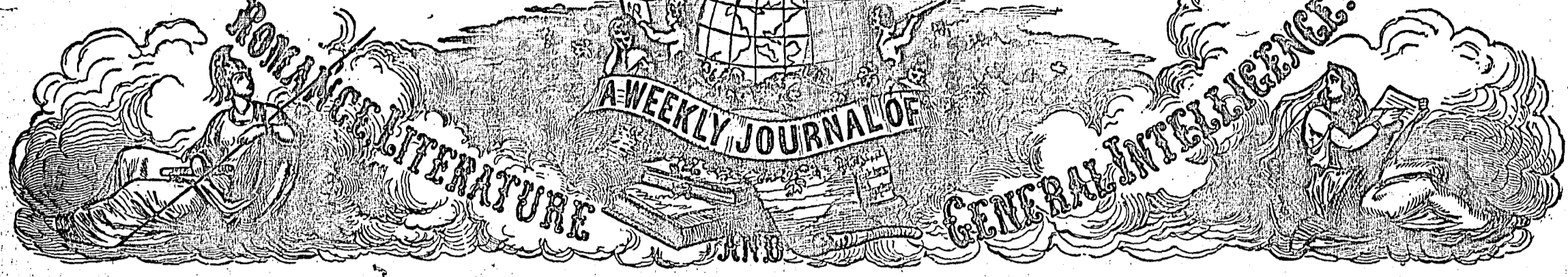


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ONE.
BY F. H. H. PHANTIQUE.

Is there language in eyes gently gazing
From under their lashes so gay?
My quick blood goes dancing
And wildly is prancing
At the sweet words your look seems to say.

Is there language in tender embraces
Of arms round my neck tightly thrown?
With loveliest Graces
I would not change places,
For their joy cannot equal my own!

Is there language in kisses so burning,
From lips that put coral to shame?
This language I'm learning
When promptly returning
Fond kisses that add to the flame!

Is there language in hearts, when their beating
Seems the noise of an imprisoned bird,
So pleading, entreating
The pleasure of meeting
With one who its sweet song has heard?

Yes—a language too pointedly spoken
To ever be misunderstood;
Each glance is a token
Of pleasure unbroken,
And each kiss brings an answering mood!

Sweet girl! May it be my endeavor
To merit the language you speak;
May dark passion never
Misquote it, but ever
May my soul give the answer you seek!

THE SPIRITUAL CAPTIVE.

BY E. DAYTON.
CHAPTER I.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

It was the latter part of a beautiful day that I entered the city of —, situated on the banks of Lake Erie. I called at the City Hotel, and with other strangers took a seat in the parlor, and became interested in the conversation of a very deaconish-looking old man. His theme was religion. He dealt out damnation to sinners in general, and especially to a class of females known as "doubtful characters." Why his severity toward this class of offenders, I could not imagine. As I was about to ask the reason for his deadly hate toward these unfortunate, the tea bell rang, and conversation ended—only, however, to be resumed at the table, on other topics. Being a stranger to all present, I said little, preferring to listen to others.

In the course of tea-table chat, the deaconish old man said to a gentleman on his left—

"She was turned off this morning," seemingly referring to some previous conversation. The reply was—

"Well for the landlord, else he would have lost much custom."

Not being able to gather the meaning of this language, I paid little attention to it. Tea being over, I lit my cigar, as was my custom in those days, before I knew much of spiritual reform, and passed to the far end of a long veranda. Here I seated myself all alone, to enjoy the calm lake breeze, and see the bright sun sink beyond the beautiful waters. But just as I had wrapped myself in the fumes of my cigar, and was enjoying all the inspiration receivable from such a source, I heard groans and sighs and bitter wallings proceeding from a wood-house adjoining the hotel. I threw aside my cigar and listened intently, to see if I could interpret this language of the human heart clothed in sorrow. But no words were uttered that threw any light on the cause of this outpouring grief. I thought of what the old man said at the table, and a little light streamed into my mind. But gradually this excessive grief subsided in its outward manifestations. Night had already set in; and, busied with many afflictive thoughts, I bent my way to the parlor, hoping to learn by the conversation I might hear the cause of so much sorrow. But, after listening some time, and hearing nothing that would throw any light on the subject of my reflections, I concluded to retire, and did so.

But it was a long while before my mind would allow my eyes to rest in slumber. And when at last I slept, it was only to dream, as I then called it, for I knew little of spiritual things. And now, reader, I will tell you what I dreamed, or thought I dreamed, though now I know 't was not all a dream." I saw an old lady stand by my bedside, her eyes suffused with tears, and her whole countenance shrouded with the deepest sorrow. She wept aloud, and sighed, as though her very heart-strings were being severed. At last she spoke:

"Will you help me?" she said.

"Good woman," said I, "what will you have me to do?"

"My daughter, my only child, is taken by the savages, and carried into the deep, dark wilderness. I want you to go with me and release her."

I was not quite prepared for this work of mercy. It was fraught with too much danger. And how should I effect her escape alone—one against a band of savages? This was asking too much. I hesitated. The grief-stricken mother drew a heavy sigh, and tears, hot, scalding, coursed down her furrowed cheek. I was moved to pity; but what then—should I lose my life in this unequal encounter—die to gratify another for a moment?

While I was thus reasoning with myself, an old man approached me. His head was all white with age, and his angel-like appearance showed that he was old in goodness as well as years. In a mild and serene voice he thus addressed me: "My son, have

you not a work given you to do—a mission to fulfill? Are you not set apart for the work of the ministry? And is it not your work to seek and save the lost—to break fetters and let the captives free?" This and much more he said connected with my duty of saving sinners. I nodded assent to the justice of his remarks, and finally signified my willingness to accompany the mother in the dangerous undertaking.

She sped through the wilderness like an aerial messenger. I followed her—how, or in what manner, I know not. But on we went; and her presence seemed to light my pathway as I hurried on, seemingly without will or effort on my part. At length the mother stopped, and, pointing with her hand, said, "There lies the captive." I looked, and there lay a beautiful female, perhaps twenty years old, or more. Her countenance betrayed excessive grief, and sorrow set upon every lineament of her features. At first I thought I knew that face, so lovely beneath the shadow of deep-felt woe. But when or where I had seen it, I could not tell. But this was no time for delay; for on either side of the beautiful girl lay a savage, wrapped in slumber, with a scalping-knife by their hands. It was the work of a moment. I grasped the knife, and severed the cords that bound the captive. I seemed at once endowed with superhuman strength, and taking the girl in my arms, I sped through the forest with the rapidity of the wind—the mother leading the way, as before. At length we came to a great plain, or vast prairie, dotted here and there with groves of timber. Here the mother halted in her flight, and as quick as thought clasped in her arms the captive I had borne through the wilderness. And here I beheld a great concourse of people. All seemed overpowered with a joy that knew no bounds. They gathered round the mother and daughter, who were now looked in each others' embrace, and expressed their joyous sympathy in a copious flood of tears. Who can help weeping? thought I, as I gazed on that mother, beheld her tears, and heard her sighs. I turned away from the scene to give vent to my own sympathy, realizing how blessed it was to feel another's woe as well as another's joy.

And now I beheld the old man again, whose head was white. He smiled through tears that were falling thick and fast. Extending his hand to me, he said, "My son, this day you are ordained to the work of the Church, for to accomplish that you must needs be very respectable to the eyes of the outer world, to which the Church is wedded. You cannot thus be, while you seek the captive, the down-trodden, the lost and degraded children of humanity. Go, then, to the work. Be firm, be bold, be loving, be wise, and a host of the unseen shall attend your steps, and inspire your love."

I awoke, agitated, weary, nervous, as though I had been engaged in severe labor. In this condition I soon relapsed into sleep.

How long I slept, I know not; but I again saw that mother stand at my bedside; at last I dreamed I did. This time she was not weeping; but a radiant joy lit up her countenance, and a calm, pleasant smile played over her features. She passed her hand over my person a few times, as though manipulating me for the purpose of removing pain. I felt a strange sensation through my whole system. A new life was given me. The inspiration was more than my dreams could bear. I awoke to find my exhausted energies restored; and had not the skepticism of that day repudiated angel's visits, I would have sworn that I saw an angel-spirit slowly move from my bedside. But the philosophy of the age said, "It is a phantom of an over-excited brain." And so I supposed it would not be wisdom to form any other opinion. My judgment was not satisfied with this explanation of my dream; but stultification of judgment is the rule of any age, the philosophy of which ignores facts.

It was now nearly daylight; and feeling a new inspiration both of body and mind, I rose and set off for a walk on the lake shore. Here I sat down to reflect upon what my spirit's eye had seen. I could not resist the conviction that my soul's labor through the night, was in some way connected with the weeping and sighing I heard the evening before. In what way, was a mystery to me. I felt that I could not leave without learning more about that child of sorrow. But without coming to any conclusion about the plan to be pursued to accomplish my object, I returned to the hotel, where I found breakfast in readiness. Nothing occurred at the table that would assist in the least to solve the mystery, and after partaking of a light breakfast, I rose and left the table. But what next? Here I was at a standstill. But I remembered to have heard my mother say, when I was a lad, that when she was at a loss to know what to do, she retired by herself, and in tranquil silence waited for the angel-presence to impress her what to do. But I had learned to disregard this communion of a loving mother with angels, believing it to be a superstition of a darker age than that in which I was permitted to live. But in this state of doubt and wonderment, I concluded to try my mother's plan. So retiring to the seat I occupied the evening before, at the far end of the veranda, I was soon wrapped in the silence of my own thoughts. And here I waited patiently for something to occur—some plan to suggest itself, on which I might act. At length I heard the heavy tread of some one passing through the kitchen toward the door of the wood-house. The door was opened, and a coarse, heavy voice, which bespoke a daughter of the Emerald Isle, said, "Come, mistress says it's time you were off. She can't afford to keep you any longer, for you disgrace the house."

The door slammed to again. It was then I heard these deep, heartfelt sighs, that move angels to weep, accompanied with—"Oh, dear—oh, dear! what shall I do?"

And I repeated to myself—"What shall I do?"

I began to fear; for I had learned that she would disgrace a house, and certainly she would me. My reputation was at stake. But the words of the old man whom I saw in my vision, now came with a mighty force to my conscience.

"Is it not your mission to seek the lost, the fallen, the child of sorrow? Be firm, be bold, and angels shall attend your steps."

I hesitated no longer. I arose to my feet with a determination if I lost my reputation among men, that I would gain it among angels, who rejoice more over one redeemed sinner, than over ninety and nine who have not sinned. I stepped around the end of the veranda, and upon the threshold of the wood-house. There I beheld a female with her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly. Her soul seemed wrung in the agony of crushed out hope. I was so overcome at the sight of this sorrowing creature, it was some time before I could utter a word. At length I said, "Sister, why do you weep?" She raised her head. My God! who did I behold? the very image of her I delivered from the savages in my dream!—the same beautiful, care-worn, grief-stricken child. That face—I had surely seen it somewhere. Prophecy was fulfilling. But shall I be able to release her from the savages, and bear her away to her weeping mother, and to the angel-land of which I dreamed?

I now, for the first time in my life, prayed to angels, and felt myself no idolater in doing so. From my inmost soul I prayed for help. Again rang the words of the old man in my ears—"Be bold, be firm, be pure, be wise, and angels shall attend your steps." My faith was increasing; and I fancied I felt the angels hovering round, and the promised inspiration gleaming from on high. But while prayer, faith and wonder, were mingled in confusion in my own mind, the weeping girl spoke:

"What have I to hope for from you, more than others? Others have spoken kindly till they have learned my needs, and who I am; and then they have turned away from one who only begs an opportunity to reform, and earn an honest living. Sir, Christians of every sect and name, and ministers of the Gospel, have proved my foes. And it is through the means of one who professes to be a minister of Christ, that I am compelled to leave here. I have no confidence in humanity's boasted love for sinners."

While she was saying this, and much more that was too true to be denied, I stood gazing on that face that spoke so loudly of departing beauty, and showed so plainly that an angel was bound in chains of darkness. I knew I had seen that face before. Now the face of that mother whom I saw in my vision became familiar. The sorrowing girl noticed my thoughtful gaze upon her countenance, and asked me to leave. But I could not move. I stood petrified with unutterable emotions. The shadow of a childish recollection passed over my soul. Yes, I know her. My God, is it she? She arose to leave me. And as she was about to enter another apartment, to assure myself that my recollection was not at fault, I uttered aloud—"Poor fallen Emma!"

CHAPTER II.

"We love the spring when all is bright,
And trees are robed in green,
But oh, how soon the winter comes,
And then how changed the scene!"

For the understanding of some things narrated in the previous chapter, the reader must now accompany me on the back track of life, some years, when few wants and few troubles marred the sportive days of childhood. At this time I lived in central New York, not thirty miles from the now beautiful city of Auburn, in the village of L—. Here I attended school under the instructions of a noted inventor of school-books, who was then a young man. At this school there was a little black-eyed girl, some eight years old, whom everybody loved. Among us little children, she was familiarly known as the "black-eyed beauty." She was so kind, so gentle to all, that she was a general favorite in the school. She was the only daughter and only child of the wealthy Mr. and Mrs. B—.

Now, reader, follow me up the hill of life with rapid pace, as I migrate from place to place. First, to western Pennsylvania; thence to Ohio, on the Western Reserve, where I engage in study to better my education; thence back to Pennsylvania, to attend a Methodist college at Mendville. While here I resolved to turn my attention to the ministry. I had been brought up to believe in the eternal damnation of everybody, except myself, and a few friends. But I had lately been delivered from the bondage of these views, that had thorned my soul for years, into the glorious faith of universal salvation. Here I found a "soul-reviving feast," that bade my starving soul to eat and live. I was determined to spread the news of this feast far and wide. I applied to the Lake Erie Association of Universalists to become a minister of that order, was accepted, received letters of fellowship, was finally ordained, and became an itinerant over a large extent of country, riding, sometimes, from western New York, to Kentucky. Our Association at this time had not been formally attached to the State Convention; and in 1845 I was sent as delegate to represent the Association in the State Convention, about to meet in Montrose, in June of that year. To accomplish this object, I had to travel, I think, nearly three hundred miles, and that by land; for railroads did not then run in every direction, as now. And taking a circuitous route on my return, I struck what was then termed the lake road, running from York State to Ohio, a little west of Buffalo.

It was on this return tour that I came into the city of —, where occurred the incidents related in the last chapter, relative to that child of sorrow, who was about to flee from my presence, as I uttered the words—"Poor fallen Emma!"

At the sound of these words, her hand fell from

the door latch; and she regarded me a few moments with that stare peculiar to the maniac. I knew I had disturbed a fountain of pent-up thought, and brought up the sunny memories of the past, in bold contrast with the sighing wretchedness of the present.

A few moments passed, in which I stood waiting, for what I knew not. At last she spoke:

"Who is this that knows my name, here? Tell me, sir, who you are that speaks a name I have not heard spoken with sympathy these four long, dreadful years!"

I told her my name, and spoke of our childhood acquaintance—the old village school house in L—. The recollections of joyous youth overpowered her physical energies. She grasped my hand, and fell upon her knees, and poured out a flood of tears, mingled with sighs and sobs, that would have moved a demon to sorrow. When her grief had in a measure subsided, she begged me in the deepest pity—in the most profound eloquence of the human soul—

"Oh, pity me in this dreadful hour of need! I am not willingly what I am. I would flee from this horrible life if I could. Oh, will you help me? Do not forsake me as others have done!"

I need not tell you that I could not turn a deaf ear to such petitions. I would be more than demon if I could. I said to her:

"Poor, sorrowing sister! I am a stranger in a strange land; but, so help me my Heavenly Father, if there is any help in my reach for you, yours it shall be. Tell me the story of your sufferings and your wrongs, and however degraded you may be now, I will not believe that four years of wretchedness and woe, have entirely effaced the loveliness of sixteen years of growth in sunny places."

And like a penitent sister, lying her heart open to a brother, she confided the secret of her sorrows to me. She told me how at the early age of sixteen, "she had loved, not wisely, but too well," one in whom she placed all confidence. He had promised to be her guide and support through life. But when, through feigned love he had accomplished his object, she was deserted. And amid the world's frowns, and parental mortification, she was turned from a father's house, loaded with shame and guilt, and spared by rich relatives, until, in sorrow, grief and despair, she listened to the delusive voice of her "whoso steps take hold on hell"; and ever since, she had been trying to escape from this den of woe; and every time she sought labor, and confided her secret to others, stating that she wished to live a better life, she has been turned away with the remark, that "they did not wish to employ such characters." And sometimes she had gained a place by keeping her secret to herself; but some bad angel would soon tell of her former life, and she be compelled to leave.

Oh, charity! where hast thou fled! Thou who weepeth over sin-sick and fallen humanity, oh, drop thy tears here, and wash away the stains and sorrows of one so young!

I heard her story through. One half I cannot tell, for it was not all spoken. It was breathed in sighs. It fell in tears; and was impressed by the beatings of a wounded and bleeding heart. I felt that I had a sister among savages, who live on the blood that's pressed from living hearts—who feed sin on beauty, and decorate the loveliness of the "human form divine." She might be stained with sin; but to my sight, her tears and her wishes to reform, had washed away every stain of her misguided youth. In her I beheld the lovely Emma of former days, grown to womanhood, amid the afflictions of a trial-life. The same kind heart that once wept in sympathy for others, now yearns over her own sad fate. She had traveled the road of sin and sorrow to its bitter end; and now said she:

"I am resolved to die. My way is hedged up. I cannot go forward, for none will help me. I will not go back. And this shall be my last day on earth if you cannot help me."

I was glad to hear her resolve to die, even by her own hands, rather than return to a life of sin. I bade her cheer up, for I would spare no effort in her behalf. I drew my light purse from my pocket, and divided it contents with this child of tears and sighs.

I bade her farewell, with many promises for her future good. A fervent God bless you, followed me from that abode of sorrow. That God-blessing has followed me ever since. And as time moves on, it gathers divine music from the spheres, and angels join to sing—

"'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne
Their genial dews distill;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill."

CHAPTER III.

"The dismal night has passed away,
And sunlight gleams upon it breast,
While calmly dawns the rising day,
To crown the wearied sleeper's rest."

After leaving Emma, as described in the last chapter, I sought the landlord. I found him to be a man of generous nature, whose bread depended on the character and custom of his house. And since Emma's true (or rather untrue) character had been made known by the deaconish old man, he was obliged to dismiss her from his employ. I learned that this old man was a priest, whose business it was to save sinners from sin; and whose outward righteousness shone conspicuously in the community. Oh, ye whitened sepulchres! How much we need a Jesus of the nineteenth century, to tell you as your prototypes were told eighteen hundred years ago, "Publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven before you." But you are the representatives of a religion whose adherents everywhere beat back fallen women from the path of reform, not seeming to know that man follows in the wake of woman's degradation. Elevate her, and man rises in propor-

tion. Angelize her, and man ascends with her to the skies. Together they sink to hell or rise to heaven. Let us remember that to spurn fallen humanity has no tendency to spiritualize our own souls; and while we walk among the graves of the spiritually dead, on whose dry bones the angels are striving to breathe the breath of life, let us say as did our divine brother—"Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way and sin no more."

As I said, I called upon the landlord. I told him of my interview with Emma—of our acquaintance in early life, and asked him to retain her a few days till I could see what might be done for her.

The landlord was called, and a consultation had; and when I had told them the sad story of Emma's fall—her youth, her goodness, her sufferings and her wrongs, and her wish to reform—they wept like children, and promised to retain her privately, till I should return.

Having thus far succeeded in my mission to save the lost, I prepared to leave. The landlord having learned my calling to be that of a minister, made no charge for my entertainment; which, by the way, was quite a favor, as my poor purse was getting very light. At nine o'clock I drove away, sorrowful, yet joyful, and hopeful; believing that the child of misfortune would yet find a home among the angels.

I had driven a score of miles, when I came to the village of H—, I inquired at the post-office for the names of any who took the "Star in the West," a Universalist paper, published in Cincinnati, Ohio. I found the name of J. H., who was county Judge.

I was not long in penetrating my way to his residence. I introduced myself as a Universalist minister, was cordially received by the Judge and his good lady, and invited to tarry over night, which invitation I accepted. These two elderly persons lived alone, surrounded by all that heart could wish. After spending an hour or more in talking over the prospects of our cause, the good dame commenced getting tea; and feeling, perhaps, that one of her age, and in her station, should have help, remarked to me, that girls now-a-days were such poor help, she would rather do her own work alone than be bothered with them, remarking at the same time, that she would be glad to get the right sort of a girl, one on whom she could depend, and treat as one of the family, and not as a servant.

"Do you know," said she, "of any trusty, poor girl, that wants a home, that you can send us?"

My heart came right into my mouth, at the thought of a home for Emma. And such a home, too, and what a mother for the poor, fallen girl! How a thousand joyous thoughts chased each other in quick succession through my now excited brain! But then, is she trusty? Shall I tell the whole truth, and rely on the good woman's benevolence to receive and restore the captive child to virtue and peace? No, I will not. Prejudice might deprive her of a home in this the darkest hour of her life. I know when a little girl, she was trusty, kind and good. "I will hide the fault I see," and speak of her as I once knew her.

"Yes," said I, "I know of a poor girl who wants a home. She is a friend of mine, and I think she will please you. I should be very happy to find such a home for her as you can offer."

"What wages?" said she.

"Take her into your family, and see how you like each other; and if you are pleased to live together, do by her as you think right."

So it was agreed that I should start the next morning, and bring Emma to her new home. I retraced my steps the next day with a joyful heart, believing I had found the place where angels dwell. I need not tell you that my return to the hotel made one heart bound with a heavenly joy, nor that two others shared with me the happiness of that one; for the landlord and his wife now felt a strong interest in Emma, and would gladly have retained her, if popularity, the curse of fallen woman, had not forbidden it. The next morning, while it was yet dark, (for reasons of respectability,) I started to carry the captive child from the wilderness infested with savages, to the sunny plains all radiant with angel smiles.

We arrived at the Judge's about noon. The good matron was well pleased with the appearance of her new guest; and after enjoying the hospitalities of that pleasant home for another night, I left the trio, hoping that they would grow in love and friendship, until their bond of union should resemble that of parents and child.

I saw Emma twice after this, before I left for the "Prairie State." She was as happy as a spiritual invalid could be, and well pleased with her new home. She was indeed treated and loved as a member of the family; and the good old lady more than once thanked me for procuring for her so good a girl. She had proved herself every way worthy of confidence. And with a promise from Emma, that I should often hear from her I left for this Western country. She faithfully fulfilled her promise for a few years, always signing her letters in the sad and pensive language, "Poor, fallen Emma."

I was one day on my way to the post office, thinking over the sad history of Emma's fall and restoration. A shade of sorrow came over my spirits, and I sat down upon the wayside to weep, as I sometimes did when thinking over the life of this beautiful girl, the pleasures of whose life were so soon turned to wormwood and gall. A sensation, akin to that which I felt when the mother in the vision passed her hand over my person, thrilled my whole being. I instantly rose to my feet, wondering at the strangeness of my feelings. I involuntarily asked myself the question, "Does Emma still live, or is she dead?" A voice seemed to whisper, whether in me or out of me, I could not tell—"She ever liveth." I did not then understand this language; I think I do now.

On reaching the post office, I received a letter sealed in black. I hastily broke the seal, and learned

from its contents that the poor captive had indeed gone to the true angel-land. The Judge's wife wrote the letter, and wrote of Emma as a mother would write of a beloved child.

CHAPTER IV.

"The scenes of time are known no more In mansions of the blest; The waves of earth reach not the shore On which the weary rest."

It is usual for romancers to follow their heroes and heroines till marriage—for biographers to follow theirs till death. Marriage and death have ended nearly all the novels and biographies of past ages.

I had been thinking long upon a particular subject, which I was unable to solve to my satisfaction. One night, after retiring to rest, my thoughts turned to my favorite subject of contemplation.

And now reader, have I gained anything by showing kindness to the unfortunate in the dark trial hour of life? I think I have, very much.

GLEANINGS FROM "FESTUS"—NO. 3.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

True bliss is to be found in holy life; In charity to man—in love to God; Why should such duties cease, such powers decay?

There is an Angel ever at thy hand. Ere long, and she shall show thee where she dwells, And how doth pass her immortality.

Think upon what thou shalt be! Think on God! Then ask thyself, what is the world, and all its mountainous inequalities? Ah, what! Are not all equal as dust atoms?

Phenomenal.

OIL PAINTINGS BY SPIRITS—REMARKABLE TEST.

Upon the occasion of a recent visit to the family of Mr. William Burgess, of West Killingley, Conn., the following incidents were related to me.

About two years ago, a daughter of his, Mary Burgess Wood, who had then been, I think, an occupant of the spirit-world for two years, came to him through Mrs. Macumber, and said she would at some time give her picture to her husband and parents.

There was a fault found by both parents and others, that there was more freshness and fullness in the countenance, than in that of the original at the last of her days.

Wednesday, January 2d, Mr. Burgess was at Danielsonville, and was told that a package was at the express office for him.

There was nothing written to Mr. F. concerning her dress or appearance, only the request to send whatever he got upon a particular day.

There is a spirit, styling herself Nettie—a child—who controls Mrs. M., and who said she was going to have her picture, too.

Mr. J. B. Fayette's address is Oswego, N. Y.; and all the instructions he wishes are, to know the day on which an arrangement is made on the part of the spirit to sit for him.

MANIFESTATION IN CHICAGO.

Seeing an article in the BANNER of No. 12, with regard to Spirit Likenesses, I would like to corroborate the statement by also adding my mite.

In his earth-life, his curiosity was excited, and, by gratifying it, he had his likeness taken.

Yours for the truth,

Mrs. J. S. FULLER.

POTENTIAL IMPRESSIONS.

Speaking of characteristic poems dictated by the spirit of Poe and others, I have a few specimens written through me some years since; though I was not aware that there was much interest in the subject, as I find that in the publication of such articles in the papers, the name of the spirit is almost invariably omitted, and that of the medium only given.

"I have lately found it In my wintry night; And the sky that bound it We warn and white; And the glow that made it The land of light."

The vision of "armed hounds," standing like guide-posts in the journey of life, may not be appreciated by all; but it will be by all who understand and appreciate Edgar A. Poe.

To show the contrast between different articles purporting to have been dictated by Wordsworth:

"Invoke me, powers of the midnight wind, For I have swept among you like the mist That curls the mid-enclosure of the gap"

In addition to this, I will give you an extract from another poem, the authorship of which will be sufficiently evident to literateurs and others who are familiar with the American literature of the last twenty years.

"In the grave of my mystical dreams I have laid my love to rest; And the shadow above her seems The darkest on Luna's crest."

Yours, etc., G. L. BURNSIDE.

RUINS.

I inquired of Time: "To whom," said I, "was erected this building, which thou hast leveled with the ground?"

EARLY LOVE IN WOMAN.—A young girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea, when a high tide is about coming in.

Biographical.

JOEL TIFFANY.

"Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who mingled in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life."

Among the prominent and distinguished actors in the great conflict of our age between truth and falsehood, knowledge and belief, rationalism and superstition, stands out, in bold relief, the name of Joel Tiffany, one of the three first public speakers whose voices were heard on the rostrum proclaiming aloud the important truth that we had heard news from our friends "over the river."

Early in the contest, Mr. Tiffany also published a volume of his lectures—the best of his works, and one of the best books that has appeared in defence of Spiritualism.

By organization Mr. Tiffany is a natural thinker and talker, possessed of considerable egotism, his great powers of ratiocination, quick of wit and apprehension, keen in argument, sarcastic in expression, and yet gentlemanly in deportment.

Mr. T. seems of late to have been somewhat weakened, not by defeat, but by victories, and to have leaned gently toward a very liberal system of Congregationalism, with somewhat of Christian proclivities, some of his friends think.

The eloquent voice and sound reasoning of Mr. T. have brought many a mind out of the mire of superstition, and placed it on the rock of reason and nature's religion.

Often in my travels across the country I hear the question, "Where is Joel Tiffany?" Sometimes I reply, he is resting; and sometimes, he is teaching school; and sometimes, he has married a wife, and cannot come.

Mr. T. has borne the heat and burden of the day, and has a noble and able champion of unpopular truth, and for one I am not willing the enemy shall silence him while living, nor bury him when dead.

After hands shall sow the seed— After hands, from hill and mead— Reap the harvest yellow."

All history has borne testimony to us that discoverers and promulgators of truths in advance of their age could not be rewarded in their life-time—abuse and hatred are what they must expect.

To remove the false and wicked, and establish the natural and true, is the object of this great battle of Spiritualism, and we do not like to lose one valiant soldier from our ranks till the victory is won.

Those who think that money will do anything, will do anything for money.

Correspondence.

Prof. Anderson and Spiritualism in California.

Some months since, I received a line from a friend residing in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., enclosing a paragraph on a printed slip out from some Eastern paper and taken from the N. Y. World, and hereto attached, which will explain itself:

"During the recent entertainment at Winter Garden, Professor Anderson stated that he had visited every one of the insane asylums in this country, and he found that nearly nine-tenths of the inmates were the victims of Spiritualism."

I was solicited to examine the Annual Reports of the California Insane Asylum, and ascertain the truth of the assertion made by Prof. Anderson, as reported in the paragraph, with reference to the number of Spiritualists in that institution.

The Report for 1860 will not be made until January, 1861, at the meeting of the State Legislature, I will forward it to you, as soon as obtained.

I give a correct Report also of other religionists confined during the same period in the same Asylum: 1861, none; 1862, 8; 1863, 5; 1864, 4; 1865, 10; 1866, 6; 1867, 15; 1868, 4; 1869, 16.

Now, my most worthy "Wizard of the North," you stand convicted by the record, of having stated an untruth to your admiring and enthusiastic audience at Winter Garden, at some time during the past few months.

Often in my travels across the country I hear the question, "Where is Joel Tiffany?" Sometimes I reply, he is resting; and sometimes, he is teaching school; and sometimes, he has married a wife, and cannot come.

Who but an insane man would at this day of intelligence and moral progression, practice low trickery on the stage, even with "well-regulated machinery," assisted by his infant children and the partner of his bosom?

What interests have you to subserv by traveling about the country, falsifying the record, and proclaiming to the world that spirit intercourse is a delusion? If you are a mountebank by profession, why not make that your business, and not consistently vilify a large class of your fellow citizens?

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Pearls.

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

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER. She rose from her delicious sleep And put away her soft brown hair, And in a tone as low and deep As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;

THE UNION AS IT IS. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii: 21. A dark cloud of sorrow hath spread o'er the nation, And the bright gleaming stars are withholding their light;

VOICES OF VERB. The world is rife with noble thought That trembles on the tongue; The world is full of melody Unwritten and unsung.

THE FUNNY TYPES.

Prentice says machinery, like kings and thieves, sometimes travels around. "Why, is n't my shirt clean?" quoth one Bohemian to another. "Well, yes," was the answer, "it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white."

When is music like vegetables? When there are three beats in a measure. Why is a hungry brown dog like a man who bakes bread? Because he is a boy cur, and kneads something to eat.

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Why is a young man traveling to a ruined city in the East like a young man about to put his father in a sack? Because he is going to Bagdad.

MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE ON SECESSION, BY ANDREW JACKSON.

Delivered at Dodworth's Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 20, 1861.—CORA L. V. HATCH, Medium.

Ladies and gentlemen, friends, brothers, patriots—I address you this evening in behalf of my country and of yours. A government which has its foundation in the highest inspiration and the holiest ordinances of heaven, is, I am told, about to be destroyed. Heaven forbid that it should be so.

I will point out to you as briefly as possible the circumstances which existed when this Confederacy and Constitution were framed, and show you that there exist now no questions, political or otherwise, that did not then exist, and that what is alleged to be the cause of the present attempt at the dissolution of this government, is a sheer fabrication, founded upon political chicanery, despotism, folly, and degradation.

When the Constitution of your United States was formed, and sought to be ratified by the various States which then composed the Colonies—afterward called the United States of America—there existed precisely the same elements, and many more subjects of diverse opinion and controversy than now.

And those of you who are at all familiar with the political history of that time, are very well aware that the question that is now the hobby and the bone of contention among your politicians, was as formidable then as now—that it existed not as a sectional or strictly State policy, but as a national fact; that it was considered and re-considered; that concession after concession and plan after plan were sought for in order to prevent any future difficulty upon this subject of African slavery.

How would it look for a government which had for its very foundation the innate equality of all the world, to adopt as any portion of its Constitution human slavery? And, much more, how would it answer for it to make any part of its constitution refer absolutely to human slavery? No; the Constitution was the standard for all time; slavery was but a matter of policy—floating, perhaps, but in any event subject to the temporary adjustment of the people where it existed.

You will remember, therefore, that not upon the subject of African slavery, but absolutely upon a disposition to trifle with the most sacred foundations of this government, some politicians, and some States, whose leaders have been void of principle and patriotism, have always attempted to create disturbance and disquiet, either for the purpose of establishing a monarchy and despotism, a moneyed aristocracy, or of destroying the harmony and peace of this Union.

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, what a struggle I had to maintain the fidelity of this government; and those who condemned me for that act, might now thank me for their prosperity, peace and happiness. And the only regret of my life was, that I did not carry into execution an act which probably would have removed the seeds of the present discord and contention. [Applause.]

In reference to the Constitution, he claimed it to be the "parent of all the States, to which they owe their very existence, greatness and prosperity—to which they have ever turned in hours of trouble and contention, and for whose assistance and protection." Of South Carolina he says:

But there was one unruly child, then grown long. This same Carolina, which had not then thrown off her swaddling clothes, attempted to assume the reins of individual power, and throw off her allegiance to the parent government, in consequence of supposed wrongs, which were imaginary. This arose, as you are well aware, upon the tariff question. While I would not recognize a demand which was made in a spirit of disturbance and folly, and would quell as soon as I would kill a serpent anything like rebellion or treason, I would nevertheless give to her and to all of the States of the Union alike anything that was reasonable, just and proper. Thus it was that, while with firmness and decision I met that spirit of

rebellion and treason, and made that unruly child acknowledge her allegiance to the General Government, I at the same time removed the cause of her complaint.

He then goes into an elaborate argument in reference to the course pursued with the United States Bank, to show that the overthrow of that institution has injured to the public good. In returning to the present difficulties, he is opposed to compromise, and thinks the Constitution amply adequate to protect all the various interests of the States. He advises the repeal of all obnoxious laws, both North and South. In speaking of abolitionism, he looks upon it as a principle not seriously entertained by any large portion of the community, and therefore to be dismissed as a cause for alienation. In speaking of secession, he says:

South Carolina has no more right to separate herself from the Union because the States of the North have performed acts that are not in accordance with her wishes or interests, than has one member of a family because another does a wrong act, to deny the parental authority. What has the father done, that she should deny her parentage? If there is a quarrel in the family, the father must settle it—it is his duty, his prerogative to do so.

Were I in the position that I once occupied, I would not wait to see if it is constitutional, because I know it is; but I would say, the first man who breathes or thinks secession, is a traitor, and must die. [Applause.] And I would meet the spirit of abolitionism, if it assumed any proportions in the Government, or if any person on the floor of Congress dared to advocate it as a governmental matter, in the same way. [Applause.]

If Carolina is so anxious to assume her own individual power, why does she not return her portion of the revenue that was given under my administration for the revenue that will enable her successfully to carry out her projected scheme of Individual Sovereignty? She cannot do it; it is impossible; and all this bullying and threatening is simply an attempt to upset and overthrow the Federal Government. The South know very well that when the question is once fairly met, the people of the North will grant all that is required. South Carolina does not desire it. The secessionists in other States do not require it. All they want is to break up this Government, and establish another Confederacy predicated upon despotism, tyranny, and aristocracy.

Now how is this to be met? Not in the spirit of submission; not by waiting to see what South Carolina will do. The poor child! she might commit suicide, and then it would be too late to do anything. [Laughter.] The first thing which should have been done, was to have rooted out and destroyed this spirit of rebellion in its very inception, before it had assumed the form of an ordinance; before a convention had been held; before delegates had been appointed; before even the election of a President had been made a soap-plant for rebellion and treason. The very threat to overthrow the government, in the event of a certain result of the presidential election, was sufficient to warn the administration against the intentions of those traitors. It is very well for him to say he did not think they would carry matters so far, but had I the power to whisper in Jim Buchanan's ear, I would say, "You are a coward, a traitor, a fool. You dare not express what you think, nor represent the people who have placed their welfare and prosperity in your hands."

After advising prompt action on the part of the Executive in enforcing the laws, he sums up as follows: I would say to you of the North, repeal those acts which are wrong and unconstitutional. The nation requires it. Your government requires it; the children that are coming forth to represent your government, require it; all your future welfare and glory among men, require it. Ask no compromise. Let the South grant whatever it will, but do not assume the name of being bought to do that which is right.

Do this, and rebellion will be at an end; or if it is not, there is a power which can soon put it down. The God of Justice and of Liberty has not so long smiled upon your country and my country in vain. He has not so long witnessed its prosperity and success with indifference, and he will not permit those who are remorseless, void of conscience and of heart, to rob it of its beauty and its power, nor to drag down justice from her high temple, nor to destroy the national ensign and banner which has floated for so many years in honor of freedom, justice and liberty.

Reported for the Banner of Light. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 22, 1861.

SUBJECT.—The Spiritual Theory concerning Human Rights. DR. HALLOCK in the chair. DR. YOUNG.—Human Rights, as I have before said, are human things and needs—are those elements of domestic, social and spiritual growth, to be deprived of which, dwarfs both the body and the spirit of man in a material and a moral sense.

Think not to find a coming time when improved conditions to all shall spring from improved processes of work and combinations of men and capital, for the strong will ever circumvent the weak and oppress the humble and innocuous, unless these become psychologized by each other's wants, and consent for each other's benefit and protection by the establishment of laws and customs to match our common necessities. Nay, that time of abundance will never arrive, for the law of indulgence and ease is ever paramount to the law of sympathy and growth, and the cost of productions will ever be the equivalent of the things produced.

rights, as a Spiritualist 's, to use the powers given by the invisible world, to do good, and to be happy, who dare to dishonor the sacred bonds of the law and the powerful the enslaved intellects and sympathies of the race. No method but this and social and political changes to correspond, can elevate or protect the race in this or the world to come. Man is not a vegetable or a mineral to wax and wane through the laws of nature and blind forces. He is the only free being in nature, and every other working out his life, disenchanted himself, and we grow; and, falling to do so, we wither and decay.

J. K. INGALLS.—The question is a very broad one. It comprehends the relation of human rights to the great principles of Spiritualism, and if we mean by Spiritualism that system which aims to throw light on all the relations of the human spirit, then it must include a theory of human rights which will enable us to see and understand what human rights are—what human spirits are entitled to. According to the definition which has been laid down here by others, the right of things in nature is to absorb into themselves all other things with which they came in contact—in other words, the right of the strong man is to absorb and destroy the weaker; and a small fish, for instance, has no right to complain of the same conduct on the part of the larger one, for to destroy and consume is a right of nature. But if this is our understanding of the law of natural right, we make an end of all law, and we must simply submit to the control of the stronger. Is there no other solution? Perhaps if we went into a speculative view of the case, we might say that by a union on the part of the weak they might become strong, and thus escape the law just stated; but it is not in the nature of the law to be evaded.

DR. GARDNER.—It seems to be considered that whatever has a right to be. This is plausible; but, as we have seen, it is not so in nature, when looked at from a materialistic standpoint. We do not see, nor does nature, that everything which exists has a right to continue its existence. For example, we kill and clear away, without remorse, briars, noxious weeds, venomous reptiles, ravaging beasts of prey; and still more is such a qualification necessary to this rule in its moral aspect, for this world is full of what ought not to be. Spiritualism teaches us that we must be moral, and that we must be good, and that we must be true, and that we must be just, and that we must be honest, and that we must be pure, and that we must be holy, and that we must be righteous, and that we must be blameless, and that we must be perfect.

DR. HALLOCK.—Our object is to get at the genuine foundation of human rights, as well as to define what they are. The proper business of the age is to transcend the precepts into principles. A truth, when presented to the mind in the form of a precept, never gratifies or benefits it. This explains the non-success of the Bible in leading men into practical holiness. The truth is there, for our guidance, but religious teachers in the past have never taught men to see that truth as a living principle, but simply as a bare precept, to be believed on mere authority; and against such imputation the natural instincts of man rise in irrepressible rebellion, while he takes the greatest pleasure always in mastering a demonstration of any truth of nature. The very child does not appreciate the principles of grammar or geometry, through his reverence for the authority of Gould, Brown, or Euclid, but because he sees in them natural truths of God himself.

The difficulty in making Christians is not that there is nothing in our moral nature to which the precepts of the Bible in general can make effective appeal, but because we are not presented with the demonstration of those principles by the law of nature. Success is not to be expected from outraging our human nature. This is the difficulty in all the higher, most important departments of human knowledge—it is not met in the lower circle of sciences; but just as the certainty and clearness are the most desirable, all is faulty and difficult, and difficult it is which has transformed the statesman into the demagogue, and the theologian into the formalist and the casuist. A man's genuine success is through his power of demonstration. In the professions, a mechanic is a botch—a physician is a quack, who depreciates or ignores his own power. Why, God himself is the most perfect and perfecting in the universe! Every principle of nature that makes the human mind a great instrument, though in itself a mere abstraction, is to us a labor-saving machine. Our Declaration of rights is a mere statement of principles. No truth is of the slightest benefit to our minds, so long as it dwells there as a mere precept. The greatest benefactors of our race have been those who have most firmly seized the deep underlying causes in the Kingdom of nature. What appears to have been the innate idea of nature in giving existence to man? She has made much ado in preparing his dwelling place, and bringing him to the stage, and the result so far is a feeble, imbecile, helpless creature, clearly not self-dependent, for if a number of babies were placed in the very bowers of Eden, they could not continue their lives forty-eight hours—must be some power pre-ordained superior to those they are not a finality and nature intended to secure manhood, not infancy, nor any other stage of immaturity. Is she to be thwarted? The race is yet to attain the stature of a perfect man, and every attempt to counteract this end is destructive to whatever individual makes it, and is sure of failure. And the endeavors of man to do this, in the name, to compensate it this design of nature, to make the creature a great contract, and upheavals in the social structure; for Liberty is essential to the carrying out of this programme, and man cannot be brought to perfection by one forcible effort; he is a germ, to be developed only by having freedom to expand—all his stragglings in these latter times, being, therefore, in harmony with the healthy pulsations of the Kingdom of nature.

For example, it has only been within the memory of this generation, and after many experiments, that we have learned to extract its full value, in produce from an acre of land—that we have come to understand the rights of the ground beneath our feet. So with the animal races. The owner of a Crucifer did not know how to extract from that animal, its full value, until it was brought to the aid of man, as it has been, which only Spiritualists can teach—how to extract his full value from the human being—we shall obtain results, so much the more valuable and glorious than

the preceding, as man, in the scale of being, outranks vegetables and brutes. In his efforts, it is necessary to know both the law of nature in the individual, and the nature of the individual. All are necessary to each, and each to all. One fabricates the instrument; another, by its aid, makes the discovery, or establishes the principle. We never find one man who can perform both these parts. The millennium is the application by each individual of the specific use for which God meant him. Apply this idea to the cure of the Negro. Did we know how to turn to its full account the richness of his affectional nature, his devotion to the care of infancy; were we to bind him, throughout our land, to the cradle of the young, by ties of natural respect and kindness, with what results, on both sides, might we be blessed!

DR. WEALES.—Every man, in so far as he lives out himself, is perfect, and therefore I do not think that man is lost, so that we have to get out of ourselves to be with God, but that man is most with God when most himself. It is a great error to think there are rights which should not be exercised. In a loose sense, the law is legal maxims, that the individual gives up certain rights as a member of society, may be regarded as correct, but only by confounding the terms right and privilege. No right should be yielded up, for no one in society wants more than his rights. When the rights of each are conceded and protected, there are no surplus rights to be used, and no one to use them. The churches do not try to make Christians, but proselytes, in order to subserve certain ambitious objects. Our city churches, to whatever saints dedicated, are mostly under the patronage of Saint Judas, and compromise always with the commercial spirit of the age. Their preachers are eloquent on creeds and doctrines; but they condemn any one who tries to make or be a Christian. Man does not act out the perfection he feels stirring within him, lest he be accused of enthusiasm or affection; and in this he is not wronged by nature, but by education.

DR. GRAY, after some remarks, offered a subject for the next meeting of the Conference—which, after some discussion, was adopted, as follows: "What is the testimony of the medium, as to the source of his or her inspiration, evidence? and, if so, under what conditions is it to be so regarded?"

Written for the Banner of Light. HEAVEN, BY JOANNA GRANT. The Heavenly city is not far away From those who truly work and inly pray: Its crystal ramparts like a fortress rise Round the pure hearts who selfish aims despise.

The feet that tread on Duty's rigid line Shall and the path to Beauty's fairest shrine; And through dark vales of Disappointment's gloom, Shall reach Celestial gardens all a bloom.

On these the bright palatial halls arise, The stately homes of Spirits good and wise; No elemental waste their beauty may deform; Impervious are their jeweled walls to touch of fire or storm;

LECTURERS. H. B. STORER will speak in Bangor, Me., and vicinity, during February; first two Sundays in March in Portland, Me.; three last in Putnam, Conn.; first two of April in Providence, R. I., and during the month of May in Oswego, N. Y. Friends in towns near these places, who desire week evening lectures, should address him at either of the places named above.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. All Spiritual Lecturers, Mediums, Believers and Inquirers are hereby cordially invited to attend a Convention to be held in the Universalist Church, Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 8th, 9th and 10th, 1861. Victor is on the New York Central Railroad, between Rochester and Canandaigua. Speakers and as many others as possible will be entertained free, and arrangements are made with the hotels within a few rods of the church to take visitors at the rate of 75 cents per day. Committee: W. Dickerson, C. Fisher, D. Goodwin, Marceus Wright.

PEN-YAN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. There will be a meeting of Spiritualists in Pen-Yan, Yates county, New York, on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of Feb., 1861, which all speakers and friends of Progress are cordially invited to attend. Arrangements will be made by the Committee to accommodate as many as possible, free of expense. Pen-Yan is situated on the branch Road connecting the New York and Erie Railroad with the New York Central, and is about two hours' ride from each. The meeting will be opened on Friday at ten o'clock A. M. For order of Committee.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. ALLEGANY HALL, BUREN ST. PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, first two Sundays in Feb.; Miss Lizzie Doten last two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March and first two in April.