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

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

## WOMEN AND WISDOM.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

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

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

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

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

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

At the commencement of his lecture, as was his custom, he proffered the liberty to his hearers to interrupt him at any point, with questions or objec-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you know of any one that can?" asked a sedate old gentleman, who had thrown his red silk handkerchief over his head, to shield his decaying

crow from the current of air, proceeding from a neighboring window.

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

"Who, sir?"

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

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

"Yes, sir."

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

"Yes, sir."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAPTER II.

The Professor did not rest well that night. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of unsuccessful lectures and consoling audiences, and his waking hours were filled with visions of the past, which, in the clear "moonlight of memory," seemed almost like reality. Sarah Fairfield's face was again before him—her voice in his ears, and his whole soul yearned for that companionship, which he had so blindly

rejected in the past. Experience had taught him, that it was not enough to marry a member of his garments and a sharer of his food and shelter. His noble and better nature required a counterpart—not only an intimate, but a pure communion, and setting aside his horror of strong minded women and literary blues, he felt that only with a refined and cultivated female nature, could he find the sympathy which he desired. Sarah Fairfield alone seemed the impersonation of his ideal, but his pride, like a threatening monster, stood between them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE AND LATIN.  
BY ADRIAN MERRY.

Dear girls! never marry for knowledge,  
(Though that should of course, form a part)  
For often the head, in a college,  
Get who sit at the cost of the heart.  
Let me tell you a fact that is real—  
I once had a bean in my youth—  
My highest and best best friend,  
Of greatness, wisdom and truth.  
Oh! he talked of the Greeks and the Romans,  
Of Normans, and Saxons, and Celts,  
And he quoted from Virgil and Homer,  
And Plato, and Aristotle, and such,  
And he told me his delectable fiction,  
By means of a thousand strange herbs,  
With numberless words in connection,  
Derived from the roots of Greek verbs.  
One night, as a shy invalid,  
When Nature was maddened in snow,  
He wrote in the front of the window,  
A sweet word in Latin—"ama."  
Oh! it needed no words for expression,  
For that I had long understood;  
But there was his written confusion—  
Present tense, and indicative mood.  
Alas! how man's passion will vary!  
For scarcely a year had passed by,  
When he changed the "ama" to "amare,"  
But instead of an "e," was a "y."  
You: A heart had certainly taken,  
The heart once so fondly my own,  
And I, the rejected, forsaken,  
Was left to reflection alone.  
Since then I've a horror of Latin;  
And students uncommonly smart;  
True love—one should always put that in,  
To balance the head by the heart.  
To be a duo scholar and linguist,  
Is much to one's credit, I know,  
But "I love" should be said in plain English,  
And not with a Latin "ama."

taking off his right hand glove, he thrust it into his pocket, as there were sundry rips in it which betrayed the need of female handiwork. He had scarcely done this, when Miss Fairfield entered. The Professor rose very stiffly, but she greeted him so cordially, and entered into conversation with such apparent ease and interest, that he found it impossible to commence his animadversions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will at least rejoice in seeing you happy with another."

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

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

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

For some moments the two sat in silence together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAPTER III.

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

Mr. Silas Wilkinson—the sedate old gentleman who had worn the red handkerchief, and described the logical circle upon the first evening—became his warm, personal friend. He invited him to his house and introduced him to his niece, Miss Katie Fay, a young woman some twenty-three or four years of age, who was studying under the direction of Miss Fairfield. She, in her turn, invited him to take tea with them, which accordingly he did, and was treated to such nice muffins and custards of Miss Katie's own making, that he scarce knew which to admire most, the young lady or her culinary skill. She was, moreover, so agreeable in conversation, and gave such evidences of a cultivated mind, that, to use his own terms, he felt himself not only "physically strengthened, but psychologically attracted, and spiritually exalted by the association."

He made a phrenological examination of her head, which he found to be very harmoniously developed, and also furnished her with a chart, and a copy of his "Sciomania, or a Battle with a Shadow." He moreover promised her various other scientific works and all the information he could possibly furnish on the subject of Phrenology, as she was greatly interested, and thought that possibly she might want to lecture upon that and kindred sciences in the course of time.

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

He had not visited "Bloomsdale Cottage," as the place was called, since that first eventful morning. But as he was now about leaving Danbury, and as, moreover, shortly after reading the announcement of the marriage, the wedding cards were handed him, he felt called upon to do so. He deferred it, however, till within a short time of his departure. No first strengthened his heart by an interview with Miss Katie, and then, with a cheerfulness of spirit to which he had long been a stranger, but for which he had ample reason, he started for the cottage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE HARVEST MOON.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Come out doors with me, and absorb the beauties of this Indian-summer evening!

Out upon the hills and into God's orchards let us go frolicking and fruit-gathering!

There you may look and listen while I take a turn with this coaxing harvest-moon.

She is a wide-awake night-bird, out on a pleasant voyage of discovery.

Unveiled, full-faced and rosy-cheeked grandly she rises, soars and floats in the deep tranquillity.

Shining gloriously like a young queen abroad, full-jeweled, gemmed, and spangled.

Broadest she scatters her light, showing us the outlines and loquacity-spots of the landscape.

Out from the stars banners float, and horses and chariots rush.—I see what it all means!

Clamourous and drums beat! I see what victories and jubiles are coming!

God swears by Himself, and every ray of light is a positive surty.

In the eye of Borthia I see testimony enough to account for means and ends;

I see how I have come up in God's life-boats through countless nativities.

In each soul is the germ bearing God's own stamp, and up and out it will come and tell.

No one ever clears from this custom-house without genuine and sure passports.

Behind the full-orbed moon the big stars pale and the little ones hide.

Such as are near enough, beckon to me, and I promise to be there in season.

They need not hurry me, for I am contented, and there is time enough.

Besides I have work to do—poems to write—the sleepy and insomniac to look after.

I have my garden to weed, and lessons to give to the school-men and school-girls.

Have patience with me, and in due season I will render a true account!

I must now see what I can say of this moon of the harvest and storage season.

Whilst the children sleep I will be out at the hauckings and fruit-collections.

Taking notes of the stories and love-makings of the folk among the laborers.

They heed not the passive cicket slugging his regular one to the departing year.

For the Spring and Summer have been this way and gone, and great are the products and remainders.

The moon now comes earliest and waits latest for the husbandman and hunter.

Ever the day's door is closed, she is up with her light to help in the harvesting.

All abroad she is out, roaming and coquetting with the fair and beautiful young night.

Over the fields, mountains, prairies, rivers, and lakes, they unroll their witching pictures.

They revel in the city, and in the country—play in the woods—petting over and under the trees—

Dance over the house-tops, down the bay, and over the mountains, lakes and rivers;

Beck they come, tripping over the common, through the highways, byways, groves and gardens.

Now they go peering in at the windows, to see if the children sleep well in their cradles;

If the girls have done the kitchen work, and the parlor is ready for company;

If any are sick or wounded, and how they are cared and provided for;

If the old and grey grand-parents have been attended to, and made comfortable;

If the watchful mother draws the curtains that they may go in and kiss her sleeping babe;

If the blooming daughter is ready—looking for them and waiting for her lover;

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

Now they are off looking for such as have fallen short leaving ditches and pickets;

For the belated hunters and trappers out on the lone prairies and mountains;

The belated market-men, who outstayed the glut and low prices;

The pleasure-seekers who spent the wisdom and diet upon the follies of life;

The way-worn travelers, seeking and begging over the earth for food and lodging;

The poor emigrant hunting for his first supper and bed in a strange land;

The heart-broken wife, tarred out of doom, by a brutal husband;

The daughter who has disobeyed—been disinherited and abandoned;

The fast one who has run in the road to ruin, and brought up in the prison-cell;

The gambler who staked and lost, murdered, and tomorrow brings up on the gallows;

The miser who watches over his coffers, whilst hell-birds pick away his soul;

The drunkard who sleeps in the mire with his soul croaked, scared and drugged;

The thief who thought to gain, but stole from himself all he possessed;

The murderer who sought revenge, and goes to seek revenge for his wrongs and injuries;

For such as are misused, and misused, degrade and dole life themselves;

Such as loiter hungry and weak by the way, fed with an imaginary spoon;

Such as have quarreled with the cook and lie groaning under the nightmare;

Such as have staided and worked at dodging, and so become dodged and evaded;

Such as sail on smooth seas, and see no use for any chart or light-house;

### Original Essays.

#### VIEWS FROM THE INTERIOR.

BY L. JUDG PARKER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do not nationalities exist in the spirit? I think so. 'Neath the composite realm of the celestial-spiritual, and far below, the ones of the same nature love to dwell together, as they may. True, when they become *universalized*, they are no longer so much nationalized. But even then as nations, distinct and of hostile to each other, exist on earth, do they seek by unions in the spirit to succor and to aid the hands of their birth—if a forward-looking wisdom and justice permits—if the planned will of God admit. The misdirected of the hells, knowing not the wills of God, do not, save as involuntarily they may by their acts and deeds help on the great work, even while they seem to retard it. Their designed retardation, by the law of uses, exonerates in acceleration. So the God-powers cannot be absolutely thwarted.

There are, then, guardian nationalities in the spirit, watching over the nations of the earth. Each has its own, and a head. Alfred sits regnant in the Pantheon of England; Charlemagne is crowned emperor in Love and Truth, of Spiritual France; Peter the Great is the Russian Chief and head; Frederick the Great is still Father to his beloved Prussia; while Washington now, as once on earth, is the President of the Spiritual America.

Still farther: Every nation in the spirit elects by its own General Assembly, its representatives to the Universal Congress; and the elected head and president of that, is the unfolded and Wisdom-enriched Natorene. Appropriately seated in the Congress are

the illustrious benefactors of the race: Moses is there, many a Hebrew prophet and seer, Mahomet, the Grecian Sages and Lawgivers, the wise men once famous on earth of many Eastern climes, and a host unknown to fame. Now a Congress has existed in the spirit through the ages—might, indeed, be said to ever have been—but not the identical one to all the times. The one now regularly, at stated periods, in session, has been but of late, within a few years last past, organized; and when it shall have performed its allotted work, they will be another arise. The present Congress elected the Natorene as its President, and clothes him upon with theocratic power—for angels, it must ever be borne in mind, are a law unto themselves, and the divine rule within them binds them to the law of *Centralities*. So Christ, while ruling by the will of angels, is a God-representative to man—an impersonation now, through the gradual unfoldments of eighteen centuries come up, of the Celestial-Spiritual and practical Trinity, Truth, Love, Wisdom.

### COMPENSATION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I was early impressed with the beautiful system of compensation presented in Nature. The child learns it before his alphabet, and it dwains on the mature mind of manhood in eternal light. It is a vast subject for contemplation. The child eagerly reads in his philosophy how the blow of a hammer moves the whole earth; and when a stone falls to the ground the whole mass of the planet rushes forward to meet it. Still more exalted are his conceptions when told that every thought, however concealed and locked in the depths of his brain he may keep it, pulsates on the remotest star which twinkles in the mantle of night. So delicate do we early learn the grand spheres are strung and attuned. Night, the friend of darkness and of rest, is compensated for by a moon to shed a new splendor, to begot a second day; and in the sombre mantle darkness casts over the heavens, as myriad suns spring out, the existence of which we never otherwise would have dreamed of. Beauties spring from rankest deformity. Ever are we assured that death, with all its horrid ghastliness, will give birth to transcendent forms. So is the world adjusted. The dabbler, an unseemly pile, mouldering back to earth, once a mighty forest tree, with arms a hundred feet high, and a green coronal of boughs, among which for centuries the zephyrs sang pleasant songs, and the birds once built their mossy nests, and call-broods murmured love, or warbled from swelling throats delightful harmony. It moulders to dust. It dies to be resurrected. Again shall that foot dust course through the veins of life; and high above the trees which now look down on its ruins, it shall again bear the song of the murmuring winds, the chirping wren and full-sunged thrush.

Such is the perpetual round. The flower blooms beautiful to-day. Nature labors a whole year on a rose or lily, or velvet tulip, to see her frail work perish in the hour. The green leaf is for the whole summer, the rest of the overgrowth for the year; but the more exquisite flower absorbs so much of beauty, it perishes in the day which gives its birth, its short life compensating for its beauty. I love Nature, because it teaches me these divine compensations. How beautiful to me the forget-me-not on the sunny bank, and the jessamine, orchis and crocus, blooming on the edge of snow-drift east from the lap of winter, to perish in the generous breath of April. They early greet the sun when he steps over to our hemisphere. They are wanderers from that northern clime where spring, summer and autumn are crowded into the space of two months by the remorseless frost king, who ever there breathes a biting breath. They awake at the first touch of Summer's jeweled fingers, bloom, mature, and die in a day, and the lichen-oid earth is again ready for its snow-shroud. Few animals live in that arctic clime. The reindeer crops the moss by the light of the northern fire which replaces the glories of the sun. The polar bear, and in thickest robes, wanders over the floes; the whales, the seal, and other marine mammals, are protected against conceptions from moving ice, and the intensely cold water, by a thick coat of blubber, the best non-conductor of heat, the best possible for their defence; and man remains there, dwarfed intellectually to the level of the animals, the skins of which he uses for protection, and burrows in the ground to escape the rigors of the intolerable cold.

Here many queries arise. Are the Northern fires designed to replace the sun so long absent? Are the thick robes of the bear, and its white color, the thick blubber vesture of the whale, footmarks of an intelligent design? It is true the Aurora never visits tropical regions, not because it is not wanted there, however, any more than it visits the poles because wanted, but because such is the constitution of things. The cold air of the poles fosters electric pulsations, while the hot tropical air dissipates them. The phenomena has no direct relation to man, but man is related to it. We shall arrive at the solution of the other questions by another process of thought.

The plant is rooted to the soil. It cannot perceive and capture its food. It must take what is brought in direct contact with its roots, or perish. In accordance with this organization, its food is the mineral matter in which its roots are embedded. Water is the universal solvent which not only dissolves its food, presents it to the rootlets for absorption, but carries as the basis of its sap, or circulating fluid. The air, next to the water, brings its food in great abundance. Here is a rose-bush beading with its delicate burden of beauty, making its air redolent with perfume. It cannot move from its position. See how all Nature, sympathizing with it, runs eagerly on its errands. The winds-dry great draughts of water from the ocean, and bear it across the continents, showering the thirsty soil, washing the dust from its delicate petals, drooping or washing away the destroying insects. The red lightning rushing through the air, convert the unassimilable nitrogen into precious food, and the descending drops take it up, and bring it to the plant.

When the founding is washed, slaked and revived, the winds clothe themselves with the remnant vapor, and spread out the folds of their cloud-mantle to screen it from the scorching sun, which otherwise would devour too greedily the food they have supplied. It is the same with the roughest weed, which with nature is as much of a darling as the gorgeous cactus or imperial. The clouds do not bend under their weight of rain especially for the rose or violet. They love the rag-weed, the dock and nightshade as well, and all are equally thankful to the shower which nourishes and protects them. The grass, however humble its office may seem, carpeting the sea with emerald tapestry, is equally cared for. Here the great animal kingdom holds on to life; for without the grass, the herbivorous mammals could scarcely flourish; and they support the carnivora. Here is a splendid compensation. Perfect harmony exists in perpetual warfare, carried on between plants and herbivora on one hand, and herbivora and carnivora on the other. The mineral kingdom forms the substratum into which plants send their roots,



The Inner Life.

Hearts have inward lives that are lived within themselves, that the world knows not of. They exist un-

There, too, in its winter, with its chilling winds bearing on its gate, the early withered flowers, dead and fallen for want of warmth and sympathy—

The summer—the lasting summer of the heart comes not until the soul has passed through the fiery furnace of affliction, and come out refined, purified. It is then the spirit is baptised by the Divine hand with the perennial waters of Heaven's elixir.

Oh, it is then the soul hears the low rush of angelic wings, and with one struggle breaks its prison bars of dark sorrow and lets the opening day-break of the eternal morning shine within to light all gloom, and warm all coldness associated therein.

Oh, it is then the inner heart of hearts leaps upward and upward, bathing in the pure, holy sunlight of immortal glory. It is then earth may lash the soul with its scorpions of sorrow, then the fiery darts of persecution may be hurled; then the rack, the torture, may be applied in all their fury and attendant misery; then the cold, damp breath of falsehood may blast friendship's fair bud; then affection may prove faithless, wither and die; then death may sweep away at one breath all kindred, all kind; and, in fact, all the misfortunes and sorrows life has in store may dash upon it—but upon a heart thus warmed, thus fed, they fall unheeded. They cannot mar the happiness, the tranquillity, of a soul thus buoyed up, for the arm that sustains is almighty; the love is endless, is divine. The trust and faith is heaven's own unerring promise of fidelity and truth; the angels—the pure, white-robed angels—are its companions. Nought can disturb or make that heart afraid; its anchor is on high, held by the sceptre band of heaven. The calm celestial smile that plays around the outer wall, speaks plainly of the peace—the holy peace—that sits enthroned within the inner heart; and the soul of souls responds amen, and whispers, within the inner shrine of my being heaven has found a home.

Misrepresentation.

Reading a very severe rebuke from the pen of one of our best authors, on the impudence of the showman Barnum, for first humbugging the American people, and then telling them of it, a few thoughts suggested themselves to my mind, which, if you consider of sufficient interest, you may insert in your valuable journal. It seems to me we have in the exhibition of the tricks and traps by which this great mogul of jugglery attained his unenviable reputation, the key to the lives of many of the honored and wealthy citizens of this great republic. To be sure, they do not all import a mermaid and a "What is it?" from a foreign country, but they act from the same principle of misrepresentation as does the exhibitor of these so-called wonders. A man steps into a store to purchase an article, and its merits are always extolled; it is always devoid of defects, until it reaches his home, when, free from the influence of the goller, he examines it more minutely, and finds he has been egregiously sold. There is something palliating in Barnum's course. He has cheated and robbed by deceit, but he at least made a confession, and there is some virtue in that. But the pompous merchant, who rolls in luxurious ease in his sumptuous carriage, and who would discharge a clerk for speaking the truth—if speaking the truth would harm his interest—has no need of making the revolting confession, which, if viewed in the right light, should, disgust, instead of extolling our young men to a like course of action. But are there not too many followers of misrepresentation? Are we not all Barnums on a small scale? How often do we not our own feelings under the guise of external politeness? When are we acting out ourselves, scoring policy? Does not the young man don his best clothes, and assume to be more than he really is, in the sight of his beloved? Are we not all deceiving one another in regard to our attainments, our wealth, and our thoughts? Is not our life a lie? We are ready to check the prattle of an innocent child if it encroaches on our preconceived notions of modesty; but that child is acting out its nature to a letter, and you, by this checking process, are only fitting it for a follower of untruth and misrepresentation. Let us have less of this; for if you still in youth ever honest expression of thought, you dobar originality, and retard our progression both mentally and spiritually.

Yours in the truth, W. ALLEN SMITH.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.

THE DIAMOND RING.

Three years ago I left my relatives in America and sailed for Europe. A few days before sailing, an old and highly esteemed friend, Mr. C., came to bid me good bye. In the course of the conversation he spoke of Spiritualism, and he declared himself an unbeliever; but added, "Should it be possible for the spirits of the departed to communicate with those on earth, rest assured my spirit will return to you." Before parting he took from his finger a large diamond ring of extraordinary value, observing, "I feel a great desire to give you this ring, and would do so were it not the gift of a deceased slater; yet I wish you to have it, and in my will I shall leave it to you; it would gratify me so much to know that you have this ring which I prize so highly." We parted, and I soon forgot the matter, never having regarded it in a serious light, and in fact, entertaining a dislike to the subject of "Spiritualism."

to apply to his brother to restore it to you. His only relative, a brother, has indeed taken all his property, but I wish you would say whether I shall speak to him about the ring." I did not desire this, as I deemed him much more entitled to the ring than I, and I never even answered my relative's letter on the subject.

The most striking part of this occurrence is, that I had never mentioned to any one the conversation with Mr. C., which took place before I left America, because it had made so little impression on my mind; nor do I think that Mr. C. had spoken of it, as my relative expressed to me her astonishment at a communication upon so worldly a matter. London, July 10, 1860. C. KILLGROVE.

Banner of Light.

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LITTLE AND MUCH.

All things are relative, in this world. A little may seem a great deal, through the eyes of the right person; while, on the other hand, even as much may become the merest trifle. It is an instructive lesson to learn, with what rapidity our desires enlarge as we grow better able to gratify them. Our friend of the Newburyport Herald says with point—and he is a decided philosopher—

"Men are never rich on their millions more than thousands or hundreds; they are never satisfied, whatever they have; they never are, but always to be changed. We start out into the world without a cent, and think, while we toil for a mere pittance, that if we had a house over our heads we could call our own, we should be independent and contented; then we want five or ten thousand dollars; and by the time that has been accumulated, the expenses of living have pressed upward so fast, that we must double it to keep clear of absolute want. Next, the man may have his fifty or a hundred thousand dollars; but the value of money has changed to him; a dollar is once bigger than a double now, and there is the same dearth of riches as when the half eagles in his pocket were only pennies."

Just so it is. None of us are contented, in these things. There is a principle in the human heart that impels us to reach continually forward, and still forward. One acquisition only leads to and opens upon another. In fact, we acquire but to extend our desire. Never to be satisfied, with money or with anything else, is one of the leading characteristics of the race.

The famous Jacob Little, of Wall street, has failed again. An Albany paper says of the circumstance— "He was once worth two million dollars in ready money, and had credit for five millions; but just as much as when he had only two millions; he wanted that to become four thousand, he now desired to change his two millions to four millions. He was satisfied with an income of three thousand dollars a week, but, like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. Reverses came, and the great bear of Wall street was prostrate. Again he recovered; and again he felt before the changing tide, and we believe he has suffered five failures, each time, however, like an honorable man, paying in full all demands against him. At his present age it is doubtful if he will be able to overtake the fortune he has so long been pursuing, but he will undoubtedly yet make Wall street feel that he is alive."

Mr. Little is a fair type of the rest of us. We all smile at his infatuation, and go ahead exactly as he does; or, if we do not possess the energy to do that, then we content ourselves to approach his career in our dreams of what might be possible to us. The excitement of getting leads the leading charm to the net; no man is one half as happy after he has reached his mark, pecuniarily, as he was during his chase after the prize.

But our Newburyport friend and co-laborer wisely sums up the matter in words like these, that deserve to be copied into every journal in the land:— "Happiness is not in riches; wealth is not in abundance; independence and contentment depend not upon the extent of lands, the number of ships, or the list of stocks one calls his own; it all depends upon the state of mind; and he who learns to do without what he does not absolutely need, is making just as much progress toward contentment—perhaps more—as he who has acquired the means of satisfying that needless want. The actual wants of mankind are few and simple and easily supplied. If the individual—the luxury, that makes no man a man, and that we have imaginary or anticipated wants, which may never come to us, that burden and perplex the soul. We have not the least confidence that the future will supply its own needs—that to-morrow will be as abundant as to-day, and that God will temper the storms to the condition of the man, or give supplies when required, and to the exact amount needed; and therefore doing our own work and assuming God's support, living in the present, and trusting in the future, is the only natural and artificial means for all time, civilized society is a state of servitude."

Upon vows like these no comments are needed. They are altogether above criticism. They have no superlative degree. We may enforce them as best, and that is all we can do. We may repeat the profound precepts in another way, but we can add nothing to their weight or pertinency. For who knows that he looks faith in God's bounty, every day of his lives? Who is ignorant that all his fret and worry is about a future, that always takes the best possible care of itself?

The art of getting money is in not spending it. Of course we make references to all things but the necessities. If a man squanders only a single dollar a week, he works so much the harder to make up for that dollar during the next week. Where expenditure is not necessary, it is of course wasteful; it costs the individual dearer than all else he disbursts; it becomes a fearful weight upon the energies in the end, because it is seen to be something that might just as well have been avoided. There are certain sorts of business, we know, that require large disbursements in order to carry them out effectively; but we are speaking of personal matters, and not of those relating to business; the latter are subject to their own laws.

When one resolves to curtail his expenditure, and still not to deny himself the good that belongs to harmonious physical and spiritual enjoyment, he has grown suddenly rich to the amount of his curtailment already. Parsimony is not economy; we would be the last to confound them. But a truer economy is manifestly needed. We throw ourselves away on labor for the sake of filling our pockets, and then we throw ourselves away in just the same style in spending it. Thus are we consumed both in the making and the spending. We work under a pressure of high excitement in order to get, and we live in a whirl of the same sort of excitement in order to spend; so that, between this Sylla and that Charibdis, our lives are utterly wrecked and thrown away.

Enough is as good as more. One can only eat what he needs, wear what shall protect him outwardly and harmonize with simple and true tastes

inwardly, sleep dry and warm, and exchange thought and sentiment with his best friends, at best; what he strives for beyond these is idle, irrelevant, and a thorough waste of his force and character. Take, for example, the prevailing passion for large and showy houses; they are nothing but vanity, impose chiefly upon outside beholders, excite the imagination or wonder of passers rather than secure the comfort and solid happiness of dwellers, fret the thought about the care of them, and, altogether, are out of keeping with any character as it has thus far become developed. On the contrary, a cosy dwelling, with sufficiently large apartments, beautified with the genuine tastes and sentiments of the soul rather than the metallic medium carried in the pocket, that is clothed upon with a sentiment altogether domestic and sacred, that speaks the genuine home devotion and breathes the balmy home-airs—such a structure, with its proper keepings, associations and surroundings, is indeed a fortunate of the Heaven the pure heart is yet to progress to, and stands out the delightful cry of every one whose eyes pause in their travels to admire its substantial beauties.

So with dress. Dressing is unquestionably an art; but in order to be the highest art, in must have its origin, or hint, in the simple instincts of the heart. A person will at once say in reply to us— "Yes, but I must dress I can't live without paying due attention to these requisites; I might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion!" Not so, friend; fashion is fancy, superficial, changeable, fickle, unprincipled, whimsical, tyrannical, and not at all to be depended on. Hence, if you are in the fashion to-day, you will be out of it to-morrow! This alone shows its want of principle, or rule; it has no fixed existence, as yet, in the nature of things. If it had, then good taste only would have control; but now, good taste has little or nothing to do with it. Nor judgment, either. Nor a sense of harmony and fitness. All true beauty is rooted and grounded in use. And if, taking this for a starting point, each and all of us resolved to go forward only according to this law, none of us could ever be "out of the fashion," for we should always be clothed according to the principles of good taste and a perfect harmony. God himself is economical to the very last degree.

Vast as is the spiritual force, and boundless as is the spiritual bonny residing at the divine center, there is, nevertheless, no charge to be brought of waste and dissipation. Power is always applied where it is needed, and when it is needed. It is never thrown away. Though we may sometimes think it is, because we cannot see its immediate effects, it is at work in secret and in silence, nevertheless. The Almighty calculates as surely as a calculation can be made. No force is mispent. Nothing comes short. Nothing, either, oversteers the mark. We might learn a valuable lesson from this. It teaches us, at least, that much and little are only relative terms, at best, and that what we call much may be little indeed, and, on the contrary, what we esteem very little may be most liberal and profuse according to a true spiritual estimate. Not those who boast of their much have, after all, as much as those who are wisely content with their little.

Tornadoes and Freshets.

At last, we are enjoying our share of these dire-torrents. A tornado in Salem, and a deluge in Cambridge, and thereabouts. The tornado followed but a narrow track, or its destructiveness must have been greater. Trees, houses, barns, and cattle suffered. The deluge was a little more wonderful in its character. It is reported that seven-and-a-half inches of rain fell on a level. Tub out at in the open air were filled without any trouble. Gallies were washed through gardens, valuable tracts of farming land was completely worn away, and the rich alluvium that made farmers' lands worth two hundred dollars per acre was carried off and distributed over the acres of men who would be glad at all times, no doubt, to have their property improved in that way. The elements have seemed to act, this season, as if they were "possessed." We are, in fact, of the opinion of the New York Herald, that our atmosphere is now undergoing great magnetic changes, which are sufficient to account for all these wonders.

The Prince Lectured.

The liberal papers in Canada make nothing of giving the youthful Prince of Wales a piece of good advice now and then. The Hamilton Times, speaking of his intended visit to the United States, remarks:— "A valuable lesson will the young Prince learn from observing the prosperity of that people whom his ancestors drew to rebellion. He will see how they have free and energetic people really depend upon principles how easily they can be dispersed with, and how wise it is to dispense with them when they mislead the pre-rogatives which are entrusted to them for the people's benefit."

No Need of It.

The Chief of Police in Quebec recently took a revolver from the reporter of a New York Journal, giving as an excuse for his conduct, that there was no use for such a weapon in Canada. We have not seen a more pointed and effective satire on our peculiar "liberty," in a long time. It cuts the deeper, because it is so well deserved.

Sky Pictures.

Mr. Black, a well known artist of this city, recently made an attempt to obtain photographic views of Providence and suburbs from a balloon. A balloon, held by a rope, was allowed to ascend to the height of twelve hundred feet, from which elevation several photographic views were taken of the city, bay and surrounding country.

Star King on Mountains.

This eloquent writer in his entitled "The White Hills," has the following passage:— "Take a century or two into account, and we find the mountains fertilizing the soil by the minerals they restore to it to compensate the wastes of the harvests. The hills which, as compared with living beings, seem as dead, are, in truth, as perfuming as roses. The veins of flowing fountains weary the mountain range, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural force of the iron grid is slaved in its appointed time, like the strength of the slaves in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm."

Jerome Bonaparte's Widow.

A Baltimore correspondent of the New York Times says:— "Passing along our streets the next day after the announcement of the death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, I saw a widow, Mrs. Patterson, now near her eightieth year, walking out, in her usual costume, unconcerned as if nothing had happened. She certainly knew the fact; but knowing her eccentricities, I was not surprised. It is no uncommon thing to see this lady in the public markets attending personally to her business. She often collects her own rents, and takes a flirt at stock speculations when the fever is up. At all times an elegant crown jewel, glittering with diamonds of the purest water, is displayed upon her forehead, while her arms are white, skin smooth as tender as a maiden of sixteen. She is really a remarkable woman. There is a deep stoicism and unbending philosophy, coupled with independence, in her constitution, which one out of a thousand, male or female, does not possess. Her every thought is replete with favoritism for royalty. Republics she esteems common, ungrateful; and now, though a citizen of our domain, and without anything special to claim herself upon to justify imperial favors, she lives in the ideal of a duchess France."

That Meteor.

The auras and the newspapers are not yet done with discussing the late very respectable, if not really wonderful, meteor. Its fall of fire took their eyes, decidably. At the Scientific Association Convention, which has just adjourned its sittings at Newport the topic was talked up amply, though we incline to think no definite conclusion was come at respecting its origin, history, influence, or uses. We have fallen in with a good many quite ingenious, and as many foolish attempts, in the public prints, to explain the nature and usefulness of this aerial stranger, but the latest, and the one possessing as much interest as any other, is one which we find in the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer, over the initials of "J. F. R." The writer believes this meteor of semi-annual appearance, having been seen last January, and again in July, 1859; and he predicts its re-appearance next January. He sets out with saying about it:— "It is well known that the upper region of the atmosphere of our earth is of the positive electric state. It is a fountain of force, which it sends the air in a rotary motion with greater velocity than that of the earth's surface, and a drying wind from west to east in the direction of the earth's motion. The splendid meteor, which I believe to be a semi-annual event, is produced from the west coast of the continent of the 30th July, produced an agitation of the air, that has continued to blow from north-west to south-east, and changed the equilibrium of temperature, and forced the electric currents in undulating waves upon the atmosphere of the earth, producing tornadoes in its skimming flight from west to east. It is not possible that it was an offspring of earth, though of the transient form; it had the wonderful sublimity of the eternal fabric of the heavens, to transfer force and heat by friction to another field of action, where it is required. It is a great body of electricity, repeating the earth with its emissions, and discharging the vast electric currents that belt the earth."

And he gives it as his opinion, based upon what we do not know that, any more than we know what other theories relative to it are based upon, that "This Meteor, which we give the name and title of 'Semi-Annual Comet,' is whirling round our own axis—is no longer a gaseous vapor, but red hot lava, expelled from the west coast of the continent, and the particles following after, dropping down apparently in red hot drops, are compressed and petrified in the air, and as it is propelled by the force of the sunlight, it is melting and heating by friction or abrasion, and scattering its electric light broadcast over its track across our land, and is approaching nearer and nearer to the earth. It has, without doubt, traveled with the electric current of the earth for twelve months past, without diminution in size or appearance, while its descending and approximating course is worthy of the closest observation."

Now, if there is anything in "signs," as they are there used to be, in old times, it behooves not only astronomers and scientific men generally, but the mass of men all around us, to look out for some sudden and startling effect from the proximity of this vast aerolite to our sphere. It is known that the magnetism of the earth has long been changing, and perhaps we had come to that pass where our material magnetic force was getting a little deficient. Has this brilliant stranger suddenly plunged, like a fiery steed, out of the vast fields of space into the pasture where we have been placidly grazing so long, to infuse into us a new life and glow and magically transform our nature into something somewhat more superior and exalted?

Mr. Mart.

The following letter is from the pen of a gentleman of high respectability and standing in society, who, we cannot doubt, gives utterance to his honest convictions. From many persons who have listened to Mrs. Burd's discourse we have heard expressions of a similar character:— "I am glad to learn that Mrs. Burd has yielded assent to the solicitations of her spirit friends, and come to the conclusion to hold a public meeting in connection with the new philosophy, and has been engaged for the last three years in lecturing to a class of highly educated men of Boston and its vicinity. It is to the thinking of the noble class of minds that have been addressed, and yet every inquiry will obtain from them, that it would be injurious as well as useless to institute comparisons between mediums, as each seems to be endowed with different gifts, and each fitted to minister to the spiritual sphere. The reply made by a Judge of our Supreme Court to my question of how he liked Mrs. Burd's lecture, will give a good idea of her character as a lecturer. Said he: 'I have taken notes of Mrs. B.'s discourse, and there are so many of the noble class of minds that I feel compelled to express. I must take time and expand a little, in order to digest and absorb it all. Great numbers of people have become satisfied of the spiritual origin of the phenomena and are now seeking for higher mental food. To such persons her lectures will prove highly acceptable.'"

A Clerical Bull.

Some years ago, in a clerical Convention, held in a discussion upon respecting certain funds which had been given for the benefit of widows of deceased clergymen. The Convention consisted of two parties. One party, it seems, suspected the other of a design to get exclusive control of said funds, and to exclude the widows of the other. Much fervid eloquence was employed, and not a little "holy indignation" exhibited, and the zeal on both sides was rising to a fever heat, when one gentleman arose and with most expressive gestulation, and emphatic tones, declared, "that he for one would submit to the proposed measure," and declared solemnly, that "if the measure should obtain, and in consequence of it, his widow should be deprived of a due interest in said funds, he would appeal to the civil law, and carry the case to the Supreme Court!" The suppressed but universal laugh, with which this announcement was received, reminded the good brother that he had overlooked one important thing, viz.: where he would be when his wife should become a widow?

Henry Ward Beecher a D. D.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has received the title of D. D., from Amherst College. The Independent, in speaking of it, says:— "It is well that this degree was not conferred by Cambridge University. An honor from that quarter might have awakened a suspicion of his orthodoxy. Some of his associates in this vicinity have survived the same honor, but it is not so generally conferred. A degree from Amherst College must place Mr. Beecher's orthodoxy under suspicion, at least in Massachusetts. Our only fear is that influences from such a quarter may make our friend become a conservative."

Since the above was put in type, we have seen Mr. Beecher's letter declining the "honor." It is as follows:—

PERKINS, AUG. 21, 1860.

To the President and Board of Trustees of Amherst College:

GENTLEMEN: I have been duly notified that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon me. It would certainly give me pleasure should any respectable institution bestow such a testimony of good will; but that Amherst College, my own mother, should so kindly remember a son, is a peculiar gratification. But all the use of such a title ends with the public expression of a wish to confer it. For the rest, it would be but an incommensurate and furnish an address to me by the title of Doctor of Divinity, I greatly prefer the simplicity of that name which my mother uttered over me in the holy hour of infant consecration and baptism. May I be permitted, without seeming to undervalue your kindness, or disesteeming the honor meant to return it to your hands; that I may to the end of my life be, as thus far I have been, simply

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Message Verified.

Mrs. E. E. E.—Reading in your paper a communication signed Mary E. Yenton, I wish to say that I knew the parties referred to in the communication, and can certify to the correctness of the statements made. Yours truly, C.

A. J. Davis's Opinion of Dr. Child's New Book.

We unike the following extract from Andrew Jackson Davis's criticism, in his Herald of Progress, on the new book just issued by Dr. Child, "Whatever is, is Right":— "The seal of the last book is opened. The vials of wrath are empty. The great book of destruction is broken. A book of extraordinary value is before us. It is unlike all the creeds of Christendom. It is as much in advance of Unitarianism as this form of faith is superior to old-fashioned New England Calvinism. It is the first unqualified attempt to establish the poetic philosophy of Pope. It has, consequently, 'approbation for everything, and condemnation for nothing.' It recognizes no merit, no demerit, in human souls—no special heaven for pious self-righteousness, and no special hell for a bleeding, suffering humanity. It accepts every creed, belief, and doctrine, every action, good and bad, as being the lawful effect of a cause that lies in unadmitted spirit, which cause is above the power of human volition."

We celebrate the auspicious day when the germ of this book was deposited by the Author of all things, or by whatever you choose to name the source of 'every good and perfect gift.' We rejoice exceedingly, because we believe in the poetic philosophy, and, therefore, not because we think it will not be beneficial upon the thronging multitudes, but because the doctrine is presented, as it must be, in the Necessitarian's 'magic circle,' from which no thoroughly logical man can ever hope to escape. There flows a sweet 'River of Life' through this garden of flowers. This monotonous stream singeth both day and night—

"All things work round life worlds. The orb of earth that yet its place in heaven, as things and all, are in the existence of all matter, in all existence, look at your spirit."

The author seems everywhere to consider explanation the same as justification. Because effects can be traced to causes, the qualitative difference between the two is forever annihilated. For example:— "What is a lie?" he asks. Answer: "A lie is true to the cause that produced it; so what we call a lie is a truth that exists in nature just as real as is what we call a truth. The cause of a lie exists in nature; the cause of a truth exists in nature, and the effect of each cause is wrought out in nature. Nature is always true in her work; so both a truth and what we call a lie are lawful and right in the great plan of existence. A lie is a truth which is held a lawful place in creation. Again: 'A murderer wrong?' One would at first say, Yes. But presently you will answer, no. Why so? Because 'Whatever is, is right.' You will reject this doctrine unless you believe it. But suppose you do reject it and combat it; will such a course be right? No. Why not? Because 'Whatever is, is right.' The circle of this philosophy is expansive and contractive both, and every moment it is permeated with an irresistible energy. Once get in, once view the universe and all things from its delightful stand point, and your verdict will be, 'Whatever is, is right.' If you do not enter the charmed ring of logic, it will then be natural for you to oppose it, and this again will not be wrong, because 'Whatever is, is right.'"

What will the Secular Press say about this book?

Answer, by the author: "I suppose secular editors will hold their tongues with any of the usual leaves over with the poker, and speak of it as being fatal to their religion and morals as the snake the upon and the serpent's venom is to human life. If secular newspapers notice this book at all, it will be presented in the light of only one creed, and will be condemned with severity. This will be right." Thus, our good Brother's gospel is conforming to the last degree of heavenly peace. We cannot say anything wrong if we should withhold the expression of our conviction that some of the lessons of this book are divinely sublime and all embracing. We find herein some of the purest principles, and some of the largest hints at eternal principles of truth; and 'live or die, survive or perish,' we hereby extend to this loved brother, our 'Right' (not wrong) hand of fellowship and greeting.

The English Tongue.

The following passage, respecting our mother tongue, is extracted from a discourse at one of our College Commencements, this year. It is quite as eloquent as is its suggestive and true:— "Most languages point back; the English language points forward to the future. Language, being the intellect, and moves on to the future. First comes the childhood, a mere murmur; then boyhood, banging and gunning—sound was becoming more definite; finally came manhood, all preceding ages had been in the past. The English language, the Romance and Latin; throwing these two together produced a chaos of sound which hissed and boiled and bubbled like a witch's cauldron. But a great change in the condition of a new cosmos. The English language is like an antichamber, the digestion, an unclassified appetite. It will try its jaws on all words, and grind them all to monosyllables in a trice. The quality of using words from all languages fits it to be an universal speech. Secondly, the English language is a root speech, for the people will just say what they mean every time they speak. This is a language which will not consent to call women things, as the Germans do when they speak of their wives. Thirdly, it rejects compounds, and would prefer to split a word and make two, rather than glue two into one. Fourthly, it uses a new gamut of sound. Anglo-Saxon words are used for things of nature, home, etc.; Norman for artificial objects. Any one may catch words and put them together, but to speak English well is one of the fine arts. Fifthly, the syntax is as new as the etymology. Sixthly, the Bible shows it to be a new language, for they are new and not found in any other language. The glory of English speech is that its idioms speak for freedom, truth, law, and religion. Seventhly, English speech may be known by the state and tone of the literary heart. Some book, either written or unwritten, is the literary heart of a nation. Homer, for the Greek; the law and ballads were the heart of Latin literature; the Bible is the heart of English literature. A thousand years has this book been awaiting the literary heart of the world. No one has ever yet known how to give English speech the human heart that did not derive that power from the great heart of English literature—the Bible. The great heart of English literature beats and throbs in unison with God, while it sends its vital currents through every fibre, nerve and sinew of the language. This is our; this is our birthright. The language of Chaucer, and Milton, and Shakespeare, the lights, the beacon lights, of English literature, are ours."

Early Fellows.

A New York paper says of Tenneyson and Carlyle— "Rouse has just returned from an unsuccessful mission to England. Besides a commission from Emerson to take Carlyle's portrait, he had letters from Longfellow to Tenneyson with the same purpose; but, for some reason not yet understood, the poet-laureate was not only unwilling, but positively refused to permit his counterfeited presentation to be placed on paper. Carlyle was also in an unapproachable mood, and so Mr. Rouse comes back to America without having touched Rouse to paper."

MONSIEUR HATTY.

An official Hyattien document, giving the number of births, deaths, marriages, and divorces, in various villages in different parts of the empire, during three months, shows that the whole number of children born in these months was 1000, of whom 170 were born out of wedlock. In Port au Prince, the capital, out of 420 children born, only 30 were legitimate.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Governor Banks has declined to receive the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts again this fall. He has received the appointment of President and managing director of the Illinois Central Railroad, at a salary of about ten thousand dollars. He will soon remove to Chicago. It is proposed to give, at an early day, a reception to John H. Oough, Esq., the distinguished apostle of Temperance, who arrived in this city Aug. 23d, from a three years' residence and labor in Great Britain. Mr. Oough was waited upon last Thursday by Rev. H. M. Dexter, of this city, who presented him a letter of welcome, conveying the expression of their cordial esteem, and love, and inviting him to a public reception in Boston, signed by four hundred and eighty clergymen of different denominations in Massachusetts. The reception will take place at Tremont Temple. The time has not been definitely settled, but it will probably be soon. Little Dollie Dutton commenced her autumn tour last Monday, with a trip through the towns in southwestern New Hampshire. The business agent was engaged a boy by the name of Decker, from New York State, to officiate as door-keeper, the aforesaid boy being nineteen years old, weighs three hundred pounds, and is seven feet tall. Albert Norton is manager, and J. H. Little business agent. Hon. Joseph White, of Williamstown, is the successor of Hon. George S. Boutwell, as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The widow of the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence died in this city on Tuesday evening, August 23d, at the age of sixty-seven. The Home and School Journal speaks of the "Sublimity of Space." Digby desires to know where space is located? (The printer will please space this if evenly.) We yesterday heard a man with one leg, asking a one-armed man for arms.

ORIGINAL.—The San Francisco Esopierian, bent on not being outdone by any of its contemporaries, sends each of its subscribers, with the present number, a full-sized pattern of a ladies' sleeve, with instructions for use. ARRIVAL OF LADY FRANKLIN.—Among the passengers by the Adriatic last week, was Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, who lost his life in his devotion to the cause of science and geographical discovery. Lady Franklin is now the guest of Sir Henry Gribbell, of New York. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have any evil known of you, never do it.

To remove the disagreeable smell of onions from the breath after eating them, chew a raw garlic. It is an infallible remedy. The regular trade sale of the New York Book Publishers' Association will begin on Tuesday, the 4th of September. The catalogue is a thick volume of over five hundred pages. Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men. "Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at de seaside?" "Kass, Mr. Snow, dry charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, do landlord charged dis money, dis stealing de spoon."

The Prince of Wales fell, dragging his partner with him, at the ball in Quebec in his honor. He had his hair out in Quebec, and the fistic barber sold the locks shorn from the head of the actor of royalty, at a high price to the ladies. It is reported that Austria intends to renounce the treaty of Villafranca, and is actively opposing Garibaldi. A countryman being at an Englishman's table, expressed his surprise by loud exclamations, on seeing a large quantity of fruit come out of a bottle of port as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied, "I do not wonder at all at the froth that comes out of the bottle; but how the deuce did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

Mons. Fleurons, of Paris, has been for a long time endeavoring to outdo both with madder, and the more he tried, the madder he got. We learn from Dr. J. Judson, of Columbus, Pa., that Mrs. Frances L. Bond is one of the ablest exponents of the New Gospel in that section of country. An editor of a paper in Indiana wants to know if western whisky was ever seen 'comin' thro' the rye?" A most affecting evidence of the "devotion of woman" is noticed in the English papers. The ladies of a fashionable congregation in London are raising a fund by subscription to enable their minister—still young and good looking, we infer—to get a divorce from his wife. "Let me kiss him for his mother," is the song of the ladies where the Prince of Wales is travelling, says the Hartford Times.

A library, exclusively for women, is to be opened in New York next month. The women have shown a dislike to visit the reading rooms of the public libraries in that city. The new library has already about 5000 volumes. An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my word if the sea was but a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom!" I love the night when the moon shines bright On flowers that bring the day; When cascades about as the stars peep out When the boundless fields of blue, But darker far than moon or star, Or flowers of gaudy hue, Or murmuring thrills of mountain rills, Are love, love, love.—G. P. Morris.

Jones had been out to a Champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—One—One!" hiccoughed Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order; it has struck one four times."

The Catholic Cathedral, in Franklin street, Boston, will be taken down next month. The Molodens has been engaged by the society as a temporary place of worship. Consigning people to hell or to heaven dogmatically, is unworthy the century in which we live.—Herald of Progress. "This is a balmy atmosphere," said



The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by a person who is a member of the Spiritualist community...

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to the others we should have sent to us...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Invocation.

Oh, Heavenly Father, our Heavenly Father, once more draw near unto us; once more we enter within thy holy temple with our offerings which will be acceptable to thee.

God the Author of Evil and Good.

Will God say, "I did not create evil and good, but I am the author of both?"

Clara Kingston.

Our heavenly Father opens wide the gates through which the mother wishes to open communion with the little ones she has left on earth.

Dave Williams.

Oh, Lord, if I don't die after this, I want never die. First and foremost, what place is this? Oh, Lord, I thought this was New York.

Margaret O'Brien.

This is not the house I want to come to. I want to go to my father's house. I was a long time learning how to speak, and now I don't want to speak here.

for to lose the atom would be to destroy his own power. Oh, the weak intellect the mortal surface, and seek the effects beyond that, and find the cause, and read it well, and you will see your God in heaven, moving in perfect concert with all he has created.

Martha Jane Eldredge.

My name was Martha Jane Eldredge. I lived in Brownville, Wisconsin. I was twelve years old, and I was taken to the West by my mother.

Albert Wedger.

I hardly know whether I am here to answer the call of curiosity, or whether my friend wishes to investigate Spiritualism. But I am very fearful he will be as the man who was sick, and prayed to God to save him.

Clara Kingston.

There is nothing remaining for me to give but my name. Albert Wedger of Boston. July 6.

Mehitable Barton.

I was burned to death in Independence, Iowa. I come for you to write to my father and mother. My name was Mehitable Barton. I was nine years old.

Dave Williams.

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When you going to print this matter? Five weeks will be long time to wait. Tell me, I'm here, dressed up as you are anybody, and I don't have to see you people. We don't have any stepmothers here.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of all things, with thou fold us in the arms of thy Love and Wisdom while we journey in humanity? Will thou give us that strength so necessary to our journey here? Thou Spirit of Truth, will thou so fill our spirits with truth, that we shall fear no evil, and shall rest in thee?

Infant Individualization.

"Does the infant enjoy an individualized existence in the spirit-world, and die before receiving a natural birth?" This is the question given us to speak upon to day, and it is one that is floating broadcast upon the ether.

Clara Kingston.

I have my friend a small son, and in return for the old father's love, he has left me a little son. I do not know whether he told me the truth or not, but I remember giving the glass for the old father.

Mehitable Barton.

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Dave Williams.

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Jerome Thayer.

No, the world is not dead if I am. You want my name, I suppose, which was Jerome Thayer. I was a distiller by occupation. I once worked here, but it is not my birth-place, or the place I hailed from.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of all things, with thou fold us in the arms of thy Love and Wisdom while we journey in humanity? Will thou give us that strength so necessary to our journey here? Thou Spirit of Truth, will thou so fill our spirits with truth, that we shall fear no evil, and shall rest in thee?

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Correspondence.

The Late Convention at Providence, etc.

Dear Brother.—At last our long-talked-of Convention has come and gone, and a fine time we had had, and a lively one, as will be seen by the reports in your columns, which are very full, and pestered, also, (a year of great price), the merit of great correctness—thanks to friend Robinson, your enterprising reporter. We had many strangers visiting us from all parts of the country—Wisconsin, Oregon, Tennessee, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, New York, and of course all the Eastern States, being well represented.

Clara Kingston.

I take the liberty of addressing a line to you relative to the condition of our glorious cause in this city. Notwithstanding the many rebuffs attempted to be put upon Spiritualism by all shades of the opposition, organized and unorganized, the good work goes right forward.

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Clara Kingston.

Here, as an officer of the Phalanx, my hand directed the first steps into the mill, and my voice made the opening speech of the town, and renewed it at the laying of the corner stone of the college, some years after.

Mehitable Barton.

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Dave Williams.

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