

# BANNER OF 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. EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## "BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER, Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

ADDIE AT HOME.

Night in the garret. Here I am at midnight in my little room. Auntie Paul is sound asleep, and there is no one else in the house. There was a funeral of one of my husband's parishioners, over at Mount Holly, to-day—about six miles from here—and he has gone, as they have no clergyman but of the Baptist persuasion; and the brother, who came for Mr. Gray, said: "Somehow or other it seems as if we could not have a Baptist to do up the business." So, of course, Mr. Gray has gone to "do up the business" in Congregational or Pseudocongregational form. He cannot return until to-morrow.

I had a letter from Helen to-day; she will be with us again in a few days. I must hasten and finish my journal, for she must not see it; no, the poor child must not know all the struggles of this week here of mine. I wonder if everybody has a secret chamber in their heart that must be kept closed from all the world beside?

The clock strikes eleven—the lights are all out in the houses, excepting at Elmwood; there they are dancing from room to room; the servants seem unusually busy. Mrs. Herbert has been here some days. Her father came with her, but her husband was detained on business at New York. The housekeeper told Aunt Paul this morning that he was expected to-day. I heard the stage a few minutes since—wonder if that is not the cause of the commotion? Would it be very wrong and idly curious to go down into the room below, and look out of the window? I can see everything from there.

How bright the lights are in that room! And the pretty curtains are looped back.

Yes, yes, there she is, the original of the portrait! How beautiful! She is standing at the oval mirror arranging her curls; she is a fitting bird for such a nest—a perfect little sylph. See—the door opens! Hush! my heart! There, I'll put both hands upon it, for it beats against my breast like a caged bird struggling to free itself. It is him! Charles Herbert! On my soul it is him! But how tall, and almost portly! See, how she springs into his arms, like the dove to its nest. I'll look no more. No, not once. I'll back to my garret and pray. No, I won't pray, either; for when we pray, we are apt to think more deeply upon the subject of our prayer. I'll go to my journal, and I'll write, write, write, till I forget Elmwood. Hush, make no noise, or you'll disturb Auntie Paul as you go past her room; she is a light sleeper. Ah! that is her voice—she is awake and at prayer.

"Oh, Lord, bless the child; take her into thy holy keeping; the way will be rough, and her feet are tender; fulfill thy promise, blessed Saviour, and bear her in thy bosom."

No, I will not listen; dear Aunt Paul, what would I not give for your faith and strength; every day I find myself leaning upon you more and more. I hope you will live with us till you are called to that home where your heart and your treasures are.

Back again! Here is my manuscript, and the package of old letters. Next in order is one from Addie, who has become quite prolific in her correspondence.

"I am sorry, dear Bertha, that I could not return to school this quarter; but Pa wished me to remain at home till the election was over. We have had fine times here, I assure you. Pa has kept open house, and Mamma has gloried in 'roasts' and 'stews,' and honey cakes, and cream cakes, and pastry, and jellies. We have given dinners to all our neighbors, and as Mamma says, 'we are supportin' the honor of the Harpers!' Ned Green came home last week, but I had no idea Pa would let me ride or walk with him, or receive him here; but, strange to say, as we were eating breakfast one morning, and I was buttering one of Mamma's cream muffins for Pa, he said, as if the thought had just occurred to him, 'I must ride over to Green's, this morning, and see about buying that saddle-horse, Black Jenny. She's a beautiful animal, and, if Green will part with her, I will have her brought home to-day. By the way, daughter, Ned is at home; we must invite him to our dinner on Thursday. He has improved astonishingly; I don't know but the fellow will turn out something, after all. I used to think his name an appropriate one; but I hardly knew the boy, yesterday, he was so respectful and so easy in his manners. Don't forget to tell Mamma to do her best on Thursday. Judge H., of Richmond, and General Lee, of Petersburg, are to be here, and 'other distinguished guests,' as the papers say."

I can't tell you, Bertha, how pleased I was at this compliment to Ned. I was mighty afraid Pa would see that I was gratified to have Ned come, and I didn't make much reply; but I felt the blood rushing to my face; so I tried to express myself delighted with the idea of having Black Jenny.

"You must not be too sanguine. Ned claims the horse, I believe, and his father was fearful that he would not part with her."

Oh, dear! there I was blushing again! I knew Ned had trained the horse, and that he would be glad to make me a present of her, but was afraid of my father. "Never mind, Addie," he said; "I'll offer a round price, for the horse is a valuable one, anyhow. But here are the letters!" As Jim came in, the whites of his eyes as prominent as his white teeth. It is amusing to see how much their master has increased in dignity and importance in their eyes by the increased size of the mail-bags! Mamma says, "It's jes' like ole times, when Massa John (that's my grandfather,) went to Congress to Washington! Oh, Honey! what a heap of work it was in them days to get up the shirts—such ruffles round the hands, and such large ones on the bosom! They were all hemstitched by your grand-mother's little white fingers, and sometimes embroidered, too. Dear me, child, how Mamma June used to fret her soul over the plaiting of 'em, cause Massa John said there could n't any but myself do it right!"

Lawd, no, child, there ain't no gemmen nor ladies no-days, to compare with Massa John and Missus, when they used to go off in the yellow coach and four, with Jim—that's my Jim's grandfather—on the box, and little "Button" on behind in his yellow tights. Massa John had a blue coat, made jes' like General Washington's. Ye see I know, because the General dined here, and I made my special observations, and his coat was jes' like Massa's blue broadcloth, with great gold-colored buttons; and his vest, (Massa's I mean) was silk; real, genuine, Marsels silk, and his breeches were buff-cloth, and they laid so snug over the

long silk stockings, and the gold buckles on the knees set 'em off amazingly, and then the high-heeled, pointed shoes, with gold buckles on them, too. La, Honey! there wa'n't a lag to compare with your grand-father's in all the Old Dominion, and the way them silk stockings set over 'em, did my heart good, not a wrinkle in 'em; you'd have thought they were made on him. Then my ole Missus, (she was young in them days,) I wish you could have seen her in that broadcloth dress—white ground, with the "lilies of the field," and "roses of Sharon" (I called 'em) scattered over it; there was over so many dollars' worth in the train, and "Button" used to go behind her, (proud little monkey he was, too,) and hold it up. The sleeves were short, with ruffled thread lace on 'em, that fell to the elbow. Then her head, why, child, it seems to me there ain't no heads on ladies now-days: it took Barber Jo two hours every day to dress Missus' head, and when she used to go to grand party, I used to call it the "tower of Lebanon." Ye see, she had a mazin' deal of hair, and it was brought back from her forehead and rolled up on crape cushions, and then a high comb, and Missus used to wear on that a long veil—other ladies did n't wear 'em. But when Massa John was in Spain, he liked the fashion of the ladies there, and to please him your grand-mother wore the veil. Then how she would step off in those tiny satin slippers with the high heels! I can see her now, the beauty of old Virginia. Ah, me, darling, you've got her little mouth, but you never will make the grand lady she was, and Mamma June never has asked that ye might try and do it. I might bless you, and give you your own dear mother's heart, only not quite so good; no, no, too much goodness is n't for this wicked world, because when one is jes' like the blessed angels, as my young Missus was, they keep calling her home, and this world wa'n't made for angels to stay in; only to come hovering round, and show us their white wings, and sing to us about a "world of spirits bright." Oh, how my Missus used to sing sometimes! It seemed jes' as if I was in the chariot-ride up to heaven. When my little "Sue" died, I thought my heart would break, and one day your mother came to me, and sat down close to me, and leaned on my lap, and sung low and sweet about heaven:

"There I shall bide my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

There, Mamma June, said she, "you will see your baby, and you'll not be black any more, but you will be white as I am; yes, more so, Mamma, (she said that, Honey!) for you will be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and you will not be a slave any more, for there shall be no bondage in the kingdom of God. My heart used to leap right up when she talked so, and I thought it would burst its black prison, and fly right up to God; but, ye see, I was n't good enough to go. My child, I'll tell you something I have never told anybody before, (and Mamma spoke in low tones, as we speak of something very mysterious and strange,) I've had a message from my Missus since she died! I know I have, cause I've the witness right in my heart, here."

"Oh, Mamma! what is it? do tell!"

"No, child; the time ain't come for me to tell yet; but sometime, darling, you shall know it."

I can't imagine what the soul means; but the slaves are full of superstition."

"Yes, I didn't want you to be quite as good as my young Missus, nor so grand as Missus Adelle, (you was named for her.) She was mighty proud; she was a Lincoln—one of the oldest families in Virginia—and came from royal blood, she said. There wa'n't many folks good enough to visit her. She had a curious picture, with lions and unicorns on it, which she called her coat-of-arms—you can see it on the old silver—and I have heard her say, as she stood looking at it, 'Major Harper, there's no blot on our escutcheon—our blood has run pure through five generations at least.' She was mighty afraid your father would marry below his own family; but she need n't have feared about that. Massa Jim has his mother's pride—you can see it in the flash of his eye and the set of his lip; but your blessed angel-mother comes close to him with her white wings, sometimes, and makes him gentle and kind to the poor and weak. But he never would marry only in the first families—and the Allestons could hold up their heads beside the Lincolns any day; but they never talk about it, as my ole Missus did."

Mamma June is right. Family pride is Pa's weakness—I call it so, because I love my friends, whether they belong to the first families or not. And I have seen some descendants of these families that could n't stand alone if they didn't take hold of their genealogical tree. But here I am, running on with Mamma June's talk, and have left Pa reading his letters, of which, by the way, there were enough to occupy him for a long time. He opened one and commenced reading, when he turned to me—"Excuse me, daughter, I have opened one of your letters," and he handed me a most daintily written and perfumed epistle, which ran as follows:—

"MY DEAREST ADDIE—Enclosed you will find an invitation to a select party at my sister's, at Richmond, on the 24th. I hope that you and your father will do me the honor to be present, and beg of him not to object to your acting as bridesmaid for me, with Mr. Green as groomsmen. I was very sorry that you did not become better acquainted with the Count. He is adorable, and I feel that life is very bright to me. We leave immediately for Europe after the wedding festivities are over, and shall spend the winter in Paris, and the summer at my husband's chateau in the district of Navarre. My kind regards to your father,

AMELIA MAMION LE ROCHER."

I jumped up and danced around the room, and clapped my hands with delight. Pa was deep in the morning papers, but I made so much noise he laid them down.

"What now, Addie?"

I ran to him, threw my arms around his neck, and smothered him with kisses. "Then you are not going to marry Mrs. Le Rocher! You dear, blessed man! I love you with all my heart. You are the handsomest and the best man in all Virginia—yes, in all the world; and I dragged him from his seat, and made him waltz across the room."

"You are excited, my daughter; stop a moment, and explain this sudden overflow of spirits."

"Why, my dear father, you are not going to marry Mrs. Le Rocher. It's certain that she is not to be my mother! Isn't that good news for me?"

"Marry Mrs. Le Rocher! Who ever told you that I was going to marry her?"

"The papers, my dear father."

"The papers! Bah! It is my daughter so ignorant as to believe what the papers say? Here are some that accuse me of being in favor of a monarchical form of government—that I am no republican."

"But what, my daughter?"

"I thought, I thought—perhaps it was my fault; but I fancied you liked Mrs. Le Rocher."

"I did, Addie—I do still; but her mother was the daughter of a French dancing master, with a slender reputation at that."

As he spoke, I saw the curl of my father's lip, that Mamma had so often observed before, and I knew that family pride was rising in his heart.

"But, father, she is very handsome."

"Beautiful as Venus; and accomplished as Aspasia; but enough, daughter—there is a but. Now for business. First, I must purchase Black Jenny. But how about this wedding? Would you like to go?"

"I should be delighted, father."

"On one consideration only: she must excuse you from being bridesmaid."

I felt the shadow that passed over my face; but I was

ashamed of it the next moment, for my father laid his hand gently on my head, and said:

"Addie, my darling, I would keep you as long as possible from the public gaze. I never coveted the reputation of a belle for my daughter. I would have her like her mother—gentle and retiring, never desiring the admiration of the crowd. Mr. Green's family will go, and we will keep them company. I will see about it this morning." And he kissed me tenderly, and bade me adieu.

I was only too happy to run to Mamma and tell her the news.

"Bless the Lord, child," said she; "and yet, all the time, I felt in my poor old bones that she was not to be the one."

Evening.—Black Jenny! has come, and to-morrow morning I am to commence riding-lessons with my father. I ought to have mentioned, first, that Madame Green called this morning, a very agreeable lady. I think; but Mamma June says she is not "zactly" first family, but "very respectable." I like her very much, and we have arranged a nice little party for Richmond. Each family goes in its own carriage; but we shall keep together on the road, and stop at the same inns. I shall enjoy it very much.

Mrs. Green made many inquiries about our school; she has three daughters which she wishes to educate, but is very unwilling to send them North. She would like a teacher for them, and asked me if I would not like to remain at home, and send to Rockford for a lady to teach her daughters, and myself. I told her about Miss Lincoln, and said if she could procure her, I would try and persuade Pa to let me remain here. She was delighted with my description, and took Miss Lincoln's address, saying she would procure her, if possible. I wrote to Miss Lincoln a few days ago, and perhaps you will receive this before she sends a letter to me. If so, ask her to write and say what she thinks of the idea. I wonder what Pa will say to it?"

Mrs. Green must be a woman of promptitude, for her letter reached Miss Lincoln with the same mail that brought Addie's to myself. The idea pleased her, and she looked upon this offer as a means of pecuniary resort, at a time when she needed it. If she concluded to go, it was Mrs. Green's wish that she should go on to Boston immediately, and meet some friends of the family, under whose protection she could journey to Green Hill.

It was very hard for me to part with her; but I could not object to what seemed a promise her a pleasant home and a kind circle of friends. But I was somewhat surprised on receiving a letter from Addie, which contained the following:

"Oh dear, Bertha, what have I done? When I mentioned the wish of Mrs. Green to my father, and that perhaps she had already written, he seemed almost displeased—quite disturbed, indeed."

"My daughter, why was I not consulted? Surely I can judge best where and how you should be educated."

"But, Pa, I am not deciding for myself. I will go back to Rockford, if you wish."

"You must be deprived of your favorite teacher then."

"But she will never teach in Rockford Seminary again, and I thought perhaps she would like such a home as Madame Green will give her. She is well educated herself, and will appreciate the refinement and culture of my friend. I was thinking of her happiness, father; I did not mean to do wrong, and here I burst into tears, for the least shadow of a frown on my dear father's face makes me heart-broken. But I was overwrought."

He was walking the room, and really more disturbed than I thought he would be, because Madame Green wants a teacher. He stopped, he came opposite me, and throwing his arm round me, drew me toward him. "Never mind, my daughter, let it pass; you have a good heart, and I believe you did not willingly do wrong; it was a little hasty, 'tis all."

Of course I didn't venture to ask if I might stay at home; that is out of the question now. To-morrow we are going to Richmond, and on December, when Pa goes to Washington, I shall return to Rockford. I did not tell you that he was elected—that was not necessary; of course, such a man as my father would not fail of election; but he has an overwhelming majority. Ned Green was here at our great dinner party yesterday. You can't think how troubled I was lest he should do something, or say something, that was not as fair, or that would displease my gentlemanly and fastidious father.

Now Pa abhors a greedy eater, and Ned used to make sad inroads on Mamma's pies and cakes, when he was a little boy, till she gave him the name of Piggy; but to my great joy, he was as abstemious as even Miss Lincoln could desire. Then, again, Pa is very select in his wines, and very free with them, but he has a great contempt for a man that cannot govern himself in this respect, or that allows himself to drink even one glass too much. I had heard Ned tell stories of the way he would get drunk, and how he would get into a quarrel, just to show you that he was a man, take a drop too much of Pa's choice port. But when he came into the drawing-room, where his mother and sisters, and a few other ladies, wives of the guests, were seated, he was calm and quiet as a summer's eve.

He behaved like a perfect gentleman, and talked with great propriety on politics with Judge Rhett, and once when there was some doubt expressed about the date of a certain treaty between the United States and Spain, he was the only one that knew, and he very modestly proved himself in the right. I saw Pa watching him, and thought he seemed pleased; but he has n't mentioned his name since the party."

Two weeks after the date of this letter, I received one from Miss Lincoln, full of gratitude and pleasure. She had found a pleasant home. Mrs. Green was a true woman, valuing Miss Lincoln for her refinement and moral worth, and treating her with that kindness and respect which makes a teacher's path so smooth, and increases her influence over her scholars. Addie scribbled a postscript—

"Give me joy, Bertha—no more short commons!—no more frozen feet!—no more of vixen Crooks's frowns! I am to stay at home! Pa says that he shall not think of sending me away for the present. Mamma June was so pleased that she tried to get down on her knees to thank God, but the dear old soul is so fat she can't kneel, and I told her, I guess our heavenly Father would accept it, if she stood and held up her hands like Moses in the old Bible picture, and she did so, but she looked so droll, I laughed right out, at which she said, 'Oh, my young Missus, what would your blessed mother say, if she saw you laugh at poor old Mamma's prayer?' at which I was greatly humbled. One thing pleased me very much. I wanted Mary to see Mamma June, and I hoped the latter would make a favorable impression; so I put on Mamma's turban myself. It was a plaid silk, blue and yellow, and I twisted it round in true Oriental style; her dress was a French delaine that Pa brought home from Paris on purpose for Mamma, because she has such a fancy for rich, bright colors. It is a gorgeous affair, with a bird of Paradise resting on a bough, from which hang clusters of brilliant flowers. Then around her shoulders, crossed on the bosom, and planned on each side, is a white lace kerchief, surrounded by a vine, embroidered in bright colors, in fine worsteds. It was my mother's work, and is Mamma's pride, and donned only on great occasions. On her neck is an old-fashioned gold necklace, once worn by my grandmother, and which Mamma says she wears for the honor of the family. A white linen apron, very voluminous in its proportions, and ironed to a glossy smoothness, completed her attire. I think she made quite a fine tabernacle when thus dressed, and seated in her low, old-fashioned armchair, with the Bible spread open on her broad lap, for she was no sooner dressed and seated, than she said, 'Now, my blessed child, please read to Mamma about the New Jerusalem, for I feel as if I wanted to walk right through them pearly gates, and

all along the gold streets, a singing Halleluiah! You'll find it here.' Though she can't read a word, she can find almost any chapter that she wishes to hear, and this time she turned to the twenty-third of Revelations. When I had read a few verses she stopped, and her broad face looked full of happiness—"There! ye see how bright and glorious it is! and where there's the gold, and the jewels, and the harps, don't ye think we'll have bright birds and flowers, and pictures, and pretty gowns?"

Mamma was so supremely happy that I ran out to look for 'Miss Mary,' as we call her here; and right glad was I to see her riding up the avenue on 'Black Jenny,' with my father by her side on 'Sunbeam,' as he calls his favorite horse. He seemed to be giving her some lessons in horsemanship; and she was certainly very tractable, for she sat the saddle with the ease and grace of an experienced rider, but without the bold air common to many. I had sent Pompey with Jenny, but Pa was riding past Mr. Green's, and stopped to accompany Mary. I am glad he is civil to her, for I was afraid he would hardly notice her, because he was so opposed to her coming to Mrs. Green's. But then my father is as much of a gentleman as Louis XIV., who never met a woman, though she was a peasant, without taking off his hat to her, as a tribute to the sex; and to such a woman as Mary Lincoln my father could not fail in politeness.

I wish you could have seen Mamma when Miss Mary came and sat down by her side. There was never a greater connoisseur in female charms than Mamma June, and she looked at Mary's face and softly rounded cheek, with its delicate coloring, and at the soft, wavy, brown hair, at the white neck and the sloping shoulders, with a look of admiration that delighted me. The open Bible led to conversation, and I ran away to find Pa, and beg of him to be sure and be present at tea, for I could n't bear that there should be any apparent neglect of my teacher. I found him in the library, reading, and he readily promised to remain at home, if we would spend the evening in the library.

"There, good by. Give my love to the girls, and all the teachers but Crooks—poor soul! I can't send my love to her; but I would make her a present of Mr. Calvin, if it were in my power."

It was a long time before I became reconciled to Miss Lincoln's absence. My friend Anna's return compensated in some measure for my loss, and the spring term, as we shall see, gave occupation to head and heart.

### CHAPTER XIX.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. CALVIN, ETC.

I was very ill, for many weeks, and I believed, my father suffered more than myself when he heard me calling so pitifully for 'Charlie,' 'Charlie,' and 'Willie'—'Charlie and Willie.' I was searching in vain for them all the time.

There was a mystery in Charlie's conduct that puzzled my father, and he determined to solve it. Meanwhile my mother was more gentle and kind than I had ever known her; she devoted herself to my comfort, and seldom left me alone. Thanks to her care and the skill of our faithful doctor, I rallied. He used often to say to me—Bertha, you'll live to be an old lady yet, if I can ward off disease from your lungs—that is the citadel we must guard.

My mother's kindness made my duty to her easier; for in all my lucid moments that one idea haunted me—that I must confess to her that I had not loved her, nor treated her as I ought; I think the feeling was similar to that which the Hindoo mother has when she throws her child into the Ganges, or the misguided Catholic when he tortures himself with the scourge, or wraps the hair shirt closely around him. I had no more love for my mother than ever; there was an undefinable something that separated me from her; a want of confidence that no acts of hers could do away. She cannot always understand it, but there is a subtle, mysterious power, unerring as instinct in animals, that points out our foe; it is a *sense of follow it*, and neglect of it, or a determination to conquer it, will only lead us blindfold into trouble.

I made my confession to my mother in the weakness of body and mind, attendant upon convalescence. I told her that I had never loved her as a child, and that I hoped my disobedience and fruitfulness would be pardoned; henceforth I would be more dutiful. She received this confession very graciously; she made none in return. I was happier because I had done an act which I thought worthy the reward of a quiet conscience.

Some days after this, as I lay in bed with the curtains drawn, I heard my mother in conversation with a gentleman.

Their voices were low, but I could hear my own name mentioned frequently, and wondered who could be there. I had lain in bed to rest, and I remember my mother had an evening coming, and a very pretty pink wrapper for me, and urged me to put it on. She had combed and dressed my hair herself, and then given me some quieting drops, that I might sleep. It was from the sleep thus produced that I now awake. My mother, hearing a slight movement, drew aside the curtains, and whispered, "Mr. Calvin is here—he has felt very anxious about you, and would like to see you; but if you do not feel strong enough, my daughter, you need not see him; or, if you have any objection, he will not intrude."

Now I knew that my mother and Mr. Calvin had become warm friends, and that he had frequently called to see her, but I was not aware that he had become so familiar as he now seemed to be. Oh, how I shrank from seeing him! How every nerve felt the repulsion! But my duty—my duty! I had been rude to him; I had disliked him more, perhaps, than any other person with whom I had ever come in contact. But I must see him; and now, perhaps, was my best time—perhaps my only opportunity. I had recovered from my fever, but a troublesome cough had set in, and there were times when I felt that I could not live long. My mother had expressed the same opinion in my presence, and I was now in that quiescent, passive state which often follows great mental and physical suffering. I was but a mere tool in the hands of others.

I assented to my mother's wishes, and Mr. Calvin came forward and gave me his hand. It was the first time I had allowed mine to rest in it at all; now I was indifferent, and withdrew it only to point to a seat and ask him to take it. I think he was surprised at the change in me; for I was very thin and pale, and so weak I needed aid in rising from the bed. Perhaps there is nothing pleases a hard, rugged nature more than to see another humble and passive in their hands. There was certainly an expression like compassion on the features of Mr. Calvin, as he stood beside me; there was something more than that, when I said, (for I had determined to do my duty at once.)—

"Mr. Calvin, will you pardon my former rudeness to you? I was in the wrong, and I hope henceforth never to indulge hatred or ill-will toward any human being. I could say no more, but burst into tears. I think my mother and Mr. Calvin were both taken by surprise; it was beyond their hopes that I should yield so readily, and of my own free will. Nothing could exceed their kindness to me; and my mother very judiciously proposed that I should be left alone, to rest, after a short interview. But first, Mr. Calvin must pray with me, he said. This time his words were more tender, his voice low, and his prayer earnest for my recovery.

"Had I always misunderstood Mr. Calvin?" I asked myself. Perhaps, like Miss Crooks, he appears hard for want of friends to love in childhood. I missed this till I fell asleep again.

Mr. Calvin remained a week with us, and each day I saw him for a little while. My mind was weak, sympathetic with the body. His conversation was on religious subjects. Gradually, I hardly knew how, I found myself assenting to his views. It was the influence of a strong will over a mind weakened by long struggle, and perplexed and wearied by wandering

amid doubt and darkness. Anywhere for rest; any refuge from this inward strife! Mr. Calvin was self-reliant, decided, believing himself right, and capable of guiding others. From my first confusion to him I began to tolerate him. The feeling of repulsion wore away gradually as I became more familiar with him, till at last, I thought, Mr. Calvin may be right; I am a poor, feeble child, not capable of judging for myself; he is a scholar and a clergyman, and he ought to be a guide. I do not like his views—many of them seemed to me inconsistent with the Saviour's teachings; but Mr. Calvin says it is because my heart is so wicked by nature, and my eyes so blinded by error. I have done him injustice otherwise—perhaps I have been too harsh toward his religious creed. My mother was shrewd and calculating; Mr. Calvin was willing to be led by her; and thus I became a willing convert to their views, and completely subject to their will.

I gained strength slowly; but before Mr. Calvin left us I was able to ride out with my father one sunny day. The fresh air and ride invigorated me, and that very evening long letters reached me from Addie and Miss Lincoln. The latter was full of sympathy and love, and a spirit of deep, quiet joy breathed in every line. Thus she wrote:—

"Yes, dearest Bertha, I am tasting life's elixir. To love, and to be loved, to feel your own spirit mingling with a nobler and stronger, to have such perfect trust in another as I now feel, to lean on his strong arm, to look up, and know that he will guide and sustain this little, weak, trembling heart of mine—this is joy too great, almost, for this world; and for poor little me, who had hitherto known only loneliness and sorrow! I now understand what you used to say about that perfect confidence in another. There is no joy beyond this, save perfect trust in God; and I pray daily that the one may purify and elevate the other. Addie has written you a long, long letter, and will send all particulars. I can only respond most heartily to her wish that you would come to us and spend the holidays. I want you with me at that time, for you alone, of all my friends, can understand my heart. God bless you, darling, and may we both love him more for thus making life so rich in joy for us."

I shed some tears over this, and prayed that she might never know such disappointment as my poor heart suffered. Addie's was in her usual familiar style:—

"I do wish, dearest Bertha, that you were here, and then I should not have to use pen and paper. I do hate letter-writing, and I would never write another letter in the world, if I didn't like so much to receive them from my friends. We hope you will not fail to be here at the holidays—we need you so much. What do you think of the news? I know it will take you by surprise, as it did me, and every one but Mamma June." When I told her of it, she said, "La, child, I knowed all about it this great while. Massa Jim could n't deceive Mamma. I've seen him look at her when she was reading the Bible to me out in the garden, and it 'minded of ole times when he used to look at my dear Missus, and I knowed he was saying 'she's jes' like her,' and I knowed how she loved him before her blessed little heart dared think it herself. She'd catch a glance at him now and then with her pretty eyes, and look like I feel when I want to pray, and then she'd turn away so quick, if he happened to look toward her, and blush as if he had been doing wrong. Massa has been deep in love this long time, ever since he went to see you at Rockford; but he wasn't quite sure she loved him. You see, Honey, she ain't no common folks—she's high bred. I reckon Mamma knows, and she spelled it out the first time she came here, and she wouldn't marry the President if she didn't love him. She's jes' one of them sort that never run after the beaux, but wait to be sought. I wish my child Addie were more like her, and not let it be said, a Harper can be had jes' for the asking. I watched Massa's face every day. I see he look very solemn, sometimes, and then so happy, he was jes' like a boy again; and then, maybe, next day, he look at my dear Missus' picture, and I see the tears come, and I knowed he'd a struggle in his heart; and poor Miss Mary, she was so afraid that she should 'fess her secret, that she trembled when Massa came near. I thought about it, and I prayed about it, and one night an angel whispered: 'Mamma, don't fear; tell Massa all.' So the next day, when he came from Washington, I was looking over the peaches, and telling Dinah she mus' make a heap of peach leather, 'cause Miss Mary and you like it so well, when Massa James came along, and I thought as I see'd him that my boy that used to lay in my arms at night, and play round me all day, was now a great man in the world, and the handsomest man in ole Virginia; and he loved ole 'Mamma' jes' as well as ever—well, he come along, and said he, 'So, Mamma, you make peach leather for Miss Mary, too? do you remember how I used to tease for it when I was a boy?' Now I knowed he jes' wanted Mamma to say something, and I said, 'La, yes, Massa, and Miss Mary she like it, too; and I like to see her little bit of a mouth open its red lips for the goodly. Jes' see here, Massa,' and I led him into the store-room where the sweetmeats were all stowed away—jars and bottles, jes' as Missus used to teach me. And there was her writin' on 'em still. I kept it there jes' as she left it. Massa looked solemn when he see'd it, and, says I, 'Massa James, I've had a message from my Missus in heaven.' He started, and turned red all over his face, and could n't say 'What is it, Mamma June?' He told me to 'sit right down here, in the chair, because I'm so old and fat, I can't stand long; and he sat down by me jes' as if he was a boy again, but he looked like he was going to hear something very bad."

"But," said I, "Massa, here's the Bible, and will you please turn and find the name of Jesus's mother?" He did so. "There," said I, "it was that, jes' them letters zactly. Ye see, Massa, a long time ago I dreamed a dream—sometimes I think it wa'n't a dream, 'cause I didn't sleep, but I was lying on my bed; old Pomp was asleep, La, Massa, he never lay awake and thinks; nothing wakes him, till he wakes himself; and if the judgment trumpet should blow, I'd have to punch him in the ribs, and say, 'Come, Pomp, get ready; the blessed Lord has come, and I'm here, and I'm alive! I saw my angel Missus standing in the room all dressed in white, her beautiful hair hanging down all about to her feet, and her face bright and smiling, jes' like she was when you first brought her here and told her, 'Here's Mamma June, my faithful ole nurse, that has been a mother to me.' And she smiled, and said, 'Mamma and I shall be good friends then.' She smiled like that now, and came nearer the bed, and I saw she had something in her arms that she held very carefully. You know she was always finding little birds that had lost their mothers, and stray kittens, and petting the poor little poodles that had nobody else to care for them, and now it was a white dove that she brought me, all white, only a name on the wings, and that name was jes' like the name of our Lord's mother in the Bible. Read it, Massa, please," and Massa read it, but his voice trembled. "She laid the dove in my bosom, and said, 'Here's a poor little dove, Mamma, that I found beaten about by the storm till its wings drooped, and I thought it must die. Take it, Mamma, and let it rest in your bosom.' I stretched out my hands for the dove, and jes' then Missus vanished, and the room became dark. I tried to find the dove, for I was sure it was near me; but



At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,  
October 9th, 1859.

**TEXT.**—"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with thee."—PSALM cxxxix. 17, 18.

Dut., on the other hand, it is equally true that a cowardly heart makes a strong heart. And you cannot find a brave man, that is really so, without he is a thinking man. This kind of impulsive courage that rushes into duels and street fights, is anything but courage; it is lack of thought, a mere impulse of the blood, a sometimes the meanest and scaliest kind of courage. I say a clear head imparts inspiration to the moral character and makes a strong heart. But that we possess truth and make a strong heart, into one we must have faith, and believe in God, and in his will, in his action, and obey the right. If we lay down that position, we may lay down, as akin to it, that knowledge is goodliness; and, at least, we know they are not identical—at least, knowledge, as generally held, is not identical with goodness. For, after all, when we com-

Science is the thought of God, true science is; and low science may try to thrust God out from the universe, but it soon finds that that leaves the universe without any explanation, and it leaves knowledge itself without any explanation. For what is the object of knowledge? what is it to know things, if knowledge does not bring light to my soul, if it does not make me more intelligent, more something, more able to develop my personality? Merely to know that such and such is the fact is a very little thing. But to winnow out the meaning of that fact, to draw its life, and find out its significance, that is the justification of knowledge, and the scientific man, merely goes forward, and notes and catalogues facts, does very little. But when a man rises higher, and generalizes all science, and finds what a fact means, and gets the relation between one truth and another, and finds out the meaning of the fact, and the commencement of this discourse, and finds some thoughts of God behind the fact, and finds a grand scheme, a system, on the screen of the Almighty mind behind the fact, by which, and out of which the fact was projected, then we have true science; and, therefore, a discoveries of true science are thoughts of God; and so far as science is true and broad and genuine, so far it is religion, and its tendencies are religious. I am surprised that anybody in the present day should think that the scientific tendency is anything but religious, and shutting God out from us, and quenching the vital principles that abide in the soul of man. In such thing. If there is any difficulty at all in the matter, it is not because we are too scientific, it is not because we have pushed our investigations in this direction too far, but too narrowly. And the cure for which may be called the irreligious tendencies of science in our day is to go down further, and to probe deeper, until we shall strike the central truth. If we do, and we shall, we shall find God. We shall find God in all of the coral foundations of the world, we shall find God in the colyx of every flower, we shall find God among the tangled and braced constellations of the heavens; we shall find God behind all the laws and forces of the universe. And so far as science pushes broadly and nobly into truth, so far is it religious; its tendencies; and so far let us take in, as one of the great elements in a far religious life, all that science may discover in the broad material universe around about.

I said a little while ago that knowledge is not identical with goodness; and then I immediately corrected myself by saying, because knowledge was one-sided and so choked with prejudices and petty conceits. But knowledge when it was most full was most all

And here is another thing, another point. In our age people are coming to say, "Well, I believe any man is a Christian who acts rightly; it does not make any difference what a man believes, if he only acts rightly." But it does make a difference what people believe. It does make a difference what people feel. Tolerance that is thrown out in this way, simply from a burst of good feeling, and that toleration which is the result of clear and steady feeling and thought. That toleration which says, "It makes no difference what a man believes, if he only acts rightly," comes from a spirit of feeling, and is an ill-founded toleration; because the better men are full of the better feeling, the act and the feeling are more in harmony, and God's law lies in them. And that is always my way of solving a dilemma. I see a good man, a true man; he has not, perhaps, the same intellectual conviction that I have; but I conclude that in some way he has reached the same intellectual conclusion; and I say that if a man's motive is right, his thought is right. I do not say that it makes no difference what he believes; but I say that it makes no difference what he may believe, and he cannot, perhaps, justify to himself in any other way he has reached the conclusion. But depend on it, if any man has a true and broad

But there is another thing: God is a father to us. We have got to reiterate that truth; we have got to repudiate the doctrine that God is the father of some of us, but not of all. We are told that men by nature are the children of the devil, and that God is the father only of those who have passed through the processes of Christian conversion. Is that so? Then if we are all children of the devil, God can only be our adopted father, not our father, as we are to the angels, as Christ said. And if we are not the children of the devil, his servants, the devil; for children, we owe him obedience, and that is not so. God is the father of all. Paul said to the Athenians, "Ye are also his offspring." You suppose that Jesus Christ, when he told men, when they prayed, to say, "Our Father," was speaking simply to those who have gone through the process of Christian conversion? or do you suppose he was speaking to all men, and declared the relation which exists between God and every man? "God, the father of God, the father of transfer that relation, and say, 'God, the father of some of us, but not of all.' And that is the God becomes my father when I become Christian and through experience, and is not my father until then? The relation of father is a blood relation, and you cannot change it. God may become my governor, when I pass from the government of the devil over into his kingdom. God may become my lawgiver when I go from the realms of evil into those of good; but God cannot become my father unless he is my father. That is a relation that does not change. Was the prodigal's father his father when he went into the far country? What did he say when he came back? 'I will arise and go to my father.' But you would say 'I will arise and go to my father.' But you would say 'I will arise and go to my father; he is your eldest brother's father, not yours.' Ah, but he is my father. That relation remains unchanged. I have changed; I have desecrated that near relation; I have cast down beneath my feet many a good opportunity; I have scarred my heart all over with sin; but 'I will arise and go to my father' he is my father still, and I will return to my father, striking that out of the gospel with your sharp scalpels and driving knives, and what have you left for the poor, repenting sinner? You have said that God is the father of all men; and to feel that that God is all need. Are you not ashamed that he is your father, to run away from him? Are you not ashamed that he is your father, to describe that holy and blessed name? Are you not ashamed that he is your father, to forget him, to do wrong to his law, to abuse his requirements? Oh! I see that God is your father, to see the everlasting fact that has been veiled in the mist of your sin, and that you have your abomination, your sin, your iniquity, on need; and when you meditate upon God, you will see it; and when you see it, it will become a very precious thought to you.

My friends, this, then, is why I said that the verses

But I must add that political government does not tend to make men virtuous. I do not mean to say that it tends directly and positively to make men vicious ; neither do I mean to say that it is useless, nor that it can at present be dispensed with. I mean to say that the use of national governments, republican as well as monarchial, is something distinct from any aim to cultivate Humanity, or to procure the highest welfare of individuals. It has no application to personal conduct.

Legislators have never conceived it possible to create laws of administration numerous and vigilant enough



for the constant surveillance of private life; and therefore they have thought it expedient to leave every one to follow chance or choice, so far as one's conduct seems to affect only oneself. So political authority merely allows us to be virtuous, if we will; and, within the limits of self-responsibility, it gives us an equal license to be vicious. It takes no special pains to prevent vice. It presents no shield to the victim of temptation. It puts no rein upon appetite. It curbs no passion. It never says, "Spit out that quid! don't smoke that cigar! break that jug! eat no pork! take no calomel! beware of lust." It leaves you to do as you please in these personal matters. If any exception is to be made in reference to the jug, it is only local, and after a habit of tipping has mastered the man. It does not even advise men to think for themselves, to prefer wisdom to gold, to "buy the truth and sell it not," to be unselfish, honest, useful, just, and generous; nor does it teach them to respect Natural Right, so much as arbitrary law.

Moreover, legislative authority is inadequate to prevent the never-ceasing wrongs of the virtuous by the vicious. It does not take crime by the throat; it arrests only the criminal. It rarely attempts more than to punish the guilty, without indemnifying the innocent. It does, indeed, interpose its voice and say, "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal," and so on; but it allows myriads to go at large who are known to cherish purposes of theft, lust and murder. It does, indeed, provide a judicial tribunal and implements of terrible vengeance for such as happen not to escape detection when their malicious intentions ripen into perpetration; yet there is always a chance to escape, and this chance is the racial watchword. Such is the imperfection of legislative justice, and the means of human retribution are so clumsy and ill-contrived, that, with great zeal and some fidelity on the part of magistrates and deputies, probably not one criminal in ten is ever brought to legal account. Nevertheless, the courts throng with accused and accused, and the jails are full of convicts who suffer and die to expiate their own guilt and appease the wrath of an uncertain public opinion, but never to improve society, and rarely indeed to redress the hapless victims of crime.

Many who cannot shut their eyes to the present manifestations of social wrong, who are earnestly seeking to extricate themselves from the predicament of mutual fealty in which all are inevitably involved, are accustomed to talk as sadly about the failings of the State as if that were their only saviour. They seem to imagine that "bad laws" and "bad men" in power are the chief obstacles to the public weal, which they take to be the fountain of all private prosperity. They are ever hoping that at the next election their party will triumph, and then certain obnoxious laws will be repealed, and desirable ones enacted; and thus by gradually perfecting the national policy, and putting it into worthy and competent hands, they expect to realize their ideal of society. Now I do not deny that certain public calamities, which of course issue in various private and personal misfortunes, do occasionally spring from mere maladministration of government, or unprincipled legislation. But I maintain that the prime cause of bad social government in all its departments, is the sheer want of self-government; in the spirit of the saying that "he who would govern others should first learn to govern himself." Political reformers virtually concede as much as this, in their zeal to substitute good for bad men in office. He who normally governs himself is, in the amplest sense of the term, a man of rectitude. If all legislators were such, there would be no bad laws; and if all rulers were the same, all good laws would be faithfully administered. But I have already showed that Virtue is indispensable to individual happiness, and that worthy rulers, having no power to make men virtuous, cannot make the vicious happy. The conclusion of my essay, then, is this: Self-government is the natural form of Virtue, and universal self-government is the antecedent of universal happiness.

## PRISON PAPERS.

BY A PRISONER.

Number One.

### IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

"Make yourself brother to every man. Repentance no man evil for evil." Do not overcome evil, but overcome evil with good."—BIBLE.

I am induced by the urgent request of my dear wife, the warm solicitation of personal friends, and in acceptance of the kind permission of the Commissioner of this Institution, and may I not add, with the desire to do some good, to offer for publication in the talented and beautiful BANNER OF LIGHT, a series of articles upon the subject of

### MAN'S IMPRISONMENT FOR CRIME.

I will commence by referring briefly to my own case, which however, I shall endeavor hereafter more fully to place before the reader, in the friendly hope that it may be the means of saving some unfortunate from entering the dangerous path of crime.

I was sentenced to TEN YEARS—the extent of the law—imprisonment at "hard labor" in the State prison of this State on the 16th of April of the present year, by the United States Court at Milwaukee, where my dear family still reside, on my own plea of guilty for the perpetration of a fraud upon the Government. My plea of guilty was not, however, based upon any hope of mercy in the Court, which I was advised was both stern and unyielding; but simply because I was guilty, and because I determined from that moment to seek a reformation within myself, and I felt that this could not be done by acting, breathing and living a lie. This I sought, as far and as fast as possible, to cleanse and purify my soul, and atone by public and honest confession; for the wrong I had done. I cannot, however, but regard my sentence as long, unjust and unnecessarily severe, and I think it will so appear to your numerous and intelligent readers. My offence is true, is a fraud upon the General Government, and is accordingly punished with greater severity than generally attends the violation of the laws of an individual State for a like offence, though by what rule of justice or right I am utterly unable to determine. I leave it to the public to judge whether any circumstances of so aggravating a character, involving no more serious offence, can attend an inconsiderable fraud as to justify the infliction of such a punishment. Ten long, hopeless, desponding years' incarceration within the cold, dark, cheerless walls of a prison!

It is a serious and painful task to recall the erring and misdirected steps of life, yet in the course of these "papers" I propose to do so. How many noble resolutions formed in my sanguine soul, to break the chain that bound me, are pictured in the retrospect of the hopeless past! But all efforts of my struggling manhood were powerless and impotent until a full and complete atonement was made to the stern demands of the law I had violated. I was bound in chains of more than iron fate, and I could not rise above the wrong until I stood fearless of the law—unfettered and free. And this leads me to the reflection, that many—many could be saved—saved to themselves—saved to their friends and the world—saved from the more dark and revolting crimes that follow the first false step in mad succession, if some remedy could be found to restore those unknown unfortunates, who desire to burst the iron bonds of crime that bind them to a life of constant fear—of shame, unhappiness, misery and ruin. When man desires to return to the path of Right, there should be some means to assist him to do so. Oh, do not then hunt him, like a wild beast of the forest, for the jail, the prison and the gallows!

I confess I feel an extreme delicacy in thus approaching the public eye, and appearing before the world in the character of a writer upon a subject so important to humanity, as well as great mental distrust in my ability to do even partial justice to so important and extended a theme; still, with your kind permission, I may be enabled, by the encouragement of angel help, and the blessings of spiritual light, to interest some of your numerous and intelligent readers, upon a subject that calls aloud in groaning anguish for the amelioration and reformation in harmony with the progressive spirit and almost boundless intelligence of the age.

This communication, too, with the world from which I am banished, will serve in some measure to create sympathy on my part, with the good and just, and in some degree to call

forth the inherent purity of my nature, and thereby greatly assist in laying the foundation—by a cultivation of the good and true—for that physical and mental reformation, in my own person, so necessary to human happiness.

By an enlargement of the germ of purity—the concurrent elevation of the higher and more spiritual faculties of the moral and intellectual nature, and the consequent introduction of pure, honest and correct thoughts in the soul—the awakened action of the mind in its true and natural direction, will produce upon the brain a corresponding expansion and elevation of the spiritual faculties, and quicken the moral perceptions. Thus strength will be imparted to the whole; harmony and organic reciprocity, and spiritual affinity, will destroy discord and misdirection. The soul whose susceptibilities are thus awakened, and whose harmony is thus perfected in its mental and organic organization by kind treatment, mild and humane discipline, *practical use and illustration*, and appropriate moral and intellectual instruction, will go forth into the world a REDEEMED AND HONEST MAN.

All men possess this germ of purity as an inherent principle of their Godlike and immortal nature, and its proper cultivation brings forth the glorious fruit of Love, Harmony and Wisdom. How to reach and magnify this germ of purity in the soul, until the whole nature is correspondingly pure and elevated, can only be attained by kindly and tenderly approaching, and assiduously cultivating the spiritual and intellectual faculties corresponding thereto. But this subject will more properly come hereafter in suggesting the means impressed upon my mind as a remedy for the evil, as well as in the treatment I conceive to be due the criminal. The false and pernicious system that is now adopted, is at variance with all the pure, high and holy aspirations of our nature, and in direct violation of the object assumed—prevention of crime—and should be abandoned as speedily as possible.

But the great question to which I propose leading the mind of the reader is still before me. Is man's punishment, by imprisonment or otherwise, for crime, humane, right, necessary or just? I cannot but conceive man's punishment, as such, for crime, as an error of the past, and a dark cloud upon the bright and superior intelligence of the present. *Lex talionis*—life for life, crime for crime, wrong for wrong, is neither in accordance with humanity, philosophy, or true wisdom. Let man continue to build prisons, and crime will furnish victims; for the spirit that builds, fosters and sustains the one, will, in the very nature of things, germinate and produce the other. Oh, let Humanity assert her right, and proudly take her stand upon the wave of crime, and its dark billows will roll back, until its turbid waters are buried in the caverns of the past, or lost on the shores of time.

It is strange indeed that this subject has demanded so little of the public attention. Jails and prisons are erected as a matter of course, and thousands upon thousands of the public revenue are thus expended, squandered and wasted upon an effect of wrong, which, if judiciously applied to the cause itself, would remove the one and destroy the other. Humane and just minds have been capable of seeing the vast importance of this subject, and have brightly illuminated the page of history with noble thoughts of the coming future, when this roll of the barbarous condition of the ages of the past shall be blotted out, as one of the direst wrongs of human error. It is now becoming full time to arouse the people to a true sense of their degradation, (for in the fall of one all are more or less degraded,) and to force the statesman, the politician, and the lawmaker, to recognize this growing incubus upon our national prosperity and happiness. God never intended that one man, or set of men, should have the right to punish his fellow-man. There is no law in our being that justifies or supports the assertion, that "man may by right, of any kind, inflict pain or punishment upon his brother man."

This system of punishment for crime, I repeat, is one painfully at variance with all the pure, high and holy aspirations of the soul. Man, individually, everywhere condemns it. The people, in their primitive sense, abhor it. And it appears to each individual, as it is, a dark cloud upon the happiness and prosperity of the State; and a thing that all, individually, loathingly condemn, can have little virtue in it. But more especially do the true, noble, just and humane everywhere condemn it. It is a wrong; and no pretended expediency, assumed necessity, or unchristian and unholly sophistry, can make it right.

It is true that there are many things to be taken into consideration in utterly destroying and doing away with this evil, that will fill the minds of the apprehensive with doubt and alarm, if not with immediate danger and violence. But I really believe that it would be better—better to society and the world, far better—today, to open the doors of every prison in the Union, conducted as they are under the present system of fear, degradation and shame, than to continue them shut upon the incarcerated victims another year.

I doubt whether there is, to-day, a man in this Institution, who, if pardoned and liberated upon his "parole of honor," would willingly violate the laws of the land, as oppressive and partial as they are. The world may smile at the idea of a convict's parole of honor; and it would not, indeed, be strange if all the nobler and higher faculties were utterly eradicated from the brain of the neglected and unfortunate criminal, as all the cultivation of the intellect he receives, under the present system of punishment, is through the organs of hatred, malice, fear and shame, tending thereby to expand the lower, to the sacrifice of the higher elements of his being. But still the bright flash of his immortal nature will burst at times the stern decrees of man, and elevate his soul to the Good and True. If you would make his honor sacred and his truth secure, cultivate the bright jewel of his nobler and higher nature, and you will free him from the despotism of crime, and restore him to Virtue and to Right. Oh, when will the human mind learn that the great secret of man's reformation and redemption from crime is LOVE, not FEAR. Mercy to, and forbearance with, the criminal, will do more toward his redemption and reformation, than all the punishment that wicked ingenuity can invent? Let him feel that he has a friend and protector in the law, and that its officers are messengers of mercy, and not harbingers of war, misery and wrong, and you will build up the fabric of his fallen fortunes, and place him within the scope of his manly powers. Take away all punishment, as such, for crime; do equal and even-handed justice, in love and mercy, with brotherly kindness, Christian charity and human sympathy, and not in vindictive malice, hatred and wrong, and the dawning of the future brightness will appear, when crime will cease to exist among us. No man, in his sanity, is so lost to shame, to manhood, to honor, purity and human love, as to rob his friend or destroy his brother. Make him, by respect and confidence, feel his friendship and his kindness, and you raise a barrier to crime more impregnable than the walls of stone and bars of iron by which I am surrounded.

There is no subject that demands more attentively the active attention of the Human, the Christian and the Reformer, than the one under consideration, standing as it does, as the ultimatum in treatment, in this life at least, of the great question of evil, or opposition to good. It is true, in order to eradicate and absolutely destroy this bleeding, festering wound, it will take time, and fall into generations yet to come, to be blessed with the full fruition of every good man's hope. But much can be done to mitigate the evil and alleviate the wrong. As the prisoner is now treated in his confinement and regarded by the world, the tendency is to augment the one and magnify the other. The criminal is now regarded as utterly depraved. He is thus banished from the world in degradation, contempt and shame; dead to all his civil rights and privileges, he not only occupies the character of the felon and outcast, but this character is indelibly affixed to all his future life, and taints his friends, his family, and his innocent and unoffending posterity, with the blush of shame and the brand of scorn. What incentive is there, therefore, for that man whom untoward circumstances, or whose defective organization have once placed him outside of the pale of human society? What hopes in life can the future foreshadow to him? All is a "bleak, dismal, colorless sterility!" No longer a citizen of the country that gave him birth—expatriated by the law, that should guard and protect his wounded integrity and honor—and driven from all power and hope of redemption the noble, proud heritage he has lost—"a clear conscience and an honest name." Once a criminal and forever a criminal, so far as his existence in this world is concerned. It is true he is tolerated by the world, once so bright and beautiful, that now frowns upon him. It is also true he lives and breathes, but these rights are the gifts of God, and cannot be taken from him without still greater violence and usurpation. But, oh! how does he live? In degradation, contumely, contempt and shame—in misery, in suffering and woe! All the noble elements and exalted aspirations of his soul dead within him! He stands an isolated, living, breathing corpse among his fellow-men, without sympathy, without hope in the world. Oh, my God! is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?

The first great step in a reformatory movement upon this subject is to correct the character of the prisoner; and, in order to do this, his treatment must be based upon some other and different principle than that of abject fear and in-

voluntary servitude, little better, and in many prisons much worse, than the slavery which receives so much attention as the hands of reformers.

Cultivate his higher and nobler nature. Let him feel that the great object of his incarceration in prison is his own reformation, and moral and intellectual improvement. Let the government of prisons, so long as they remain such, be attended with, and administered in humanity and kindness. Let the prisoner's elevation be the object, letter and spirit of the law. Let him feel that he is not degraded, but that his confinement is necessary and essential to his future good, his peace, his welfare and happiness. Let his confinement, or the personal restraint of his liberty, depend solely within given and appropriate limits, depending upon the nature of the offence committed, upon the reformation and security of his character. Let sentences of reformation be accordingly passed upon him, containing noble, and pure, and exalted elements of human sympathy, brotherly kindness and Christian benevolence, cheering his wounded soul with love, light and knowledge, instead of those cold, stern, and iron-wrought sentences that now darken his pathway to his living tomb, containing an arbitrary term of hopeless, desponding years. Then there will be an incentive to goodness, to truth, to honesty, to living virtue—a power within the soul to inspire hope.

Let the great question in regard to prisons be, not do they pay, but do they reform and restore the criminal to society, his friends and the world, an honorable, upright, honest man? God and angels will bless when man assists the fallen and unfortunate.

On my return from my daily labor to my cell on last evening (Saturday) I found a happy surprise for me. Kindly placed upon my desk, under Macaulay's "British Essayists," which I had been reading during the week, by the noble kindness of Judge Giddings, the deputy warden of the prison—a kind, humane and noble man—two letters, one from you, my dear Sir, granting the privilege I now enjoy, of addressing you, for publication in the Banner of Light, this article; the other from my dear wife: And, oh! could you realize how calmly and sweetly I slept after their perusal, and dreamed of home and happiness returned, to be broken no more forever, you could feel the thanks and heartfelt gratitude I have this morning to bestow.

I sometimes think I may live to be a "representative man," and show to the world, in my own person, that the reformation of the criminal, and his return to society an honorable and upright man, is a priceless reality. Should such be my fortune, I intend to devote the remainder of my life to this vast and important theme.

State Prison, Waupun, Wis., Sept. 18th, 1859.

### Written for the Banner of Light. A VISION OF A CHILD.

BY G. L. BURNESIDE.

In Guernsey county, on the great high road,  
A pilgrim child set out to seek for God.  
He had been told, by one in years a sage,  
Of a great parent in his orphanage;  
And being ardent, without thinking twice,  
Obedient to the letter of his kind advice,  
To seek him early; he would find him love,  
And finding none below, he looked above.  
He only knew there ought to be a place  
To answer all his needs of truth and grace;  
And reverent even for the ground he trod,  
The pilgrim child went forth to search for God.

He passed by hills he never saw before;  
And trees and rocks grew strangers more and more;  
And all the women of the country cast  
A lingering look upon him as he passed:  
Sometimes their gravity he greatly tried  
By the unheard-of question that he plied;  
But even waggish men refrained from jeers,  
Kindly considering his simple years;  
And silent wonder in their faces shone  
That such a child should travel thus alone.

The way was weary, and with heat oppressed  
A portion of his raiment did he lose;  
With all its cumbrous load of heated air;  
And as he threw it off and laid him there  
In all the innocence of his young years,  
He saw a vision, and a mist appears,  
And comes and curls, and a light is cast  
Through the wide bounds of all its circuit vast.  
A human life grew from its giddy whirl,  
And all the air was full of little girls.  
Indeed, it must be owned they had their faults;  
They never knew that it was wrong to walk;  
But mingled merrily, and mingling grew in grace  
By the reflection of each other's face.  
Their airy forms he could not plainly see,  
But thought that flowers formed their drapery,  
And fell a rosy shower that drifted down;  
He felt it, and smiled sadly in his sleep,  
For favors to the lonely child had been  
"Like angels' visits, few and far between!"  
And while the fairy vision round him danced,  
He wondered greatly as he lay entranced  
Like a young bee within a flower's bright cup,  
Whether the whirlwind would not take him up.

They mingled merrily, and mingling grew in grace;  
For young and lovely is each beaming face;  
And upward, in the vortex of their dreams,  
A pure effulgence all the ether seems.  
It was the sun of all their mutual love—  
A melting air that drew them from above,  
And higher in the motion of their grace,  
Alike and lovely grew each radiant face.  
The soul of union drew them from above,  
And, when they knew it was their mutual love,  
A look consenting through their numbers ran;  
They saw it, and they smiled, and they were one.  
Columbus, O., June, 1859.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN FOGGISM.

What is a fog? Is there such a word in the English language? If there is not, there ought to be, or some other word, expressive of a large class of human beings, both political and religious. A political fog, and a religious fog! What is a religious fog? A religious fog is one whose religion is a stand-still, stereotyped religion. Hence the word is very necessary. Some people are opposed to the use of such a vulgar word. But where is the vulgarity? Is it contended that conservative or anti-progressive are better words to express those peculiar characteristics? We shall give the former word the preference.

The religious fog of this age occupy the same ground the fog of eighteen centuries since, or as the fog has always of all past ages. They are a race of human beings who always occupied the past—never the present, except to stand still. They live and believe in past, but never in present inspiration. They never believe in a reform, phenomenon, or improvement, until about a thousand or two thousand years after. When that reform, or phenomenon, or improvement, becomes stereotyped, then they embrace it, and pretend they have always defended it. They are a race of beings that are never reformers, never martyrs. They are always in the background, and what they possess and defend of the past is but the husk, the shell, or outside. They are outsiders—not outside of the Church, or State—oh no, but outside of all interior perceptions. They get their news of all reforms from outsiders—from those newspapers that look at things from a superficial stand-point—a point that is popular with the crowd of old fogies. They never penetrate into and obtain the facts, but accept the floating, hearsay rumors. This class of beings are very numerous. They are a great majority in numbers—a large outside—but appear destitute of any interior qualities or characteristics. Anciently their language was, "We be Abram's children; we have Abram to our father"—that is, "We venerate a man that existed on the earth thousands of years ago—none of your new-fangled reformers!" But the language of the reformer was, "Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abram to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Moses!" Those fogies said, "We know that God spoke to Moses; but as for this fellow, (Jesus Christ) we know not whence he is." They never knew a reformer while he is living and teaching among them, but, away back in past ages, they know all about Abraham, David, Moses, Solomon, and all the patriarchs of old. All these were true, and they know God spoke to them—that is, they know it because they know nothing about it, only by hearsay. The news had come to them from the distant past, whether by tradition, or record, or matter. They knew God spoke to them; but now, here, in the age in which they lived, God spoke to no one. What! God spoke to Jesus! Never! "Away with him! crucify him! crucify him!" We have a law (away back in the past age), and by this law he ought to die. He is infidel to our law! "Think not," said the reformer, "that I came to destroy the law. I am not

come to destroy the law, but to fulfill." But these old fogies would not have it so. They were the true Elmon-pure, and say, "If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets." But the reformer of the reformer was, "Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them that killed the prophets." And, "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old times, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies." This was too much for these very religious fogies. They then got up the report, and heralded it through the land, that this fellow (the reformer Jesus), was an infidel—that he had gone against the law, the Bible, the past traditions, and that he was not fit to live. The multitude heard this report, because it came from the old, substantial religious fogies—those who had a stereotyped religion—and they all gave their voices against him, saying, "Let him be crucified!" The inquiry, "Why! what evil hath he done?" is to receive no attention. A fog never investigates, but, like the Egyptian mummy, is wrapped up in a fabric of intolerance, and the past. The past is truth, and cannot be called in question. The present is nothing.

How is it with the religious fogies of the present day? They see themselves mirrored forth in the fogies of the past. They live also in the past, and not in the present. They reiterate and extol what the ancients did—how God talked with them all. But now God talks with no one. This was all done up in the Apostolic age, and is on record, and the record is God's word; and even the "fellow" whom their old fogie friends of past ages strung up as unfit to live, of him modern fogies have made a God, actually deified him! Why? Because, away back in past ages, as the old fogies said of Moses further back, "God spoke to him." So these fogies say Jesus is the very God! And God speaks to no one, except through Jesus, in the past, and these records concerning him, whom their fathers denominated a "fellow," a devil, unworthy their regard or confidence. So these modern fogies pronounce the seers of this age infidels!

All the religious sects who reject the spiritual manifestations of this age, occupy the same ground precisely of those religious fogies in the apostolic age, and may well be termed modern fogies. They rejected all the spiritual manifestations of the age in which they lived—the apostolic age. So these reject all the spiritual manifestations of this age—the age in which we live. When Jesus and Peter and James and John formed a circle in the mountain, and held intercourse with departed spirits, Moses and Elias, the religious Jews as a body treated it as a humbug. They would believe nothing coming from them, because they were interested Spiritualists, affirming that they held intercourse with departed spirits—then, in the age in which they lived! When Stephen said he saw a spirit, (Jesus in the heavens, for he was a seeing medium, and had the gift of "discerning spirits") whom they had murdered, they were filled with indignation, and stoned him to death! Saul of Tarsus was one of these old fogies, and consented unto Stephen's death and other outrages, for a long time, but afterwards the scales fell from his eyes, and he became a Spiritualist. And when he told his brethren his spiritual experience, how he had seen a spirit (Jesus) on his way to Damascus, and how the spirit had directed him to go to a medium, (Ananias) in the city, to a street called straight, who in vision would tell him what he must do. When Paul told this story of his experience, his old fogie brethren booed the idea. They knew nothing about spirits living after death, and Paul's story of his being in vision or trance—that he had been three days without sight—that though his eyes were opened yet he saw no man—that they led him by the hand—that for three days he did neither eat or drink, and that this medium had dispersed or equalized the influence by putting his hands on him and saying, Brother Saul, the spirit (Jesus) that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. When Paul told this story, they all cried out "humbug!" "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live." Festus cried with a loud voice, saying, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." Mad? that is, crazy—just as modern fogies say of Spiritualists of this age. They are all crazy! Why? Because they talk about dead folks being alive! Ghosts, departed spirits, and other "hogbolins."

Let it not be supposed for a moment, that all this hue and cry against Spiritualism was raised by some notoriously wicked persons. Not at all. No; they were the very religious—the orthodox of that day, so called; they "fated twice in the week, and gave tithes of all they possessed," not forgetting to despise the poor publican. In a word, they were the religious fogies of that day. Festus confirms this, when he tells Paul's story to King Agrippa, saying: "There is a certain man left in bonds by Felix, about whom, when I was at Jerusalem, the chief priests and the elders of the Jews informed me, desiring to have judgment against him. Against whom, when the accusers stood up they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed; but had certain questions against him of their own superstition, and of one Jesus which was dead, whom our fathers affirmed to be alive!" The whole head and front of Paul's offending, was that he had become a Spiritualist, and defended the truths of Spiritualism. He "disputed in the synagogues with the Jews, and with the devout persons." Why, the devout persons of this age will hardly allow their synagogues to be decorated by a Spiritualist, no matter how much he or she is gifted with visions, trances, and revelations, as was Paul. We are told that "certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics, encountered" Paul. These were probably some like Harvard professors; and some said, what wilt this babbling say? Others said, he seemed to be a setter forth of strange gods, because he preached to them Jesus and the resurrection. Strange gods! or, as it is rendered in other places, devils. Who were those strange gods, or devils, that Paul set forth? It was Jesus—the departed spirit of Jesus. Paul said he was alive! Who but a Spiritualist would maintain that the departed lived after they had once deceased; that they could come back and converse with the living? Paul maintained this. He was therefore a Spiritualist. Ah! said his opposers, if they do come back they are devils! No good spirits ever come back! Just so the fogies of this age say. Who has not heard them? Paul's good spirit, even Jesus, was a demon in the estimation of those who said "he seemed to be a setter forth of strange demons." No matter how pure a spirit is, that returns after death, whether in this or in past ages; if he returns he is a devil!

Jesus was a powerful medium when in the form, and it is not to be wondered at that his spirit after death controlled so many of his brother and sister mediums. While he was yet in the form, his good guardian angels, as appears evident, wrote with his hand "on the ground." Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Those old fogies all went out one by one, well knowing that for himself, that he was not "without sin." Here it seems Jesus and his guardian angels were infidel to the law of Moses—the established religion! So it is at this day—the mediums and their spirits are all infidel to good old sound orthodoxy. Who has not heard this imputed to them scores of times by the very good, pure fogies of this age? What will be done with the spirits? Poor old fogies cannot help themselves, or retaliate any better than those who applied to Jesus for the "privilege of stoning a poor woman to death, according to the law of Moses!"

While reading an article not long ago from the BANNER OF LIGHT on this same subject, headed "Anti Christians early and late," as I sat in my door, a Baptist clergyman was passing. I said to him, "Here, Elder, here is something for you." "What is it?" said he, making a halt. "An article," said I, "that I think will meet your case. It is headed, 'Anti-Christians early and late.' I will read it to you, as it is short." As he made no objections, I commenced. I had proceeded no further than to involve the early Anti-Christians in the fact of rejecting the inspirations of the age in which they lived, before he interrupted me, saying, "I know what you are at; I don't want you to read any further. Only prove to me present inspiration, and I will not reject it. I'll believe it, and accept it." Said I, "It can be proved very easily; but allow me to ask what you mean by inspiration, and what is evidence of inspiration?" "Holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. I find no such men now-days," said the Elder, and so passed along.

As the Elder has left his flock in this place, I have not had an interview with him since on the subject. If the Elder was right, what a pity it is that no such "holy men" can be found at this day as existed in olden times.

Just as I had written the last sentence above, a vibration upon the saw hanging in my room was made. It was the invisible call for the pen. I presented my hand upon another paper, and it was written, "Mr. Clark, that little tale you gave you on the saw was to remind you that you might let the Elder go to Utah, and he would find men of the stamp he speaks of. No more. S. M. R."

Those must have been very rude and officious spirits to interrupt me in this manner, by comparing "holy men of old" with Mormons. Perhaps they had their eye on David or Solomon. Be this as it may, Brigham Young cannot begin with Solomon of olden times.

Edridge, N. Y., 1859.

## WHAT IS CARBON?

NUMBER FIVE.

To find a solution of this question by reasoning through analogy and induction from the things which are deemed "demonstrated facts," involves some necessity for discussing what at first blush might seem foreign thereto. Thus the question of individualized Life Entity—its nature and essence—as manifested in the natural world, must be analyzed so far as it bears on the question; and, as I propose now to consider it, I feel the expediency of some detailed discussion thereof, though I incur the charge of invading the subject of Popular Theology. I accept, as true, that in God "we live and move and have our being," and construe this ancient and inspired teaching to mean that we have life because he has life, we have the power of motion because he has this power, that we are living and conscious entities because he is a living and conscious entity; or, to state the proposition in the verbal forms of our own time, we, as his creations, are by him endowed with these characteristics of himself.

But I suppose that what we term "natural life," whether manifested in the plant, animal, or man, is an individualized representation of the Divine Will-power, and not, as is so generally assumed, an individualized manifestation of the Divine Life. The fact that Deity is represented and manifested in the grain of sand, the plant, bird, animal and man alike, does not necessarily prove the Divine Life is individualized or manifested therein. If we recognize that God has both Life and Will-power, and can and does exert this power in executing his creation, we may, and I submit must, recognize a distinction in the projected and individualized representations of the Divine Will and of the Divine Life, as to their essence of being, when manifested in the natural world. If thus distinguishing, we regard what we term natural Life, in essence, individualized Divine Will-power, we can consistently denominate the varied material organizations it pervades as creations of Deity; and, in contradistinction thereto, intelligently characterize individualized Divine Life as the Child of Deity, inheriting his image and constitution of being. This may also teach us the difference, in essence, between mortal and immortal Life Entity. Thus reasoning and construing natural life to be in essence with Divine Will-power, I assume it is endowed with the attributes of consciousness and intelligence for executing its appointed functions and mission, but is limited and qualified in unfolding these inherent attributes by the condition of the substance and the form of organization it is united with to manifest itself through. This may explain why we see such diversified genera and species of Vegetable and Animal Life as intermediate links in the chain of creation, while it implies that Life, however manifested in nature, is the same in essence of being; and, if deemed to be a manifestation of the Divine Will, must be, in essence, distinct from the Divine Life.

Hence I submit that the conceded omnipresence of Deity does not necessarily involve his personal presence in his material creations, any more than his conceded omnipotence involves his ability to act inconsistent with the perfection of his own nature and being. I therefore conclude that we may regard Deity as a personalized, identified Spirit, and ignore the idea so zealously urged by some that we must regard him as a "Principle," to reconcile the condition of his being with his imputed omnipresence.

It will be conceded that the projected emanations of a magnet, when absorbed by a piece of iron receiving the same, are thereafter distinct in identity of being from the emitting magnet, though such absorption converts the iron into a magnet. But, strictly speaking, I submit it is the emanations organized and individualized in the iron which constitutes the newly-born magnet, while the iron is but a created form of matter, adapted for such emanations to organize themselves in as an individualized or magnet entity. The iron had its origin and existence as an entity independent of and prior to any contact between it and such magnetic emanations. Hence it is the emanations alone, thus embodied, which can be properly deemed the reproduced offspring of the emitting magnet. The iron is neither the offspring or creation of the magnet, but derives its new condition of being solely from the magnetic emanations thus organized therein. It is thus an existing entity, pervaded by an indwelling mineral force or life, holding its atoms in combination and organization before such contact, and, therefore, after such contact, may be regarded as being pervaded by an additional organized mineral force or life, represented in the newly-formed magnet, thus indicating a dual mineral life therein. If I am right in this analogy I suggest, if not teach, that organized mind, pervaded by conscious, natural life, may exist as a created entity and become, by virtue of its adaptation, the recipient of emanations of Divine Life, which can and will individualize therein as a distinct, and conscious living identity, or sustaining soul, thereof. But as I do not propose, at this time, to discuss the essential distinctions between immortality and mortality, the foregoing views will suffice, I trust, to justify this assumption—to wit, that all the intermediate organizations of nature have their origin in the action of Divine creative or will-energy, and all derive their inherent character therefrom; thus teaching that what is termed forces in the mineral kingdom; and life in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, is, in essence, the same; and, in fact, so many diversified manifestations of Divine energy or Will-power. Waiving, therefore, further theological discussion, I will now recur to the phenomena of the grafted fruit-tree as described in my article No. 3. Why is it that Life, drawing and organizing its needed supplies of atomic matter to constitute its physical, exhibits in the results such a difference in the wood and in the pulp of the fruits produced? If we assume that all matter has primitively a common character of being, as all life has a common origin and source, we cannot ascribe this difference to literally different constituents of the wood and pulp fruit, and, therefore, must infer its results from difference in the conditions or proportions of the same combined therein. If carbon be both a primate and the main constituent of these differing woods, the inference is that this difference is to be ascribed to the relative presence of life, and carbon present in each; or to a difference in the character and condition of one or both thereof. I am not aware of varieties of carbon, as an element, being asserted or accepted, and hence infer that the character thereof is the same in each. Life I suppose to be the same in essence, hence any difference in it, must be solely in condition or degree of developed being. If, therefore, we ascribe the difference of the wood and pulp fruit to either the relative presence of carbon, and life present therein, or to a difference in the character and condition of either thereof, the inference is that the variation in such presence, or in such condition of being, applies to life. This implies that variety of life which involves difference in condition of being, all being the same in essence.

But let it be remembered that life exerts its power over matter by attraction or repulsion; hence, in drawing and organizing its physical, is governed by the law of affinity. This implies that if the pear, apple and quince life-entities differ in condition of being, each would differ alike in their special wants and demands on earth, air and water for their needed supplies to organize their physicals, and suggests that such special wants and demands practically involved a compound, in different proportions, of the various elements so supplied. This idea may be deemed irreconcilable with "the law of chemical equivalents;" but if carbon is the element constituting the wood of each, and life is the same in essence, we may suppose the wood in each case would be alike. It cannot result from the special condition of the acting life-power, because what it leaves each, the same difference in the wood remains, though all are called carbon. If we suppose that each life-entity, thus special in condition of being, is correspondingly special in its needs and demands, and, being so, appropriates to itself just such and so much of the constituents of the air it breathes, the moisture it drinks in, and the mineral force it absorbs, as meets its own special wants, then we may infer that the supplies thus drawn and appropriated, would differ in proportions, and exhibit in wood, such as we have described, and thus indicate that carbon is literally a compound, whose constituents may thus be inferred.

This conclusion finds some seeming confirmation in the fact that while plants breathe compound air, drink compound water, and absorb mineral forces of the earth—which I beg to submit are compounds also—it is admitted that they expel one of the constituents of such air and water, to wit, oxygen, while it is not pretended that they so expel the remaining constituents thereof. The nitrogen and hydrogen thereof must, in the nature of things, be either expelled or assimilated; and if assimilated, any combination of mineral force absorbed from earth therewith, would present a compound differing from what science can find manifested below organic life in nature. The fact that plants also periodically expel carbonic acid gas, will harmonize with the foregoing, if we regard this gas as an embodiment of the waste force and substance of the organism to be cast off. It is not hard to recognize that life's action, in expanding and organizing its physical,



herent power involves also a waste of vital forces; and if we accept this view, it will be difficult to detect how and when the organisms are relieved therefrom, unless we conclude they are represented in, and constitute carbonic acid gas. The trouble is, to reconcile the teaching that plants inspire carbonic acid from the air to supply their physical organisms with their alleged periodical expulsion of this same so-called element. There seems to be a direct conflict in these teachings.

If the foregoing views are based on truth, the general principle thereof should explain why the covering pulp of the ruff grown on this grafted tree so differs, if it will not also suggest why the seeds of each should, in reproduction, yield a variety of plant life kindred to that of the tree to which it is grafted. I will, in my next, try to successfully apply it thus, as a further illustration of carbon being a compound.

PHILADELPHIA.

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## Banner of Light.

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### SOCIETY.

Man has been defined to be a social animal; yet, there is something in him greater than mere companionship, and that is the naked elements of his own nature. It is a common failing with us all that we want to lean upon somebody else; that we would like to see our personal burdens shifted upon other shoulders; that we prefer something like a copartnership business to a single and sole dependency upon ourselves; and that we love to lose our individual selves at times in the general mass, entertaining some confused hope that a novel and brilliant combination would result. But nothing ever results as we expect; we are all the time thrown back upon ourselves, and sternly told that our own strength is all that we are at liberty, under God, to rely upon.

This costly experience of the individual as against society is going on continually. Whatever a man gains to himself comes from this first most bitter disappointment. He learns thoroughly, when he learns the lesson at all, that he can place no reliance on society, or upon any organization whatever, but must needs trust to himself everywhere if he would develop his individual worth and power. It is weakness to think there is anything better for us than what we already possess in and of ourselves; God has furnished us with a complete set of faculties, that are abundantly capable of harmonizing with one another and making the character a complete accord.

Hence we throw away our chances when we run off after the lights of others. The others are useful to us only as they stimulate us to exertion and development, never as they do for us what it is fated we should do for ourselves. If we are to be anything, we must be it, and not some one else for us; that is the first condition laid down across the threshold of our existence. And any theory of society, or of religion, that ignores this fundamental fact, and seeks to cover it over with some soundings generally about the advancement of the race, even at the expense of the individual, must speedily prove itself hollow, specious, and practically impossible.

Society can do nothing for us, for whatever this thing which we call society may be, we ourselves help to make it. We do not draw our resources from that, but that proceeds altogether from us; and we try to walk backwards, when we ascribe to that a primary power and influence which resides only with ourselves. There are a great many persons who allow themselves to talk thoughtlessly about going into society, as if there was a something somewhere within that charmed circle which they had not already within themselves, but must needs go out of their own life to secure. It is a great place of nonsense, and time and character both are wasted in the vain endeavor to get riches that are already heaped up within the vaults of our own natures, and awaiting nothing but our individual discovery.

Every man takes his own place in society. It is not offered him, to see how high he is willing to bid for it. Society is no organization, with regular degrees, and a showy medal for every member as soon as he takes it. Nor yet is it in any true sense a mark, or a prize, after which everybody is to run. But we all give to it just so much as we are. Though we mingle but little with others personally, we still cannot get rid of our influence, whatever that may be, and carry it about with us wherever we may go; it is nevertheless of minor importance whether we take the pains to go about and personally make an exhibition of our influence, or remain at home and let it go forth from us upon the natures of those whom we may never see. In such a view, Carlyle and Emerson, though little in crowds, and never setting themselves up for popular exhibition, are still among the most potent men in the social ranks. It is such men as they, in fact, who make society, who give it ideas to digest and assimilate, and who are familiarly quoted, appealed to, and translated, in the best society of every civilized land. They are great social lords and masters, and must not be expected to go around in every little group that chooses to assemble.

All of which brings us round again to the central principle, which is simple and primary, that everything is resident in the individual, and that nothing originates with organizations, whether civil or religious. Any one can see the truth of it for himself. If a new idea is promulgated and defended by any organization, it is evident that some individual of that organization first conceived that same idea, and first announced it and translated it to the rest. It became a power as fast as it grew to be common, and so operated on the minds of a multitude. If that individual, however, had merged himself in the mass, he would have enjoyed no perceptions of his own, and the mass itself would not thus have received any benefit.

There is no society, except through the force of sympathy; and all the vain attempts to get a mob of well-dressed, or ill-dressed, men and women together and call them society, are as foolish and idle as are those engaged in the swindle. A true social condition implies two very important things,—that there are at least two parties to the affair, and that there is a community of interest between them. But an external arrangement such as we have offered us at every term, whereby one man is told that if the former will contribute his fame, or his brilliant talents, the latter will

contribute his riches, his plate, his servants, his great rooms with their costly furniture,—this sort of an arrangement we pronounce a miserable sham, and we hope to do something in our day to show up its utter worthlessness. There is no such thing as barter in these sacred matters. The communion of souls, whether demonstrated by speech and manners, or by a deep and awing silence, is not to be lugged into any kind of a trade, such as that you shall furnish the show and I will find the talk. On the contrary, it is all simple, direct, earnest, and sincere. The heathen mythology represents the gods on Mount Olympus not as chattering and giggling among themselves, but as silent, above excitement, and far removed from all the pomp of empty shows.

The great objection to the social theory is its clannishness; it divides up the responsibility so minutely that the individual at last comes to feel none of it whatever himself. It will not do to tell men, either, that one of them is as good as another one, and, having an organization on this single misapprehension, or deceit, to seek to bring all down to a common level. It may be true enough that one man may become as good as another—that is, in his own individual way—but it is wickedness itself to teach the unreflecting that they are already as good as all others, or that goodness and purity and truth are relative terms merely, objects easy of acquirement, and not abstract and divine, after which the soul should aspire and struggle, from its birth all through the limitless eternities. And it is in this same vicious teaching, in which so many of our social demagogues indulge, that the clannishness of modern society betrays itself, and will eventually be sure to work its own destruction. For where this spirit of clan exists, the true sympathy cannot be; the latter is divine, coming down from heaven, passing with lightning transit from one soul to another; while the former is partizan merely, seeking certain selfish ends, eager to grasp material good, given to trading and bartering, and always crushing out the individual between the millstones of the organization and its objects.

We would not disparage organizations, for they may do much where individuals could practically work nothing; but it is this idea of surrendering ourselves to them, of getting them to take our place and stand in our stead, that we oppose, and we do so because we believe it is time the other and healthier side of the case ought to be presented. An organization, of whatever kind, is no more nor less than a machine, and it would be folly to undertake to set up any machine above its makers. Man, in fact, is greater than the institutions that embody his advancing thought; and if he were not, his progress could never be traced in history even by his institutions.

What goes by the name of *fashionable society* is the worst form of dissipation possible to the spirit of man. It is not able at any point to inspire him with a new thought, and so enlarges his nature by the measure of a new experience. It is its dawning and silly to the last degree. Nothing could be invented more denuding to the native faculties of the soul. It makes the whole nature weak and dejected. It unfits the man for every vigorous and manly work. It pays its bauble premiums to brainless shows, and turns up its nose at high spiritual gifts, nor can we see, for near-sightedness, anything like genuine spiritual beauty. There is no such element in it as sympathy, and never could be. It is a masque,—an aimless trifling with life,—a criminal squandering of the highest gifts of the soul. He who can accept it, can live in it, can consent to be a part of it, and yet say that he enjoys life, or that he feels the pulsations of progress within him, or prays that man and woman everywhere may be reduced to the pulp of such a condition, has never opened the eyes of his spirit upon anything like true life, and is squandering all he has, and all he may hope to have, under the influence of a delusion whose end must be a painful experience indeed.

There is but one healthy view that we can take of society, and the condition which we commonly consent to call social existence; and it is this,—that man makes his own society, while society ever waits for its character and its tone upon man. Any one who defers to an organization, because it can put forth louder pretensions than himself, or because he feels the weight of its age and venerableness upon him as he considers it, or because he has not yet learned the knowledge of himself,—whether that organization be social, political, or ecclesiastical,—cannot as yet be said to have begun his true existence, and never can hope to have begun it till he has been newly born into the sphere of his own individuality.

Still, it would be just as futile to expect to mend matters by entering on any radical and thoughtless tirade against the organizations. The only way is to keep our present footing, and make it appear of how little worth they are; and thus they will gradually slough themselves off, like dead cuticles, from our spiritual natures. We must resolve to make the world better than it is by being better ourselves. Our work is to put hollowness of institutions to open shame, by proving that they are not in reality worthy to represent us. If, however, we only join in angry tirades against them, nothing is effected as against them, and we ourselves betray but the effects of our aimless prejudices. And prejudice is never, let us remember, to be killed out with prejudice; but by love alone, which flowers out in beautiful deeds and blessed example.

Thus society may ever be just what we ourselves make it. The fashionable circles are not society, and none know it better than themselves; they simply compile, because they feel that the "inner court of angels" which is made up of the best and purest and loftiest souls, is unapproachable by them, and that they could not be at home even with a free admission to its assemblages. Harder bolts than those of iron and steel shut them out, because they are the terribly tough bars of spiritual incapacity. It is useless for them to struggle, for they struggle only against Fate. All men and all assemblies publish themselves. Each takes his and its own place, and cannot move out of its own natural orbit. As well might we expect the stars to come down from their places, or the tropical fruits to come to us from the region of the poles.

### American Institute Exhibition.

The Twenty-first Annual Fair of the American Institute, now open at Palace Garden, corner of 6th Avenue and 14th Street, New York, presents an attractive resort, and multitudes through the place on each succeeding day and evening. The products of the soil and of the artistic genius of the country, which are numerous, diversified and well displayed, occupy all the available space in the Garden and the temporary buildings, erected for the accommodation of the Institute. The whole presents an interesting and instructive exhibition.

Palace Garden is well situated for the purpose, and easily accessible. The cars of the Sixth Avenue Railroad, which leave the Astor House—also the corner of Canal Street and Broadway—every five minutes through the day and evening, and the Sixth Avenue stages—constantly passing at all points on one great thoroughfare, take the visitor directly to the Exhibition. Our readers should embrace the opportunity, while the fine weather continues, to spend a few hours at Palace Garden. Hereafter we shall notice, in a special manner, whatever will most interest our country readers among the illustrations of Art now on exhibition at the Fair.

### S. J. Finney, of Ohio.

Mr. Finney will lecture in Ordway Hall, Boston, the four Sundays of November, and will make engagements to lecture in this vicinity, three evenings each week during that month. Applications for that purpose may be addressed to Mr. F. to the care of Dr. H. P. Gardner, 46 Essex Street. Mr. F. is a lecturer upon the Philosophy of Spiritualism, is an earnest, eloquent, and logical speaker, occupying the same position as a lecturer with us, as does John H. Gough in the Temperance movement.

### Words from the New York Sanctum.

It was in the year 1818 that the present writer was persuaded to undertake the editorial management of the *Universalist*. The paper was regarded as a phenomenon; and for aught we know to the contrary, it was—in the order of time—the first journal of its class in this country and the world. Though it anticipated the Modern Phenomena, in their more tangible phases, it was nevertheless eminently spiritual in its essential philosophy and its practical inculcations. Its friends were comparatively few in number, but they were strong in faith and earnest in their endeavors after more light and a nobler life. Among them were a few precent souls who had been watching—long and anxiously—for the dawn. To all such it was a joyful hour that witnessed the first rays of the Spiritual Morning, as they shone through the open portals of the New Day, and fell like a golden mist on the departing Night.

Since we assumed our first public responsibility, in this particular direction, the recording Angel—by the process of his noiseless stylography—has completed the record of eleven years—years signalized by imposing discoveries in science, amazing developments in the arts of civilized life, and important changes in every department of human affairs. In the archives of the Ages, and on the tablets of men's souls, will the history be found. It is full of severe reproof, of solemn instruction and precious consolation. To-day memory is busy with images of the Past and the names of the departed. The "heralds of eternity" are here to admonish and to inspire.

"While other days come back to us  
With recollected music, though the tone  
Is changed and solemn."

By a species of attraction quite as natural and scarcely less absolute than the force that determines the respective positions of all surrounding objects—the writer finds himself in this place. It is quite unnecessary to remind those personal friends who have watched our shifting fortunes from the beginning, that we have been in similar situations before; nevertheless, a word of friendly recognition and cordial greeting to those long tried and faithful ones, (whose companionship and support are most respectfully solicited in our new relation) and to the numerous readers of this paper, may not be inappropriate to the occasion.

Through the pages of the *Universalist* and the *Shekinah*, and more recently in the columns of the *Telegraph* and the *Age*, the writer has periodically conversed with his friends and the public, on subjects which occupied the free minds of the country, and are still very near to his own heart. To-day by the force of that moral and spiritual gravitation that determines our choice, and in consonance with the good pleasure of our associates—who have graciously unfurled this *Banner of Light* above our head—we are here to re-establish the former relations, yet with a much larger compass, and to renew this commerce of ideas on a still broader scale.

Trusting that our feeble efforts may be rendered potential by the Divine blessing, and hoping that our future labors in this department may not only receive the reader's approbation, but also that they may subserve, in some humble manner, the interests of the common Humanity, we may now proceed—with no promise for the future save the record of the past—to the discharge of our duties.

S. B. BRITTON.

### The New York Academy of Music.

The present Opera season promises to be one of unusual brilliancy. So many stars have seldom shone upon us in the operatic constellation. While the public is to be entertained by an unusual array of the best musical talent in the world, the accomplished gentleman who presides over that institution, will doubtless reap the harvest to which he is fairly entitled by his enterprise and genius. During the war in Italy, Mr. Strakosch was winning peaceful conquests among the operatic troops in the land of song, having captured one prima donna after another until he had no less than three in his train, using his contract with La Spersanza, as a passport while traveling on Austrian territory, and by his rapid movements and skillful diplomacy, leaving the Milanese and the agents of the London and Paris Opera Companies to take what he has left. Mr. Strakosch has displayed unusual tact and discrimination in the selection of his artists, and he presents a programme for the season which is the sure prophecy of a signal and a certain triumph.

The regular season opened on Monday, 17th inst., when Signorina Spersanza made her debut in "La Traviata." The young and beautiful prima donna—whose face and complexion are rather English than Italian—was born in Turin in 1841; hence only eighteen summers have left their light and bloom in her eye and on her cheek. Yet she has already attained an enviable success in Italy and Spain, having captivated the muses of Italian poets, and attracted, night after night, the first artists, the Ministers of State, and Victor Emanuel himself to the theatre Rosini; where she sang Leonora in the *Traviata* no less than twenty-six consecutive nights, immediately succeeding her first appearance as a prima donna. She now comes to us in the early morning of a career that is full of promise, wearing such laurels as are seldom won by protracted effort and a ripe experience.

Mr. Strakosch has secured another attraction in Mile, Cruvelli, a prima donna contralto, who is said to resemble Vestval. Some time since her sister—who also distinguished herself in opera—married a Baron, and retired from the stage. Signorina Orsolinna, a Sicilian prima donna with a fine voice of unusual compass, who achieved her first conquests at Venice, occupies the third place in this galaxy of beauty and song. Among the other celebrities at the Academy, we are to have Beaucaud, an excellent tenor, and the original Mauro in the *Traviata*, who is now a passenger in the Ocean Queen from Havre; also, Ferri, the baritone, who has a superior voice and a fine person, and is without an eminent singer and actor. Susine, Sigelli, Testa, and other artists, are engaged. Altogether, Mr. Strakosch has combined in his company and in himself, an unusual variety of talent and all the elements of a large success.

### Mr. Brown's Lectures.

Comparatively few Spiritualists have any comprehensive views or information respecting Emanuel Swedenborg and his Revelations, notwithstanding Modern Spiritualism should undoubtedly date from the advent of the Swedish Seer. We are persuaded that many of our readers would gladly avail themselves of any short method of obtaining clearer ideas and larger information on this subject. With the view of aiding the multitudes, who have neither the time nor the inclination to pursue the voluminous writings of Swedenborg, Mr. R. K. Brown, of New York, has prepared two lectures on the Revelations of Swedenborg as seen in the light of the present Spiritual Manifestations, which he would be pleased to deliver in places when his services in the capacity of lecturer may be required. Mr. Brown is a free and independent thinker, whose occasional contributions to the *Spiritual Press* have displayed much intelligence and metaphysical ability. The following suggestions will suffice to give the reader some idea of the scope and character of the lectures. (Mr. Brown may be addressed at the New York office of this paper.)

### SWEDENBORGIANISM.

Under this term range two classes of truths and errors. The first, held by Swedenborgians predisposed to every revelation of the soul, dealing with man's immortality and of special, divine appointment and invention—and so regarding Swedenborg as a plenipotentiary specially selected and commissioned by God in person—to accept all the doctrines which simply reveal the process of Swedenborg's mind, as of equal validity with and inseparable from the scenes he witnessed; and second, the facts of that experience divested of these accompaniments of inference, etc., which are generally attended to as a part of his narrative which, while closely and intimately woven into the text of his narrative, are yet only the thought and work of the man, not what he actually witnessed.

Swedenborg himself, brought up to his experience as a seer, some of the notions derived from old Christianity; such of these notions as he regarded as reasonable fully upon, he discarded, or greatly modified. While such as were a corollary of, or owing to, a belief in the Deity of Christ, he held. Such was the state of this man; but his experience itself affords no justification of the dogmas.

The rejection of Swedenborg by the Spiritualists dates from the false estimate of him, insisted on by the "Swedenborgians." But the candid un-Swedenborgian Student of Swedenborg, scanning him in the light of the present spiritual manifestations, finds his facts, and all that he was actually witness to, when separated from his dogmas, fall into the same order of phenomena, and are provided for on the same principles of explanation.

It may therefore be interesting to thinking Spiritualists or others, to be shown that to renounce Swedenborg as a seer, and as false, is to renounce the basis of their belief in spiritual manifestations.

The lectures, of which the preceding is a hint, will be occupied in showing the accord of Swedenborg's spiritual experience and our own.

### Love in Randolph.

The Spiritualists of Randolph, Mass., will hold a love at Stetson Hall, on Thursday, Oct. 27th, commencing at half-past six o'clock, P. M. All friends are invited to attend. Should the weather prove unfavorable, it will be postponed till Friday.

### Woman and her Work.

Rev. E. H. Chapin delivered the first of the course of eight lectures, in the Plymouth Church, (Henry Ward Beecher's), on Monday evening, Oct. 10th. The subject selected for the occasion was "The Nature of Woman, and the Character of her Work." Without laying claim to any originality in his general course of argument, Mr. Chapin proceeded, in his own eloquent and forcible style, to vindicate the claims of woman to the same position with man before the law, and to a wider hold in the industrial activities of the world than she has hitherto occupied. These claims were based upon her equal participation with man in all the essential elements—material and spiritual—which make up the common humanity. He recognized no separate and distinct rights for Woman or for Man—he believed in *Human Rights*. He knew of no sphere for Woman that should be determined by her sex, and would not have her hesitate to overstep the conventional lines—whether established by law, custom or prejudice. Her orbit in the social economy of the world was not, in his judgment, to be determined by such arbitrary authorities and unnatural restrictions. He recognized as the appropriate sphere for each individual, whether male or female, the place which each is qualified by nature and education to occupy. He would have every one find his or her place, not by the forces and the limits of dogmatic incentives and restraints, but by a spontaneous gravitation. Where both are free to move in the natural order which God ordained, Woman will no more leave her proper sphere, than Venus will abandon her own orbit to follow in the track of Mars.

The fear that a thorough education will unsex woman, was facetiously disposed of, together with the pretensions of those old ladies in broadcloth, who indulge in such vague and groundless apprehensions. "Educate any nature," said the lecturer, "and you will at once ascertain its proper sphere;" that question will be definitely settled by the free exercise and development of every faculty. He had no suspicion that Woman would become masculine by the undisputed possession of her natural rights, or in consequence of occupying her true position as an intellectual and moral being. The same soil that sustains the hardy oak nourishes the delicate flowers, while they weave from sunlight and dew tissues more splendid than the robes of Solomon.

The speaker thought he discovered some improvement in the condition of Woman, resulting from the gradual expansion of the acknowledged sphere of her appropriate duties. He was encouraged with the prospect that "women and clergymen are soon to become something better than respectable paupers." He regarded education as having relation to capacity, and not to sex; and the education of Woman should only be limited by her own desires, and the possibilities of her mental and moral developments and achievements.

Those perfumed exquisites who work up the dictionary into "the confectiory of small talk," and the young women who spend their time in "coasting along the shore of matrimonial speculation"—making their termini the watering-place and the opera—were handled without much regard to their extreme sensibilities. They were spoken of as "gamblers" who make all things—not excepting conscience—subservient to the one great object in life—a *fortunate marriage*. We had no occasion to be surprised in view of the domestic infidelity and the social antagonisms of the world. But the attempt to break down the institution of Marriage—by seeking after new affluities—in order to remedy existing evils, was about as wise as it would be to scuttle a ship and send it to the bottom because some of the passengers are sea-sick.

In the last part of his lecture, Mr. Chapin spoke of the classes of females who must have some honorable occupation, or perish—physically or morally—and made an eloquent and touching appeal in their behalf, which went home to the understandings and the hearts of the multitude who listened to his words. The men who use their influence to degrade Woman, were occasionally visited with the lash of the speaker's invective. He was of opinion that the men (?) who pay three cents for making shirts "ought to be sewed up in such garments, and pricked with needles all the way from Madison Square to the Battery!" And those fashionable ladies who smile on rich and elegant sinners, and hang on the arms of the foul debauchees at the soiree and the opera—when, but for his money, "he would be sandwiched between two policemen, and taken to the station-house"—were politely but severely chastised in this part of the lecture.

In his concluding observations Mr. Chapin paid a merited tribute to Florence Nightingale; and in an extemporized passage in reference to Lady Franklin, and the results of the last Arctic expedition, the speaker thrilled his hearers by his deep earnestness and mastery power of expression.

The audience filled the church to its utmost capacity. The next lecture in the course will be delivered on the evening of the 18th instant, by GEORGE W. CURTIS.

### The Presidency and the Spirits.

We extract the following from the N. Y. Sunday Atlas of the 10th instant:—

"All we want is a palpable manifestation of our numbers and power, to entitle us to the respectful hearing and consideration of the people at large. No one thing could do so much toward enforcing for Spiritualism a position in this country as the casting of two or three hundred thousand votes, in 1860, for Gov. Tallmadge, or Judge Edwards, as President. And we can do it, if we try! We can hold the 'balance of power' between the two great parties."—*Spiritualist*.

We fear that this project will interfere with the arrangements of our friends of the Know Nothing party, who claim to hold the balance between the other parties; but as "Sam" will in a few months be numbered among the departed, perhaps his spirit will be found acting vigorously with the new party. The ghosts of the old Whig party have been struggling around for the past half dozen years, and their success in sustaining a party organization must be very discouraging to those who purpose to start a new spiritual party. It will quite "thunder" spirits" who advise the old Whig ghosts to allow themselves to be absorbed in this new spiritual movement.

While we have no idea that the Spiritualists of this country contemplate anything like a political organization, we have reason to believe that either of the gentlemen named above would make a much better President than the country has had for the last eight years. It is also to be observed that politicians generally have no particular objection to *spirits*—especially about the time of the election—provided they come up from the smoky pit of the distillery, or from the "vasty depths" of hogheads and demijohns. The influence of such spirits, both on the caucus and at the ballot-box, is nothing new. As it respects the presence of the ghosts of political organizations—in whose existence and identity the Atlas appears to have some faith—we confess our skepticism. We have been long enough familiar with their dead bodies, and may possibly turn politicians when we can find a party that has a soul to survive, either in heaven, earth or hell.

### The Last Sensation.

An exciting event of the past week in New York was the marriage of DON ETERAN SANTA GUAZ DE OVEJUNO, and Miss FRANCES AMBERIA BARTLETT, whose nuptials were solemnized in the most imposing manner on Thursday, Oct. 13th, at the hour of noon by the (in church parlance) Most Reverend Archbishop Hughes. The ceremony, which was performed at the Cathedral in Mott Street, drew together a vast multitude of people and furnished a prolific theme for newspaper gossip. The preparations for the wedding were on a scale of oriental and princely magnificence. The bridegroom is said to possess an estate worth \$4,000,000, and the police were required to keep constant watch about the residence of the bride's father where a fortune in bridal presents was deposited. It is not to be presumed that Senor Ovejuna and his wife sleep any hotter than other people, who do not require the police to protect their possessions.

### New Publications.

Under this head we have nothing to say except an authentic copy of A. H. Bartlett's Patent Coffee Pot, issued from 420 Broadway, N. Y., which some one has left on our table. The particular specimen that prompts this paragraph is of course private property, but in a general way the "Old Java Coffee Pot" is a public institution, and everywhere indispensable about seven o'clock in the morning. We never imbibe from that fountain, and personally cannot be regarded as competent authority on coffee; but our companion in the domestic copartnership tried that identical coffee pot this very morning, and in view of her high commendation of the same, we feel authorized to say, that it realizes every wish of a woman's heart that a coffee pot may be supposed to satisfy. As the work is likely to be in constant demand, we shall look for the second edition when this is fairly up.

### Lizzie Doten.

This lady speaks in Boston but one more Sabbath at present. She will be followed by Frank White, on the 30th inst. Mr. Finney will speak during November.

All communications, whether of a public or private nature, intended for the *New York Editor*, should be addressed to him at the office of this paper, 143 Fulton Street, New York.

### Personal Intelligence.

Our distinguished friend, Hon. M. P. TALLMADGE—who has been suffering since 1836 from a serious bronchial difficulty—writes us from Lithgow, Dutchess County, N. Y., respecting the state of his health and other matters of interest. Though the Governor's letter was only designed for our private inspection, we shall be pardoned for this public use of the subjoined extracts:

"My own health has been a very material drawback to any efforts on my part to put forward the great cause. For the last three years, or nearly so, this incubus has been upon me, it has unfitted me for business, subjected me to great expense, and deranged my business matters at home. My beautiful mansion has been closed for the last two years, and solitude now reigns through its deserted halls, and throughout its shady groves. I am looking forward to the time when the dark shadows shall be chased away by the sunlight of returning health, and the reassembling of congenial friends around the festive board. Hope promises all this—but, as yet, it is 'Hope deferred.' If I can make the necessary arrangements, I shall try to spend the winter at Havana or elsewhere at the South. I am advised that such a change of climate is necessary for a permanent cure."

But, my dear friend, let us 'hope on, hope ever,' for the best, and feel assured that the time of life is short, and that soon we shall be ushered into that pure state of fruition, and look back with pleasure upon all our cares and troubles here, as having added to it for that great and overruling Hereafter."

Our venerable friend expresses a strong desire "to be in a condition to perform us," as long as he remains in the body, and an unwavering conviction that in the life to come he will be "still more able to benefit his kind." We have made his hopes and his faith our own; and many who will read this, will pray in spirit, that health may visit him once more—that the halls and groves of "Forest Home" may echo again to his voice and his footsteps. It is our privilege to indulge the hope that the lengthening shadow of his presence will not soon be withdrawn from our pathway, and that the light of his countenance may linger long on the immortal threshold, to warm the hearts and to enlighten the minds of his generation.

Mr. WILLIAM FISHBOUGH has recently contributed a series of papers to the *Spiritual Press*, on the "Spirit and the Spirit World," which we have perused with interest and pleasure. The author of course does not, in all cases, see his subject from our own point of view; but that is of no consequence. After wading through whole columns of shallow pretences and ambitious words, combined with amazing incoherence, by *ad idem* philosophers, it is certainly refreshing to meet with one whose mental specific gravity enables him to penetrate the superficial of a profound subject, and to furnish some food for the cultivated mind. Mr. F. is such a writer, whose skill, however, in the effective use of his faculties and attainments, is not commensurate with the liberal resources of his mind. He has, doubtless, a sufficient intellectual capital—if it were only sufficiently attenuated, or vaporized, to set up a dozen superficial minds in the business of writing—for the common fashion—on the vaguely defined subject of "our philosophy."

There is an important work for some one to perform, and for which Mr. Fishbough may be well qualified—we refer to a comprehensive history of Ancient Spiritualism. Some one should be employed to trace the progressive development of the Spiritual Idea, and its diversified phenomenal illustrations, through the primitive forms of Religion, and among all the ancient nationalities. Such a work is now demanded by the great Spiritual Reformation of the age, to satisfy our own inquiries, and to silence forever the stupid ignorance and inveterate skepticism which are prone to treat the whole subject as if it were merely a new species of fungi, indigenous nowhere else but in the soil of the American mind. Such a work should only be undertaken by a dispassionate and patient investigator, who is at once eminently free from a disposition to dogmatize, and qualified to take rational and comprehensive views of the whole subject. Mr. F. has many important qualifications for such a work; and if sufficiently free from a certain ecclesiastical tendency, (less conspicuous now than formerly), he would write a very valuable history. Some one who is able would, we doubt not, do the public a service by furnishing Mr. Fishbough with "the staff of life" to lean upon, while he follows the obvious bent of his inclinations, in tracing the silver streams that have left so many traces of beauty and fertility amid the dreary wastes of the world's material history.

SCHAMYL, THE TELL OF THE OTHOBIAN MOUNTAINS, who for thirty years defied the whole military power of Russia, has at last fallen into the hands of his enemies. His wonderful heroism, his many marvelous escapes, and the enthusiasm and devotion of his comrades, may be traced to the power of religious ideas. He regarded himself as the special agent of Heaven, and he was, doubtless, treated with quite as much veneration by his brave followers, as was Moses by the ancient Hebrews. The future will cherish his memory, and the enemies of despotism ever honor his name, unless the authentic history of his wonderful career shall finally be regarded as the fabulous story of the Mountain Chief of Circassia.

The Rev. Mr. BRONSON appears to be about as liberal in respect to the Communion, as Henry Ward Beecher is on the subject of Baptism, or Mr. Bellows in his views of the Drama. In a recent letter the English sensation preacher says:

"As for Communion, it seems to us that it is no more at our disposal than the blood of the Redeemer, which he has shed for all his people, whether immersed or not. We believe restricted fellowship to be impossible among the saints of God. With all the Church we do and must commune. The Spirit of the living God has established an irresistible Communion among all the regenerated, and no Church can limit or restrain the divine impulse. Respecting the consciences of those who hold a limited fellowship, we do most solemnly protest against their error."

Rev. PROFESSOR HIRAK MATTHEW, who sometime since gave the world, through his publisher, a very irregular and uncandid book, designed to caricature the nature and the claims of Spiritualism—has been delivering a course of lectures on the "Sabbath Question," at the Union (Methodist Episcopal) Chapel. We understand that the Professor is still subject to the same old spirit of vituperation that has had his Reverence and J. W. Daniels under control from the beginning. In a notice of Professor M.'s recent lectures, the *New York Sunday Herald* says:—



Reported for the Banner of Light.

## HENRY D. THORAU AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday, October 9th.

Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, the author of "Walden, or Life in the Woods," &c., lectured before the Thoreau Parker's congregation, at the Music Hall, on Sunday, Oct. 9th, on "Myself and Life."

He began by remarking on the unfitness of a lecturer's dealing with a subject wholly foreign to himself. The greatest compliment the speaker ever had paid him, was when he was asked what he thought. Men generally wanted to know of him—since he is a surveyor—how many acres of land he had, or some question to no better purpose. A man once came to ask him to lecture on Slavery; he found that the applicant and his clique expected seven-eighths of the lecture to be on Slavery, and one-eighth to be on him; so he declined. He was resolved to give them a strong dose of himself; and, since the Committee had sent for him, and engaged to pay for him, he was bound that they should have him, though he should bore them intolerably.

He proposed to consider the way in which we spend our lives. The world is a place of business and bustle—no Sabbath—it is only work, work, work. It is not easy to buy a blank-book for thoughts; they are generally ruled for dollars and cents. There is nothing so base as this. A foolish man in his town wished him to help make a wall, at the foot of a bank, the construction of which will occupy three weeks. The only good effect for the owner would be money. It would make money for the lecturer to help him; but, not considering that any real profit would accrue to either, he declines the job. If a man walks in the woods for the love of them, he is regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day in clearing off woods, and making the earth bald before his time, he is esteemed a good citizen. Yet to do that from which you make money only, is to be idle, and worse. Do not hire a man who does the work for money, but him who does it for the love of it.

The man who changes his occupation for money, acknowledges that his life has been a failure. When men made such offers to him, he thought it as if, when, with our and sail, his little bark had fought its way to the middle of the ocean, one should ask him to turn back. When a boy, he saw an advertisement for able-bodied seamen, and when he became of age he embarked for the voyage, and meant to finish it. The community has no bribe to buy a wise man.

If the lecturer sold both his forenoon and afternoon to society, there would be, to him, nothing worth living for. There is no greater blunder than he who consumes the greater part of his life in getting his living. Let a man live by that for which he should live. The poet must sustain himself by his poetry, as a steam plating-mill fills its boilers by the shavings it makes. You must get your living by doing. To inherit property is not to be born, but to be still-born. On Sunday, the poor debtor in all that is of real value comes to church to take an account of stock, and finds his outgoes greater than his income. In the Catholic church, he gives up all, and thinks to start again. There is little or nothing written on the subject which so much engrosses the minds of men—the subject of getting a living—not only how to make it honest and honorable, but altogether inviting, and glorious, as it should be. Yet is there any such thing as wisdom not applied to life? It is pertinent to ask if Plato got his living more successfully than his admirers, or did he succumb to the difficulties of life like other men.

The rush to California. Mr. Thoreau regarded as reflecting the greatest disgrace on mankind, that so many are willing to live by luck, so to engage the labors of others less lucky than themselves, and contribute nothing to society. And this, said he, is called enterprise! A hog, that roots his own living, so stirring up the soil, would be ashamed of himself to live such a life. If the lecturer could command the wealth of all the worlds by lifting a finger, he would not pay such a price for that somewhat extensive property. He would not buy a ticket in a lottery, whose prizes were seats in heaven. Such lives make God a moneyed gentleman, who scatters a handful of pennies, to amuse himself with seeing the world scramble for them. Satan, from one of his elevations, showed mankind the kingdom of California, and they shouted "Go ahead!" and he had to exert himself to get there first—but he did.

Among our teachers there are few moral teachers. The prophets are the apostles of the age. The lecturer's noblest friends (he did not state whether they were his best ones) advised him not to trouble himself on these subjects.

The men who go to California and Australia are most unfortunate when most successful. In the true mine, of his own nature, a man will never be interfered with by others, or limited in his claim. The man who found the twenty-eight pound nugget, in Australia, bought a horse and spent his days in galloping about the country, and calling to every passer—"Do you know who I am? I am the bloody wretch who found the nugget!" How it was he was hopelessly ruined, but that he was the representative of his class.

But why go to California for a text? California is the child of New England, bred at school and church. America is said to be the arena where the battle of freedom is to be fought; but, even if we grant that the American is politically free, he is a slave to a moral tyrant. Now that the *res publica* has been settled, it is time to see after the *res privata*. We are concerned about the outward defences of freedom, merely. There is a part of us which is not represented—it is taxation without representation; we quarter our gross bodies upon our souls, till the form eats up the whole substance.

Mr. Thoreau proceeded to express his unmeasured contempt of politics and government. He never reads the political columns of the newspapers; and the time and labor bestowed by our Presidents on their messages seems to have been in great part wasted, as Mr. Thoreau has never read one of them. Returning to his former theme, he claimed that it was not their freedom from the wants that create industry, which keeps the South Sea Islanders savage, but simply their want of the higher sentiments which should take the place of these. Civilization does not substitute this for the barren simplicity of the savage. The Concord muster was spoken of as having its only result in the dust which covered even the ill-paved in the river. The speaker then dwelt, at considerable length, on the idleness of men, involving no principle. He himself would not go to the corner to see the world blow up, though an excellent view of the event might be had from that position. He judged that a wise man, on being asked to be told that the sun was snuffed out, would not manifest the slightest interest in that phenomenon, at least until he was in actual need of light. We may fill our minds with news from the Court of Heaven, or of the Police Court. He preferred the former. We should preserve our chastity of mind, as well as soul.

The lecture, notwithstanding its very peculiar views, elicited much interest from the epigrammatic style in which it was clothed.

## Nearer Simplicity.

Is any one more of a fool than another? We answer, no; for the more one knows the more sympathy one feels for simpletons, which sympathy holds all fools in equal ignorance. This sympathy is the delight of all ages. He that desires to know more than anybody else happens to be, is possessed of a selfish aspiration which helps nobody to learn.

"We shall make up our minds, sooner or later, that a web of sympathy is woven into the hearts of humanity, over whose electric threads the elements of wisdom and folly flash like lightning, and each fool feels every shock of sense and nonsense that is incident to," every other fool.

A BOSTON CHILD.

## The Arena of Nature, by Hudson Tuttle.

A notice of this book was given in our paper some months since. The work is now in press, and will appear about the middle of November next. From a cursory perusal of the manuscript, we think the book will create a sensation. It treats on scientific subjects, embracing a large mass of valuable information not contained in any other work. Former works of Mr. Tuttle have met with much favor from the Spiritualists, and we have no doubt the one now in press will command an attentive perusal, and elicit considerable criticism and commendation. The price of the book will be one dollar, and it will be issued from this office.

## Notice to Correspondents.

Mrs. L. R. Mr. STEELING.—Portraits of deceased parties have been drawn by G. E. Walcutt, Columbus, Ohio, and E. Rodgers, Cardington, Ohio; but there are failures in the matter. M. S. TOWNSEND.—The letter was received and names correctly entered. They have received a return on this, undoubtedly.

## The Israelites.

This paper is the leading organ of the Israelites in the United States, and it is faithfully devoted to their interests. It is quarto form, published weekly, handsomely printed, and edited with ability.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORCHARD HALL.

Sunday Afternoon, October 9th, 1860.

The third of her present course of lectures was delivered by Miss Doten, before a crowded house, on the subject of Moloch and Mammon. The controlling influence purported to be the same as before—that of John Cotton, Cotton Mathers and Mather Hylles. The gestures were eccentric, the language rough and startling, and the general manner impulsive.

The idea of the discourse was that man's worship was divided between the two gods—Moloch and Mammon. The one he worshipped with his head; the other, with his heart. It was the bloody Moloch who created the world, and placed the first man in Eden—the world's garden; who made of his rib a woman, because he saw it was not best for man to be alone; who created a subtle serpent, and unwittingly gave him power to undo all he had done, so that when he told Adam that the day he ate the fruit of the forbidden tree, he should surely die, the serpent told him the day he ate of the fruit he would not die—and it was the serpent who told the truth, for he did not die, but lived many years after. "And," said the lecturer, "well might Adam have caused the power that created him as the master-work of human kind, and then subjected him to temptation, and permitted him to fall." It was this Moloch who, further on, permitted Cain to kill Abel, because he had been born with the spirit of murder in him. Still further on, this Doten, finding the world had slipped through his fingers, resolved to destroy it, and begin over again. Again the world became too much for him, and so he selected one particular race of beings for his proteges, and leads them through wildernesses for forty years, under the leadership of Moses. Moses often rebelled against the commands of God, and whenever he did God had to change his mind, or, at least, to make compromises to accommodate Moses's obstinate whims. He gave Moses a legal code, engraved on stone, for the government of this wandering race; but when Moses returned from communion with God on the mountain, he saw the people worshipping a golden calf, and was the first to break the law, for in anger he threw the tablets on the ground.

Moloch was the Doten recognized in the olden Testament, and the people were commanded to regard him with the blood of beasts and fowls. Moloch is the same deity Christians worship to-day, for you make it out that the blood of Jesus of Nazareth had to be shed to satiate his carnivorous appetite and quench his voracious thirst!

Great sorrow and baneful results have come from worshipping Doten with the intellect. The old German poet strove long to find God out. He said, "God is the world's great idol," and then he drank of the cup of sin and pollution to the bitter dregs, because he could find no God to love; because the Mother Church was decked in robes of crimson, dripping with the blood of saints and martyrs.

Your modern Moloch is at variance with all conceptions of right and goodness, and is incompatible with all justice. In the temple of Mammon you find a true deity because you worship him with your whole heart; and through the heart only can the True God come to man. Science and religion must yet walk hand in hand. Art is an index pointing man toward God. Humanity can never be religious when plucked by poverty and necessity. Your worship is often a mere matter of respectability. You are sojourning in time. Go forward to meet eternity, and God will help you.

The medium announced the subjects of the next Sabbath, as "David and Jonathan, or, The Mission of Man to Man," and "Spirit Influence: its effect, and the conditions necessary to produce it."

## SUNDAY EVENING.

In the evening, Miss Doten's subject was "The Scarlet Woman." She said: Give us any sorrow but that of the heart—any weakness but that of woman. She said she would be precise and brief, and speak what was to be said in words so plain that none could mistake their meaning. Everything in nature is dual. Man's organs are a duality. Every positive has its negative, and every active its passive. So is woman required, to perfect the duality of man. In speaking of man, we refer to him as a sensualist—that is, view him from the standpoint of his sensual nature. He may reason wrong, though his heart is right—and his heart is always nearer right than his head.

It was the duty of the medium to night, to speak of "The Scarlet Woman," in the church, in society, and in the home. The scriptural image of the Scarlet Woman, is interpreted to mean the Roman Catholic wing of the Christian Church; yet it as fittingly stands for the whole superstructure of Christianity. Scarlet is called the emblem of love; but the true type of love should be spotless white. It is the reproach of the Christian priests that they are not natural in their lives and feelings. The forced celibacy of old-time monks broke out in unbridled lust and licentiousness.

The Scarlet Woman represents everything in church, state, society, or the home circle, which is false and unnatural. Man would have been true to his higher promptings in the past ages of the church, but the Scarlet Woman sealed his lips with her dizzying kisses. She has gone into the pulpit and put her arms around priest and people, and has led them to forget their own shortcomings, in reviewing those of Sodom and Gomorrah. Jesus of Nazareth spoke nothing but the simple truth, and thus with him everything was natural, perfect and beautiful; but the Scarlet Woman has poisoned the spring of living water, till the thirsty dare not drink. She has lured the noblest souls into her embrace by the witchery of her smiles, and then stung them with her sadder kiss. Man has doubted the commission of the spirit, because he has been confined to the external. An epoch was made for the world, when Luther refused longer to confide in forms and ceremonies, and thus shot an arrow into the heart of the Romish Church in Northern Europe. We stood in your pulpits in our day, but we stood up with godly sincerity in our souls; but we do condemn the churches whose falsehood taints human hearts.

Modern Spiritualism has these same faults. Mediums often stand on the rostrum to speak to you, while the Scarlet Woman stands beside, and whispers in their ear. Spiritualism is no lodging we have sworn to protect—it is no favorite of ours that we should conceal its errors. We will strip off the robe of hypocrisy whenever we see deformity in any shape. It is a false delicacy which will not let people know things as they are. It is said there is nothing indecent in itself. The falsehood of education makes it so. "With the pure, all things are pure."

We find the Scarlet Woman in society, and her influence is as deadly as in the church—in the dens of crime and pollution no more than in the public and legislative institutions, and in business relation, and in the association of man with man, and of woman with woman. You are striving to be free and natural, and that is just what the church is trying to prevent. Your places of public amusement, your social assemblies, and friendly reunions, and the church arrayed against them. But all these things are necessary for your development. Purify your theatres, your lecture-rooms, and your ball-rooms, and men and women will begin to assume true relations. There is a natural playfulness that seeks expression. Have its avenues such that the Scarlet Woman cannot enter; where you may go in, and feel it right that you should be there. Under the domination of this impure Scarlet Woman, in society, men and women are afraid of each other, and dare not be themselves in each other's company. Love is Godlike, individual, and divine, and its holy flame should never be extinguished by ruthless hands. The great soul is quick to the quick, because it is restrained by the conventionalities of society from showing its higher nature.

God has so ordained it that woman shall look to man for strength and support, and as the magnet which shall draw out the highest manifestation of her woman's nature. But for this restraint, man and woman would hang heart to heart, and soul to soul, in bonds of true union. We are not making an appeal for the lower nature of man; but so surely as we have a woman-medium through whom we speak, we will appeal to the woman of your nature, till men and women meet each other as innocently and saintly as the angels in heaven.

We have told you free love permeates Spiritualism—free, in the proper sense; but the moment your sympathies become fastened to your idol, the Scarlet Woman takes advantage of you, and you bow to the behests of society, though you know it is false at its foundation.

Will you persist in misunderstanding us? Brothers and sisters, can you not love one another without lust for each other? Who will take the platform, and speak the truth? You dare not tell the truth. You are false to each other, because all your social institutions are wrong—because there is an unnatural restraint.

Now was it with the son of Joseph, who loved Martha and Mary as well? Think you, was there any impurity in such a love? The Scarlet Woman will haunt you no more when you can love as Jesus loved!

It is said that a man is known by the company he keeps. He may keep the worst company, but still be chaste and pure.

Good men and women can rise over society's ban, and mingle with the degraded sons and daughters of earth, to reform them, and never a breath will be blown against their name. And, as the poet has said:

"Ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done."

May God hasten the day! Oh, if you could, with the naked eye, look through "the poor, thin, clay disguise," and read the language written on the souls of men and women, as we can! At this time, not one woman in ten is capable of performing the duties of maternity, because of pre-natal disability. In society you find women pale, fragile and sickly. It is because the Scarlet Woman has lain down in the bridal bed with the father, and the puny offspring is the result, bound to tell the tale of sensuality and debauchery throughout eternity.

We speak plain, but we shall speak plainer yet. There is more deadly prostitution in the marriage relation, than you will find in all the dens of crime up and down your great city, and in America more than in old Europe, because men and women in the marriage relation seek association night after night, mingling each other's magnetism, and sapping each other's strength, till they are weakened and enervated, and the lowest passions are aroused. We speak this so plainly that all may understand; and though you may deny the truth of what we have said, we have shot the barbed truth into your souls, and you cannot get rid of it. You will pardon us for our slowness; but this is a prostitution more dreadful than anything that can be found in human life; and often the husband and wife, who have pledged to love and cherish each other so long as they shall live, learn to loathe each other before the first month of wedlock is passed.

Men are often the seduced than the seducers. Women, you may resent this, but we will give you the credit of not knowing it. Man may be woman's seducer after she has seduced him, but the atmosphere must first go from the woman to the man, before it can react upon her.

We are confident that not one will go from here to-night, to pervert the meaning of what we have said. You will better understand your own nature, when you learn your true relations to the world-fall of men and women. You have, each one of you, got much to do, before you can be fitted to enter the conjugal relation, in its purity.

Now men and women, brothers and sisters, will you longer allow the Scarlet Woman to dwell with you, and pervert every principle of your nature? You can never reach the true standard of spirituality, till you have routed the Scarlet Woman from your midst, and ceased to be afraid of each other.

At the close of her lecture last Sunday afternoon, Dr. Gardner asked the controlling intelligence to name the subjects of next Sunday's lectures—her last day in Boston. She replied: "In the afternoon we shall speak of Spiritualism and Witchcraft, and the whole discourse will be by an individual spirit well acquainted with both parts of the subject. Of the evening lecture we do not choose to give you the subject. We do not care for the medium herself to know."

## The Indians.

On Monday evening, Oct. 10th, a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, to take into consideration the condition of the Indians on our Western frontiers. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Wm. H. Piliow.

Addresses were made by John Benson, Mr. Atwood, and Wendell Phillips, Esq. The first named speaker introduced several resolutions, which were adopted.

We shall publish Mr. B.'s address to the public, and the resolutions next week.

Letters were received from the Hon. Edward Everett and Rev. Dr. Lathrop, sympathizing with the object of the meeting, and regretting their inability to be present.

## Going Abroad.

It is expected that our associate, Mr. J. Rollin M. Aguirre, will sail for Europe in the early part of November. He will establish himself in London, where his business will require him to remain an indefinite period. The personal friends of Mr. Aguirre, and all those who have read the warm effusions of his young heart and brain, will be pleased to learn that he will furnish the BANNER with a Foreign Correspondence.

## Dexter Dana.

Will speak at Newburyport, on Sunday, Oct. 20th.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.—First Page—Continuation of Mrs. Porter's superb story, "Borthe Lee." Second Page—Sermon of Rev. E. H. Chapin, delivered on Sunday, 9th inst.; "The Age of Virtue," (fifth paper), by George Stearns; Prison Papers, (number one), by a Prisoner; A Vision of a Child, (poetry) by G. L. Burnside; Ancient and Modern Fogyism; What is Carbon—No. 5. Fourth and Fifth Pages—Editorials, Reports of Lectures, &c. Sixth Page—Spirit Messages; a lengthy but very interesting communication from the pen of Emma Hardinge, entitled "Compensation of Mediums." Seventh Page—Letter from our star correspondent at New Orleans; Poetry, "Susto," by Daniel Parker; Dealings with the Dead—No. 5; Trance Speakers; How Spiritual Works, &c., &c. Eighth Page—Sermon by Rev. H. W. Beecher, delivered on the 9th inst. It is decidedly the best effort of this able divine we have ever perused.

The National Recorder has an article, in its last issue, exhibiting a great decline of respect and favor shown for the chaplaincy in our Congress.

The Bank Note Register and Detector of Counterfeits, the New England edition of which is issued monthly by W. E. Davis, No. 25 State street, Boston, is one of the most reliable works of the kind extant. It is edited with great care by Gwynne & Day, Bankers, of New York. The October number contains a supplement, which gives fac-similes of gold coins.

Mr. Burlingame has been "made of" recently in Kansas, says a correspondent. It is said he was received there with a "perfect storm of congratulations." We beg leave to inform the reader that our correspondent did not mean a hail-storm, in the sense the language implies, but that a whirlwind of applause greeted him everywhere he traveled.

The trouble on our Northwestern frontier with John Bull, is only a Pacific quarrel, similar to those which often occur on domestic firesides—showers and sunshine. In the language of the immortal Digby—

"Douglas came round with his swagger and blarney, But hark! mightily quick when he met General Harney. The Sunbeam has come to light again. We hope no clouds will hereafter stand between it and prosperity."

A new book has been published by Dr. J. G. Holland, called "Gold Folio Hammered from Popular Proverbs." A dentist requests us to ask Dr. H. if it is a cheaper article than that in common use by dentists at the present time.

RATHER EYEBROW.—The Carolina Progressionist states that the greater the number of churches, the greater is the misery and starvation among the people; and the more numerous the priests, the more miserable are mankind.

Prof. C. O. Felton commences a course of lectures on Tuesday evening, Oct. 16th, on the "Constitution and Orators of Greece," at the Lowell Institute.

The American Legion, it seems, is in Pekin, but the information thus far is so meagre, that little can be inferred as to the results, or whether they are prisoners or guests.

The Albany Argus says Daniel E. Sickles and wife have gone to Key West.

John H. Crane, of Boston, received a medal at the late New Hampshire State Fair, for the best Carpet Sweeper.

La Fontaine says, "Love sings victory when the tears of a young woman become the only defence of her virtue."

Help yourself, if you would have others lend a hand. Hercules would not help the wagon out of the mire until he saw the driver's own shoulder at the wheel.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about old saints and apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know; for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Tilda is a very good table girl; but she will scold when the boarders come late to their meals. "For instance," she says, "there is Mr. Jo. Cose, Mr. Clothier, Mr. Barber, and Mr. Wait"—and she added with emphasis, "Ze is always late." "It is quite natural that Wait should be late," quickly observed Jo Cose.

THE CALIFORNIA DUEL.—The duel between U. S. Senator Broderick and Chief Justice Terry, in which the former was killed, at San Francisco, on the 13th ult., has created a great sensation all over the country. The time is near at hand when the name of duellist will be a byword of reproach. It is said that the deceased was the son of a stone-cutter, who practiced his calling in the city of Washington, where Senator Broderick was born. He prided himself on his birth. He

once said, in the Senate, that he could then look around him and see upon the walls the works of his father's chisel.

The great organ building in Germany, for the Boston Music Hall, will arrive here next spring. It will, alone, be nearly a ship load.

Some people are too weak to bear contradiction. The wheat crop this year in Wisconsin, amounts to fifteen bushels to the acre.

"How came that greasy mess in the oven, Bridget?" "It is only the candle grease; it fell in the wather, and I put it in the oven to dry."

A New York merchant was recently arrested for smuggling bibles through the Custom House. Why don't somebody say he was a Spiritualist! Perhaps the *Past* will, however.

The National American thinks the habit of profane swearing leads to great wickedness—even to the worst pollution. The New England Carpet Company are supplying the people with carpets at low prices. See their advertisement in another column.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Partridge, with much emotion, bringing down her hand upon her knee with a violence that sent a grain of sweat upon Lou's nose, which made that respectable quondam walk away sneezing violently, "they may brag as much as they may about modern inventions, but none of 'em can come up to Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of gravitation."

One of the charges brought against a young shepherd by the indignant parishioners in a town in this State, is "borrowing a shirt and not returning it," says the Post; to which Digby adds—

There was only one sin in borrowing a shirt, If he'd only one that was covered with dirt; Nor returning it, either, if he had n't the doth, In order to get it away from the wash.

If "the indignant parishioners" had paid up their pastor, We never should have heard of this pastoral disaster.

Considerable discussion is going on in New Hampshire concerning the ownership of Mount Washington. It is claimed by John Bellows, of Exeter; David Pingree, of Salem, and, also, the State thinks it has a claim.

The new government stamped envelope is out. The envelopes are so manufactured that three distinct black lines are visible on the face, to guide the pen in making a straight and uniform direction. When the letter is inserted, these lines, being really imprinted in the upper part of the back-piece of the envelope, disappear.

Parents, if your tender offspring You would lead in ways of truth, Shielding them from the temptations That surround the paths of youth, Count as vain your time-worn maxims, And, to make your teachings sure, Guide them not alone by precept, For example, just and pure.

For, to shelter from the tempests Sin's dark clouds would cast round each Tender flower of your protection, You must practice what you preach.

J. E. Conant, of Massachusetts, formerly Clerk of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-roads, has resigned that position, and will resign his clerkship at the Land office.

Mr. Conant leaves Washington for Florida on the 1st of November, where he will engage in land operations with Senator Yale of that State.

"DEAD HEADS"—Persons of no brains, who palm themselves off as critics at places of amusement. "FIRE IN THE WOODS."—It is estimated that the loss by the burning of the mahogany and rosewood establishment of W. R. Carnes, in Haymarket Square, will reach \$50,000.

IN BAD ODDS.—We see by the Chicago Democrat, that John A. Washington has "suspended." It was stated some time since that he had invested \$175,000 of the money he had received for the bones of his great ancestor, and the bones taken from the estate after it had been sold to the American ladies, in corner lots in Chicago. The presumption was that he had paid over the cash for them. But it seems that he gave his notes, and the Democrat states that they have gone to protest in that city.

The Ashland Times says that the seeds of ruin are sown in a club-room; that it is better for young men to seek enjoyment in the home circle, and avoid the temptations to dissipation, that always exist where young men congregate in clubs.

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## NEW INDUCEMENTS.

ON the principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," (fair pay for his services), we not only believe in, but we try to practice it, on all occasions.

And with a view to remunerate those who feel and take an interest in our publications, we



## The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER we claim was given by the spirits whose names it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONWAY, Franco Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. 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, and not expect that purity alone flows from spirits to mortals.

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. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

## Circles Resumed.

We shall commence our sittings for Messengers, on Tuesday, Oct. 18th, at half-past two o'clock P. M.

## Jacob Parkhurst.

My name was Jacob Parkhurst. I was born in Plymouth, Mass., and died in Boston. I cannot tell you any particular disease I died of. I was sick some time, and had no definite disease. I was sixty-one years of age, and died in the year 1840.

Now, my good sir, I wish to know if you can help me any?—by the way of the church, or in what other way you please. I wish to speak to my son. I have got one, and perhaps he will be glad to hear from his father. We called him Henry; his name was John Henry. I suppose my boy is in Sydney, Australia. I was told, before coming here, that if I would come and make a communication, it would surely reach the boy.

In the first place, I want the boy to know I am come, and that I desire to come, and frequently; and in the next place—that I do not feel satisfied, exactly, with what he is doing—not exactly.

I have two wives with me; the first was the mother of the boy I wish to communicate with; my second has recently come here. The boy told me he would be good to her—would never see her want, if he could help it. I don't want to charge him with falsehood, but I think he forgot to do his duty; and now the only restitution he can make is, to be kind to the rest of the family, who are living in want. I mean of doing so; therefore I am obliged to speak as I do. I trust he will not feel any worse, when he reads this, than I did when I found he was not doing his duty.

I think I am in the way of my duty—I may be mistaken. It is well for every one to do what is right, and not what seems to be wrong. I should like to have my boy think carefully of the past, and repent so successfully that he will care for those who want, who are here.

While people are in a material sphere, they must have material things to live upon, and he must remember all are not so fortunate as he has been.

Fortune distributes her favors very strangely, sometimes; and she expects those to whom she dispenses her favors, to be very liberal to those whom she passes by.

My boy told me he would remember my words, and do as I desired him; and I hope he has been influenced to this neglect against his own inclinations. I have nothing more to say.

Aug. 11.

## Mary McDonald.

Dinna ye ken I was here to speak to my mither? She's nae here. Mary McDonald is my name. She's nae here. Laddie, say Mary, I'm happy. I lived in Edinburgh. My mither lives there, too. I was 14 years old. Laddie, will ye send to Jammy McDonald, Edinburgh? My mither is there, too. Jammy works at the dock. Dinna ye ken what Jammy do, laddie? He sells and buys cloth. I canna speak here, laddie; too many lasses—a strangers here.

Aug. 11.

## Ohs, M. Dresser, Albany.

I suppose you are in the habit of entertaining strangers. I am situated very unfortunately, and if I was not very anxious to make myself known to some of my friends, I should not attempt it.

Ten years ago I attempted to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism; but I must say I made a failure. I looked just far enough to see a rude sketch, which did not please me at all, and I had not patience enough to investigate until I should gain a thorough knowledge of the new religion.

My name was Charles M. Dresser. I was born in Albany, New York State. I undertook to investigate the phenomena by visiting a lady whose name I do not now remember, but I will try to acquaint myself with her name if it will be any satisfaction to you. But as I said, after looking at it awhile, I threw all I had got aside, and called it humbug. About two years after I was called upon to put off the old body, and put on a new one, and then I had a better chance of knowing of it; and I knew it to be true. As I was skeptical, I fear I shall not be able to induce my friends to give me a hearing; but notwithstanding this, I shall try to manifest to them. The friends I desire to manifest to are in New York City. Now will not some one of them visit a medium in New York, that I may at least have an opportunity to speak to them. I think I have power enough to control any medium, and do it successfully, and so I ask my friends without hesitation, to go to any one who may be most accessible to them.

I did of congestion of the lungs. I have a sister in New York, and I verily believe she is a medium; but I do not know. I find I can see much more clear when in her presence, than I can in the presence of any other member of my family. If that sister will be kind enough to visit some medium, we will very soon ascertain.

A few days before my death that sister asked me what I thought of the rappings. I said it was all humbug, and said, "Loulou, do not ever trouble yourself about anything of that kind—do not run after any new faith. I have investigated this thing, and find it all humbug, and if any one should ever present you with a communication purporting to come from me, do not receive it." Thus, you see, I have looked the door against myself, and have carried the key with me.

The name of the lady in Albany, was Mrs. Irish. My sister will remember well the facts I have given, and I want you to say that I am a stranger here. I never met with any one present, and I am speaking through a medium I never heard of before death. I see no reason why I may not be able to speak with my friends if I try very hard. I feel my soul I shall have hard work, but I shall push matters very hard until I get a hearing.

I find things in this new world very new to me and pleasant. I seem to have been thrown among a class of spirits who are very congenial, and that which I so dearly loved on earth, and was not able to pursue as I desired to, I have not only power to pursue, but will strong enough to draw to me all that is necessary in the development of that one subject.

All health, and want of funds, prevented me from being what I desired to be, before I left earth. These obstacles are now removed, and I have access to every sphere where I can derive information. Every sphere is open to me; but of course I do not feel fitted to enjoy that which is very favorable earth.

I was a portrait-painter by profession, but had hardly become thorough in that beautiful art, because I could not do as I wished to. My sister used to say she wished to God I was free. Tell her I am free now in the spirit world, but am not as free to speak to those I love on earth. But I want my sister to weigh well my request, and decide to allow me to have an interview with her.

My sister's husband stands very prominent in the church, and I decline to give any other name than that which I used to call her by when I was on earth.

Aug. 11.

## Lydia Fisher.

My dear Sir—I was not able to speak, although I strongly desired to. I will come at another time, and try again.

Lydia Fisher.

[This was written, after an unsuccessful attempt to speak.]

## Joseph White.

My name was Joseph White; I followed the sea for a living, and died in 1841.

I have a son and a daughter, and I think I would like to speak with them. My son follows the sea; my daughter is married to a man of some profession—I can't tell what. They were quite young—a girl and boy. I left them nothing to take care of themselves with; but a good mother took care of them until they were old enough to care for themselves, when a kind God took her home, and she is now with me. My boy is too material, and needs spiritual food.

I died on the coast of Brazil, in 1841. My boy's name is Joseph; my girl's name is Elizabeth. I know little about the temperaments of my children, but I think the girl is timid, like her mother; and I shall have difficulty in speaking with her. The boy is like me, bold; and I think I can speak with him. He was named for me—the girl for her mother.

I was first officer on board the ship *Albana*. I was thirty-seven years old—was born in Concord, N. H.

Now, as mediums are on your side, not on mine, I think it will be my boy's duty, if he desires to talk with me, to find a medium; and if he calls on me, I shall be there with him, it is likely.

I think I shall be able to prove to him that it is me. I want him to leave off following the sea. It is a hard life, and I am pretty sure I can put him in the way of a better one. I have not wandered far from earth. I have been looking after my children. I had a mother, a sister, and a wife, and I wanted to look after them; and I have been occupied doing that. But since the latter has come to me, I have been seeking out opportunities to speak with my children. When I find out anything certainly, I retain it. So to eternity—never forget it; but it takes me a long time to find out things—to satisfy me they are sure.

I will wait a reasonable time, and if I do not hear anything from this, I will call again.

August 12.

## Why do Men Die?

We have a very strange, and yet a very straightforward question to answer this afternoon. It is this: Why do men die?

We answer, they die that they may live again; they sleep in the material, that they may be resurrected in the spiritual. Now, according to the course of Nature, man loses his earthly body once in seven years; yet, he gains a new form, and endures a certain period of time, he is called to part with that form. He parts with it because the spirit has no further use for it. Sometimes it is deprived of the use of it through ignorance. Often it is the case, man obeys the laws which govern him, and the fruit of disobedience is death and disease. Men receive wages of sin; it matters not whether it be committed in ignorance. The great paymaster giveth to each his due, and none go away wanting. The book held so sacred to mortals, tells you it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment. But it seems our inquirer is not satisfied with what he finds in the book.

Now the material body is composed of all things you find in Nature—yes, everything is represented in the human form. Gaze upon what you will in the vast realm of nature, and you find it also in the human body, for that form hath been made up, or developed, from that we find in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. So, then, the spirit is a representative, and a grand one, of all these kingdoms. It hath passed through a refining process, and Nature hath stood at its right hand continually.

Behold the worm that crawls upon the face of the earth. It is a creeping thing to-day; to-morrow it dies to mortal life—but observe it well, and behold, from out that form of death issues one of light, which brightens your earth. It hath been developed in beauty, in intelligence, and wisdom. Every atom in the universe is working its way toward God in the spirit. Atom after atom is being called upon to enter temple after temple, that shall be the natural dwelling-place of the spirit.

After a certain time these particles of matter become divided. They that were so strongly interwoven are being separated by a natural law that is ever at work. Gradually the spirit loses its control, and the frame is prostrated by disease. And often, too often, ignorance stands over the form with the spirit, which has taken its flight prematurely.

It would be well for him who questions us, to learn of the spirit. It would be well for him to learn of that which is written in letters of fire upon the firmament—"Know thyself, oh man!" And we will add, that he who understands himself, shall understand all in nature. He will then not wonder why men die; why the Great Intelligence bestows gifts, and calls for them again.

He who hath thus questioned us, hath been lately called upon to part with one near and dear to him, and by reason of the separation, we have received the question, "Why do men die?"

Behold that form of life, standing in the upper condition of immortality. It hath passed through certain stages of development, as peculiar to the natural, or first sphere of life. It now standeth apart and free from all the sorrows of life, in immortality. It hath died in the natural, that it might be free in the spiritual. Yet it hath died by reason of ignorance. The separation hath taken place between the natural and spiritual, because ignorance guided the bark, while Wisdom stood one side in tears.

Here, then, will be a sure highway to wisdom—a true lesson, if our questioner hath learned it well; and if he will but travel through the vast halls of intelligence that have been opened unto him, he may stand far above that which is guided by ignorance, long ere he shall be called upon to enter the new life.

And ere we leave, we will urge him to be kind and dutiful to self; kind, by gaining knowledge—kind, by understanding the human, and, next, the divine; for as the human forms a foundation for the divine, he must understand the human ere he can penetrate the veil which hides the divine from his view.

We ask no blessings to rest upon our word, for, as the angel who giveth to all these free gifts is hovering over humanity, at least he will not fail to bless in due time, for he bestoweth in wisdom and not in ignorance.

Aug. 12.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TO AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

BY UNA.

I cannot look on thee and tamely say  
That thou art beautiful, then turn aside;  
For soft mist gather in thy sparkling eyes,  
And the quickening pulses of my heart  
Beat to the music of a fancy dream.

A dream, yet scarce a dream, for thou hast lived,  
And the soft eyes whose semblance shadowed thus  
Now rest on me, have with their spirit-light  
Thrilled many a loving heart.

Now, as I gaze into their sacred depths,  
Methinks I see them dance as 't were with joy.  
Anon, the blue-veined lids droop heavily,  
As shadows o'er the sun, and tears, as rain,  
Fall gently from their never-falling source.

No poet fancy bids me see thee thus,  
For though a Godlike Art hath left thee here,  
Thou seem'st no picture of the Artist's dream;  
And since, indeed, 'tis true that thou hast been,  
'Tis true alike that thou hast joyed and wept,  
Alike 'tis true that thou hast loved.

The classic head, the broad, low, sunny brow,  
The lines around the small, sweet, placid mouth,  
So faint they seem like dimples playing there,  
All speak of what thou wert. So plainly speak,  
That I, in a glad, bright, delusive dream,  
Find, in my heart, and on my lips, the words  
Framing themselves in an address to thee,  
Best suited to thy temper and thy mind,  
As mirrored in eye, brow, and lip.

Illusion all too bright, and all too fair,  
Awake, fond dreamer, know that she is not!  
No life-blood flows the color to thy cheek,  
Gone is the fire from those winning eyes,  
And hushed for aye those slightly parted lips,  
Dull is the car for which thou framed words,  
Too still the heart to censure, or approve.

Art, Godlike art! alone immortal thou,  
Since she, with all her wealth of love has gone;  
Friends, too, that none are left to breathe her name,  
Or tell her story to admiring ones.  
The Art, too, who on her features gazed,  
Then twice alive, with nerves so finely wrought,  
That half 't were pain to live, 'o'n in success.  
Dead, and unknown, perchance forgotten he!

Alas, my soul! is this the fate of man?  
Painter and painted, must they thus decay,  
Forgotten in the noisome tomb?

Forgotten, while the painted semblance charms,  
While yet the painter's rosy tints are bright,  
Are works of Art alone immortal then?

Perish the thought! It may not, cannot be,  
That work of man remains undimmed by time,  
While Man, work of the Highest Artist, God,  
Has passed away!

Portrait Unknown, thou fittest no such tale,  
Save to the sacrilegious thief.  
No, rather by thy painted presence here,  
Our spirit eyes, enlarged, look through to see  
Thy spirit presence, in its spirit-home,  
And gazing, we are taught to feel and know  
The immortality of man.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

## COMPENSATION OF MEDIUM.

BY EMMA HARDING.

Mrs. B. KOTTON.—Coming across one of your interesting messages of truth and good cheer, I noticed a long article entitled "The Laborer is worthy of his hire," and distinguished by the signature of "Conglomerate." Now I should not recognize the necessity of considering this document, did it not form one of a series of expressions against the system of "paying mediums," many of which have appeared in the pages of the BANNER, a paper whose cosmopolitan principles have endeared it so far and wide to the attention of the public, that I feel the importance of commending both sides of any subject which it presents, to its valuable pages; besides we do not find that ten short years of spiritualistic teaching has done all that is necessary toward individualizing thought, and as no organ is so well adapted to think for the masses, as a favorite and well written paper, I am anxious that the readers of the BANNER should find at least one voice upraised in defence of what appears by the excessive liberality of the age to be totally overlooked, namely, the rights of the mediums themselves. I am impelled to this course for three reasons. The first of which is the maintenance of principles which I know to be just, however they may be mistaken; the next is my ability to show to those who will take the trouble to follow out my arguments, that I am personally disinterested in this matter; and, lastly, in view of the neglect of the moral or physical condition of those who are giving away life, health, vitality, time and position for the sake of sharing their gift with the world, and yet have to endure in addition to the odium of the name of Spiritualism, the final climax of spiritualistic wrath and denunciation, because they demand a recompense for outlay of time and labor. Singularly blessed and happy as I have been in my own career, it has wrong my heart to hear the mediumistic side of the question, and yet whilst hundreds of voices are raised, and numbersless pens welded to denounce the system of paying ten cents to hear a lecture, out of compassion to those who do not grudge from ten to five hundred dollars a year to support a church of sectarianism, while fifty cents to reward a medium for giving away time and life-principle in the attempt to convince a man of his immortality, is deemed a shameful imposition by those who would not grudge fifty dollars for a box of choice cigars. The sufferers are either too timid, or time serving to plead for themselves, or else what is everybody's business is nobody's, or the question is altogether too unpopular for the luckless mediums to venture upon; with a wholesome estimate of its unpopularity, however, my love for truth and justice be my shield, and so I come, at the peril of my hard earned reputation for spiritualism, to plead for the grossly material act of paying mediums, and paying them well, in proportion to their excellence. As far as I can understand the views of "Conglomerate," or recognize any views at all, I presume he recommends mediums to go about on the Apostolic principle, exchanging their teachings for food and shelter; first, because Jesus bade the Apostles do so; secondly, because they obeyed his injunction; and, thirdly, because the Church called Christian waxed wicked and unspiritual in proportion to their growth in wealth. Now upon the first of these points our friend "Conglomerate" has not been entirely candid; he refers to the question of Jesus before his crucifixion, as to whether his disciples in their missionary labors had asked anything, and when they replied "nothing," he added the verses which our friend has perhaps forgotten or omitted to quote in the 23d chapter of St. Luke, 35th and 36th verses, implying that Jesus, with as much wisdom as love, required those who had no purse to furnish themselves with one; yea, more, "the Prince of Peace" desired his followers to prepare for war by the purchase of warlike implements. Now, if modern reason dare be brought to bear upon anything which the priests of 1800 years have rendered "sacred," we should be disposed to interpret this conduct in the Good Master to signify, that his powerful presence and protection was sufficient to insure his followers what they needed; but when that presence was withdrawn, so long as his followers needs remained, and he was unable to supply them, he charged them to resort to the ordinary human means to do so. Thus we find that according to the custom of the thousand and one sects of Christianity in general, a part of the Scriptures will suit and defend "Conglomerate's" argument whilst another part will equally well illustrate mine, to wit, the necessity which the best and wisest perceived of dealing with the world according to the world's usages.

Secondly, I should object to accept of the Apostolic example as my guide, because I have not that respect for it which would enable me to set it up as a model. Almost at the very period when this charge (as above referred to) was given, we find the disciples manifesting the most grossly selfish and material spirit by quarrelling among themselves which should have the highest place in the kingdom of heaven, which they evidently believed was a special recompense for the sacrifices they had made. We find, too, the whole of them in the most heartless manner forsaking their good Master in his hour of peril, the most prominent among them denying even a knowledge of him with cursing and swearing, and after his death and visible reappearance, acting in his ministry in so mean and compromising a spirit, that the brave-hearted Paul "withstood him to the face."

Can friend "Conglomerate" offer no better models for the conduct of modern mediums? If he refers us from the unworthy followers, and the worthy master, I would refer him to the verses above named, adding that as mediums have no Judas to bear the bag, (in which, undoubtedly, money, somehow obtained, was carried for the purchase "of those things which were necessary.") So mediums, being but mortals like the Apostles, receive the same charge, and provide themselves with scrip, and carry with them, the only awards which will, in these days at least, cut away error, namely, respectability, honesty, sound reason, good logic, and as much science and education as they can adorn the organ with, upon which they expect spirits to play. Beyond and above all this, I do not find the writings of eighteen hundred years offering any evidences of purity of condition, and therefore I do not feel myself bound to look to them for authority at all. Truth is deathless, and the truths uttered ten thousand years ago possess the same, but no more authority than truths of to-day. But I do not find that in the laws of God, as manifest in nature—the highest and most immutable standard of truth—there is any special regulation for the means by which one set of teachers shall be fed and clothed more than another; but rather, in the sublime order of God's universe, a clear command given to all, through the exercise of their several peculiar endowments, to maintain themselves and help each other through fair and equal labor.

Setting aside all authority, however filtered through the writings of mediumship of man, and referring only to the works of God, as mapped out in his gospel of the universe, I claim a fair and honorable rank, amongst the rest of God's laborers, for spirit mediums, upon the following grounds: I do not find that the cause of the church's decline in spiritual gifts is attributable to the excess of their wealth. It has yet to be known by the facts of profane history, that the churches of any period were the special recipients of spiritual gifts. The prophets of the Bible were not priests, and the priests who subscribed to the famous creed of St. Athanasius, have yet to find some better claim to prove themselves disciples of Him who declared that all the law and all the commandments consisted in love to God, and love to the neighbor, proved in fact, not cries of "Lord, Lord!" than that mass of incomprehensible dogma and un-Christlike teaching.

If "Conglomerate" will take the trouble to examine ancient history, and find out who were the real possessors of spiritual gifts, he won't find that their decline, as he calls it, (a statement by no means proved at all,) had anything to do with the church's wealth or poverty. Such church councils as that of Laodicea, in which the casting out of demons (or, in other words, the healing the sick by magnetism,) was authoritatively forbidden to any but churchmen, might give a better explanation of the disappearance of spiritual gifts from the surface of "sacred" history, than the possession of wealth, which is simply an abode of authoritative power. Leaving the past to work out its own problem, and dealing with the best means of making good men and women in our own day, I, in common with my spirit guides, and Spiritualists—believe in general, strongly deprecate the pernicious custom of placing religion on a shelf by itself, and leaving every-day life practice unutilized by its influence. I respectfully submit to candid observers of the progressive developments of the race, that this fatal line of demarcation has been the cause of the stationary position which morality has occupied in a world history, where all things else have been rushing up the steps of progress.

If my future happiness or misery is to depend upon my daily deeds and practices, then I demand a religion dealt out to me not only like, but in my daily bread. I know most Spiritualists preach this doctrine, but, if they would reduce it to practice, will they succeed by attempting at the very outset to make certain gifts of God, such as faculties to excel in music, painting, writing, strength, mechanical genius, or any mental power, fit subjects for the exercise of remunerative labor, and certain other gifts, such as the ability to discern

spirits, to hear them, the capacity to write spirits' thoughts, or the transmission of messages through certain human organizations, (instead of through the government mail,) unfit subjects of remunerative labor? Surely your schools and law courts profess to inculcate good morals. What but this is the aim of your Spiritual lectures? But because the latter teach a little better than the former, is it wicked for them to require compensation for their labor? Your physicians cannot, in the world's estimation, be too highly recompensed; but if the drug administered happens to be a part of your vital force, your sympathetic suffering of another's disease, or the substitution of healthful manipulations for slow poisons, you are greedy and extortionate if you demand a recompense.

A bitter and humiliating comment on this Pharisaical spirit, is afforded by two physicians personally known to me, and whose names I am willing to give, in confidence, to those who do not seek to injure them. These gentlemen are both spirit mediums—in other words, God's gift, instead of controlling in that portion of their brains which will enable them to spell out from books imperfect remedial systems, with them assumes the form of a lucidity which enables them to converse with very far-advanced clairvoyant spirits. Instead of God's gift of intellect, enabling them to converse with dead books, it has fitted them, by a peculiarly electrical organization, to converse with living spirits. These latter, dealing with cause instead of effect, teach the said physicians a system of practice which enables them to make wonderful cures. One of these gentlemen resides in the State of Maine, and the other in Pennsylvania, and both are hailed by all who know them as modern Esculapius. True, they work very hard—spending day and night, time and vitality, upon their immense practice, but, in return, they are liberally rewarded, and people hold up them and their families as noble specimens of the dignity of labor, and the worth of science. "But how came these Spiritualists," you will inquire, "to be thus popular—above all, to be, as spirit mediums, beneath or above receiving any remuneration?" The simple fact is, that these gentlemen, knowing that more than one-half of the world were "scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," determined to benefit the race, in spite of itself. Being men of mind and gentlemanly feeling, they did not feel disposed to become professional beggars, that the world might be permitted to insult them, or reward them with her scraps from their tables, or the sufferance of a few days' shelter; and, being husbands and fathers, they thought it very good Spiritualism to provide for and educate their families out of their honest earnings, and so they dare not say one word about the source of their information, and the world grows well, praises, and lauds, and pays nobly for Spiritualism, without knowing it. Just pronounce one little word, "spirits," and hey presto! with the speed of magic the tables are turned! The world would rather die than be made whole by Spirits; whilst the few who are rash enough to venture to be cured by the selfsame fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters who used to administer to them in life, turn round and echo the cry of "freely ye have received, freely give!" That is to say, "Let your family starve; give me your time, your energies, your life itself, fast wasting away under these exercises," and all because religion is sacred, and art profane. It is well enough to pay for the gift of God in study, but not Apostolic to pay for it in electricity. Truly, truly, the world is full of Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! and the world, to be thoroughly regenerated, wants a few more Barnums in religion, as well as in art. Besides the simple justice of the matter, and the inexperience of letting religion once more out of the pale of the rest of God's science. I can find no pretext for doing so, and, both in modern and ancient times, the attempt to do it has proved most mischievous. In the first place, (and in illustration of the popular phrase, "freely ye have received, freely give,") I find that all good gifts are equally freely received from the same source, and, except in the degrees of usefulness to which they may be appropriated, I recognize no difference between them. In childhood, I received the gift of a fine voice, and the faculty of improvising music. How, if these gifts came from God, did the above change apply to me then? Is it not almost as good religion to soften the heart, hallow the rude prose of life, and inspire the sluggish soul with harmonious influences, through the holy wither of sweet sounds, as to proclaim harmony in the universe through the teachings of simple prose? The one goes to the heart, the other to the intellect; but the teachings of both appeal to the same divine inner sanctuary, and come from the same divine source of heavenly harmony. And yet I do not find even the "stratagem" of the old Pharisees requires me, or any other musician, to become professional beggars, that the world may be made better by our sweet notes; on the contrary, music is deemed a very legitimate means of earning a livelihood, and no sum is regarded as a popular artist—although fifty cents is an exorbitant sum—to hear that same artist sing a little better than common, under the inspiration of spirits.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." Take note of this, geologists; for are not God's rocks freely given? and the intellect by which you can read them you cannot purchase with money. Astronomers, what right have you to coin God's stars, and the special gift by which you are especially qualified to read them, into broad—that is to say, independent bread? If you have the peculiar talent that enables you to master this science, know that it is a gift not possessed by others; and, unless you can prove that the intellect in question does not come from God, learn that fifty dollars for a lecture is a desecration of religion, and the scraps and ends of any table at which you may chance to be invited, is as much as any one deserves whom God has specially endowed. Follow this principle up through all the range of God's sciences, and we may begin to question whether the ban which your gift entails upon you, against your entering the arena of honest labor, be not rather a curse than a blessing.

I take this position, because I consider the faculty of discerning spirits, the power to project your healthful forces upon the sick and heal them, the emanations which produce raps and movements, together with the physique by which trance can be induced, and spirit ideas substituted for your own, one and all constitute a class of phenomena which place the spirit mediums in the exact position of those endowed with peculiar visual, aural, nervous, or energetic susceptibilities, and just so long as the exercise of their gift absorbs their time and faculties, so justly do they come within the range of human laborers, and so fairly are they entitled to the ordinary, but neither extraordinary, nor yet inferior amount of compensation. If you would claim that religion subsists alone in that which deals with the other life, I reply, that all the evils and suffering of this life grow out of this pernicious doctrine. I challenge you to prove that any minister of Sabbath day sanctimony, works half the use in his generation, or half the progress in morals and manners, that were accomplished by the biting satires and noble teachings of the Dramas of Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. The senate, magistracy, and social board, were alike indebted to them for unsparing censorship, and unscrupulous exposure of vice and folly. They literally lashed and shamed the age into better manners and purer morals; and this in my material day I am disposed to call quite as good religion as preaching. I have just given a cake to a little hungry looking child, who has passed my window, and the young creature has divided it with the leanest of all dogs who accompanied it. The dog has swallowed the morsel eagerly, and lo! the hungry child bestows its own share upon the yet more hungry looking brute. The little one does not know I am watching it, but in this speechless sermon against the monstrous doctrine of original sin, and total depravity, I find the following illustration of my subject; because this child has read me a better lesson of faith in humanity, than ever found its way from the lips of John Calvin, or any of his million followers. Shall I shut it out of the pale of earthly compassion, earthly success, and all the precious immunities of home, family, kindred, and respectability, and say it is worthy to be a houseless vagrant, because it is innately possessed of the Christ principle? In heaven's name let us take our religions off the shelf, where they have been roasting amidst dead men's bones and almost obscured by the cobwebs of accumulated ages, and taking them with us to the drama, the lecture room, the store, the wharf, the workshop, and the social board, let us all give freely of what we have received freely, and make our religion our life, and all our life our religion.

This proposed line of demarcation does not work well. I can prove both by ancient and modern experience. The history of the monastic ages is rife with the abominable impositions, nuisance and impunity for idleness and impurity offered by the vagrant system, in the persons of logions of wandering friars, who in the name of religion plagued the world for centuries with their idle, eruptive life; and the best accumulation of wealth and consequent luxury and overindulgence of which Conglomerate complains in the Christian Church, first arose from the fact that religion was set apart from the just standard of use, with recompense in proportion, invested with a sacred antagonism to estimation according to real value, and in its mantle of mystery and exclusiveness, drew out of superstitious fear, what would never have been accorded to it on the said principle of use. In modern times with spirit mediums at least, it cannot work at all. I, in my

own person, have tested and proved this. For reasons which I need not here state, merely adding that they were totally unconnected with religious scruples, I was required by my spirit friends in the earlier stages of my development, to sit as a test medium for the public, but never to accept any fee for doing so. Very bitter, but most valuable, was the experience I thus obtained,—to support myself and my mother, I was obliged to fall back upon my original profession of a music teacher. Most Spiritualists who are in trades or professions, will know how greatly the odious reputation of a "witch," will aid them in procuring employment. Mine, as a matter of course grew less and beautifully less, but it very little mattered whether it did or not, for the constant succession of strange influences which each new sitter and circle brought with them, completely unnerved me for any other occupation. I never was myself, never under sufficient self control to fit me for anything but the various action of various spirits, while the alternate fits of languor, depression, and excitement, in which my occupation kept me, required for the mere preservation of my life, periods of complete, perfect rest, and carotid diet; and mine was the experience of ALL THE MEDIUMS that I have yet come in contact with, saving that as professional mediums, obliged to sit often enough to earn their bread, they are even more severely taxed than I, who was still free to seclude myself, if I thought fit.

Let the various wives, mothers and ladies, devoted to different professions, declare how much time they can conscientiously spare from their families and occupations, to sit for the public, and how well their devotion to a hungry world, willing to feed off the bread of their life—provided they could get it without payment—agrees with their health. I can now name scores of ladies who have been compelled to relinquish their philanthropic efforts in this direction, lest their lives should prove the sacrifice. Let it not be said that the communion of spirits is as thus represented—of such an abnormal character that it proves itself pernicious to health, and must consequently be a violation of nature's laws. I am speaking now of the abuse, not the use, of spirit communion; and abuse it becomes, when you require a good medium to combine with such developments any other occupations, or tax those who have other occupations, to give any manifestations that do not occur spontaneously, within their own family circle. In the confident expectation that this family priesthood will be the result of phenomenal Spiritualism, where spirits better understand the science of universal control, I am content to be one amongst a few pioneers who will sacrifice much for ultimate good; but I do not see the necessity of piling up this sacrifice beyond human capacity to bear. It may be very well for the three million Spiritualists of America to say, "Oh, we have progressed beyond the mediums, and can well afford to kick down the ladder by which we have risen." No doubt they can; but if mediums were the instruments by which three million modern Spiritualists were made, I would humbly suggest that there are a few million left, who cannot quite so well do without those same tests and test mediums, and that the time is hardly yet ripe for getting rid of them by starvation, or suffering all to emigrate to scenes where the laborer will be worthy of his hire. How stands the case with the lecturers? Two discourses every Sunday—no "paste and scissors" work—clippings and fillings from out-of-date discourses. Two hours of fresh, living, pictorial representations of that day; and those two hours life—given with sufficient energy to magnetize an audience, and most generally given through the very forces which make up your life, rendered more susceptible of diffusion amongst an audience by strict abstinence—a sleepless night following the last effort, and a succeeding day spent either in hard journeying to a fresh station, receiving visitors, and talking at home, as much as five lectures, to satisfy the curiosity or carings of each fresh visitor, answering from ten to thirty letters a day, and lecturing at different stations, all to be reached through constant, hurried journeys, some four or five times during the week. When the wear and tear of mind, health, rest, and family ties are taken into account, the expense of postage, journeyings, presents, and the destruction of wardrobe, I cannot help thinking that the hire of such labor, in anything but Spiritualism, would be pretty heavy. I have spoken, too, only of the material fact, without noticing the intense draw that is constantly being made upon the purse, be it full or empty, and the heart, if there be any, by the scenes of suffering and sorrow through which such missionaries are compelled to pass; whilst, to keep pace with the wonderful progress which the spiritual philosophy is making, the wonder of more trance-speaking will be, as it is even now, soon ceasing. Intellectual organisms are being demanded—practical moralists, and teachers every way qualified, not only to utter great truths, but to utter them well, and live them out. Can such men as have engaged in this work—gentlemen by birth, education, and feeling, with families to support, and something like a position to maintain, in order to command even the ear of an audience at all—can such persons consent to leave wives, families and dependents to take care of themselves, and go vagabonding about the world, picking up the crumbs of charity, when a world of noble effort, a race-ground of intellectual development, and an eternity of progressive uses in thousands of other directions are open to them?

In sober seriousness, if the world cannot accept the teachings of such minds, unless they first expatriate themselves from the deceptions of life, and make beggars of themselves



## LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR BANNER—Again, with a few moments before me, I will endeavor to give you another letter from the sunny South—the abode of flowers—where bloom, all the year, the rose, the orange and the magnolia scent the gale, and the beautiful, in all its forms, glows and ripens, late and early, with a fruitfulness convivially to be found nowhere but in a tropical climate.

My last letter was read and commented upon, by the majority, very favorably; and at the meeting following its advent here, it was brought conspicuously before the audience, and read, when some three or four very excellent brothers took occasion to "speak their minds." In contradistinction to its contents. To this I had no objection. But I was somewhat astonished to find these good brothers so uncharitable and selfish in their expressions. It seems to me, however, that their remarks savored more with a fear of what would be the result of any unobjectionable remarks contained in the letter in question. They objected, they said, to being brought before the public! They were a little social brotherhood, gathered together for self-education, and had no wish to be made known to the mass; and, as for discussing such topics as the use of articles of diet, tobacco, household affairs, etc., etc., which "concern the world, in a reformatory point of view, as they must confess, more than anything else—for these things must be understood and practiced before the spiritual philosophy can possibly be appreciated—they did not feel that for this purpose. But I feel that since my suggestions have somewhat matured, a change has come over them; and let us ask our good brothers, in the name of humanity, if, as true Spiritualists, they desire to see a change in things material, would it not be more humane, and noble, and Godlike, to "let their light shine out, so that others, seeing their good works, may be induced to follow them?"

What is the world say? It is too great a barrier to the great and good cause of Spiritualism. But the people are becoming too intelligent for such a state of feeling long to predominate; and as for our own fair city of the South—the home of the brave and free—let me say to all good and honest harmonists, there is no danger of any one's becoming unpopular for professing so wholesome a belief. There is a growing interest in every part of the city and suburbs in favor of it; and I venture to assert that, to-day, were the vote taken, it would rise so far above old theology and popular prejudices as to astonish even the eloquent Palmer and his well-meaning flock. The phenomena of spirit intercourse are being seen and felt in our good city; and if those who really feel an interest will but step forward, unflinchingly, and do battle, regardless of theological or other prejudices, Spiritualism will not be long in witnessing the utter demolition of the rotten tenement of Old Orthodoxy, with all her out-buildings!

Five thousand strong, with a continued increase, in our great city, is no inconsiderable item! We are not a cramped people. Our Sabbath is not set apart as entirely the Lord's day. It is a day of conviviality, of spirits, of mirth and enjoyment; and, instead of being admonished to repair to the narrow confines of a sectarian edifice, to listen to the solemn sounds of a well-tuned organ, or the measured precepts and teachings of some would-be Reverend Doctor, we can walk forth into the free air, under the broad canopy of heaven, unrestrained, and worship at the shrine of Nature, and contemplate there the Great Mind that governs, undeviatingly, his wondrous works. Our "Sunday trains" are never interfered with; and, Messrs. Editors, could you see, some sunny Sunday morning, the smiling faces, of all ages, sizes, sex, and color, crowding into the cars, for a day's sojourn over the lake, or at its shore, or in the play woods, you would certainly wish for a home where "Sunday Laws" are not prohibited—in the well-flavored city of New Orleans.

But I am growing prolix on this point. Let us return to the subject of diet, etc., and look at some of the reasons for the suggestions of my former letter.

That a healthy body is essential to a healthy mind, no well-informed or rational being will refuse to admit. Let us, therefore, ask our excellent brethren, were they in the act of building an edifice, rearing a monument or temple, whether a substantial foundation will not be the first step in its erection, that it might stand firm against adverse winds and hurricanes? Or would they "build upon the sand"? Health, then, I hold, and a judicious observance of dietetic laws, are the only foundation upon which to rear, successfully, the temple of a clear apprehension and a good understanding—such is the road to happiness and a high degree of mental and spiritual development; and, before the golden superstructure of Spiritualism can be fairly reached, the foundation of sound minds and good constitutions must be attained.

It is not for me to say what the world shall eat and drink. But the ardent use of tea, coffee, and animal food, to which I briefly alluded in my last, and the various artificial commodities common to the majority, and which are used so lavishly by too many intelligent men and women, would shut out the light of reason, and give a dull, materialistic bearing to the best brain in the land. Of such are our wranglers and disputants in every sphere of earth-life—they mar the sweetest strains of the family circle—the work-shop—the social circle—the club-room—the political arena—the halls of Congress—and, indeed, everywhere where disquietude reigns, the effects are traceable to this cause—stomachs saturated with animal food, and drinks, of whatsoever nature—tea, coffee, alcohol, wine, or beer. The passions are aroused, to some degree, by the use of such food and drink, in every one; and, as in the continued stretching of a harp, violin, guitar, or piano string, they are liable to break, and thus is the instrument incapacitated for sweet and harmonious sounds. Vegetable diet, without pepper and spices, and no drinks, except good and pure water, is said to be the natural food of man, and, of all, the most wholesome and elevating. If it be true, it is the provincial duty of every well-meaning and harmonious man and woman, who desire a higher degree of mental, physical, or spiritual development, to adopt it.

It is no province of mine to dictate to my fellow Spiritualists, in the selection of subjects for discussion; but I would ask them, in all candor and good feeling, if those to which I have alluded are not subjects of vital import in the successful uprearing of the spiritual superstructure—is not every soul interested? Are we not indissolubly linked together? And if Truth, happiness and the perpetuation and better development of our kind be our aim, why confine our works to narrow limits, or hide our light under a bushel? "More Light!" is the cry resounding throughout Nature's massive framework; and, as in the din of battle and oppressive struggle of our forefathers for the liberty we are now enjoying, every man is expected to do his duty to contribute his mite, if it be but a single thought. There is a mighty work to be done—and it is true that, as "Festus" has so aptly said—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial; We should count time by heart-throbs. No most lives Who think most, feel the noblest, acts the best."

And who does not wish to render their lives noble and sublime,

"And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of Time?"

The coming among us of Miss Hardinge is anticipated with a great deal of interest, and a good time is in store for us all the coming winter—the progressive ball will be put fairly in motion. There is one thing, however, I trust, that will be strenuously avoided—that of speculating. We have no idea of following into the footsteps of Old Theology in that particular. All honest mediums coming to our city for good, if required, will be amply cared for by friends. Fortune-tellers, whose only object it is to gather up the "dimes," have already done much injury to the cause by a pretension to mediocrity. Great care should be used by mediums in visiting the Southern people—they dislike humbugging, but are ever charitable, ready, and anxious to contribute to that which is rational, honest, and good.

As to the press of our city, at present, as ever, it is foremost among the most liberal and intelligent of the country. The editors, I believe, are all of the progressive stamp. Our Sunday sheets, as general news and high-toned literary papers—especially the *True Delta*, *Picayune*, and *Della*—are scarcely equalled by any in the land; and always admit into their columns articles of a progressive nature. The *True Delta* and *Della*, more especially, contain able and well-written articles in their Sunday issues on reformatory subjects, and the result is—great sales of these papers. The *Crescent* is also an ably-conducted and very liberal sheet, and issues an excellent literary paper every Monday. So that all respectable and worthy lecturers and mediums visiting us the coming winter, may expect to meet with an impartial and cordial welcome.

In closing, let us once more remind our spiritual friends that each has an allotted spherical garden in which to cultivate the flowers of Wisdom and Truth. Then let us see to it, that the rank weeds of neglect and indifference do not mar the growth and beauty of things so rare and lovely. More anon.

Yours, for "the good time coming,"

Sept. 27, 1850.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## STUDIE.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Like a fairy on a moonbeam, passing off beyond the night, Passed the new-born spirit upward to the realms of heavenly light.

At the rosy hour of sunrise, waiting death, the parents pray, While gently friendly angels bear their precious child away!

Through Heaven's doors wide open, loving angels came to earth— Came to bear the spirit upward to enjoy its heavenly birth.

Torn with anguish, faint with weeping, day and night the mother prayed, That the painful separation, be it possible, delayed.

Never death-blow from a dagger rankled in a mother's heart With sharper, keener anguish, than the thought that they must part;

For the bird had told it must be, and she knew the hour had come— Know that angels then were waiting to convey our treasure home!

"Where 'm I going? mamma, tell me! they say that I must go!" With tears the mother answered, "My child, I do not know!"

With strains of heavenly music sweet, they cheered the passing soul; Then took it from our presence here, beyond life's earthly goal.

In their chariots with flowers, came the angels to the door, Took the jewel from the casket—and the parting scene was o'er!

Just at sunrise Suseo left us, winged and plumed for spirit life! Left us sorrowful and lonely in this world of woe and strife.

But the loved shall come with solace, when the mother cannot rest— Calm her murmuring and moaning as she nestles on her breast;

There lovingly will whisper, "Mother! mother! I do not complain!" For the lips I've kissed so often I shall often kiss again!"

"Weep not for me and Freddy more—no more in sorrow sigh! There's three above and two below, but none of us can die!"

Ask us questions, never doubting, and responses you shall hear!"

"Mourn no more about the caskets—they are only of the earth; Call us, mother, and we'll meet you with our pearls of priceless worth!"

Hark, at evening, when you gather, thinking past and present o'er; Then around you'll hear us rapping—hear us dancing on the floor!"

"There we lovingly will whisper, mother, mother, weep no more; Your children are not lost or dead, they're only gone before!"

Then wipe your tears of sorrow dry, and think where we have gone, And that we can and will return, nor leave you all alone!"

A bird flew in at the window, lit, and sung out its message. Billerica, Mass., 1850.

## DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

NUMBER FIVE.

I could not understand the nature of the mysterious power by which I, in company of the being who called himself Thotmer, clove the air and sustained myself on comparatively nothing. But if this excited all my wonder, conceive, if you can, of that superlative degree of astonishment that took possession of my soul, and wrapped all my being in a mantle of marvelous bewilderment, as I realized a mighty, singular, and deeply mysterious fact. But in order that this fact may be comprehended in all its majestic significance, it is requisite to re-state, what has perhaps often escaped the reader's attention, or been passed over slightly, and without due consideration. I am the more anxious to make each point perfectly clear as I go on, for three reasons: First, I am writing, not to merely amuse or interest the reader, but to instruct. Second, I write because duty enforces it; and, third, because I wish to be thoroughly understood now; for I have much to relate yet, that will challenge the attention of the strongest and acutest minds in Christendom.

The fact, then, to which I alluded, was this: (And here let it be remembered that this was an actual, positive, absolute spiritual experience of mine; that it was not a vision or a dream; that the *Ego* then and there ascending under the influence of a spiritual agency, was not a mere psychical thing, of no substantiality; was not a mere projection of myself, but was myself, actually, in proper form and essence.) The fact was this: As I, or rather we, ascended, it began to rain, as I have previously stated; and presently we reached an altitude where it became necessary to penetrate a dense mass of black, thick, convolving clouds, that now began to roll up in heavy masses from the northern horizon, driven by a mighty wind. As I became aware of this fact, and also of another—that thick sheets of lightning, part violet, part purple, in color, were incessantly sweeping the air, (I distinctly saw the former—the violet-lightning—issue from the surface of the earth; while the latter—the purple—came from the space above and around us. The flashes sometimes came singly, sometimes simultaneously—in which latter case the two sheets appeared to meet, and the junction was instantaneously succeeded by the most terrific bursts of thunder that ever fell on human hearing. I shook with terror; and this terror increased and intensified into positive agony, as crash after crash of horrible, roaring, rolling, bursting God-cannony swept down the vast canopy, and apparently adding fuel, so to speak, to the wind-currents that now were roaring and rushing through the mist, as if desperately striving to rival the voice of the electric god. I felt myself lost, and put up a prayer to Him whose presence and majesty I then recognized, with heart bowed down, as I never had before. I feared to be swept before the onward blast. But no; the wind passed through me, just as the electric current passes through human bodies, and touched me not destroyingly! I lifted up my eyes and soul in unexpressed thankfulness and adoration, as I realized that spirit was superior to the elements—yes, even to the glaring, scorching, melting, awful heat of the electric fluid. Safely, slowly, holly we passed through this war of elements, and to an inward question, I received this response from Thotmer: "That you might be shown the majesty of things, elements, laws and principles, have I conveyed you hither. This, I learned, will be the first lesson. The second will be God. Fear not." But this last it was utterly impossible for me—would have been to any human being—to do; for with the dizzy sense of flight, the glare of lightning, the elemental strife, the obscuration of my home, the earth, and the undimmed dread of a something I could not comprehend, almost pained every faculty, and blanched my very soul with fear; for the rush and crash, the horrible din of thunder and the tempest, it was as if the final hour had come; it was like the breaking up of mountains; it was like a hungry earthquake feeding on a world. Yet God was there, and I was safe, for he smiled between his frowns, and whispered, "I AM HERE!"

In after years, when I gave my entire soul up to the guidance and control of false and evil beings from the land beyond the vale; in after years, when I forgot both God and Thotmer; in after times, when the pride of eloquence—a strange, wild, weird and magic eloquence, coming up through my soul, and issuing through my lips—welling up from a world of shadow, turning my head and heart from God—there would at times come a twinge of regret that I had bartered off priceless joys for the empty bubble, worldly fame. Great God! how I have suffered for this terrible estrangement, this fearful *tege majeste*, this vanity and utter folly!

As I ascended above the turmoil, and I now for the first time ascended to the side of the guide whom hitherto I had followed involuntarily merely, and had not had an opportunity to scrutinize closely. As I reached his side he said to me, not in words, however, but in the universal, silent language which all spiritual beings speak, (see note.) "What think you of Nature?" I could not precisely comprehend his meaning, but supposed that he alluded to the fearful disturbances through which we had passed, and which were at that moment passing fiercely as ever, not in the same place, but on the path of its southward march. I answered, "That God worked mysteriously through Nature to effect the good of human kind." To this general answer he responded, "Right: But what think you of Nature?" Here was a repetition of the identical question already propounded. But this time I thought that he was fully understood, and therefore I replied, "That it is God in action; as God, in the sublime sense, is Deity in repose." "Apt learner! Right again: But what

thinkest thou of Nature?" Now here was the same question a third time repeated. I took time to think, as, upon me, for a force whose nature I inwardly determined to explore and investigate thereafter, and which, as will yet appear, I subsequently did most satisfactorily. We gently floated upward at an angle of eighty-five degrees, and with a velocity which, although at that time I had no means of determining, appeared, from the rapidly converging of the earth's surface, which seemed exactly like a huge basin, instead of a spherical body—as appeared to be prodigious. After a pause of perhaps half a minute, I replied, "That Nature is a system of moving forces, ever radiating from, and as constantly returning into themselves." "Paradox!" "Explain." "I mean that." Here a sudden thought struck me, and turning to my guide I said, "You are not Thotmer: you are Socrates, for he alone of all earth's philosophers, was wont to teach by asking questions. Am I not right?" He replied, "Yes—no, I am Thotmer, and not Socrates; and I am Socrates and Thotmer. Do you comprehend? Try." Again the same method; again he provokes to mental exertion. I replied, after a moment: "Yes, you are Thotmer, but adopt the methods best calculated to teach, which methods are—"

"Wisdom—and were adopted by Socrates," said he, interrupting, and completing the sentence for me, but not as I had intended. "Go on," said he. "I mean that Nature is an emanation from Deity; that the principles are the radiations from himself; that the purpose of this radiation is to perfect the universal organism by a commingling of forces and counter action upon these—"

I could go no further, for the reason that conception had run against the wall. He saw and pitied as he completed the sentence for me: "Nebulous systems which lie beyond the pale of the waking universe."

Here was a stretch of thought amazing, and absolutely awful to contemplate. Do you not think so? Try to master and compass the terrifically sublime thought, and ere long your soul will fold its wings, as mine did, at the majestic evolution.

"After completing their mission, they return to the fountain-head, become newly charged with Deific power, and then go forth under different forms to complete and finish what they have begun before," said the presence by my side, as he completed the magnificent sentence.

"But," said he, "what thinkest thou of Nature?"

"Great God! that identical question a fourth time! I felt that it would be sheerly impossible to go on single step further in definition, and was about to abandon the attempt, when a voice, sweeter than the melody of love, softer than an infant's dream, more persuasive than the lip of Beauty, whispered, 'Try! The soul growth tall and wondrous strong, only as it puts forth its will!' In an instant I turned to find whence the spoken sounds came, and a slight of beauty, such as ravished every sense of my inmost being, fell upon my gaze. A female of regal aspect stood beside Thotmer, and her beauty of form, of expression, of mien—her unutterable loveliness, and namelessness, was such, that I was lost in the depths of that for which I can find no title in the grammatical language of the earth. Thotmer said, smiling and glad: 'She is mine; I am here; we are ours. Try!'

"I did so, and inspired by the ineffable presence that floated beside him, I replied, 'Nature is the birth-place of Love; the tomb of Evil; the primary school of human souls; the alchemy of the Virtues; the gymnasia of Thought—'

I could not go on. He came to my relief, and added—'A plane beginning at sense and ending in omniscience; the workshop of the Eternal God; the orchestra of the symphonies, and the ladder reaching from nothing, to the great dome beneath which sits in awful majesty the great I AM.'

Fraternally, L. ROSECRUICER.

NOTE.—I was subsequently told that geometry was the soul of science; that all lines, points, angles, shapes, and figures—indeed, of magnitude—were absolute and arbitrary symbols, having a fixed meaning in the vocabulary of the stars; that the things were *formful*, and could be perfectly expressed, and only so, in characters purely geometrical—that is, harmoniously so. What a stupendous idea—fact! What ages must elapse ere we be able to fully read the volumes God has collected in his library—the boundless universe of forms!

Trance Speakers.

A. MILTENBERGER, SAINT LOUIS, MO.—Martha Hulet is a young girl, just turned eighteen years, born in Indiana; removed to Illinois in infancy, and reared in the vicinity of Rockford, Illinois, where, while attending school, she was developed as a medium. This history of her development is interesting, and I propose to furnish them when I have learned more of the particulars. She has been in the field now about two years, and goes from place to place entirely alone. "Without purse or scrip, taking no thought of what she shall say, but speaking as the spirit giveth utterance."

Miss Hulet spoke for us the three last Sundays of September, and was accompanied by that Western plague, the fever and ague, and had a chill about every other day. This was unpromising enough. None of us had heard her, nor much of her, and her reception was not calculated to help her on. We were all agreeably surprised, and from that hour she continued to gain in our esteem, and at the close will take rank with our best speakers.

Three of the lectures were delivered upon subjects selected by a committee of skeptics, and were as well managed as such poor subjects as they generally give can be. I must protest against their appointment hereafter, as their selections are always theological metaphysics, which have been proscribed upon a thousand years, and of about as much use before, as after, the explanation. This was clearly demonstrated by her two last lectures, being selected by the influences controlling her, and the contrast was so great that they brought conviction to all, that lectures on subjects by skeptical committees are about played out. In her answers to questions after each lecture, she is, I think, clearer than any speaker I have ever heard in illustration. She was asked, "Is sin ever forgiven?" Her reply was, "A father told his son to drive a nail into a certain post for every sin committed, and to draw one out for every good deed done; at the close of the year he reported the post free of nails, saying, 'I am even.' I said the father, the *scars remain*." A whole volume would but complicate this perfect philosophy of the effects of sin.

I know now of brains, of a skeptical cast, upon whom the phenomena of the circle have made no sensible impression, to confess to me, the inexplicable solution of the patent fact, that old and young, men and women, men of science—the thinkers of the age—flock Sunday after Sunday through heat and cold, and wear and dearth, to hear our trance speakers, and sit in rapt attention to the close, and go away wiser and better men and women. What is it, they ask me? and the answer is plain, it is *Spiritualism*. Men and women are hungering for spiritual food; they go to the churches and get hawks instead. They attend trance lectures, and even if the language is not ornate, the ideas consecutive, yet the thirsty soul is refreshed. What does it? Men and women, you all feel the spirituality of the speaker, deny it as you may. There is something within each soul that responds to the spirit utterance, and will not be satisfied with anything less. The eucharist is but the form of what was once, in olden times, the presence of the spirit—the power that all men feel. Take the Oration on Washington, by the Plato of America, and contrast it with the utterances of Miss Hulet, and the latter will make an impression that the former never can, because the former lacks spirituality, and the latter possesses it. Let a speaker take our stand whose self esteem is large enough to deny the aid of spirits, and one by one the audience will walk out and leave the egoist to talk to empty benches; it has been tried often enough, and always with the same result. Our seekers must have spiritual, not animal food, and they know when they are getting it.

I use the term "trance speakers," for several reasons, the chief of which is, that the word *inspiration*, which more correctly gives the idea, has been so badly used by the "thus saith the Lord" of the past, and being always confused as coming from God, direct and special, the mediums of today have to use some other word to convey the truth that the inspirers are only men and women who have passed to the second birth, and furthermore, all our speakers in the earlier part of their development, spoke in an unconscious state analogous to the trance state, it being a trance of the mind and not of the body.

Miss Hulet returns to us in November, and will lecture during December in Memphis, Tenn. I commend her to your Eastern esteem, as a privilege flower that is not born to bluish unreason, and waste its sweets on the desert air.

H. P. Fairfield in Plymouth.

B. H. CHANDLER, PLYMOUTH, MASS.—"It has been a rich time for the Spiritualists of Plymouth for the last twelve days. Brother Fairfield has been with us, and lectured four times at our large and elegant Hall to full houses; and although we have had the pleasure of listening to many excellent speakers for the last year, Brother Fairfield seemed to enlist the feelings of sceptics, and chain their conscience, we think, more effectually than any other organism we have ever had among us. We have held circles at Brother Robinson's and Churchill's, and Sister Seymour's, and the spirit

of the living God was abundantly poured out. Next Sunday, and the Sunday following, we are to be addressed through the organism of N. Frank White, after which Dexter Dana, Dr. George Atkins, Warren Chase and others, will fill the desk. The cause is certainly progressing here, and the city seems to be generally for the truth concerning these things. We understand social meetings are to be held one evening a week, and that a circle of mediums will be held Tuesday evenings.

The Spiritualists here have leased Davis Hall for the coming year, which will seat one thousand people."

How Spiritualism Works.

LEWIS G. DAVIS, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Being a constant reader of your valuable journal, I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that Spiritualism is yet alive in this old city. We have now regular Sabbath meetings in the best Hall in the city, and a good attendance. Sept. 25th, Mrs. Cole addressed us in the trance state. In the evening, after every seat was occupied, numbers went away. Her lectures were well received. Mrs. M. S. Townsend spoke for us the last two Sabbaths of August, and Mrs. Works, of Charleston, the three first Sabbaths of September. Mrs. Townsend has been long and favorably known, and she is an especial favorite with the Spiritualists here. Mrs. Works came among us a stranger, but her audiences constantly increased during her stay, and being besides a good text medium, she succeeded in arousing such an interest as we have not seen before. She will be gladly welcomed again when she can return to us.

On the whole, Spiritualism had never so firm hold in this place as now, and the prejudices of many of its bitterest opponents are softening down. But, after all, its great power and influence is in and on the churches. Not slowly, but rapidly and surely, it is modifying the theology of the land. I know of persons now regular attendants on our meetings, who, one year ago, spoke of Spiritualism and Spiritualists with contempt. These persons have not been startled into a new belief by any unaccountable demonstrations, as tests received from any source, but by a gradual change in their minds, for which they cannot account—and by it have been carried forward almost in spite of themselves. But in another sense I spoke of the change going forward in the churches. It is that of progression in them, and not out of them; so great is this change, and so rapid its progress, that we often hear sentiments advanced from Orthodox pulpits that the boldest reformers would have hardly dared utter but a few years ago. Ministers that speak harsh and bitter words of denunciation against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, yet unconsciously call its faint flowers, and present them to their congregations. Why is this? The answer is simple and plain. Spiritualism has let a flood of new light upon the world; its truths are living truths, and as the sun warms up the blind so that they are enlivened by its presence, so does the light of Spiritualism affect, in some degree, even those who cannot, or will not, perceive its light and life.

The BANNER and AOA notice on the counters of both of our news-dealers, and the BANNER has a large circulation, and is steadily increasing.

To "Le Rosiercrucien."

"EPOCH." The kindness of "Le Rosiercrucien," in opening himself to questions, moves me to ask whether a "soul," described by him, and as distinguishable according to his narration, from any other "soul," as any body, or corporeal form, as distinguishable from a second such body, can be rightly termed "un-particled," homogeneous, or "indivisible." If one (or a) soul be distinguishable from a second soul, are they not, certainly, the subject of division? If the division implicitly enunciated in the word "one" soul, and another (or second) soul exist, how can we apply the term indivisible to those souls? Can aught which is rightfully represented by numbers be rightly called "indivisible?"

I should be unforgottenly chagrined to be understood as cavilling at the words; but the topic upon which "Le Rosiercrucien" has written so lucidly, is that which I have lately been doing my very best to elucidate and understand—not, it is true, for the instruction of others, but of myself.

Again: "Le Rosiercrucien" was, of course, bound to narrate precisely what "Thotmer" said; but it seems to me the words of the Egyptian represent a palpable looseness of thought, in saying "the soul had gone to recuperate itself," yet consecutively saying "not for itself," etc., etc. However, I feel grateful to "Le Rosiercrucien" for his especially valuable contributions to the elucidation of this great theme.

E. V. Wilson.

"P." BELFAST, ME., Oct. 8.—Mr. E. V. Wilson lectured in this place two evenings during the past week, in Pierce's Hall, to very respectable houses. Mr. W.'s power, or faculty, of reading character and giving incidents in the past life of individuals, is truly wonderful. Many persons came upon the stand, all of whom were well satisfied (together with the audience), that the main incidents in their lives had been correctly stated. One, in particular, a minister, and an opposer of Spiritualism, came forward for the purpose of opposition, and really believing that nothing could be told in his case. This man, after hearing all the particulars in his past life minutely described, was at a loss for words wherewith to oppose, and said, as an honest man, he must own that what had been stated was correct.

Mr. Wilson seems to be just the man to follow upon the track of such men as Grimes, Dly, and many others of the same ilk, who have been of late endeavoring to stir up the minds of the people with their falsehoods and misrepresentations, not for any good they think of doing, but for the sake of the money they may get by it; and this, I assure you, has been a very small sum, as far as our city is concerned.

Lunacy.

The American Democrat publishes a trance lecture by Mr. L. M. Andrews, in which the ground is taken that idiots are made idiots by a defect in organization of body, not the mind; that they possess all the germs of mentality, and hence must be immortal. The lecture also takes the ground that lunacy is always produced by bodily derangement, not mental.

INSPIRATION.

BY JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

Glorious creatures! Shapes of light! Where are now those looks of power? Where the eyes that glistened bright, In my visionary hour?

Ye were fair, and ye were high; Far, too far away from earth; Shadowy pinions hovered nigh, When my fancy gave you birth.

I was in a trance of heaven; Spirits then would come and go; Where the eternal walls were risen, Rushed a dazzling overflow.

I was then, on sounding wings, Borne along the living air; All of bright and beautiful things, All of great and good, were there.

Not a sound, but seemed to tell Harmony and holy love; Every echo gently full, Like an answer from above.

Then the soul assumed its reign; Then it stood erect and bold; All it sought so long in vain, Then in torrent it rolled.

With a full and sudden rush, Thought and light and knowledge came, Like an instantaneous gust, From the purest fount of flame.

Thick as atoms in the sun, Dancing on the dusty way, Thousand sparks seemed to run, Meeting, mingling into day.

'T was the spirit's jubilee; Passion sprang, and rent his chain, Mounting into ecstasy, Bright and free from every stain.

Visions, many as the stars, Glowing like a summer even, Flooded his vision with their cars, Herald of my way to Heaven.

TRUE SPEAKING.—Let a man speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men—so strongly are we knit to gather by ties of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him; but in either case, his words—if they are earnest and sincere—will find some response within us; for, in spite of casual varieties in outward rank or inward us, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces, One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow, Not to bear conscience is to silence it, Modesty is a guard to virtue.

LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in St. Louis and vicinity during October; address for that month care of A. Millenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. In November and December, Miss Hardinge will speak in Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans and the South. Apply during these months at the office of the BANNER, or by letter to 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Miss Hardinge will receive invitations to lecture South up to February, and requests all such applications to be sent in as early as possible, as she returns to Philadelphia, in March, 1850.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Montpelier, Vt., from Oct. 10th to 25th; South Portland, Me., Oct. 25th, 26th and 27th; Marlboro', Mass., Oct. 30th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marlborough, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be to Upper New York, Broome Co., N. Y., 4th St. 2nd door, or by letter to 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Dr. H. M. BLANK, Pen Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

N. DENBUR WHITE will lecture in New York, Oct. 30th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to as addressed as above.

Rev. JOHN PIERCE, West Medford, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZABETH A. MAISON, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.

Miss LIZZIE DORR, Plymouth, Mass.



