Eastport, in the State of Maine; but I didn't die there by a good deal.

I died in one of the places they call hospitals—was carried there, and might as well be carried into the grave in the first place. I suppose in the pay beds they take care of them; but in the free beds they don't.

I don't want to say much agin' them, but I say I was not treated well. My God, I tell you it was the most deevils treatment. I was carried there with ship fever, nigh as I can make it out. You know the hospital, just in the harbor of New York. I was carried there—the deevils'est barn I ever saw. If I had a horse, and could not afford a better barn, I would not keep a horse; I might as well tip up a go-cart and put a fellow under it. I'd never go there again, if I should live here twenty thousand years.

I've got an old covey of an uncle living a little way out of New York in tip-top style. He's a ship-owner, sends vessels out of New York, and I thought if I went to him he'd give me a good berth. I thought he'd let me go on board and learn, and put me forward fast as I learned.

I made my way to him one day, and he said, "If you want to go on board of my ship you must go as common seaman. I'll give you a paper for a situation such as you can fill." I went out in his old trap, and got the ship fever, and brought up in that hen-coop at last. I'm coming back now to raise merry hell with that uncle. Catch me to pray for him! He's having a merry time here; but he won't have when he tacks ship.

It's a mighty good thing to come back here and bid the folks a lick that have been so generous with you!

My father died when I was a boy. When young, he had a little of something; but this same old covey managed to get it away from him. He don't know I can come back. I don't know as the old scamp knows I'm dead. I had the same treatment as any pauper might have. While the old covey was lying back in his chair smoking, I was popping out—getting ready to come here.

It's kind of a satisfaction in coming back and letting him know I remember him; so I give him my very best love. Tell him I'll remember him eternally, and introduce him to as good a situation as he gave me when he gets here.

I know about the old covey, and was as near to him as any of his children. They said, when they seen me, "Pa, who's that?" He told them, and they turned up their noses and left. I haint forgotten these young ones yet. The devil's tattoo will get beat in that house.

We went to Calcutta. They used me rough on board—rough! That was not a beginning. I didn't know what I ought to do, and so I was nobody's boy. Even the old nigger cook gave me a kick every time he wanted to. We was gone something about a year.

## To Correspondents.

J. O. N. TURNER BRIDGE.—We shall be pleased to have you act as agent for us. Every one who sees fit so to do, confers a favor on us by any exertions he or she makes to increase our list of subscribers.

SUNSHINE, VERMONT, VT.—We are led to think highly of Mr. Bowker, and do not feel any fear in recommending him to you, from what we have heard of him. Of the other persons we cannot speak so clearly, though we have no reason to doubt their ability to satisfy demands made upon them.

## [Written for the Banner of Light.]

## IN ANSWER TO LINES ENTITLED "REST."

Seek not to rest thy wearied soul,  
But as life's current glides, so with it roll;  
With helm strong and compass sure,  
All life's storms we can endure.  
Why seek to rest, since we are taught  
By God, all nature, and our thought,  
That moving onward is the rule  
Ever portrayed in life's great school.

But when saddened memory casts her gloom,  
With unguarded hands, and seems to doom  
Our Heaven-born bark in its deep abyss,  
Swiftly glide to hope, that sorrow may be less.  
Hope is the anchor to the soul,  
Love the guiding star, if left to rule.  
God is all in all, but not in rest—  
Rest is not and never can be blest.

LIZZIE.

## Literature.

**GERMAN POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES.** Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly translated, with illustrations, by E. H. Wehnert. Two volumes. 460 pages each. 12mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., 117 Washington street. 1860.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the best juvenile book ever got up in our city. In the matter of the book, its illustrations and execution, there is no need of praise. All the children who read these volumes will be both interested and benefited.

**LIFE AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS.** With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By Jochu Chunder Gangooly, (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., 117 Washington street. 1860. 360 pp., 12mo.

This book is full of interesting facts relating to the habits, manners and religion of the Hindoos. It claims that many erroneous statements, in regard to Hindoo worship, have been published by Christian missionaries. The author denies that Hindoo mothers, for their religion, or any other cause, throw their children into the Ganges for alligators to destroy; or that Hindoo devotees throw themselves under the car of Juggernaut to be crushed to death. The book seems to be a fair presentation of the Hindoo







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

And I feel so glad and happy, my heart is full of glee!  
O! I would I were an angel! Dearest mother, may it  
be?

At Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 19, 1861.

miserable fallacies and delusions—As, in all ages, and among all nations, have followed from their placidly implicit faith in the testimony of their spirits. We are to enquire, again, the old time absurdities, we must look at the question aside from the consequences which are supposed to be involved in its settlement, and with the eyes of calm reason. The position is, that Adams cannot be proved to be a medium, to demonstrate to any one, even our own identity, much less the identity of other spirits. Let us ask ourselves, can a medium, as so, be mistaken as to the source of his inspiration? Could Moses and Swedenborg have been so mistaken? And, if not, how can Adams be so? We would go up, mistake in their honest belief that their speakers speak as they are inspired by the Holy Ghost? Is a mistake possible here? They have taken this ground for more than two hundred years, and have often given evidence that their speakers are prompted and controlled above their spirits, and are in a normal state. This fact is taken by the Quakers as evidence of the source of the inspiration, but may they not be mistaken? Yet, undoubtedly, mediums are inspired by spirits, and so, many facts go to show that they may be mistaken as to the source of their inspiration, and the possibility of mistake in the next place, is the origin of their mistake. This question settled, we can walk safely, and select the wheat from the chaff. Now with regard to the claims of modern mediums; without altering the nature of the testimony, we may say, that a strong or weak testimony is taken from more modern ground, than that of God or archangels; their inspirers are men near our own times. Let us take the latter

Mr. ADAMS. I agree with the speakers generally that the testimony of mediums is not always to be taken at its face value. I think we should exercise great caution in accepting it. At the same time, the very terms of the question seem to imply that such testimony is to be taken into consideration in this matter. I do not think that the testimony of mediums should not lead us to surrender the principles of the Spiritualism; but we should try to distinguish conditions under which the testimony of the medium may have any relevance. I do not recall any speaker who has expressed this. I think, if all the well-

Reported for the Banner of Light.

**LIZZIE DOTEN AT ALLSTON HALL,**  
Sunday, Feb. 17, 1861.

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the infinite strength of his soul, and the infinite  
of his power, and the infinite of his love, and the  
Hebrew law and by this education he was tempered for  
the startling and mighty events of his after-life. Only  
too, understood his mission and messiahship, and only  
it was revealed to him gradually.  
The people that he met, and the times should execute his  
mission. He had an executive mind, and a faith  
cooperation and organization; and having once estab-  
lished the children of Israel from bondage, the next  
thing was to give them a form of government, with  
the people, and to give them a form of government,  
and expansion of spirituality. Moses was the orga-  
nizing power, and the people the mass to be wrought  
upon.

We here desire to impress upon your minds the truth  
that the Kingdom of Spirituality will be of no avail  
to you until you enter into some form of organization.  
When you have an organization, and not till then, you  
you have order and system, in the teachings and

**EVENING DISCOURSE.**  
 In the evening, Miss Doten's subject was "the soul's transfiguration." The text chosen by the invisible who spoke through her organism, was—Matthew iv. 17. "Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses,

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lays upon the shelf for future use. The angels who store up their knowledge, as a miser does his treasure, and have no better use for it. The book of an angel, in which are embalmed his heart-thoughts, as a miser hoards up his gold, is a treasure, and great deeds and acts of heroic heroisms are roundly in the ladder that leads up to God.

In the midst of temptation and suffering be of good cheer, the time is coming when we shall no longer need to struggle as though in a glass darkly, but face to face.

Angels, who are called upon the love as communion of angels shall make human love sacred and immortal; and you shall join with us in making three tabernacles—one for God's love, one for his wisdom, and one for his power.

Miss Mandock sang with touching fervor, and effect a spiritual song, which spoke to the heart of every listener, entitled "The Spirit Voices," words and music by J. P. Webster.