

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. SECOND PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. THIRD PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEACLIFF;

OR,

LOVE'S STRUGGLE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH DEWEY.

There was a struggle in the girl's mind between hope and fear, as the last anchor was weighed, and the sails were all set, that bore away her betrothed for his long and perilous cruise among the Pacific Islands, and the wild wastes of more northern oceans. She walked across the rocks from the harbor until she came to a small bay, crescent-shaped and lonely. From the high rocks hung trailing plants, that waved softly in the gentle air; and on the white shore the waves came lapping gently, and the sea seemed to breathe in long, low swells, as though faintly, in some sweet dream, he murmured of spicy tropic islands, where he had kissed the feet of dashing, flower-crowned maidens, and laughed at their sportive glances. But as it came murmuring to the feet of the maiden who sat on the shore, it breathed a plaintive sigh, and she thought it said, "Never more!" and the cadence of the wave was mournful, and still it echoed, "Never more!" He might never return; he might never return true to her; he might change his mind; alas! what security had she for the most precious gift of her garnered life!

"See! there is the ship Hebe, rounding the cape!" Esther starts up, and waves her handkerchief; her cheek dimples with a sad smile, and her full, brown eyes swell with tears. She sat down to watch, until the sun was drawing to the west, and the ship had become a mere speck.

"I must go home now. I wish I could stay here till the Hebe came into port again. Auntie Storckill used to tell of a princess who was enchanted for years. How strange it would be to wake up and find him here again, as one wakes up from a dream at night! I have the beautiful work-box he made for me; and he will bring me back silks and shawls from China. Suppose my father did die in jail—it was no fault of mine! I have to work all the time, and see nothing but work before me. But when I come home, and hear the stories the sea tells, and see the blue sky and the rocks that have been there for ages, I forget the cruel things they say to me, and all my troubles. I think my soul would dry up if I could not come out and look at the sea, and the sky, and the birds, sometimes. Surely, I shall one day be free—free as the sea gull, that is never caged or tamed, and can go skimming into the clouds, or over the foam, and laugh at the storms, and boldly board any ship it has a mind to, even the grimest pirate. I do not think I fear anybody—no, not even God himself, for I love him. I used to think that I feared old Deacon Potte-staff, with his grim, black eyes, and his solemn talk; but I never have, since I slapped his face for trying to kiss me, one Sunday, going home from meeting!"

I do not mean to say that Esther uttered all this like a speech in a play; but I have tried to put into words what I saw passing through the young girl's brain, and read in her great brown eyes; for there are natures everywhere which make the world richer by their presence, and never, or seldom, talk in words, but only in acts and looks.

Esther owed but little to her birth—but little to the sweet charities of home. Her mother had deserted her child in its infancy, to follow the uncertain fortunes of a lover; and her father, heart-broken, became negligent of all his interests, till one day, stupefied with liquor, he became the victim of an adroit scheme, by which he was made the scapegoat of some skillful rogues. He ended his days by his own hand, after a year's imprisonment.

The little girl was bound out—bound out to drudge out her little childhood years for the greatest amount of profit on his labor; poor little exemplification of the ancient saying, that the sins of the parents are visited on the children. But in Esther's case mercy was fortunately tempered with judgment, for her mistress was a kind-hearted, easy-tempered woman. Her early years had been spent in comparative comfort, with no more labor to perform than she could perform without injury to her development; on the contrary, her frame was strengthened and improved by exercise, and she was provided with a sufficiency of good, wholesome food.

As the moss covers the rock with its tender green, as the wild vine hangs itself in graceful festoons, so will human nature, if not originally cramped and thwarted, run into some form of beauty. So Esther grew up straight as a young poplar, with full, dark eyes, and soft features; and, though not generally called handsome, for rustic ideas of beauty are not always very just, her native grace gave her a sort of winning charm, and with her little figure, dark, full eyes and reserved demeanor, when you saw her you instinctively recalled the Arab maidens, who stand at the doors of their tents in the desert. But life, as seen by Esther, did not look very brilliant—long perspectives of toil, with here and there a glimpse of sunshine; but it was mercifully ordained that we can only see a little way at a time, and the rainbow cloud of hope hides the rest. So Esther, poor girl, worked and sung and sported, and perhaps the first real sorrow she knew was when, at the age of fourteen, she lost her kind mistress, and it became necessary for her to seek a new home and a new sphere of labor.

Silas Wright's wife, a well-to-do managing dame, had often thought Esther would make a good servant, with a little "training;" and so to Silas Wright's Esther went, and there was quite an amount of fixing and arranging, and lamentations and exclamations over the state of her wardrobe, and exhortations for future conduct—all of which Esther took with a sort of quiet resignation, until Mrs. Wright, unfolding from its corner a book of song, wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief, asked:

"It is not trash; it is a book of songs," answered Esther, quietly.

At Mrs. Wright's, the requirements as regards dress were strict, and the requirements as regards work no less so. Mrs. Wright was a model housekeeper, and people said Esther was very fortunate in getting a place where she would learn so much. But there was a great void in her heart. She missed the kindly smile and ever-welcome face of her former mistress. Everything at Silas Wright's was ordered to the last degree of perfection; the tins glittered like silver, and there was not a speck of dirt to be seen anywhere around; but the mysteries of housekeeping were enacted with a solemnity and precision that was perfectly terrifying to a novice. Through sheer fear, at first, she could not perform her duties properly; but she soon learned them so well that Dame Wright was enchanted with the results of her "training," and rewarded her, at times, with a sparing word of solemn praise.

So it went on till her seventeenth year, when she met with Reuben Sandford. She did her work with a light heart, and had improved so much in personal appearance, that some even called her handsome. An artist might have found in her his ideal of Ruth. What country youths and maidens sometimes dignify by the title of beauty, is not always recognized as such by those who are more discriminating as to the genuine artistic development.

I have known a doll's waxen face and expressionless hair in human form, apostrophized as lovely. So Esther, in her seventeenth summer, was perfectly safe from the reputation of being a belle. In the afternoon, after she had done her work, she would go up to her little chamber, and, taking out her Bible and her song-book—and, must I add, her dream-book, also, which she had in a moment of weakness purchased under secret protest—she would sit, and reflect, and read, and, as she phrased it, "Have a good time all alone by herself." Then she would smooth and arrange her mass of dark, brown hair, and, rediverted, come down to set the tea things, and obey the orders of punctilious Mrs. Wright. And did not the young girl's soul grope spiritual food, and was it not silently and sweetly fed? In quietness and confidence is our strength. Ah, did we but realize this, we should not be so overlastingly going about seeking to fill our little urns from the supplies of others. And my poor Esther, sweet flower, growing so bravely on a sterile rock, lifting thy young forehead so undimmed in the solitude, there are those that care for thee—that watch over thee. Oh, mayest thou ever heed their voice!

In her seventeenth year she met with Reuben Sandford. He was mate of a vessel, spending his brief holiday on shore. He was quite smitten with Esther, and she could not but be pleased with the fine, manly figure, unfailing good humor, and bashful attentions of her admirer. Besides, it was so new and so delightful to have some one to care for her, to love her. Motherless, fatherless, brotherless, she had a home in one human heart. So, after a variety of preliminaries, half quarrels, and sweet reconciliations, they came to understand each other, and were engaged, with the understanding that they were to be married on the Hebe's return. And so Esther went up to her room that evening in quite a little flutter of excitement. Her dreams were all good, and there was something in the future for her to hope for.

But the time came when they must part. Reuben was naturally gay and cheerful—one of those natures that never look beyond the surface, but dwell content on the fair earth on which we live, without ever wishing to penetrate her hidden depths.

Very different was Esther. She had all the love for the hidden, the mysterious, inherent in her Norwegian ancestors.

One day they stood upon the sea-shore—this joyous Reuben and this pensive Esther—and

"Oh," said she, "if some wizard could only roll the waters of the bay far out into the sea, that I might see the sunken ships, and the strange fishes, and the green, waving meadows that lie in the deep hollows, where the sea-maidens sport!"

"Do you wish so?" said Reuben. "That would not be a pretty sight. It's best to take things as they are. If we can't alter them for the better, and in changing, I suppose we have always to risk something, even if it is only in changing our condition," said he, laughing.

Six months had passed, and they seemed more monotonous than any that had preceded them. She had received one letter from Reuben, dated Honolulu, rather brief but very affectionate, and somewhat startling in regard to spelling, concluding with—

"If you love me, and I love you, No tie shall ever divide us two."

This, of course, was duly treasured.

The winter had passed, and it was now early May. The sea, just released from its winter's prison, looked up blue and joyous. The gulls screamed and soared, and the royal sun lit up with a joyous smile the long, low beach, bringing out a clear tint of amber, which contrasted beautifully with the lapis lazuli blue of the sea. It was Sunday afternoon, and Esther thought that she would gain her favorite retreat, and spend a little time there with her Bible and song-book. There was a way over the rocks, down to the beach, which the light-footed girl had been in the habit of taking, and which, with a little care, was perfectly safe and practicable. But in making the descent, her foot slipped, and she fell. The first thing she noticed afterward, was a man holding one of her hands in his own, while with the other he gently supported her, and looked anxiously in her face. She looked steadily at him for a moment, and then, recollecting herself, said that she supposed that she had been stunned, but was better now, and would try and get up.

The gentleman asked her if she felt any pain.

"No," said she, "only a little stunned and dizzy."

"It is well that you were caught in the bushes; otherwise it might have been serious," said he, looking at her steadfastly with his clear, grey eyes; and then, making some passes over her, he aided her to a seat, where she could recline against the rock; and then, taking her hand, he sat down by her. He asked her if she did not feel better now. She said she did; for her agitation had subsided, and she felt a sensation of most delicious calm while the stranger held her hand in his

own, from whence she felt powerless to withdraw it.

He was a noticeable man, that stranger. You would have looked at him twice had your eyes once caught that sorrowful face, that proud, yet subdued look. His profile was singularly fine, and derived more expression from the circumstance of his wearing his beard and moustache. Grave and decent in his whole exterior, he looked like a man to be trusted. And he could not have been less than forty years old, so Esther did not feel afraid of him—not at all. Finally he replaced her hand, and they sat very quietly for a few moments. He looked calmly and sadly round the sea and shore, and then up to the sky, as if taking counsel with himself.

"I think now that I will try and walk, sir," said she; so he assisted her up and offered her his arm. They took a few turns on the beach, and she declared her ability to walk home. The stranger offered her his assistance and escort, but she humbly and gratefully refused. That night, on retiring, she thought long on the events of the day. The stranger's grey eyes remained fixed in her recollection, and the last she remembered before she sank to sleep, were those same grey eyes fastened upon her as she had seen them after reviving to consciousness from her fall from the cliff.

It was two or three days before she was able to be out again. There was a road to the nearest market town by the beach. It was not the nearest way, but Esther preferred it, and it was here she loitered, in preference to exchanging talk with the gossiping of the town. It was toward evening, and she took the cliff path, but this time she was more careful, and did not slip. What was her surprise to see the stranger sitting on the very spot where he sat and held her hand the day she fell. She felt almost dizzy when she saw him; it took her so by surprise, combined with the recollection of her accident and escape. He smiled a sort of grave, sad smile, as she came and stood beside him.

He asked kindly of her health, "though I need hardly do that," said he smiling, glancing at her fresh face and elastic form; "youth so quickly repairs its losses," said he, and then, hesitating, "you live in the village I suppose?"

"I work at Silas Wright's," said she.

"Yes, you work there, but while you work there, your soul is here, and you say, why cannot I, too, be free like a sea bird, that change around the cliff, and comes and goes without the will of a master?"

Esther fairly trembled, as he said this. Then raising her eyes till her soft brown orbs fairly fell the clear grey ones of the stranger—

"Who are you that dare to read the soul? I have heard that the enemy of mankind loves to haunt in solitary places, seeking rest, but finding none; but—and she hesitated."

"But you would say," resumed he, "that he does not often appear in such a shape as mine."

The girl blushed in mute wonder.

"Sit down here a few moments, and let me explain to you how, and wherefore, I am here; and I think that I can prove that so far from being the enemy of mankind, I have some claim to be considered as his friend. I am a physician, Esther; not of the old school of the lancet and pill-box, but a disciple of a living school—not of dead demonstrations, but of living facts. In the old times men sought by the examination of the dead forms, to find wherewith to increase their knowledge of the hidden life. What is lord of the beating pulse, and chief engineer of the whole machinery? But I maintain that soul maladies are the main cause of the body's diseases, and that by regulating the main-spring, we can more easily rectify the disordered action, than by any merely local repairs. Nature holds out a helping and a healing hand to all her children, but we have turned away from the simplicity of facts, because, forsooth, they are childish, and we have sought names, and a long array of fine theories. But the greatest and the best men of this age are those who are quietly returning to the simplicity of nature, willing to take a fact where they find it, and to open all their windows to the light. Do you feel any inconvenience from your fall on Sunday? No stiffness, no aches? However, it was a pretty severe one. Well, had I not been here at the moment, and by my influence equalized your system after such a severe shock, you would probably be suffering at the present moment."

"I do not quite understand all you say, sir, but I love to hear you talk," said Esther, thoughtfully.

"There are many things we know that we cannot understand, and perhaps it would be well if we were more governed by our knowing than by our understanding," said the stranger. "See the sea that is now sleeping so quietly, stretched along the shore. I have seen a sea as calm as that, and twice as fair, have in a moment with a sudden shudder, as if frightened at the trembling of the earth. And so our lives, too, have moments when thoughts that have slept for years rush back, and our souls awake from their calm, to begin another series of difficulties and dangers."

Esther listened in silence.

"What books have you here, my child?" said he.

"A Bible and a song book," said Esther.

"And what is that—a dream-book? Oh, sweet simplicity! Childhood of the soul, guided by dreams and shadows! so much of the light of heaven as can shine through a knot-hole!"

"What do you mean by light shining through a knot-hole, sir?"

"I mean as much of truth as can come to the soul from without. The full light shines within, and illuminates, and warms and calms at the same time. It was said by Him who spoke as man never spoke, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' My child, you have often felt this, but did not know how to express it."

In such talk as this passed away the time that Esther could venture to stay. She often met him there afterwards, and by degrees it grew so that there was a void in her heart when she came there, and did not see his tall, dark figure between the sea and sky. Her soul was filled in his presence. Unconsciously to herself she became a larger, nobler, grander being—different to what she felt she ever was before; and Dr. Falconbridge—the grave and melancholy Dr. Falconbridge—became a lighter-hearted and more cheerful

man, from the moment when Esther's fresh face dawned upon him.

In the meantime Silas Wright decided to go out West, and there was to be a great packing, and a great auction. And Mrs. Wright, who was really a good woman, (though a most punctilious housekeeper, and possessed a voice that outvied the shrill clamors of the bird of dawn, and began to be heard almost as early,) gave Esther a pretty muslin dress over and above her wages, and some very good advice.

"You have got to be sadly negligent, Esther, lately. It was but the other day I seen a hole in your stocking. You're altogether too much cluttered up with books, and all that ere trash; you'll never be a dollar the better for all that unless you're going in for being a school-marm, and they reads different kind of books from what I see round you. That ere Falconbridge leads 'em to you, doesn't he?" It seems he's mighty particular to you, Esther; I heard on your walking on the beach the other day. But have a care, Esther; I never did set much store by them kind of fellers."

What more she would have said, there is no telling; but at this moment some one rapped at the door; and Esther ushered in Miss Falconbridge. She supposed it must be the doctor's sister, though she had never seen her. After a little preliminary conversation, the lady told Mrs. Wright that her object was to ascertain if, as Mrs. Wright was going out West, Esther would not like to come and live with her.

"Well," said Mrs. Wright, "I must say the girl's a good girl—hain't anything to say agin her; but, as I was just saying, when you come in, too much carried away by them ere books that don't do no good, but just set a girl's senses a-lying up into the seventh heaven, where we wasn't meant to live yet awhile."

"Well," said Miss Falconbridge, smiling, "I suppose you'll agree that there is no harm in trying to make care as near like heaven as may be."

"In course, in course," said Mrs. Wright, "I shan't object to Esther finding a good place; there's two or three spoken to me about her lately. I can say that she's a handy girl, and a willing."

"Indeed," said Miss Falconbridge, "it must have been an advantage to her living long with you, as you have everything so neat and in such good order."

"Don't talk about that now, mercy sake; you may say I had, and I hope I shall have again; but Lord knows when," said she, sighing, "as one may say I've got the desert to wade through first; and it does come hard, for a body to have to pull up and leave, when they've got all around them neat and nice, and when we love the very sun that shines in at the window, and the path we've walked to church night unto thirty years, and more than all, the graves of those who have passed before us, and all because so much money can be made, and the gold dollars can be raked in with the hundreds of acres of yellow grain. But the Lord's will be done—there never was any turning of Silas yet; the way be sets his face, that way he'll keep it."

And then the worthy dame went into some quite discursive details upon matters and things in general—what Silas had done, and various items of village news, till at last being fairly run out, she said she would call down Esther, and Miss Falconbridge could talk to her. So Esther came in quietly, and silently took a seat, waiting for Miss Falconbridge to speak to her. Miss Kate Falconbridge's eyes were darker than her brother's, her hair was sprinkled with grey, and plainly braided; there was a peculiar sweetness in her smile and speech, that was quite winning; for she was a Maryland woman, and had all the Southern blandness. The arrangement was soon made: Esther was to go to Miss Falconbridge's, at a dollar and a half a week, as soon as Mrs. Wright moved. That evening, as Dr. Falconbridge and his sister were sitting at tea, she told him of the arrangement she had made.

"What is her name, did you say, sister?"

"Esther," said Miss Falconbridge, innocently; "and she seems a nice, capable girl."

Dr. Falconbridge slightly; he was a man of but few words, and did not speak unless he had something to say. The surroundings of the little family were very pleasant. The room was airy and sunny, lighted by windows which opened on a piazza which led into a little flower-garden, whose perfume stole in upon the soft breeze. Beyond the meadows lay the sea—the never-vary, ever changeable sea; books were plentifully distributed; a long, low book-case, filled with books, occupied part of one side of the room. The little tea-table was placed near the open window, and Miss Kate, ever kind and smiling, presided over the simple, tasteful repast. The evening sun lighted up with living beauty a picture of a Virgin and child—a copy from Albano—one of the tenderest creations of that great master. A few bright, masterly paintings of flowers, in water colors, some sketches of landscape in oil, a few engravings, among which was the Beatrice and Dante; one of Schaeffer's most poetical creations decorated the walls. Little vases of flowers were scattered round the room; a roomy sofa, placed so as to command a view of the sea, occupied part of one side. A table with flowers and books was placed beside it; there was also a work-box, and other signs of feminine occupation. The furniture was old and substantial, the only approach to luxury being a rich Brussels carpet. It was a little pleasure to Miss Falconbridge to have tea in this room, instead of in the dining-room, and, as to the doctor, he was pleased with anything. He had faced so many storms, and had seen so much bad weather in the world, that he felt charmed with the snug little harbor which his sister's provident care had secured to him; for he had been in the habit of remitting her money at several times, and from many places; this she had never used, and at last sufficient had been accumulated to enable her to purchase the pretty little place they now owned, as a pleasant surprise for him. It had been the rural cottage of a wealthy citizen who had been in the habit of coming down during the summer season. The garden was well stocked with fruit, and enriched with many rare and valuable plants which the doctor had collected, for he was a naturalist, and a close observer and lover of nature.

"I am afraid Mrs. Wright feels badly at having to move out West, and I really feel sorry for her," said Miss Kate; "she has always taken so much pride

in the good order of all belonging to her, and has as pleasant a home; and now, to abandon all her associations and begin again, it is hard indeed."

"It is one of the inevitable fates that have to be submitted to with the best grace possible," said the doctor; "and Silas is a hard-headed and hard-fisted old fellow. Destiny says to the West; let your valleys be the storehouse of the world, so that there may be no more famine! Silas is inevitably urged forward, and so poor Mrs. Wright is ruthlessly torn up, of course. Our lives are so mixed up with the currents of other lives, that it is hard to tell if we are most governed by choice or destiny."

"But there was no necessity in this, brother; it was simply his grasping nature."

"It was a necessity of his nature, then, I suppose," said the doctor, "that he should go where the chief want of his nature could be supplied. It is a pity, however, that he should have such an inordinate craving. It is as unfortunate as if he had an enlarged liver, and perhaps more so."

"Oh, brother, now don't, please, begin to ride your hobby," said Miss Kate, smiling; and she touched the bell which summoned a mulatto girl, neatly dressed and tastefully "coiffed" in a bright colored handkerchief, to clear away the tea service.

That day week, Esther came. She was very much struck with the whole aspect of the house, so different from any she had yet entered, and more especially with the atmosphere of peaceful serenity that seemed native to the place. The mulatto moved about so quietly and noiselessly; the nearest little dinners came and went; all was in perfect order, without turmoil or confusion, and by degrees Esther glided into the peaceful current. It was more like her native atmosphere than any she had found yet, for Esther had a very fine nature. It seemed at first rather strange to the doctor to see the sea-shore maiden, who in imagination he had clasped with some of his visions of foreign lands, engaged in the household tasks of his own home. But by degrees he came to think that they became her well. She also imperceptibly improved in delicacy and refinement. It was a part of her work to arrange and put the parlor in order. She never wearied of gazing on the loving face of the Madonna. She thought it seemed to breathe a sweetness on all around, for the beauty of nature had opened her soul to the beauty of art. And the untainted simplicity of nature is never vulgar—pretence of any kind is the essence of vulgarity.

She came into the room, one morning, when the doctor was reading, on an errand from his sister. He took a volume and handed it to her.

"You can read this Esther; perhaps some of it will interest you; and you can find out the names of the places it speaks of on the map I gave you." It was the Personal Narrative of Humboldt—a narration so touchingly true, so beautifully clear and plain, that, apart from its scientific details, even a child might read and understand it. He felt curious to know what effect it would have on a mind like hers, and he felt almost sure that she would be interested in it. Ah! be careful, philosopher! Thou hast already felt the charm of this profound simplicity, the element of all greatness, yes, and of all great passions, which have always a childlike sort of pathos about them.

"Oh, youth and hope!" said Falconbridge; "sweet blindness of the soul to all the ills that stand in woman's path as she fronts the world with so much unconscious courage!" and he turned his head, and lo! there were Kitty and Esther, in the garden, as busy as bees, propping up the tomatoes and arranging the flower-beds. "Occupation of Eve in Paradise," said he, half smiling; "and also highly useful as well as agreeable, for what more delicious than tomatoes!" Falconbridge was a kind-hearted man. Disappointed in a noble and faithful attachment, he had devoted his mind to scientific pursuits, in which he had been quite successful. He was called, by his lady acquaintances, an inveterate old bachelor; but he was laughter-proof, and so he lived on. But who does not know that the affections often take us by surprise—

"They like the voluble liss of him who stumbling lies," Falconbridge was a loyal gentleman. No mean or base feeling toward woman found a lodging in his breast, and a great part of the interest of his character was owing to that circumstance. Mistaken in his theories he might be, but his heart was true and pure, and his brow open and undaunted as that of a child. Esther had never seen such a man before, never been able to form an idea of such an one. He was, to her, a being descended from a different sphere, so that her interest in him had none of the uncertain character of love, at least at present; but rather the reverent calmness of confiding affection. A softer light filled her brown eyes, and by degrees her taste displayed itself in a corresponding refinement in her dress.

Miss Kate said, one day, "Esther told me that she knew you before she came here; that she fell from the cliff, one day, and that you helped her."

"Why, yes, I recollect," said he, slightly embarrassed; "yes, I remember, she fell some distance, but escaped without serious injury."

"It is strange he never mentioned it before," thought Miss K.

She might have suspected something, for she was a woman of the world; but how could she suspect Esther, so perfectly frank, free and ingenuous? Besides, she had heard that she was engaged to Reuben Sandford.

In the meantime Esther spent much time in reading; and as knowledge does not always bring happiness, so in proportion as her sphere extended, did her desires, hopes and fears; and a pensiveness began to steal over her, which gave the last charm to her shadowy eyes, and singularly added to her attractiveness—so Falconbridge thought. And yet she was his sister's maid; and he instinctively dreaded Miss Kate's mild, amused smile—and then the "world's dread laugh." After all, why should he not admire beauty wherever it was found? Was it not the immortal gift of God to the world, constantly renewed with the unfailing youth of nature? and has not genius always sought its models from the fresh beauty of nature's growth, and not from the stunted conventional forms molded by what the world calls society? So he sometimes turned from his studies, his hygrometers, his plants, and his electrical theories, to think of Esther, and perhaps the thought would

LYONS. Written on the death of Mrs. W. H. Mason, of Lawrence.

BY EMILY F. BOODEN.

Mother, 'tis for thee we weep!
Wandering in the spirit-land,
Doth thou now with angel eyes
See our weeping, sorrowing band?
Yes, we know and feel thy presence
Hovering near the lonely dead
Thou hast left in tears and sorrow
In this bleak and sterile land.

Thou hast gone to join our father
Who has crossed to yon bright shore;
Thy mortal form within Mount Auburn
Lies at rest forevermore.
Angel spirits now surround thee
In the mansions of the blest—
But no less our grief at parting
When we laid thee down to rest.

When the hours of deepening twilight
O'er thy shadow softly round,
Will thou come to cheer the loved ones
Knocking by thy waving hand?
Will thou come when e'er we labor
'Tis our addend, longing hearts?
For we shall need the comfort
Which a mother's love imparts.

Oh! the bitter, sudden anguish
When the lay hand of Death
Came and touched thy whitened forehead—
Slowly stole away thy breath.
When our parting kiss we gave thee,
'T was on lips that answered not—
Lips which never more should bless us,
Yet why murmur at our lot?

'T was the Lord's hand that bore us,
'T was his will that it should be;
He who gave us that dear mother,
Set her weaned spirit free.
She has crossed life's surging river,
Gained the portion of the blest,
Joined the long-lost angel loved ones,
Sought and found the heavenly rest.

[We are assured that the author of the above lines is only thirteen years of age.]

SPIRITUALISM IN THE SOUTH.

MISSISSIPPI. Editors.—Last report of my experiences at Memphis should appear to convey to the numerous readers of your widely diffused pages the only illustration I can offer of Spiritualism in the South, permit me to present you with the reverse side of the picture, and as I promise you a statement as candid as the former, I hope you will in justice place it before your readers.

I arrived in New Orleans the first part of December last, and was received into the house of one of the wealthiest merchants in that city of merchant princes, and by him was treated with a kindness which I shall never forget. This gentleman is a fine medium, and in the exercise of his beneficent gift of healing, has effected some very remarkable cures, which, in his modest, unostentatious kindness, the world knows nothing about. Half of the period of my residence in New Orleans was passed in this gentleman's house, and the other portion in the family of another New Orleans merchant, where I spent my Christmas and New Year.

Those who have ever experienced the festivities of an English Christmas, and beheld the affecting picture of family reunions, which the very poorest in the land contrive to effect at this time, the healing up of old wounds, the uniting of long estranged hearts in the cordial bonds of universal peace and good will; but, above all, the tender rivalry with which families and kindred heap upon each other the tokens of their generous love and mutual affection, may picture the English medium and her only friend or relative on this vast continent, far away from friends, home, kindred and all accustomed ties—and even this lonely mother and daughter separated by a distance of more than 1500 miles—and yet with these apparently mournful external realities to weigh upon a heart keenly alive to the world of sympathies, I am bound to acknowledge that the beautiful sphere of affection and human kindness by which I was surrounded, robbed the cold external of all its gloom, and made as bright and happy a Christmas for the stranger as she ever experienced in the midst of home and kindred. Amidst the profuse generosity with which friends greeted each other, I was never forgotten or omitted, and my noble host and hostess, and the darling, fair Creole girls of their family, made me forget every shade of gloomy remembrance, save the absence of the beloved, far away mother. My heart awoke now at the remembrance of this beautiful New Orleans family; and there are many such there—bright jewels—which make the place to me a green and flowery haunt where memory loves to dwell.

My first four lectures were given in a small hall which the committee of gentlemen, by whom I was engaged, had hired for this purpose; but, as great numbers had to go away on each occasion for want of room, a large and splendid room was secured for the remainder of the course. I remained in New Orleans during five Sundays, and, in addition to the usual morning and evening lectures, gave, with one or two exceptions, two week-night lectures during each week; and, notwithstanding the drawback of many days of unusually cold and piercing weather—some heavy rains and such consequent mud as the State of Louisiana alone can boast of, together with the interruption of the Christmas festivities—we never had a bad house, or failed to secure a good attendance. Night after night the same intellectual heads, and clear, scrutinizing faces, might be seen in their accustomed places. Many of the finest minds and clearest heads in the city announced their purpose of investigating the matter to the foundation, and waited on this course of lectures to the exclusion for the time, of all the ordinary attractions for evening entertainment with which this gay city abounds.

Except in Boston, St. Louis, or Philadelphia—cities with which my warmest love and gratitude are entwined—I believe no spirit medium on this continent ever addressed a more intellectual and appreciative audience than that which honored me in New Orleans; and either the noble Creoles are determined to take Spiritualism by storm, or the spirits are determined to take them. I believe, myself, the attraction is mutual; for there are an unusual number of persons in the city—possessed of medium power; and, despite the humidity of the atmosphere—so unfavorable to the production of these electro-spiritual manifestations—there is such a preponderance of intellectual and artistic mind in this city, that I cannot but feel, with all from the exponents of the philosophy, and mediums of the phenomena, there are elements enough in New Orleans to spiritualize the entire South.

Shortly after my own arrival in the city, Dr. Redman made his welcome advent; and never, surely, did a fairer opportunity present itself of practically testing the truth of the rudimentary forms of the philosophy presented in the lectures, than this most excellent test-medium afforded. Theory and practice were here combined, as if by the determined and systematic order of the spirits; for neither Doctor Redman nor myself had the least concern in the matter. Dr. Redman's sciences, like my own lectures, were nobly sustained; and it must have been a much colder heart than mine, that could have remained untouched by the earnest and patient spirit of inquiry manifested at the lectures, and the many affecting scenes of recognition between long lost friends, and bereaved hearts, that received news from the beloved immortals beyond the veil, through Dr. Redman's wonderful powers as a test medium.

There is but one more point I must notice ere I bid farewell to the now most dear Crescent City. The hall hired for me was a very expensive one; the charge for printing and advertising, in New Orleans, is very high, while the numbers who craved my Committee

of Arrangements were very small; yet the whole of these lectures were given to the public by the liberality of the Committee, without the charge of one single cent. Whatever contributions were made toward the expenses were wholly voluntary. That these were most generous, the many shining gold pieces that glittered in the hats of the gentlemen who nobly and fearlessly stood to receive them, bore ample witness.

Farewell, New Orleans, land of the shining orange grove and fair magnolia—strange and beautiful city of life and death, in its most gorgeous and terrible luxuriance! Should I never more grasp the dear hands that have so lovingly and generously sustained me in my work there, one of the most hallowed recollections of my mediomistic pilgrimage will be the effort I have been permitted to make, and aid in planting the glorious white standard of Spiritualism in thy midst. May its purity enfold thee, its strength sustain thee, and the countless legions of angel hosts who bear it, inspire thee. I can but add my last, best prayer for thy weal. May its only motto, "Onward and Upward," ever remain the rallying cry of New Orleans and the much loved friends it contains.

I am at present at Macon, Messrs. Editors; and as I expect my career in the South will terminate in the course of another fortnight, I will reserve the finale of my experiences in this section of the country for another paper.

I am, gentlemen, yours for the truth.
EMMA HARDING.
Macon, Ga., Jan., 1850.

THE LAND OF CHIBIABOS.

All nations have believed in the return of departed spirits. Some clergymen are beginning to see that Spiritualism is based on the highest elements of human nature—the love of the departed, the memory of the loved ones who have gone before us.

When the disciples of Christ were scattered and broken by the enemy, he returned to comfort them—returned to speak to them and console them. Mary saw him by the garden, and spoke to him. The disciples talked with him going to Emmaus. His spirit returned from the dead, and came among them while at supper, and appeared to them by the sea-side.

Before his death, the disciples were with him in the mountain, and Moses and Elias came and talked with them. The disciples John and James saw them, and the face of Christ was radiant with a light from beyond the tomb. His face was like lightning, and blazed with a celestial fire. So transcendent was the scene, that the great master of painting has rendered his name immortal by painting the "Transfiguration," as his last great work. Raphael attempted to put on canvas the scene of the return of spirits immortal from beyond the tomb, to talk with Christ manifest in the flesh.

The Christian system is everywhere full of this idea of the union of the present with the land of spirits. Indeed, if the future of life is cut off from the present, and no loved one is permitted to return, we may well be haunted with visions of the land of silence, the shades of the forgotten, the extinct. The only fact that makes us cling to the future, is, that Inspiration assures us that then we shall see the beloved on the "Islands of the Blessed."

Our American Tasso, Longfellow, has flashed the light of his genius over the darkness of the tomb. In his immortal scene preceding the death of Minnehaha, he introduces into the narration the return of spirits to the home of Hiawatha. The great hunter was away in the forest hunting the deer and bison, with which to feed Minnehaha and old Nokomis, his grandmother. The two latter wait in the wigwam—

"One dark evening after sundown,
In her wigwam laughing and
Saw with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the freight
Painting them with streaks of crimson.
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Was the light of the water moonlight;
In the eyes of laughing and waiting
Glistened like the sun in winter;
And behind them crooked their shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.
When the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted,
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swayed the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Based the doorway and the wind,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the furthest corner,
Crouching low among their shadows,
From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they.
As they sat there and ate and drank,
Trembling, covering with the shadows,
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the lake kook,
Hooting from the distant forest?
Soon a voice said in the silence:
'Those are corpses, clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you
From the kingdom of Pomehah,
From the land of the hereafter.'
Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders,
At the feet of laughing women,
Drove he threw his lifeless burden;
Noble, handsome, he thought him
Than when first he came to woo her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future,
Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;
Said within himself, Who are they?
What strange guests seek Minnehaha?
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spoke to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fire-side."

Homer, Dante, Tasso, and most modern poets, recognize the doctrine that the departed can return. In the beautiful scene by Longfellow, a few lines of which I have quoted, he clearly defines the conditions under which all spirits manifest themselves to the living—

"These are corpses, clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you
From the kingdom of Pomehah,
From the land of the hereafter."

This condition, in their return, always being clad, is a universal assertion of all ghost-seers, and all writers on the subject. No attempt has ever been made by any writer to give a philosophical explanation of this oft-asserted fact by all grades of witnesses.

Let me note some of the few conditions of the return of spirits, and see if any explanation can be found that will set aside the fact that they are really the spirits of those they appear to be:

1. The spirits of the living have, in thousands of instances, been seen at great distances from their residences.
2. Persons often see their own ghosts near them, or walking before them; and this is frequently just before the death of such persons. This often occurs to those who do not die, but remain in good health.
3. The ghosts of those recently dead are often seen, and also of those who have long been dead.
4. Ghosts sometimes appear to sing, dance, laugh, shout, eat, drink; they are always clad in garments, move substances, as chairs, tables, hats, clothing, etc.; and this latter fact occurs with the ghosts seen of living persons. Ghosts of animals are sometimes seen by living men.
5. They are seen in all localities, in houses, graveyards, cellars, near water, in gardens, in the streets.
6. What is stranger still, they are seen most frequently at certain hours, as at sundown, midnight, daybreak, and noonday. If seen at a certain hour, they are more likely to be seen at that hour again. They are seen by the sick, and more frequently by the well in body, etc. They are often connected with the localities of the dead; and on removing skeletons, or

performing certain acts requested of the living, they cease to appear.

The visions of Swedenborg, in which he frequently saw angels and spirits, and conversed with the celestial inhabitants of planets, occurred near sunrise. What does all this mass of facts prove? To account for all the phenomena in this department of Spiritualism on the theory of visual illusion, is sheer folly. There is, no such principle as *spectral illusion*—it is a term without meaning, used by writers to conceal ignorance.

With the permission of the readers of the BANNER, we will attempt to solve this class of facts connected with the human organization. To simply assume that all these sights are spirits of the departed, will not do; for the spirits of the living are seen, and some theory accounting for that class of facts must also be given.

1. Many of these sights, or ghosts, can be referred to a law of vision, connected with mental images.

2. Another class can be referred to bodily emanations from the living, which is organized into a human form, and may be termed a nerve-aureic ghost. Another class must be, for the present, admitted to be the spirits of the departed.

ANOTHER "NEW DISCOVERY"

DEAR BANNER.—Since writing the article you published in respect to the alleged "new" discovery in France, my attention has been called to another "new" one, nearer home, yeilded, "Electro-Pneuropathy," recently announced in this city. See, now, what a string of "new" discoveries this last one makes; and, each one derived from Pathetism, thus:

1. "Electrical Psychology."
2. "Mental Alchemy."
3. "Electro-Biology."
4. "Monsieur Tonson's new discovery of precisely the same thing in Paris, And,
5. "Electro-Pneuropathy."

And is it not a little curious that these "new" discoveries should follow one another so thick and fast? In March, 1848, I published my first Book on Pathetism. The Magnet was issued in 1842. In both of these works I gave to name of "PNEUROPATHY" to my discoveries in respect to the susceptibility of the Human Brain, and my new methods of exciting its functions by external applications of electricity, or, the Agency of the human hand.

My experiments have now been continued for some eighteen years, since I invented this term for designating them. In my works on Pathetism, I have given the reasons, sufficient, I am sure, to convince any candid mind, why such artificial excitations of the mental organs cannot be relied upon, either for fixing the location of the organs or diagnosis. I have myself, as is well known, never used the term "Electricity," as characteristic of the phenomena peculiar to mind, or the nervous system, and the following quotation from Dr. E. A. in the London Athenaeum of March 4, 1848, will show the reasons. The facts, here stated, are well known and fully relied upon throughout the scientific world, and they show how egregiously those penmen blunder who make such extravagant assumption in respect to the *essence* in Electro-Magnetism and the vital force:—

1. The nerves are *conductors* of electricity. They are filled with an oily substance, and are not so good conductors as the metals, or fluids.

2. Galvanism, or electricity, like all other stimulants when applied externally, so far from producing the phenomena of life, produce death. If you take two muscles from an animal recently killed, with their respective nerves attached, and galvanize one of them with a feeble power, while you lay the other aside, you will find that the one galvanised loses its contractility long before the other, nor can it be restored again after being once destroyed. And the same results may follow when galvanism is applied to the living tissue. W. B. divided the pneumogastric nerves of two dogs; to animals were as near alive as possible. To one he applied galvanism, and it died in two hours and a quarter, while the other, which was not galvanised, lived four hours, and might, perhaps, have lived longer, but it was killed by a blow on the head.

3. The peripheral covering of the nerves, is not a non-conductor, as it would be, were the nerves themselves the channels for the conveyance of the magnetic forces. Hence, as themselves and other organs into which the nerves run are good conductors, there is no way for confining the galvanic fluid in the nerves.

4. The nerves contract as well after death, when neither electricity, nor any other stimulus will excite contraction in the muscles to which they lead. Were the nervous energy, this agency should produce the same results on the muscles after death, when conveyed through the nerves, that it does during life.

5. The results produced by experiments with magnetism, or electricity, upon the nervous system, prove just nothing at all because we know that precisely the same results have been produced without galvanism, by mere mechanical or chemical stimuli.

Seriously any other term known to science, has, perhaps, been so much perverted as this one of electricity, as it has been hitherto used to nearly every one of the "isms" having respect to therapeutics, since the wonders performed by Perkins' Tractors. And these unfounded bottomless respect to electricity are each, in its turn, a "new discovery," and not forth as a "new science," whereas, there is nothing new in the electrical theory of life, for this was taught by Dr. Wilson Phillips, and long ago refuted; there is nothing new in the excitement of the physiological organs by electricity, (Therapeutics), for I did this myself in 1842. And it should be added, perhaps, that there is nothing "new" in these announcements of old notions under new terms, a "new discovery," nor is it any "new thing under the sun" for unsuspecting people to pay their money for these pretended secrets; and then, after a while they do, indeed, make a discovery which, to themselves, is really new, similar to the discovery made in this city in 1850 by those who paid \$5000 for the "secret" of "touching the ulnar nerve," and, of holding pieces of zinc and copper in the hand!

However, let me hope, that before any of my friends contribute means for establishing a school in which this new science of "Electro-Pneuropathy" is to be taught, they will read the history of "Perkins' Tractors."

Boston, Jan. 13, 1850.

CHARLES DICKENS AND SPIRITUALISM.

The London (Eng.) Critic, of the 17th Dec. last, in a laudatory notice of the story of "The Haunted House," in "All the Year Round," says:—

It is curious, though not surprising, to find how these monstrous phantoms vanish whenever they are approached and poked. In the introduction to "The Haunted House," Mr. Dickens himself declares that he once saw the apparition of his own father—"He was alive and well, and nothing ever came of it; but I saw him, in the daylight, sitting with his back toward me, on a seat that stood beside my bed. His head was resting on his hand, and whether he was slumbering or grieving, I could not discover. Amazed to see him there, I sat up, joved my position, leaned out of bed and watched him. As he did not move then, I became alarmed, and laid my hand on his shoulder, as I thought, and *he was no such thing*." We are told that with the Cambridge Club, instituted for the purpose of investigating ghostly matters, the ghosts have been by a large majority. But have the majority acted in this wise? Let them lay their hands upon the shoulders, as they did, and perhaps they, too, will find that there is no such thing.

Lastly, a vast amount of curiosity has been excited about these spiritual matters. Mr. Howitt's communications to the public prints, the War-office Ghost, and many other queries, have contributed to this, and in many circles and coteries about England, there is now quite a rage for investigations of this kind.

A very few nights back, a party of literary gentlemen assembled to hear a lecture from a gentleman who has often interwoven the legends of dramatic triumphs with the fog-wreaths of metaphysics, on the subject of the younger Fichte's theory of psychological manifestations, with what enlightenment to their understanding, we know not.

Another alarming symptom is, that on the 1st Jan., 1850, is to appear a new Magazine, to be called "The Spiritualist," in which articles will appear by Wm. Howitt, E. Rich, Judge Edmunds, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Dixon, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mrs. Crowe, D. D. Hume, Rev. T. L. Harris, and other able contributors. Finally, the peace of the world is threatened with a book, which is to appear in America, also on the 1st Jan., from the pen of Hon. Robert Dale Owen, called "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

EVIDENCE.

About one year ago a retired merchant in this city, buried a very amiable and lovely wife. Neither this gentleman nor his wife were professed believers in Spiritualism. A few minutes before death, the wife called her husband, and said to him, "I see my mother before me, as real as I ever saw her in my life." These were the last words she spoke. In a few minutes she was numbered with the dead; her spirit had gone out of her deceased body into the fond embrace, we doubt not, of that loving mother, that she saw with her spiritual eyes before her.

This gentleman knew that his wife possessed common sense, good judgment, and was always truthful, and he concluded that if she said she saw her mother's spirit, it must be so. This was more to him in proof of the claims of modern Spiritualism than all the wonderful reports he had ever heard.

He loved his wife, and her death to him was a great affliction. A few months passed away in mournful silence, but without deep and constant reflection upon the last words she spoke—the beautiful vision she saw.

In the month of July last he was advised by a spirit friend who knew of his bereavement to visit Miss Waterman, and through her medium powers again have communion with his wife. He heeded this advice and went. Miss Waterman was immediately entranced, and approached him as a child would a father after a long absence, manifesting great joy and affection. He said:

"Who is this?"

"The spirit answered, 'My father, do you not know your own daughter, Susan Elizabeth?'"

He said, "If this is my spirit daughter, Susan Elizabeth, please give me a test of your presence, that I may be sure of your identity?"

She answered, "I will. On Saturday last, between the hours of two o'clock and four in the afternoon, my brothers, James and John, were sailing in a pleasure boat on Charles River, and my spirit was with them." The wife then took possession of the medium, and gave her name and other most satisfactory evidences of her real identity.

This gentleman and all his family were perfect strangers to the medium, so that she could have known nothing of the boys sailing on Charles River on Saturday, or of their names, or of the names of the daughter and wife, all of which were given correctly.

When this gentleman returned home, he asked his sons, James and John, where they were on Saturday last in the afternoon, (for he had no knowledge of their having been sailing at that time.) And they acknowledged the fact, that unknown to him, they had been on a sail on the last Saturday, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon.

These manifestations to this gentleman's common sense and reason, gave evidence, positive evidence, that his deceased wife and daughter had talked with him.

JESUS A FIGHTER.

The prevalent Rationalism and Spiritualism embrace so many misconceptions and misrepresentations of the character of Christ, and kindred subjects, that it is about as much of a task to follow them up closely, as it is to forget out the grosser errors of "Old Theology," and if the advocates of Spiritualism find their hands full in settling out the pagan fables of the church, what kind of a task must he have, who is wrestling out not only the church, but Spiritualism also, with other tasks into the bargain?

Among other mistakes concerning the character of Jesus, which I have occasion to notice in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, that of Prof. Spence, in his late article, "The Fighters," is not the least, though it may be the last. It is as directly contrary to fact as it is to sound philosophy, for any person to assert of Christ, that "in him there were no fighting elements;" that such as he "cannot fight," nor even engage in "slashing intellectual contests." Even though friend Spence "cannot conceive of Christ's participating in a knock-down on any cause," let me inquire whether *tumbling over the money-changers' tables in the Temple*, did not have a trifle of the "knock-down" quality in it? And was there just a little bit, at least, of the "fight" and "fighter," when Jesus knotted that whip of cords, and drove out the money-changers, and them that sold doves, tumbling their tables after them? But there is no need of pursuing this subject further just now. This and various other kindred and important topics, will be resumed, either in the columns of the BANNER or elsewhere, when it will be seen that the quietly noble and divinely meek and true, are, on special occasions, great and mighty in their assumption of majesty and superiority, and in their magisterial mastery and conquering force.

D. J. MANDELL.

Atch Depot, Mass.

A PROGRESSIVE FAITH.

Nothing can be more marked than the contrast between the Faith of Spiritualists, and that set forth in theology creeds. One is an *unlimited principle*; the other a *narrow dogma*; one is like a beautiful kaleidoscope, ever changing, because ever progressive; the other is an endless repetition of the same monotonous scene; one is a picture radiant with living inspiration; the other an ancient Calvinistic production, sadly marred by many moral disfigurements.

Spiritualists do not hold their Faith, but their Faith holds them—buys them up like an undulating ocean, and bears them onward, right onward.

Spiritualists are like juveniles tugging away at a mammoth snowball; their Faith receives new additions at every evolution, and thus they are stimulated to redouble their exertions. A lazy Spiritualist is the worst kind of sinner. He is as *indolent* as those who count themselves among the "elect," and as *selfish* as those who are deficient in *individuality*, as those who piously hope "that their will will be swallowed up in God's will."

Theologians have, in order to make men *humble*, buried them so deeply in the grave of self-abnegation, that it will be a wonder if the long expected Gabriel does not have to blow long and loud before all are aroused to a full sense of their individual worth.

True, Spiritualism is a *fact*, and the faculties of the soul are the attendant waters. Every guest says his own "grace," and craves a blessing, not for *Christ's* sake, but for his *own* sake. Many who have been feeding so long on the cold *doctrines* of ancient Mythology, are now looking heavenward to receive the "manna" that is being handed down by angel hands. Their souls are nourished with food, warm with a *living inspiration*, and are beginning to emerge from spiritual babyhood into a glorious individuality.

Men will soon rely on their *inherent powers*, to guide and sustain them in their progressive march. Discarding creeds and formularies, they will stand forth

in a true, dignified, spiritual manhood, and witnessing old, decrepit, time-worn Theology, as it tumbles headlong into the grave of oblivion, they will say, "Peace to its ashes." F. T. L.

Lawrence, Mass.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

A new publication has just been commenced in London, which has our hearty approval and sympathy. It is styled "The Spiritualist Magazine," and counts among its contributors some of the finest minds of the age. We have just received a copy of the first number, in which occurs articles from Judge Edmunds, William Howitt, and others. Judge Edmunds' article is on the "End and Aim of Spiritual Intercommunion," and from it we extract the following sterling and timely paragraphs:—

As by the inspiration through a founding of the Nile there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many deities he was then worshipping; and as by the inspiration of Him who was born in a manger, there was most revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had but a faint idea, so now through the lowly of the earth comes a further revelation, confirmatory of those, and adding the mighty truth, what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations—in every form and in every language—whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties, and contradictions on other topics, on this of the nature of man's future existence, all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little, and there a little, part through one, and part through another, but forming, when gathered together, a sublime whole, from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being merely incidental to it. But it has only begun, and its progress is slow; not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and of course not given to the world. But the work is going on; more is added day by day, and it will not be long before enough will be received by all to open their conception a knowledge of our future existence, whose value no man can calculate, whose effects no man can imagine.

On the subject of the mistake Spiritualists make in trying to open the eyes of those who want and can't see, Howitt observes, in a laughing way:—

The learned pig does not believe that, at his death, he shall be translated, or metamorphosed into pork, bacon, spareribs, and sausages, which things, nevertheless, are undoubtedly true, but he ignores them; they do not exist and don't realize themselves to him; and he is all the more serene for it. Wrapped in his comfortable carbonaceous creases, he is wondering what is "too big to swallow, and too hard to bite," he passes his days in rest and quiet; and if there be a folly in man, it is to drag him out of his corpulent tranquillity. Once and once only did the devil get permission to torment the learned pig, and he did it by forcing upon his consciousness the presence of Spirit, and we all know the tragic result.—he and all his learned brethren ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were—choked.

Why, then, I would tenderly ask Spiritualists, should they be so continually desiring to lead the learned pig into the same catastrophe? Why try to force the existence of spirit on his poorly brain, and pigment smelling snout, and get him choked in the vasty deep a second time? Good Spiritualist, let the learned pig follow his safe and unerring instinct; let him wallow voluptuously in the sloth of theory, and feed amongst the troughs of materialistic faith, and don't drive any spirit into him, which must by nature and all her laws choke him. The learned pig, in his own sphere and character, is a respectable and useful, if not always a shining character. Once I saw him taken for a lion, when attempting to escape from a show, where he had been teaching clowns their letters—he raised a dreadful roar, and a whole fair fled before him. But the learned pig is usually no lion, therefore let him alone in his sty, and don't choke him with spirit; and don't persist in dragging moles into this upper and phenomenal world. Neither, when an ostich sticks his sapient head into a hole that he may not be convinced of things that will force them on the truth. But this, at attention, trouble yourself to pull it out of.

Yet this is what Spiritualists are continually attempting to do. They will neither let learned pigs, moles, bats, nor ostriches alone. They think it most natural that because they see spiritual entities, these creatures should see them too, and they fret and worry themselves to convince them of the truth. But this, though it is natural to the Spiritualist, is most unnatural and agonizing to the learned pig, for the more spirit you pour upon him, the more he must be choked—and to the mole, for the more you show him the light, the more you blind him.

THE TOMB OF SWEDENBORG.

In a recent London letter, we find the following paragraph:—

"A few days ago I inquired at one of the thousand old book shops for any of Swedenborg's books, and was told by the old man that there was of late a great inquiry for Swedenborg's works, but that none were offered for sale. From thence I went to visit the tomb of the greatest man of learning and piety of whom there is any record. Swedenborg died in London in 1792, and was buried in the vault of the Swedish Lutheran Chapel in Prince's Square, Hatfield Road City. It is a quiet, neat little square, not more than eighty yards on a side, and the little chapel surrounded by two strong iron railings, stands in the middle of the churchyard. Two old Swedes in attendance, unlocked the great gates and door of the Chapel, and we entered the prettiest place of worship I remember to have seen. On the northern side wall there is a neat white marble tablet erected to Swedenborg, and the guide pointed out to us the spot where his remains lie in three huge coffins. I learned that the number of visitors to the tomb was yearly increasing, and although his doctrines and faith were not quite in harmony with the Lutherans, that nevertheless, his memory was much revered by this congregation. The house where he had lived and died was in the neighborhood, but is not exactly known, so little notice was taken of him in London; for he lived in great modesty and quietude, occupied with his imperishable works, which now are attracting the attention of wise people of all lands.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.—Our praying, singing, and Bible reading will not help us heavenward, unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, in order to change us rationally, must descend into all the commonest duties. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the sanctuary. No man can be a Christian who is not faithful in his common daily-life pursuits. The Judge must administer justice from equity, and not from favor or the lure of bribes. The physician must regard the life and health of his patient above all other considerations. The merchant must deal justly, and the mechanic execute his work in all things faithfully. It will not answer to disregard these things. My brother, do not hope to reach heaven by the old way. You must walk in another and narrower road.

Let us suppose you are a workman. Now what is Christianity in the workshop? You cannot leave it behind you, go where you will; for it is no loosely fitting garment, but an element of life. Yes, you must take it with you into the workshop. As with the Bible in your hand, nor as hymns to make the air melodious, nor as pious talk with fellow workmen. No, no; workshop Christianity consists in a religious fidelity to your employer and his customers. If you neglect or slight the work you are paid to perform, you commit sin—you are irreligious—and your pious acts will go for nothing.—Channing.

A man who don't take a newspaper is not only poor, but always remains so. The less men know, the less they earn. Folks who labor for seventy-five cents a day, always sign their name with an X.

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