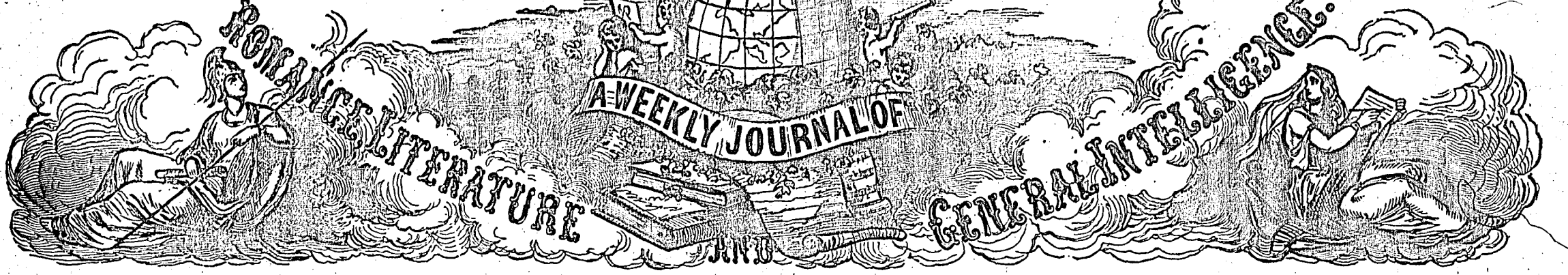


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ONE BELOVED.

BY D. S. FRACKER.

When, like a bird from off its nest,
The twilight leaves the dark'ning west,
And Night undoes with trembling hand
Her spangled curtain from its band,
And myriad stars in phalanx gleam,
To light the mountain and the stream,
My prison'd thoughts their bondage flee,
And haste, dear love, on wings to thee.

When night supreme, of noble birth,
Bids silence reign o'er all the earth,
And Nature, glad at such behest,
In nightly robes hath sought her rest,
My heart forgets its grief and tears,
Its buried hopes and pressing fears,
And lightly skims the Lethæan sea,
To dwell, dear love, in dreams with thee.

When rosy beams with bright'ning glow
Descend the hills to plains below,
Like arched bows from yonder world
With shining banners all unfurled;
And opening flowers, from off the green,
Lift up their heads to view the scene,
A fairy breeze wafts o'er the lea
And bears, dear love, my soul to thee.

Oh, may thy life be as the prayer
Which breathes upon the evening air,
And fluting forth the throne
Reflects to earth in merest shadow,
May blessings bright as summer flowers
Shed incense sweet o'er all thy hours,
And as God's bow of promise be
Ever, dear love, encircling thee.

And when thy pulse doth feeble beat,
And earthly scunes in dim retreat,
Shall fade beneath the wintry breath
Of silent and approaching death,
May heaven send an angel guide
To lead thee o'er the flowing tide,
To that fair home beyond the sea,
Where joys, dear love, await for thee.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT THE SPA OF PRYMONT.

BY A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR.

After having made a tour through the north of Germany, I was on my way back to England, when I arrived, in the month of August, in the little town of Prymont, a watering place in the principality of Waldeck, formerly in great repute for its mineral waters and baths, to say nothing of its other attractions, which made it, toward the latter end of the last and the beginning of the present century, the rendezvous of half the princes of Germany and Russia, besides crowds from other parts of the continent. Although now fallen from its high estate, and eclipsed by various other baths that have since come into fashion, it is still much visited; and I know of no more agreeable place to spend three weeks or a month in, during the height of its season, which is from the middle of July to the end of August.

In Berlin I had made the acquaintance of a young officer of the Prussian Guards, whom I shall here call Von Aspen, and who had induced me to make this slight detour, instead of returning straight to England via Hamburg, which was my original intention. Von Aspen, having visited Prymont the summer before, was quite *au fait* at all that was requisite to be done, and therefore I placed myself entirely in his hands, and determined to amuse myself, and enter into the spirit of the thing as far as possible. He was young, good-looking, and possessed of that treasure, a good temper and most boisterous spirits; and he assured me that we should amuse ourselves, provided only that I would do as others did, and avoid that class of my countrymen (should any of them be there) who think it a national duty to separate themselves from the natives, herd together, and in every way in their power make themselves as disagreeable as possible—a class which, I grieve to say, is represented in nearly every continental town I have been in, and who thus give the Anglo-Saxon race anything but a creditable reputation. I am, however, disposed to take up the gauntlet for the Anglo-American class. An Englishman, self-opinionated, reserved and slow to emotion or impulse, either seeks comparative solitude, or the monotony of a single friendship. With the American how widely different! He delights in a constant round of new faces—not, we would be understood, to the exclusion of old; but emotion, excitement and genial impulse are the prominent characteristics of his nature, a very necessity from the climate of his land; he wearies of solitude, and the go-aheadiveness of his nature is ever reaching after something new. But we wander.

It was a beautiful moonlight night when, having arrived at the summit of one of the high hills which surround Prymont, the horn of our postillion announced that we were drawing near the end of our journey.

Nothing could have been more tranquil or beautiful than the scene that now burst upon our view; the high hills that surrounded us, covered with foliage from top to bottom, and the rich and fertile valley beneath, with the little town nestling in a grove of fine old elm trees, were all bathed in moonlight; the air was warm, and soft as milk, and a sort of dreaminess pervaded the whole scene, which makes me long for a pen to describe it, possessed of the magic power to call into being the rarest beauties imaginable, or to add new life and charm to nature itself by mere description—a pen such as Washington Irving wielded—the lamented Irving, whose splendid genius shall thrill us now no more, nor throw about the familiar places of his native land a deathless charm, but whose memory shall

live forever in the warm hearts of his grateful and applauding countrymen.

As soon as our "Schwager" had ceased his ta, to, tera, ra, the startled nightingale once more resumed her plaintive song, and we rolled along the white and wellkept road, until at last we arrived at the door of the Logier Haus. Having alighted, and gone through the usual routine of paying for post-horses, and securing rooms, we ordered supper, and then strolled out for half an hour to enjoy the cool and delicious air, and stretch our legs, after so many hours' hard travelling. The first object that attracted our notice was the broad and beautiful *allee* of old elms, which is the rendezvous of the water-drinkers and pleasure-hunters of the place, and which, next morning, I discovered to be the finest avenue I had ever seen.

We had sauntered about half way down, when my attention was attracted to a large and brilliantly lighted room on the right of the *allee*, the door and windows of which were open; but through the rich silk curtains we could perceive a handsome chandelier, which threw its light on a long table covered with green cloth, round which a number of people were seated. The most breathless silence pervaded the whole room, which was only broken, at stated intervals, by a little, sharp, rattling noise, and the business-like tone of a man's voice, proclaiming, "rouge game," "impair et passe," or words to that effect; then again, "faites vos jeux," and the little rattling noise was once more the only sound that fell upon the ear.

"Séprement!" exclaimed Von Aspen, twirling his long, fair moustache. "Mon cher Marbo, the Saal is still open; we must enter and try our luck. Don't be alarmed; I am no gambler, but not to throw away a few dollars on the day of one's arrival at Prymont, is a thing unheard of."

So, dragging me on, much against my will, he thus brought me to the door of the room, and there overcame my lingering scruples by saying—

"Come, you have put yourself into my hands to form your German education, during the three weeks we remain here; and this, let me tell you, must be your A B C."

By this time we had entered the Saal, a large and very handsome room, brilliantly lighted, with folding glass doors on either end, which communicated with other apartments belonging to the establishment. At the time we entered, however, it was quite deserted, except by a knot of perhaps twenty people, some of whom were playing roulette; but the greater part were anxiously watching the play of a middle-aged, saw-toothed man, seated at one end of the table, entirely absorbed in the occupation, and who had been playing very high, but whom fortune did not appear to favor. He staked handfuls of Louis, invariably playing on either of the colors, and backing at the same time either "pair," or "impair," as the case might be, and losing the said chances with the greatest possible nonchalance. We afterwards learned that this man was a Spaniard, named O—za, who, from his extraordinary luck, and through a thorough knowledge of the game, had become the terror of all the Banquiers of the numerous watering-places of Germany, and who, as I shall hereafter mention, sustained his formidable reputation even at the very table where he was now losing large sums. However, on the present occasion, luck was against him, and he appeared to go on playing merely for the sake of the occupation, as he proved far too old a hand to lose his head, or become impatient at his losses. His features interested me greatly, for they were remarkable, and, owing to the utter want of change in expression, contrasted strangely with the deep lines in his forehead and face, which told of many a stormy change having come o'er the spirit of his dream.

The other members of the group around the table were in nowise interesting, with the exception of a pretty little French woman, with sparkling eyes and pearly teeth, who was begging her husband for another dollar, to put only once more on the "25," at the same time flirting with a good-looking young man, with a black moustache and white kid gloves, leaning over the back of her chair, who was trying to persuade her to back "12," at the same time looking all sorts of unutterable things.

By this time we had changed a couple of Louis into dollars, and were going through the usual routine of placing them upon different numbers, and then seeing them raked into the Banquier's safe keeping, who still repeated in a nasal tone the oft-uttered "faites vos jeux," and sent the ball spinning round again its usual course. Von Aspen had by this time lost his dollars; I had done the same, and was trying to catch his eye, that we might quietly move off, and return to our supper, which my appetite told me by this time must be ready.

I was just going to turn on my heel and move off, when the Spaniard, next to whom I had been standing, and who had ceased to play for the past five or ten minutes, gently turned toward me, and without moving his eyes from the green cloth, said in a low voice—"Try 14—it may change your luck."

Although somewhat surprised by being thus addressed by an utter stranger, I instinctively put my hand into my vest pocket, and taking out a Louis d'or, followed the advice by placing it on the number 14. "Tout va," said the croupier, and round went the little ball with the same twirling noise, which was almost immediately succeeded by the same monstrous voice proclaiming, "quatorze rouge paie et passe," and the next moment thirty-six Louis were pushed toward 14 as my property. Was still doubting whether they were mine, when the Spaniard, taking his short rake, pushed thirty-four Louis on the red, leaving two on the same number as before, and at the same time whispering to me, still without raising his eyes—

"Encore une fois et forcez le rouge."

Round went the ball, and, to my amazement, "14 rouge" was again announced as the winning number. This brought me in seventy-two Louis on the number, and sixty-eight on the color. "Faites vos jeux," said the man once more, but deigning this time to cast a glance at your humble servant, who thus suddenly found himself in possession of more than sufficed to pay for his continental trip during the last three months. I was on the point of scraping it all together and walking off, when the Spaniard again whispered his advice, as before *sotto voce*, which I followed to the letter, and I found myself, in ten minutes, the possessor of about four hundred Louis, and decidedly the lion of the room for the time being. The other *pointeurs* had ceased playing, and all eyes were fixed on my movements. The most breathless silence pervaded the room, and the croupiers themselves began to look less phlegmatic, and to cast frequent glances at the clock, which pointed to within a few minutes of twelve. O—za still continued his whispered advice; and Von Aspen was flushed, and muttered between his teeth, "Diable, quel bonheur, il fera sauter le banque ce soir-là d'Egerton," and I verily believe I should have done so, so great was my run of luck, when the clock struck twelve, and the croupier, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, "A demain, Monsieur, pour ce soir le jeu cesse." The Spaniard muttered something that sounded very much like a Spanish oath; and by the time I had raked together my golden spoils, and turned round to offer him my acknowledgments, I found that he had risen from his seat, and was just emerging into the dark *allee*, where the end of his burning cigar was soon all that was visible of him.

I was now entirely occupied in collecting my spoils, which, having deposited in my own pockets, and in those of Von Aspen, we sallied forth toward our quarters in high spirits, and determined to do ample justice to our supper after an evening so profitably spent. I need not detail the quality of our dishes, or the many good things uttered by us on the occasion; suffice it to say, that at one o'clock we both retired to our rooms, agreeing to meet at six next morning, and sail forth into the *allee* to see who was and was not in the place.

On opening my eyes the next morning, I found the sun shining brightly into my windows, the trees looking green and fresh as their branches waved gently in the morning air; the birds singing; and my ear caught the last bars of one of Strauss's waltzes, played as only a German hand can play them. All this was very pleasant, and I began to rub my eyes to ascertain whether certain golden recollections of "Quatorze," and "Rouge," formed part perhaps of a pleasant dream which I might have been indulging in, when my attention was caught by some hasty footsteps coming along the corridor leading to my room; and the next moment the good-natured, smiling face of Aspen appeared in the aperture. He wore a little Austrian cap, placed very much off one side of his head, which, with its turn up peak, became him, and gave him that devil-may-care look which is so much admired in the Hungarian hussars, and which makes them seem so unlike all other troops of the same denomination. A check shirt, green shooting jacket, and summer trousers, with shoes and gaiters too, completed his costume.

"What the deuce," said I, looking at him from head to foot, "are you going to a *partie de chasse*?"

"Not an idea of it," returned he, "but nobody thinks of dressing in any other way for the *allee* in the morning, and the women are in the same sort of *neglige*; therefore reserve your Stultz coat and English fashions for the afternoon, when you can turn out as great a dandy as you please."

On went a tweed shooting jacket and my foraging cap, therefore, and thus accoutred we started for the scene of action, which was not twenty yards from the door of our hotel. Immediately on leaving the house we found ourselves amongst, as it appeared, the whole population of the little place, walking up and down the *allee*, which, as I before said, is one of the broadest and finest in Europe; it slopes gradually down from the Brunnen, and is terminated by a large piece of water, with a fountain throwing the clear and sparkling water about thirty or forty feet high into the air, which falls again with a refreshing sound into the basin. Beyond this you see the rich and finely cultivated country stretching for miles, terminated by a blue range of hills in the distance, and these views seen from the top of the *allee*, framed by the branches of the old elms, seem like beautiful pictures placed there for the especial edification of the loungers, as they walk up and down and drink their waters, swallowing a glass every time they again reach the Brunnen. About the centre of the *allee*, close to the Saal, is a raised platform, on which were seated twenty-eight or thirty Bohemians, playing Strauss's waltzes and the favorite airs from the different operas, and playing them with that tact and feeling which made their performances an exquisite treat to anybody really fond of music.

Strolling down the *allee* arm-in-arm, we contemplated one by one the moving mass, and thought, as one is apt to do in crowds, what an extraordinary volume that would be, which should set before us the thoughts and speeches of each individual whom we encountered. At length we reached the end of the promenade, and there met Countess Erismstadt and her daughter, and four or five others of our Berlin friends.

"Ah," said the Countess, whose acquaintance I had made through the kindness of some London friends, "enchanté de vous voir, Capitaine Egerton; et vous aussi, Baron," turning to Aspen, "how long have you been here? When did you arrive? Are you going to make any stay?" etc., etc.

"In the first place, Countess, let me express the sincere pleasure I feel in meeting you again, and

then I will proceed to inform you that we arrived late last night, that we remain here three weeks, and that we are already enchanted with the place, and doubly so since we have found both yourself and the Countess Adele here," said I, turning to her daughter, a tall and very handsome girl with a beautiful complexion, bright blue eyes, and a quantity of light hair falling in ringlets round her lovely face.

"Aimable comme toujours," said the old lady, whom I was really delighted to meet again; "and I trust," continued she, "that, as we only arrived the day before yesterday, you will be our neighbors at the *table d'hôte*, for you must know that here everybody dines at the same hour, and that you are placed at table according to the date of your arrival, which sometimes is very unpleasant; but as we had nobody below us yesterday, I trust that you will both be our neighbors."

By this time Aspen and Adele were in close conversation, and by their looks they appeared to meet with equal pleasure; this, coupled with my recollection of their always having been partners at our Berlin balls, accounted for his extreme impatience to leave the Prussian capital at the time he did, and make the best of our way to the gay little watering place where we found ourselves so pleasantly located.

Having arrived by this time at the Brunnen, we were told that we must at all events taste the waters, which we accordingly did; Aspen assuring us that this year he had come to Prymont solely with the view of drinking them; but by the way I saw him make, after emptying his glass almost at one swallow, I felt convinced he regretted the assertion.

I laughed heartily at him, saying I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, as I found the taste abominable, worse than the Bladen of Mississippi, or the Blue Lick, and would not have gone through the process for worlds; it was, in fact, what you might image swallowing a bottle of ink to be, which is something doubtless more than a joke, consequently I never afterwards troubled them.

It being now near eight o'clock, we all separated to go to breakfast, agreeing to meet again at the hour and place appointed, and then to settle upon some place to be visited in the cool of the evening by the whole party on donkeys, the beautiful environs being admirably calculated for such excursions.

After leaving the ladies, we proceeded to discuss a thoroughly Germanic (and, as I thought, a most uncomfortable) breakfast, consisting of a small cup of coffee, some rusks, a roll of sour bread, and half a dozen hard boiled eggs, thrown on a heap of very coarse, bad-colored salt, the whole placed in a common white plate. This was the first check to the delights of Prymont, and I bitterly complained to Aspen of the coarseness and discomfort of a meal which was so different from a good American breakfast, which enables one to begin the day with comfort and satisfaction. He laughed heartily, and said that it depended entirely upon myself, for that if I had ordered the eggs to be placed in egg-cups, the butter in fresh water, and the coffee in large cups, all would have been as I desired; but having omitted to do so, the fault was with me, and not with the host.

Wishing to put this forthwith to the test, I instantly dispatched a waiter to summon the "Wirtte" to our presence, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, with a long pipe in his mouth, from which he continued to inhale his Hungarian tobacco with the greatest *sang froid*, during my complaints at the misery I felt in beginning the day upon so unsatisfactory a meal; and having grunted out "sie haben mir zee befohlen, Herr Hauptmann," turned upon his heel and waddled out of the room. I felt rather indignant at what I considered his want of attention and respect to my just grievances; but it subsequently turned out that he had perfectly understood me, for next morning, and during the whole period of our stay in his house, the breakfast was served up according to the directions I had given; although he declared my countrymen, all of them, to be mad upon some one point or other, and that my insanity consisted in making a fuss about a meal, which was, after all, only intended to prepare the stomach for the first pipe!

Acting upon this Teutonic tradition, we lighted our cigars, and trotted down to the shooting-ground, where we found eight or ten of the *allee* loungers, who were placing their pistol balls either in the centre of the bull's eye (at twelve paces) or so near it as to inspire me with considerable respect for their unerring aim, although I had not forgotten the galleries of New Orleans, or the hunting plains of Texas. The shooting was extraordinary, but it so happened that the *élite* of the pistol heroes happened to be present. The best shot present was a Pole, a Baron Braszinski, who, after various feats, placed a claret bottle horizontally on a table at the distance above-gamed, and drove the cork and his ball right through the bottom of the bottle, without either splintering or in any otherwise damaging the bottle. Having thus killed time for an hour, or hour and a half, the party broke up to meet again at *table d'hôte* at a quarter to four o'clock.

"And now, my dear fellow," said Von Aspen, "we must set to work; to-morrow there is a ball at the chateau, and therefore we must proceed to my worthy old friend Baron von Spülen, who invites the functions in this vast principality, of Prime Minister, *Maitre de la Cour*, Minister of Finance, and the Lord knows what beside; to him I must first of all present you, and he will take the necessary steps for procuring you an invitation from His Serene Highness the reigning Prince of Waldeck. Remember, by-the-by, to give him the title of Excellency, of which he is not a little proud, for the very reason in point of fact that he has no right to it."

Thus saying, he led the way to the great man's

residence, which consisted of a modest little house in the middle of a garden, about five hundred yards beyond the chateau. We found the Minister seated under a willow tree, writing at a table covered with papers; on the ground lay scattered about three or four official looking boxes, which might have contained all the political and state secrets of the principality. He was a good-natured looking, red-faced old gentleman, dressed in a blouse, with a shooting cap on the back part of his head, large spectacles on his nose, and the never-failing pipe in his mouth. He was so occupied with his dispatches that he did not perceive us until we were close upon him, when the noise of our footsteps attracted his attention, and looking up and recognizing Aspen, he cordially held out his hand.

"Pray be seated," said the Baron, bowing to us, and pointing to a garden bench near him.

"Allow me," said Von Aspen, "to present to your Excellency my friend, Captain Egerton, an officer in the service of the government of the American States, who has accompanied me here from Berlin, and whom I trust you will be kind enough to present to his Serene Highness."

"Charme de vous voir, Monsieur," said his Excellency, "and allow me to send you an invitation for the ball to-morrow evening at the castle, where I shall have the honor of presenting you."

"Having asked me how I liked Germany—how long a stay I had made on the Continent? and gone through the usual routine of civilities, as well as talked with Von Aspen, of the last season, and about several families who had been there the last year, but now were scattered over different parts of Europe, at their respective residences, the conversation was interrupted by the clock striking twelve, and the simultaneous appearance of the *chef de cuisine*, with his cotton night cap, and *coiffeur* in his apron string, bearing the bill of fare for the Prince's dinner that day; the sergeant of the guard with the list of prisoners in the black hole of the fortress; the agent of the police with the list of arrivals; and several other important functionaries of the government. We now became aware that our presence must be *de trop*, and therefore bowing our excuses to his Excellency for having so long trespassed on his valuable time, we rose and took leave of the old Minister, who accompanied us to the gate, and cordially bidding us adieu, returned to his willow tree once more, to carry on the government of his little county.

By this time we had got *en face* with the chateau, a solid old house, with four loop-holed turrets at either angle, situated at the top of a high embankment, containing some three or four acres of ground, and with a sloping glacis running gradually down into a very broad ditch, filled with clear water, over which a long drawbridge was thrown, and formed the only communication with the main land, the ditch being about thirty yards broad; a walled arroyo cut through the embankment at the other end of the bridge, on either side of which were situated the guard-house, and the state-prison, originally intended for political offenders, but now merely used as a look-up house for disorderly persons, who might have infringed on the police regulations of the place.

Just as we came opposite to the bridge, the sentry, who had been lazily watching the carp swimming about, and occasionally just rising to the surface to pounce upon some incautious fancy fly skimming too near the water; suddenly came to attention and shouted with all his might, "Guard! turn out!" in an instant the sergeant and his guard of seven men dressed in green, with red facings, and who really looked very soldier-like and well, were under arms, and instantly afterwards presented, as the Prince, with his Master of the Horse, and a groom behind him, emerged from the dark arroyo, trotted across the bridge, and was away before we had time to lift our hats and salute him.

Although only catching a passing glimpse of him, I am not likely to soon forget the impression his first appearance made upon me, and I had considerable difficulty in keeping my countenance, so truly ridiculous did he appear to me. He was a very short and exceedingly fat little man, with a large round red face, something like the sun in the horrid London fogs. He rejoiced in certainly three double-chins, and as to any neck he might once have been possessed of, that had entirely disappeared, so that the head was placed immediately on the top of his shoulders, while the chins fell in graceful festoons half way down his chest; he wore a high green cloth cap, with an immense peak, the same sort of white linen blouse that old Baron Spülen rejoiced in, and which appeared, therefore, to be a sort of universal uniform, and, to complete the costume, very light yellow leather breeches and high Jack boots with enormous spurs. He was mounted on an old fashioned sort of Spanish horse, with very high action, and a long tail, very nearly sweeping the ground.

How such a weight of man and horse,—to say nothing of attendant and groom—ever got over the bridge at the pace they went without breaking down the old rickety concern, and going plump into the ditch beneath, is a mystery to me, and has remained unsolved ever since.

Von Aspen, who was equally amused at this sudden apparition, hurried me on, out of sight of the sentries, that we might enjoy our hearty laugh without indiscretion, and having got round the corner of the road, I fairly leaned against a tree and roared with laughter, and the more so when Aspen exclaimed to me that the precipitate charge the Prince had made across the water, was solely owing to his having seen us, and his shyness was so great, that it amounted to a perfect mania, and caused him to do the most out of the way things to avoid seeing or speaking to strangers.

Indeed, I afterwards heard many amusing anecdotes of the means employed by the Princess and those about him, to induce his Serene Highness to

appear at his Wednesday balls, to which all the society of the place who had any claims to be present, were always invited. They generally succeeded in making him appear for half an hour, during which time he would remain in one corner of the room, with his hands behind his back, bobbing his head to everybody who came into the room; a gymnastic exhibition that was always terminated by a sudden bolt for the evening, and then no person on earth could ever get him back.

He has the reputation of being the most amiable and benevolent man, however, and is adored in the principality; indeed, I believe he has but one fault, and that is his extreme, unconquerable shyness.

We laughed all the way home, and it being two o'clock when we reached the house, an hour or two's rest after so much walking, was by no means unacceptable, and the more so, as we dined at four, and heaven only knew what was before us for the evening's amusement; for I had learned that at six, or thereabouts, the whole population of Prymont seemed to think it a religious duty to vacate the place, *en masse*, and to rally forth on donkeys, or in carriages, to visit the different spots in the neighborhood.

Having dressed for dinner, we proceeded, at the appointed time, to the *table d'hôte*, which was held in a long room in a building in the *alle*, to which all visitors in the place daily adjourned, and, as the Countess had mentioned, were placed according to the date of their arrival. We were fortunate enough to find ourselves placed next to the Erismstadts, as the Countess predicted; I taking my seat next to hers, and Von Aspen next to Adele; an arrangement which suited all parties, for the old lady appeared in no way averse to the marked attention of Von Aspen to her daughter.

His father, who held a high legal appointment in the town of Magdeburg, and was possessed of considerable property in that part of the country, was besides, the head of the oldest families in the north of Germany. Thus, in point of birth and property, my friend was fully entitled to urge his suit with the fair Adele, which, by the animated conversation going on between them, her sparkling eyes, and his merry laugh, he was doing, apparently with every sign of success.

Immediately opposite to us were seated Princess Tubekyko, with her son and daughter, Braszinski the Pole, M. de Platow, and a long line of others, to whom as yet I had not been presented.

The band was playing the favorite waltz and pieces of Bellini's music, in the next room; the dinner was neither better nor worse than is generally found at the German *table d'hôte*; the conversation was lively, mostly carried on in French, being the polite and universal language which will enable the traveler to make his way with ease in any part of the Continent usually resorted to by strangers. Everything went off agreeably for the hour we remained at table; at the end of which time we all rose *en masse*, the society breaking into little knots and coteries, and then rallying forth to take their coffee in the *alle*.

My little party composed those immediately around us at table, and some friends of the Countess Erismstadt who joined us in the *alle*, and to whom she presented me, soon congregated at the spot marked by Von Aspen, and a very pleasant hour we spent, talking over the news of the day, looking forward with considerable amusement to the Court ball of the morrow, and debating what spot we should turn our steps—or rather our donkeys—to, in the evening.

The whole party looked vastly different from what they did in the morning, for instead of the *negligée* then worn, the ladies were all elegantly dressed, and the men with their kid-gloves, gold-headed canes, and polished boots, looked very much like what they really were, gentlemen and men of fashion. No woman present was seen to greater advantage than Adele, who wore a dark blue satin *robes*, her pretty foot fitted to perfection a bronzed boot, and she wore a white transparent hat with blue flowers; she looked really lovely—her complexion was brilliant, her features regular and good, and her teeth the most beautiful I have ever seen; she had a profusion of golden hair, and her blue eyes were shaded by very long black eyelashes, which gave that half-closed, sleeping look, a languor, which, in woman, however attractive she may otherwise be, is the very perfection of beauty. She was neither tall nor short, but of that indescribable height, which, by being in such perfect proportion to her features and limbs, added a new charm to her whole appearance. In a word, she was a woman sure to command admiration wherever she appeared, and in the present instance, although she had been only three days in the place, she had the *élite* of the Prymont *élégants* already in her train.

Knowing Von Aspen's admiration of her, I heartily wished him success, and was not a little amused by the various efforts of her rivals to supplant him. The most dangerous among the latter appeared to me to be M. de Braszinski, the Pole, whom I have already mentioned. He was a man about forty-five years of age, and would have been called decidedly good looking, were it not for the expression of his eyes, which, with the blindest of smiles forever playing around the corners of his mouth, gave the whole countenance an expression of falseness I have never seen equalled in the human face. He appeared fully aware of this himself, and evidently used every effort to disguise it. His manner was perfect, that of a finished gentleman, and made of the world, and his voice was so silvery in its tones, and altogether so fascinating, that it was impossible to listen to him without pleasure, and, indeed, great interest, for he had traveled much, and was a man of more general information than is often met with. Unlike most of his countrymen, he appeared to be very well off; for he had arrived in a handsome traveling carriage, with his valet seated on the box, and whatever ornament he wore in his evening toilet, was as valuable as it was seen to be in good taste.

This man was decidedly struck with Adele, and my knowledge of physiognomy convinced me that he would not stick at trifles to get rid of a rival, or carry his point. There was a cruelty in his cold blue eye, and a sharpness about the corners of his mouth, when in repose, that convinced me I was not far wrong in thinking that such a man had both energy and devil enough in him to be a most dangerous enemy.

After great deliberation, it was at length decided that we should trace our steps toward the old town of Lenda, for our evening expedition, situated about two miles from Prymont; its chief attraction consisting in its having been, ages ago, the residence of Charlemagne; and the old church still standing, and which is said to be one of the most ancient and best preserved in Germany, was built and endowed by that sovereign.

Accordingly, at six o'clock, a whole army of donkeys for the ladies, and small ponies of the country for the gentlemen, were provided, and we sallied

forth in a long line, through the narrow lanes and beautiful country leading to the old town.

The place has long since fallen from its high state, and presents now merely one long street of wretched hovels, filled with dirty and smoke-dried peasants, whose chief support seems to consist in smoking and preparing the Westphalian hams; and living pell mell—men, women and children—in the same room with the poor pigs, who are doomed sooner or later to be slaughtered and hung up in the rafters, there to be smoked and dried with the remains of their brother pigs, who had gone through exactly the same process as themselves; first living "frère et cocon" with the family, and afterward tending to their support by the sale of their smoke-dried quarters.

The old church lies about a quarter of a mile beyond the town, on the left side of the road, and is still used as a place of worship by the inhabitants of the town, or, more properly speaking, wretched village, for it is now nothing more. The building contains some curious monuments of departed crusaders and by-gone warriors, whose very names are now almost lost in the lapse of ages since they flourished and were renowned. The most striking thing appeared to me to be the quantities of human bones lying scattered about the old churchyard, where everything is going to ruin. The old wall is partly fallen down, and the tomb-stones piled in some places in moss-covered heaps, one above the other. Ere we reached Prymont the shades of evening had set in, a glorious moon had arisen, and the cool, fresh air was scented by a thousand shrubs and flowers as we rode past the numerous gardens that lined the road. I never remember a more cool or delicious evening, making a happy termination to a day so pleasantly spent. By the time we reached home the ladies were fatigued, and separated to retire early to rest; we therefore bowed our adieu, and took leave, until we should again meet them on the morrow in the *alle*.

"One day telleth another," and therefore having described my first twenty-four hours in Prymont, I will only briefly state that for the following three weeks we spent our time much in the same way as during the first day I have already described. We danced, flirted, occasionally played, rode donkey-races, and made piques.

During this time Von Aspen had been constant in his attentions to the fair Adele, and she, on her part, seemed really to return the sincere affection which he confessed to me he felt for her. Braszinski had held out longer than any of his rivals, and now, seeing that he had no chance with the object of his admiration, (I must not omit to mention that Adele brought to the fortunate man on whom she bestowed her hand the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which in Germany is considered a very pretty fortune,) bent all his efforts to annoy Von Aspen, in which he had succeeded so effectually, that a decided coolness, not to say hostility, had sprung up between them, and which I foresaw, should they remain long in the same place, would give rise to some serious quarrel. I had been on the watch for some time past to prevent anything of the sort occurring, as I had in like manner once before watched over my good friend F—— in Texas; for from the Pole's character I saw that he was burning to be revenged *coute que coute* on his more fortunate rival. Adele, quick-sighted as a woman always is in such affairs, foresaw the danger, and although she entertained the most decided aversion to the man, did everything in her power to conciliate him, and often danced and talked with him with this view, which she would not otherwise have done.

Things were in this posture when, a few days before my departure from the place, the usual Wednesday ball, and which was to be the last at the *château* for that season, took place. Von Aspen and myself having made our toilet, proceeded as usual together, and arrived there at about ten, when dancing had already commenced; the evening was cool and delicious, and the folding doors of the ball-room opened on to a terrace lined with orange trees, and abounding with flowers, which formed a delightful retreat from the heat and glare of the brilliantly lighted rooms. From this terrace, by day-light, a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, which lay stretched for miles beneath it like a carpet, was obtained, with its intersecting hills, fields and residences; and now, with this charming prospect still seen dimly in the starlight, the cool air scented by the fragrance of the orange trees, with ottomans and seats scattered about, it formed as charming a retreat as I ever saw. The ball was brilliantly attended, and the amiable Princess, and her sister-in-law, the Princess Herman, both contributed to enchant their guests by their gentle and condescending affability. The Prince, as usual, stood in his corner, and bobbed his head at us in return to our salutation as we entered the room, and not very long after which he made his hasty and ludicrous retreat for the evening. The ladies were all freshly and prettily dressed—some of them glittering with diamonds; and the Princess Wattockoff, who had, for the value of her jewels, obtained the soubriquet of "Diamondine," had on that evening a *parure* of diamonds and emeralds which were wonderfully magnificent, and completely eclipsed the reigning Princess and all the other ladies present. Officers of high rank in the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian services, were there with their decorations and many-colored ribbons in their button-holes, and young *élégants* and pretty women from nearly every country in Europe were flirting and dancing, the *tout ensemble* forming as pretty a scene as can well be imagined. From having unfortunately strained my ankle in the morning, I did not dance, but contented myself by leaning against a door-post leading into an adjoining boudoir. A moment afterward Braszinski made his appearance, and claiming Adele's hand for the polka, led her off to that fascinating dance. Von Aspen also joined the dance, having for his partner a very pretty little woman, the wife of General Carloff, a great favorite of the Emperor's. Although she often told me she had no ear for music, she, strange to say, danced to perfection, particularly the dance just mentioned, in which Von Aspen was also an adept; so that when they danced it together, they generally caused a sensation, and all eyes were fixed on their graceful movements. I retained my post at the glass door, looking into the ball-room, and found myself immediately behind Braszinski and Adele. Von Aspen and the Countess Carloff were immediately opposite, and he, in the highest spirits, was going through all the intricacies of the dance with his usual success, when, as he passed before Braszinski, and was executing the oak step, so that he was half turned the other way, I observed the perfidious Pole advance his foot a few inches, so as to come exactly between Aspen's, at the same time that he was apparently engaged in the most interesting conversation with Adele. Aspen, who at the moment was going at a rapid pace, stumbled, and then fell headlong at Princess Herman's feet, upsetting a chair on which Prince Otto

was seated between his mother and his aunt. All this passed as quick as thought, and in a much shorter space of time than I have taken to describe it, and the malicious smile on Braszinski's lip had died away before Aspen regained his feet. Burning with vexation, he bowed his excuses to Princess Herman, picked up the little boy, who was fortunately not injured, and like a man of the world, and with great tact, immediately placed his arm once more round his partner's waist, and laughing, removed his polka, as if nothing had happened; stepping, this time, however, clear of the Pole, which, coupled with his look at the latter, convinced me that he was fully aware of the cause of his fall.

Poor Adele had turned deadly pale; but not having seen the little by-play of which I had been a witness, thought that his foot had merely slipped, and seeing him so gaily resume the dance, soon thought nothing more of it. Knowing the ill blood that already existed, I foresaw something serious would happen between the principal actors in this little scene, and therefore watched for the termination of the dance to see what would ensue.

Braszinski having led Adele to her seat, passed me and leaned over the balustrade of the terrace, as if there awaiting the arrival of Von Aspen. As I had anticipated, the latter soon passed me, his brow flushed with anger, and striding up to where the Pole was standing, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and whispered into his ear in a hissing voice, which betrayed his almost overpowering rage: "Monsieur vous êtes un insolent, je ne sais pas si je m'explique?"

"Parfaitement, Mal-adroit," replied the other, "et vous me rendez raison pour la phrase."

Von Aspen's reply was so impetuous, that in an instant words were uttered on both sides that rendered a meeting unavoidable between them, as men who mutually believed the "code of honor" the only law by which to adjust all difficulties of such a nature.

Aspen turned toward me, exclaiming, "My dear Egerton, I am sure I may rely on you in the present affair, and therefore," said he, turning to the Pole, "I beg that you will, with as little delay as possible, put your friend in communication with Captain Egerton, that our differences may be settled at once."

We were fortunately alone on the terrace; but sufficient had already passed to render any interference on my part as peace-maker, perfectly hopeless. Braszinski bowed, and turning into the ball-room, was soon engaged in conversation, and when I again passed him, was proposing a picnic to the Countess Carloff and Princess Herman, for the day after, at Eruden-Thal.

That which I had all along dreaded had now taken place. I saw not the most distant possibility of a reconciliation.

On my return from the ball I found Von Aspen coolly smoking a cigar, and leaning out of the window, joking and talking to a little Frenchman, whom he was quizzing about a village conquest, which he laughingly assured us had prevented him from coming to the ball that evening. Aspen, having bid good night to his boasting friend, turned toward me and exclaimed, "Well, thank heaven I have got that scoundrel into a corner at last, and if I let him out may I —"

"Stop my good friend," said I; "is it possible that you, with your prospects, and with everything smiling on you in this world, should thus lightly wish to sacrifice all to gratify a momentary resentment, and thus stake your existence against that of a man whose history nobody knows, and whom a great many people suppose to be at best an adventurer?"

"My good fellow," replied he, "all that may be very true; but you must be aware that that has passed between us which can never be forgiven, and therefore you will prove your friendship toward me, not by reminding me of what I may lose," and here his voice faltered, "but by speedily arranging a meeting, for this sort of thing is, not agreeable as long as it is hanging over one, and therefore the sooner it is terminated, the better for all parties. And now," he continued, holding out his hand to me, "I have some papers to look over and destroy, in case of accident, therefore good night. I put my head upon my pillow in full confidence that my honor will remain unsullied in such keeping as yours. I therefore give you *carte blanche*, and pray let me hear no more about it until the time and place is named, where," added he, with a smile, "you shall be satisfied with your principal."

I pressed him cordially by the hand, and, trying to feel the force of what he had said, left him with a heavy heart to retire for the night.

Next morning I was still dressing, when the *garçon* brought a card in with the name of Baron de Platow upon it, and said that gentleman was waiting outside, and wished to speak to me. Hurriedly slipping on a dressing-gown, I desired him to be admitted.

I need not detail the conversation, which lasted near a quarter of an hour. Suffice it to say, therefore, that not having been able to effect anything like reconciliation, which I believe he desired as much as I did, but which Braszinski's obstinacy totally prevented, we finally separated, having appointed the meeting to take place that evening, at seven o'clock, at a corner of a little wood near the "Saline," and about half a mile from the town.

The day passed over as usual, and as the sun declined, I could not help reflecting that soon, within a few hours, I might lose a friend whose high-spirited, generous character and especial kindness and attention had endeared him to me more than I had an idea of before this event, which brought one's feelings, as it were, to a focus. I had been fortunate to win the toss with De Platow for choice of weapons, and named small swords, for had it been pistols, as Braszinski wished, my poor friend would certainly have stood but a sorry chance of surviving the rencontre.

At the hour named, we repaired to the chosen spot, and there found Braszinski and his second already awaiting us. Labord, the Frenchman, and one or two others, were also there as spectators, as the affair, in spite of our efforts to the contrary, had to a certain degree got wind. Our principals having stripped off their coats and vests, and the Pole having rolled up his shirt sleeve to the shoulder, exposing a long, sinewy arm, with a good deal of nerve and hard muscle, we delivered to each his weapon, and having placed them sideways to the sun, so as to give a fair distribution of light to each, we crossed their swords, and I, retiring a few paces to the right, gave the signal.

Both parties were equally cool and determined, and there was that malignant look about Braszinski, which I have before noticed, and which proved that he was now bent on mischief. Von Aspen was perhaps a shade paler than usual, but by his compressed lips, firm hand and resolute eye, I perceived in an instant that he was all right, and he would not lose the day from want of nerve, at all events.

Their guards were totally different, one belonging to the French, and the other evidently to the Italian school of fencing. Aspen was graceful, and upright as an arrow, firmly placed on his legs, with his left hand aloft, as if he were engaged in a common assault in a fencing-master's room. Braszinski sunk much lower than his adversary, and crouching forward with the upper part of his body, evidently meant to attack *en seconde*, a far more dangerous mode in the hands of an experienced fencer than the other.

In an instant after the signal, their swords clashed, and thrust and parry followed each other in quick succession. Von Aspen's attack was so impetuous that I trembled for his safety; but his very imprudence saved him; for it so completely occupied his adversary, that he had not time to employ those dangerous thrusts *en seconde*, which I foresaw and so much dreaded.

The combat had lasted now nearly five minutes. Von Aspen began to show symptoms of loss of breath, and I then knew that soon all must be up with him, for he was in the hands of *deux* who knew no generosity. But at this period of the rencontre, they began to change places in attacking, and the Pole taking now the lead, swift as lightning came the lunge *en seconde*. Through his very weakness, Aspen's life was saved; for at that very instant he faltered and swerved a little to the left, Braszinski's sword, passing through his shirt, grazing his right side, showed its bloody point some inches behind his back. Had Von Aspen faltered at this moment, he would have been run through and through the centre of his body. As it was, however, the smart of the flesh wound gave him fresh energy, and calling all his strength into one last effort, ere Braszinski could disengage his weapon from the folds of his shirt, he plunged his sword up to the very hilt in the breast of the Pole, who, with a deep groan of agony, sunk to the earth, and the instant afterwards was writhing on the ground, covered with blood; and at his last gasp, his hand had clutched the turf convulsively, and his face, pale as ashes, and sprinkled with blood from the bubbling wound, bore an expression of hatred which to this hour makes me shudder when I think of it. Raising himself slowly on one elbow, he turned to Aspen, his lips moved, but only to give utterance to the death-rattle that was in his throat; his eyes glazed as they still glared on us, and the next instant he fell heavily backwards, a bloody and disfigured corpse!

All this passed in much shorter space of time than it has taken me to describe it; and, seeing now the termination of the affair, I knew no time was to be lost. Therefore hurrying Aspen from the ground, ere he had yet recovered from the shock of thus so quickly sending a fellow creature to his last account, we gained the opposite side of the little wood. There a couple of horses had been waiting for the survivor, (for we knew that it was a case of life or death), and springing into the saddles, we put spurs to our steeds, and half an hour's sharp riding brought us to the Hanoverian frontier, from which we pushed on, and reached the town of Hamelen, where we knew we should be secure.

The day after the event I have described, and when everybody was talking it over, M. de Platow's brother reached Prymont, and on viewing the body of his brother's unfortunate principal, he at once recognized him as an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for nearly twenty years, but with whose history he was intimately acquainted. It appeared that his real name was Ostroff, but that from some disgraceful gambling transaction, and a duel caused by it, in which he had killed a young officer of great promise, in the most savage and cowardly manner, he had been forced to leave his regiment; that from that hour he had been a murderer and an outcast; and that, sinking step by step, he had at last been reduced to the greatest misery, and was living under an assumed name in Paris; when the Minister of Police in St. Petersburg, thinking him, from his acknowledged talents and gentlemanly exterior, a fit subject for a spy, had furnished him with means and an assumed name, which enabled him to carry on his disgraceful avocation. In this he had but too well succeeded, as he had been the means of sending many of his unfortunate countrymen, who were obnoxious to the Russian government, to the mines of Siberia, to languish in chains and slavery.

This account, together with the well known fact that he had been the aggressor in the quarrel, completely exonerated poor Von Aspen, whose part now everybody took, and seemed to think he had conferred a benefit upon society by ridding it of so dangerous a man.

Two months subsequent to the events I have detailed, and when I was again with my friends in England, I received letters from Berlin, stating that Von Aspen had been pardoned, that the whole affair had blown over, and that he was shortly about to be united to the fair Adele, her father having approved of the match, and settled one of his Magdeburg estates upon his happy son, from whom I shortly afterwards received a long and kind letter, detailing the glad events, and pressing me to come over and be present at his wedding.

The American Scheme of Government.

Look at the vigor of America; only in her third century yet, and there are three and twenty millions of us in the family, and such a homestead as never lay out of doors before. Look at her riches—her corn, cattle, houses, shops, factories, ships, towns; her freedom here at the North—at the South it is not America: it is Turkey in Asia moved over. Look at the schools, colleges, libraries, lyceums. The world never saw such a population; so rich, vigorous, well educated, so fearless, so free, and yet so young. I know America very well. I know her faults. I have never spared them, nor never will. I have great faith in America; in the American idea; in the ideal of our government—a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; a government to serve the unalienable rights of man; a government according to the law of God, and his constitution of the universe. To the power of numbers, of money, of industry, and invention, I will ask the nation to add the power of justice, of love, of faith in God and in the natural law of God. Then we might surpass the other nations, not only in vulgar numbers and vulgar gold, but in righteousness, which the good God asks of us. I have confidence in America. I do not believe that American Democracy is always to be Satanic, and never Celestial. I do not believe in the Democracy that swears and swaggers, that invades Mexico and Cuba, and mocks at every "Higher Law" which is above the passions of the mob. I know America better. The Democracy of the New Testament, of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us as we forgive;" the Democracy of the Beatitudes—"that shall one day be a kingdom come." I have confidence in America, because I have confidence in man and confidence in God; for He knows what He did when He made the world, and made human nature sufficient for human history and its own salvation."—Theodore Parker, in 1852.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHISPERERS.

"BETTER, MUCH BETTER."

I wondered why my pulse was sane,
I could not tell—I thought again;
"Perchance she comes in spirit guise
To staunch the fountain of my eyes."

As sunbeams dash through opened door
And melt in radiance on the floor,
So comes this message, breathed by one
Whose love is swifter than the sun.

I heard a cry of joy; I felt a touch of bliss;
I saw a flash of thought pass on electric wings,
And felt it vibrate through my soul as when a kiss
Detects first love, and hope is grown to rapturous certainty;

Or where sweet thrillings thridding through the virgin heart,

Change this for something more than earth;
Or when the sun has wrapped himself in clouds
A weary week, and then, a moment, bursts them
While to say: "There yet is light," then hides again
In thicker night. Thus am I left
To cheated, murmuring, yearning memory.

Original Essay.

RESPONSIBILITY.

BY A. D. CHILD.

Is man responsible for the influence of his actions upon other men? The real man baffles all the little furrows of time, and lives to pass them, uninfluenced by them. The real man is not his boots, his coat, his hat, or the house he lives in; is not his flesh, blood and bones; is not his reputation, his honor, or his ignominy; is not his virtues or his vices; is not his acts of benevolence or oppression; is not his belief or his unbelief—all these things are but the sands of earth set in motion by the real life, the soul of man; all these things are but the lawful products of the real man's existence; they are produced by the soul, and when produced, the soul has done with them.

Responsibility belongs alone to human productions—not to the real life of human existence. The tag on which responsibility is written, was never tied upon a soul—only it is tied to what is falling from the soul. Responsibility is for decaying things, not for enduring things; and with decaying things it finds its grave. Responsibility belongs where failure and decay are liable; where dissolution threatens—not to the indissoluble soul that knoweth no failure, no decay, but, as certain as existence, knoweth its own indestructibility. For certainties and immortality, responsibility is not needed, no more than iron chains are needed to make us stay in heaven.

The grasp that holds money is a grasp of responsibility; the government of men that look up only the physical bodies of men in jails and prisons, is a government of responsibility; the security of all things that perish is a security of responsibility. Physical life and physical health, we may claim, lie in the hand of human responsibility. But what are perishing things to the real man, to the immortal soul, that has an indestructibility that none of these things can influence?

Effects are responsible for effects; but the real man, being a spontaneous production, and capable of ever producing spontaneously, is never influenced by responsibilities. One man's actions do not influence other men; they only influence other men's actions which are the products of other men. And product to product may be responsible—but not soul to soul. The word *responsibility* implies liability, insecurity, danger. This word is lawfully applied only to the soul's perishing products—not to its own indestructible existence, that constitutes the real man. Decaying fruit may influence decay in other fruit that is contagious, obedient to natural laws—while the life that produced the fruit is uninfluenced by this process. This fruit is but the falling product of life, as a man's actions are the falling products of his soul. To perishing things, then, responsibility alone belongs—never to indestructible things. From responsibility, that comes of the daily routine of human actions, comes the record of accountability. Both responsibility and accountability rest only upon a belief—a mere belief, in the existence of his successful majesty, the devil, who rules the earth with a clean sweep, triumphantly; and a belief in a hell that claims to be as indestructible as the soul of God. As the wild and crazy conceptions of a personal devil, and an *after* hell of suffering fade and grow dim, so does the idea of responsibility and accountability in man vanish from the soul. Slavery and oppression, hatred and bitterness, cruelty and bloodshed, war and murder, blame and condemnation, and all such things as these, have responsibilities that come of the relations of effects, which effects are destructible and perishing—are things of time—are the very elements of hell which the soul, in its early material condition, produces lawfully as it journeys heavenward. No soul is responsible for these productions, or for any productions, for all productions are ever spontaneous life; they have an unseen natural cause, each one and all.

Responsibility belongs alone to time—to the changing, fleeting things of time; to earth, its uncertainties, its shadows and its darkness—not to the soul that is the real man; not to the evolutions of its development; not to its spontaneous growth; not to its unfettered conceptions that reach on forever, and widen as they reach *ad infinitum*.

The awful picture of soul-responsibility that has been held up before humanity, is only a picture of physical existence seen alone by physical eyes. It is like a thunder-cloud, threatening and dark; it is only filled with material rain, that waters the earth for use. This dark picture is in its time and place, but it will fade away in the light of spiritual development.

Inebriety and Total Abstinence.

The tendency of a moderate use of stimulants is undoubtedly to produce inebriety. So the tendency of total abstinence by profession is to covetousness, spiritual pride, and uncharitableness, both in judging a brother, and in giving, lest the aid may be bestowed upon the ungodly, or unworthy.

Now I do not say that all who abstain from the use of stimulants become so morally depraved, neither do all who use stimulants become "Inebriates," but taking the influence of the two extremes upon society, I deem the latter as much more pernicious than the former, and with my present impressions I should prefer to take my chance to progress into a higher life from a "Drunkard's" hell than a "Teetotaler's" heaven. PAUL PAX.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

From death to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing as she makes
The grand tradition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.—Cowper.

Written for the Banner of Light.
"DON'T WISH TO BE LOVED."

BY ENOLA.

O Phranque, what an ugly unnatural thought!
 I'm as lonely as I can be,
 Yet "in all the great world" with its myriad hearts,
 There is nobody cares for me.
 I know I'm a thoughtless, impulsive girl,
 With faults that "who runs may read,"
 But "I expect I'm too wicked" for folks to love,
 And I pity myself indeed.
 Yet tell me, oh mythical friend unknown,
 Can loving be worth the while?
 'Tis a fiercer fire than the lightning's flash,
 More chill than the moonbeam's smile.
 It wrecks the hopes of a trusting heart,
 While serving, perchance, to beguile
 Some envied hour for a gay moustache.
 In the very most world-approved style.
 Or it haunts like a shadow the pale, wan face
 Of the wife, who says never a word,
 But meekly bows to the iron will
 Of her husband, master, lord.
 It may breathe in the tones of the practiced fop,
 Or flash in the coquette's powers;
 But tell me, Phranque, is love worth a thought
 In this work-a-day life of ours?
 Ah ha! I exult in my free estate,
 I bow to no he or him;
 And again I repeat the well known line
 Of miserable triumph grim—
 "I walk with myself, and I talk with myself,
 And myself says unto me,
 Take care of thyself, and be true to thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee."

Correspondence.

ORGANIZATION AMONGST SPIRITUALISTS.

I see frequent calls for conventions, summoned in the name of "practical action," burning flourishes of eloquence, having the same desirable tendency. I hear from the outsiders the constant demand, "What do Spiritualists do?" and the convention echoes answer, "What?"
 On considering the general tone that pervades convention eloquence, I find strong recommendations forced upon the listeners, to "outwork their inner natures," cultivate "individuality," &c., &c.—which abstractions, I presume, are highly acceptable and duly applied, to judge by the very interior and anything but showy character of many of our progressive action, while the individuality of Spiritualists' natures is growing so finely, that it is difficult to decide whether self is not the chief aim of many of our "reformers," highly individualized existences. Still the question of organization is being agitated, and although the agitators often get severely browbeaten by the individualists, they look wisely at an organization of masons, building a fine house in a few days, and a solitary individual scrambling alone to erect a poor shanty in a few weeks—take heart of grace and bravely return to the attack.

A respected friend of truth lately remarked in my hearing: "Nearly all of us Spiritualists have belonged to some church, and by virtue of our membership, have had to pay God, through our minister, an immense amount of petty taxation in the shape of presents, donations, tracts, moral pocket-handkerchiefs for Christian savages, and proverb plates and cups for converted cannibals. All these petty tythings we have now got rid of—and the amount, (from one to a hundred, and even five hundred dollars a year,) we coolly pocket as part of the price of freedom we have purchased in emancipation from the church. Now, to my mind," added my Coldwater friend, "this is sheer swindling of God. We cut off these sums, uselessly bestowed, but do not, that I can see, feel any the more willing to appropriate them usefully, either for the promotion of spiritual light, or home charities; and I consider that all such sums, if so cheerfully bestowed upon a bad religion, can well be spared for the support of a good one."

But lest I should be deemed one of that unholy few who deem that spiritual knowledge has to grow, like every other, by study, teaching and mutual aid, and that the hardest worked part of the community, spirit mediums and lecturers, have the same right to live by their labors, time and efforts as others, I will cite a few practical results of organization and non-organization, which my present Western tour has furnished me.

Wherever the philosophers, sages, and conference orators of to-day get their theories from, their Spiritualism has come through the medium; and unless there had been mediums, the philosophers' lights would have blazed away exactly as they did twelve years ago—very brilliantly, no doubt; but the darkness was so profound, that it was unhappily not aware there were any said lights shining, and the word Spiritualism was another name for unfamiliar German metaphysics.

It may very well suit the thousands or millions (vide Clark's Register for 1861,) who have grown into Spiritualism during the last twelve years, to kick down the ladder on which they have ascended to the knowledge of the spirit-land—to wit, the test facts of evidence obtained through mediums only—and say, "We can do without them; we are philosophers here, and need no more lecturers, and the circle is a bore;" but, even if our wise ones do know everything, and can afford to burn the poor spelling-book in which they learned their letters, the rest of the world is not yet unfolded to their supernatural standpoint; and as they have received freely, suppose they were to give again to those less favored than themselves, sustain meetings for others to eat the bread of life at, and help to give the world some of that medium light by which themselves have ascended the towers of Spiritual philosophy. Heaven knows the mediums do their part—wanderers and homeless, every one compelled, by the vast demands upon their time, strength and brain, to abandon all other means of earning a livelihood, they obtain less pay in a week than they could earn by any other employment in a few hours, and perform more labor, with less comfort, than half the laborers of the field. In fact, such labor, so recompensed, would seem mere insanity or fanaticism to choose, were it not for the pathway which I for one see strewn with human hearts redeemed from agony and bereavement; cobwebs swept away from the brains of the noblest; light shining upon darkened eyes, and thousands upon thousands rejoicing around our footstools that know neither the light of immortality nor the meaning of life and its heavy burdens.

Those who move in one State or city's narrow circle know nothing of the mediums or their work; and it takes the retrospect of twelve years ago with- out Spiritualism, and compares it with the five millions of to-day, to know whether the viewless, voiceless armies of heaven, with their humble human exponents, have accomplished anything or not. What was, is; what has been, will be again; ergo,

spirits think, mediums speak, the world hears, actions answer.

To produce the results designed by the spirits, needed by the world, and influential on human action, shall we have times and places, means and persons, to answer the demands of inquirers into this great movement? Assuming the affirmative to this position, shall we each give and seek, after our own ignorance and incapacity, feebleness and poverty? or by concert of action shall we not more speedily, surely and effectively promote the general end in view—the acquisition and diffusion of "more light?"

When it is borne in mind that all we know of Spiritualism comes from the spirits, and that the main gist of their teaching is to impress upon each one the belief of his or her own responsibility, and the fact that each one's action is the result of each one's thought, and not his neighbor's, I do not think the alarmists have much reason to fear that the spirits will thwart their own action by suffering any one, in the name of sect and creed, to chain his brother's thought, or fetter his responsibility. It is one thing to build a house, and another to determine how the family that inhabits it shall be ruled; but I should hardly expect the world to forbear from erecting dwellings for fear they should be possessed by tyrants, nor the people to be unprovided with lamps for fear the blaze material should put out the light spiritual.

As a specimen of Spiritualism in its widest form of unorganized individuality, I may quote the Queen City of the West, Cincinnati. Few places, I believe, have received a larger share of mediumistic light, and I know that no city possesses a larger number of warm hearts in which spiritual deeds have blossomed into beauty, or keen heads illuminated by its profound and sublime truths; and yet for want of concert of action, or the amount of agreement necessary to take one practical step for the diffusion of spiritual light, Messrs. Ambler and Forster, Mesdames Currier and Hulet, and many others of our noblest exponents of this beautiful philosophy, have come to and gone out of Cincinnati with hardly one to welcome them or point to where a Spiritualist resided, with none to provide places of meeting, and notices so scantily distributed that their busy feet were far away before their health-giving teachings could be heard, or even known as being in the people's midst. The most bitter, and I must own, merited complaints have reached me of cold, indifferent, and even penurious treatment in Cincinnati, and its very name seems to scare the mediums off. "We have given up all for Spiritualism," they say. "We have not the means to pay the necessary expenses either of the meetings, or our own journeyings out and in the city; and, as there is none here to see to this, we cannot again visit Cincinnati." And yet all this, ending in the banishment of the best of our poor missionaries from Cincinnati, and the weariness and disgust of its inhabitants at being interrupted with the worst, results entirely from want of organization, and not from lack of interest, as my own personal experience can testify.

Having arranged to spend three weeks this winter in Cincinnati, for the purpose of visiting one of my most dear and cherished friends in that city, I felt impelled to obey my spirit guides' commands, and give Spiritualism in connection with my visit. For the first time in my membership I entered upon the details of hall-hiring, posting, advertising, etc., and so far from any lack of interest in the meetings, I never saw more manifested, nor experienced a more cordial and liberal support. The dime admittance (free—only received as the offering of those who were willing to pay it, and not taken from more than half the audience—amply sufficed for all expenses, and fairly remunerated me.

Sunday after Sunday the dear, eager faces of old friends crowded around me, in despite of most inclement weather; and a constant influx of strangers, including many of the most intellectual and influential citizens, testified to the people's willingness to taste of our bread—bread, oh, my spiritual friends! which we shall find again on the waters of eternity. I can truly say that, in all my short but busy career, I have never taken part in more intellectual nor more nobly sustained meetings than those thus hastily organized by myself and my beloved friend (two unbusiness-like women, be it remembered) this past December in Cincinnati.

It is in this city, too, that the first generous hands, outside of the ranks of Spiritualism, have been stretched toward the Magdalenes for whom I am pleading—in this city, that the first professed minister of God has dared to clasp hands with a proscribed Spiritualist, to aid in the work of raising the most forlorn of outcasts—the abandoned woman.

Few who know the noble reformer of Cincinnati, the Rev. D. Conway, will be at loss to recognize my generous ally in him, nor be surprised at the fact that himself and his congregation tendered me the use of his church for two lectures for the benefit of this cause—that his own fiery eloquence aided my appeal, and that himself and a gentleman of the city, who is decidedly opposed to Spiritualism, but donated one hundred dollars to my work, have bravely announced themselves as the trustees of the funds collected in that city. There are tender, gentle women there, with little memorandum books, going about begging dimes to aid their fallen sisters; they have got little mementos of my work in the shape of tiny photographs for sale, and every means that kindness and energy can suggest to assist in raising funds. For the first since I have commenced my heavy labors in this cause, I have seen the hands of sectarianism broken asunder to help me. On this work, at least, the noblest ray of human kindness has shone from out of this city; and within the spiritual ranks, or, at least, the ranks of my auditors, I have beheld the most unconservative and appreciative interest I have ever witnessed. And all this is scattered like chaff before the wind, for the want of organization; and because there is no band to enclose these mighty soul-timbers within, they lie perishing or feeding on the husks dealt out to them from creeds they do not believe in.

I could quote many similar instances of want of organization; I must content myself with briefly alluding to two daring instances on the opposite side. In Sturgis, Michigan, the few Spiritualists of the little village had been accustomed to feed on the crumbs which fell from the Baptists' table, and when their church was not engaged, to use it for their own refreshment. Unhappily, however, for Baptist peace of mind, the Spiritualists threw so well on their crumbs, that they began to grow to manhood. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," cried the Baptists; "we must shut these Infidels out, or they will spoil our trade." To talk was to do, with the church organization, and the Spiritualists found themselves without a place of meeting. They called no convention, blew off no gas, talked no more of their "inner natures," but straightway set to work to provide for the outer; and on a certain fine morning a string of

seventy teams, each fully loaded with bricks, stood before a vacant lot, a few rods distant from the Christian church aforesaid. The foremost wagon simply bore a banner, with the inscription of "Sturgis Free Church." Something of organization must have existed, I presume, before these seventy teams thus loaded could have got there, and taken possession of a lot paid for by somebody—unloaded the teams without a single speech, and built up a fine church, in which I had the pleasure of addressing a thickly packed audience some two months ago, without finding the least fetter imposed upon the spirit's utterance, because the church had been built and sustained by an organization; neither did I find that a set of free thinkers found the walls which they owned, and enjoyed the use of at pleasure, formed the least obstacle to world-wide thoughts coming in or going out, and that the Spiritualists of Sturgis found their views a bit narrowed by the fact that they owned the platform on which they were spoken.

Something yet more closely resembling organization I found at Coldwater, a few miles east of Sturgis. A fine church raises its dignified proportions to the skies, built by the Spiritualists of that village. The main building is not finished, but a large and handsome basement is used as the place of meeting, and two appalling facts stare disorganizers in the face in connection with these meetings.

The first of these is, the partial settlement of Mr. Willis, the Harvard divinity student, as a permanent semi-monthly speaker, and the next is the establishment of a veritable Spiritual Sabbath-School. For the relief of all minds groaning under the idea of two Spiritualists agreeing upon any one earthly topic, I must add that, whilst the fervid eloquence of Mr. Willis feeds the souls of his delighted listeners every other week, the Coldwater Spiritualists by no means think through him; but seek out and listen to other speakers whenever they are to be had; and if they all experienced such a glorious reception as they gave me, organization has not "narrowed their feelings to the limits of any creed within the bounds of God's universe, except, indeed, the all-comprehensive one of "Love," and this, I am obliged to confess, stamps itself in most pertinacious prominence on all their intercourse—so much so, that I never saw a more harmonious, kind, mutually forbearing, and withal, high-toned society in these States before. This sectarianism of Love, too, has notured even the Sabbath-School children; the little blyths cannot even admit the fashionable element of hate within their precincts; all "bear the mark of the beast"—heartily loving one another. Such a kind, affectionate, happy, merry little assemblage of eighty children, I will defy any Sabbath-School in the country to rival. Whether they have caught the infection of gentleness and love from the presiding genius of the school, Mrs. L. M. Willis, herself the living incarnation of her name, "Love," or whether an organization founded purely on the loving wish to make others as happy in listening, as the Coldwater Spiritualists have become in believing Spiritualism is the cause, I will not prompt my readers in deciding. Enough that the childish attempt to make people believe anything their reason does not sanction, has not been tried by the Spiritualists of Coldwater, never will again, I firmly believe, be successfully tried on this earth. But the organization for simple business purposes, as presented in the little villages of Sturgis and Coldwater, in contrast to the great city of Cincinnati, with its wealth of head and heart, may perhaps throw some gleams of experimental light on the subject of organization.

My time for bidding farewell to the broad prairies of the West is rapidly nearing. In February, I spend my Sundays in Chicago, and my week days far out in Wisconsin and Illinois. Is it possible for two or three Easts to give me such a welcome as has greeted me at every point of this wild, broad West? I have been wandering here since August last, and never during all the storm of the Presidential election, or the gloom of the subsequent financial crisis, have I seen a poor house, or the least diminution of interest in Spiritualism. The noble St. Louis friends seemed to have welcomed me this time, as at the first, with heads, hearts and hands. Their fine society is re-formed, and their meetings provided for another year.

Hannibal, Mo., where I daringly broke ground two years ago, with scarcely one Spiritualist to welcome me, holds its regular meetings, and has a fine society. Neither does it lack mediums nor manifestations. Dr. Von Vieck, whom the strongest of spirits seem to be bringing into wonderful training, resides there, and astonishes alike the natives and people of surrounding cities, with the marvels of spirit-power worked through him. He is earnest and anxious to diffuse the light he has been blessed with, and from his residence in Hannibal, should be sought by those anxious to witness his extraordinary proofs of spirit-intercourse.

In the house where I visited at Hannibal, lay a fine boy, some eleven years old, almost suffocated with a shocking attack of the throat disease, so fatal to young people at this season. In twenty-four hours I saw this young lad, weak from sickness, but other wise entirely cured, by the simple application of his father's (Judge Cobb's) hands. Hannibal is grown, then, and Missouri is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

Detroit, Elkhart, Middlebury—even stern, conservative Kalamazoo, and places too numerous to mention, all have wrung tears of grateful affection from my eyes, as I have looked upon the throngs of eager faces turned to mine, and heard the dear voices of farewell always repeating, "Come back—come back to us again soon."

And last, but not least, let me speak of a little secluded nook in the heart of Indiana, to reach which I took many a wind and turn by car and sleigh. Arrived at the great city of Greensboro', Henry county, Indiana, numbering about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, you alight at a low building, with beams and rafters and all the accompaniments of tranquil, moveless bygone days, and pulling the ever-hanging latch-string, are welcomed by one of those noble, Patriarchal figures that seems to have stepped out of the plains of Mamre; and oh, what a welcome tone does the clear voice of the brave old man and the kind beam of his clear eye bring as you answer the summons of Seth Hinshaw, and stand beneath his hospitable, raftered roof! The logs blaze on the open hearth as brightly as the sunlight of love in the old man's warm heart; and as his sweet, gentle Quaker wife murmurs her low welcome, the wanderers know they have come home. And as evening draws on, the old man takes the candle (a real candle, mark!)—quids and their queer, explosive brethren will not reach there this next quarter of a century, and deliberately presents you, one after another, to his row of nineteen spirit-friends, whose beautiful, calm faces look out from their simple frames upon the wall with a life-like reality that makes them recognizable by every entering neighbor. These are the achievements of

one whom the family have never seen or met—George Walcott, of Columbus, Ohio, whose life has not numbered as many years as many of the spirits he has thus drawn have lived in the better world—"dead, long dead" before he saw the light—and yet his magic hand has traced their earthly features out of the viewless air. What is this? Either the great power of God come down to earth, or very cunning "conjuror." The triumph of this pencilled group, however, is Seth Hinshaw himself, lying in his coffin, as he will be, and as he is; and if none but relatives are able to judge of the correctness of the other pictures as portraits, none but fools or the blind can question this; for no daguerreotype that I have ever seen more faithfully represented life than this agreeable sketch does the genial, smiling original who proudly displays it.

I spent two days in this home of peace, and purity, and spirits. On the second, at one o'clock, Seth Hinshaw left the house in the drifting snow, and by the summons of his own bell, rung by his own venerable hands, we all repaired to "Progress Hall," a small, neat building erected by himself, and fully filled with the kind faces of many a distant resident, as well as the neighboring villagers. A second lecture that same evening scarcely satisfied the eager listeners; and when all was over, they gathered round me in the low-roofed room, to bid me welcome and farewell at once. Many of them were "progressive friends." Their simple dress, their kind, plain, tender greeting to me, "their Emma," the fact that they had come (old pilgrims many of them, waiting the last bell to go home,) some ten, eighteen, and even twenty miles, to hear me, through rough and stormy ways—this and the dimly lighted room, the spirit-faces smiling on the walls, and the towering, patriarchal form of brave and good Seth Hinshaw—all these combined to make up a scene "I'll never forget whilst memory holds her seat."

They ask "What is the use of Spiritualism?" To hear these dear old pilgrims rejoicing that the day was so soon to dawn when they should meet the loved and gone before, to see them thus eager to press on, and almost idolizing me because I'd brought some tidings from their home—were there no other answer in the world, this pentecostal night might furnish one.

The hours space are stealing on,
 And I from thee shall soon be gone,
 Oh mighty West!
 But though far hence my feet may roam,
 My spirit will to thee come home
 To seek its rest.

EMMA HARDING.

Attica, Indiana, Jan. 31, 1861.

Spiritualism in the Key Stone State.

Pennsylvania has many large towns in need of spiritual food; many pioneer fields waiting for laborers to break the "fallow grounds" of superstition and turf-bound soil of false tradition. We are yet laboring here, but are moving Eastward to labor a few weeks in the Empire State; thence return to Ohio for remainder of the winter. We spent one week at Lockport; first meeting (Sunday evening) hall overthrown with eager, attentive listeners. Second lecture we were honored by the attendance of Rev. John Page, who very zealously took issue with us in regard to ancient and modern "miracles," "new birth," "spirit-communion," etc.

Our brother waxed quite warm with anger, and dealt somewhat in abusive language and ungentlemanly remarks to Mrs. Miller. This, no doubt, partly grew out of a misunderstanding of our positions. His replies to me I did not regard as being abusive for I have been exactly where he stands, and considered whence they proceeded. His clerical feelings became much mollified after Mrs. M. answered him in a kind and sisterly spirit, clearing up her former positions, and satisfactorily replying to all of his objections. He had misquoted Bible passages, such as, "Christ told his disciples the water was turned into wine, and commanded them to record it." I asked him to read the passage, but he would not; denying that he had misquoted. I insisted upon having the Scripture read; and many voices from the audience called for him to correct his quibbling, which he did after some hesitation, seeing that there was no alternative. He was considerably troubled to find the passages which were to directly contradict his own statements, (John 2.) A vote from the audience, per his suggestion, gave us a large majority (excepting, on one point, where it was considered "a tie.") Defeated in this, he pompously informed us "that more than two-thirds of the congregation did not belong to any church or religious denomination." This did not help his sad dilemma, for he had labored there many years, and yet almost the entire community were ir-religious. We closed the first evening's debate, after presenting him one of Leland's radical pamphlets ("Geology vs. the Bible,") and accepting his promise to give a review of it to his "people."

The third evening we had an engagement at an adjoining neighborhood. I never saw it snow faster than on that occasion, yet the house was well filled.

Fourth evening we continued our labors with Bro. Page, who quietly waited until he was invited to speak, when he delivered an eloquent, elaborate speech, combining arguments against my remarks (continued) upon miracles, etc., and also against Mrs. M.'s discourse upon "Special Providence," (a subject selected by the audience.) He argued that "God in his moral power rules all things," "the rise and fall of nations," "premature deaths," "accidents," etc., etc., were all governed by "God's providential care," and everything subject to the speciality of His providence.

His arguments were soon overwhelmed by the viewless, through Mrs. M., who conclusively proved that everything which transpires is governed by natural law, and nothing by the God of Chance.

The last evening, our controversy continued nearly four hours, and I think I never, in all of our discussions, (with clergymen of various rank,) knew an audience to keep more quiet and pay more respect, as a whole, to both parties, than on this occasion. All seemed to partake of the harmony and fearlessness of the truth-loving spirit which prompted this continuance of our debate, and characterized our clerical brother's remarks this evening. Our appeals are ever to the faculties we wish to arouse; and the very spirit we exercise to others will invariably be returned to us. It was thus in this case, at least.

We closed, after we had nothing further to contend with, our brother having yielded every point of controversy, and received, kindly, a "God speed in search of truth" from us.

Two Sabbaths in Erie were spent to good advantage as we journeyed toward the rising sun, notwithstanding a "liberal (?) minister" of the Universalist Church caused the house to be shut against several hundred prominent citizens, and two hundred of whom came and went away on account of abusive treatment from the slavish devotees of a

so-called religious (?) church, who had previously consented to our using the house.

By request we adjourned to a comfortable hall, in a more central part of the city, where we held two meetings, both well attended, although the weather was stormy and tedious. A few earnest souls, with truth for their motto, are struggling with beaming hope, in this city.

One evening in Charley Reynor's circle gave us stronger proof, of the kind, of immortality, than we ever witnessed through any one medium before. Musical instruments were conveyed with a rapidly and in various directions, putting it beyond all doubt that they were moved by any mortal hand; producing various sounds on the violin, and audibly conversing with any one of the circle through the trumpet. These instruments would touch, lightly or heavily, persons requesting it, in a manner so that it could be plainly realized that no physical hand assisted in the matter. Mrs. Miller clairvoyantly saw and described the whole operation, which was very interesting.

With manifestations like those through Charley and the Davenport Boys, the world must move, while we have thousands proclaiming the philosophy and *modus operandi* of these angel manifestations.

At State Line, Concord, Columbus, Lottsville, and other places in Northern Pennsylvania, a deep and lively interest is manifest in our cause. At all of these places the BANNER is read and highly appreciated.

Thine in bonds of brotherly love,

H. M. MILLER.

Lottsville, Pa., Jan. 17, 1861.

Lectures by H. L. Bowker.

We have in this place been treated to a course of lectures by Brother H. L. Bowker, of Boston, formerly of Natick, Mass., in which he explained the uses of the powers of intuition as found in the human mind, and gave tests of his advancement in, and knowledge of its powers, by explaining the diagnoses of disease, and reading the characteristics of several persons, by having presented to him the picture of the person, or the hand writing; and in some instances the persons sat before him, and in nearly every case he gave their leading characteristics, and the diagnosis of their disease, more correct than their friends could have done for them. And his lectures on the various functions of the organs of digestion, or their anatomical uses in the human system; the laws of life and health, or the various kinds of food adapted to the subsistence or best growth of the different organs comprising the human body, their physiology and hygiene, in an entertaining and scientific manner, which were listened to by large and attentive audiences; and as far as I have been able to learn (and I was with him a large share of the time that he remained with us) his examinations both in public and in private gave general satisfaction. He is a gentleman that I can heartily recommend to the community, as a public lecturer on the above subjects, which he treats in so plain and interesting a manner, as to be easily understood by all who listen to his teachings. And as a private physician, his examinations were accurate, and his diagnoses of disease very correct; his prescriptions were always simple and advantageous, and so far have been instrumental of much good to the patient, and I wish him much success in his labors of science, sympathy and love.

Yours for the truth, HERVEY BARBER.

Warwick, Mass., Jan. 20, 1861.

Spiritualism in Newport, R. I.

A growing interest is felt in this community in regard to the gospel of Spiritualism, and could we arrange, as soon we hope to do, like our co-workers in the sister city of Providence, to have frequent visits of angels to speak, instead of few and far between as now, the spiritual vision of this community would be rapidly enlarged. Hitherto we have not had many voices crying in the wilderness. The latest heard were those of Miss Lizzie Doten, Miss A. W. Sprague, and Leo Miller. It will be recalled that about a year ago Mr. Miller did "Professor Grimes" so very brown, and left him so dried up, that nothing since has flowed from that source. Miss Doten and Miss Sprague were very great favorites here, and manifested an inspiration equal to the very best of old Hebrew or Gentile outpouring of the spirit.

It must be confessed that in the new dispensation there is rather a partiality for the ministry of woman as being more delicately winged for the flight of the heavens—Moses and Paul to the contrary notwithstanding. When Miriam claimed that the Lord spoke by her, Moses put his veto upon any such coming of the Lord; and Paul would not suffer the Lord to speak by a woman. But now she rises to the scale of all being, and the responses of the great deep are upon her like the "mighty rushing wind" of apostolic pentecost. The heavens open, drop manna, and thousands are fed, while many full baskets remain; for so God blesses all seekers and laborers in this harvest home.

C. B. P.

January 29, 1861.

Penn Yan Convention.

The Spiritualist Convention held in the Court House at Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst., was one of the largest, most interesting and harmonious gatherings ever held in this region of the Empire State. The officers were: H. M. Stewart, President, and W. H. Olm, Vice President, both of Penn Yan; Uriah Clark, of Auburn, Mrs. S. C. Cleveland, of Penn Yan, Secretaries; Dr. H. Barden, Dr. H. M. Dunbar, C. Ketchum, of Penn Yan, M. A. Hunter, of Granger, N. Y., and J. E. Churchill, Executive and Financial Committee. Regular addresses were given by Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, Mrs. F. O. Hyer, M. A. Hunter, Mrs. S. S. Chappell and U. Clark. Facts, experience and spirited remarks were offered during the various sessions by the above, and also by H. M. Stewart, Chauncey Barnes, J. E. Churchill, Mr. Butler, of Wellsboro', Pa., H. A. Johnson, the young trance medium, of Prattsburg, N. Y., and S. Van Etten, of Corning, N. Y. James G. Clark, the incomparable poet and vocalist, favored the Convention with his harmonious songs, touching and attuning every soul in communion with the melody of higher spheres. During the last sessions, the Court House was crowded with deeply attentive auditors, representing many of the most solid and intelligent citizens in Penn Yan and vicinity, indicating an encouraging progress of liberal sentiments. The noble pioneer brothers and sisters in Penn Yan, now a strong phalanx, are entitled to the highest commendation for their enterprise and the generous hospitality extended to visitors. Long may the benedictions of the celestial gospel be their recompense!

C.

They have a Chinese printer in California, but the "types" do not want anything to do with him, from the known disposition of his countrymen to rat it. The general reader will ask the first printer he meets what this means.

BATTLE THE WRONG.

Go forth to the contest,
With confidence strong,
And date to encounter,
And battle the wrong;
Though there be the warfare—
Sustained by the right,
Stand up in thy manhood,
Be first in the fight!
Oh! make no concessions,
Be true to the trust,
And never abandon
The cause of the just!
Though hope may be mantled,
In darkness forlorn,
The future hath brightness,
To smile back the storm.
What matter though errors,
Adherents oppose,
Perform well thy duties—
Care not for thy foes;
But strong in thy purpose,
The right to defend,
With cheerfulness labor,
And toil to the end.

Banner of Light.

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Borrey, Colby & Co.

THE PRINCIPLE OF FORCE.

It is undeniable that governments of every sort impliedly carry with them the idea of possessing sufficient physical power for the ordinary purposes of self-preservation, else they might be chargeable with being mere expedients and temporary accommodations, rather than governments. But it does not follow at all that a free government exists by the operation, solely or primarily, of such a spirit. The Constitution of the United States does not rest on a basis of force; if it did, our government never could have been formed. We furnish an example merely of the rapid growth of a free society to a condition of wealth and power, because the elements that tend that way in human nature have been interfered with, whether by regulating or obstructing them, as little as possible. Our government is one of accommodation, of general yielding and compromise, the embodiment of free and fraternal feelings, the instituted declaration of a great and self-reliant people that they desire nothing so much as room and permission to develop and prosper; there is no idea of force in this, nor the slightest show of it, either; those who became parties to so admirable a declaration, became so voluntarily, and without any thought or fear of compulsion; the object of the association was, above all things, to combat and overthrow the barbarous theories of the assumed ascendancy of brute power, and supplant them with doctrines more allied to the best welfare of the human race.

If, therefore, the vital and central idea of this government of ours is anything but the old one of force, but rather the new one that unfolds all the blessings of the gospel of peace, it is evident that it is at least in a precarious state of existence when it has reached that point where it thinks seriously of calling in again the old and discarded ideas to aid in the preservation of the new. At that stage it has plainly turned its back on the primal principles of its own existence, and gone back to the adoption of those whose resistance was the sole cause and occasion of its establishment.

But we are told that if we have a government at all, the laws under it must be executed. Very plausible, and very true. Yet we protest, on behalf of that wide play which is always to be allowed to changing human circumstances, that the observance of certain fundamental maxims is to be preferred far before obedience to the technical letter; that it is the inspiring and informing spirit of a Constitution that is at length advanced or retarded, and not its forms and provisions, which must stand or fall with the life and spirit only; that abstract ideas are out of popular reach, and so beyond public good, until they are domesticated in external customs, practices, habits and institutions; and that, therefore, the very theory of liberty for man falls down to the ground, when it is sought to strengthen it, and hold it up, and perpetuate it, against the will of those to whom we would benevolently apply it, in the face of their own sincere interpretations, over the heads of their own real convictions, or even against their honest and radical prejudices. It is not for one man to say what is, or is not, a good opinion for another, though he may be ever so certain what is best for himself. Liberty is a condition of the human mind, to which it has come by slow and sure stages, not by jumps or impulses. You can no more force men to be free, or to set that value or expression on freedom which you do, than you can expect to make them good. These things come by development, by individual sight and consciousness—never by the persistent preaching of bald theories and disconnected abstractions. An example carries a vast amount of weight with it, and, if a peaceful one, a corresponding projectile force; but cannon and mortars are weak weapons in a cause like this.

If this government finds that it cannot execute its constitutional provisions upon a large, seriously resolute and powerful portion of the elements that once composed it, for the simple reason that this portion has chosen to sever the political connection that has existed so long with it, it is plain there is no remedy but that of force. Now force against the individual is, in the present day, all legitimate and readily accepted as a sound political doctrine; but when large bodies of citizens come to the support of the individual, and even whole States arm and prepare themselves for the work of open and bloody resistance on his behalf, the case at once assumes a different aspect; it is no longer the peaceful execution of the laws with all the aid of civil authority and power—it is direct and open war; and war is death to our entire political system. If ever a nation had need to keep one single idea constantly in mind, this nation has need, to-day, to remember that our life, our growth, our preservation, and our final destiny, all hang on the steady devotion of the

people to the divine doctrine of Peace. War for defence against foreign invasion is one thing; but war for the fancied establishment of this free government of ours on a still better basis, and that, too, of violence and physical strength, is certain death to all the hopes which we have hitherto entertained for ourselves as a nation, or held out to the joyful recognition and encouragement of the world.

Then—we are asked—If certain States are dissatisfied with the spirit and terms of the compact, whether from real or fancied reasons, it is the best policy to let them depart? Certainly; by all means. Can the application of even overwhelming force bring them back into the Union with us? Never. That is just the worst application to be thought of. Besides, if they should finally be driven back into the fold, they are no longer equals with the rest, no longer sovereigns, but subjugated and unwilling members of a Confederacy without any homogenous spirit forever. Strangely as circumstances are made to repeat themselves, the memorable language of Burke, in the last of his two famous speeches in the British House of Commons on the American War, comes into play again at this juncture. "I confess," says he, "my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force—considering force, not as an odious, but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us. Force is in its effects but temporary. It is uncertain. You impair the object by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover." And, in another place he concludes, relative to the doctrine of Taxation, as we have ourselves relative to Coercion—"Sir, I think you must perceive that I am resolved, this day, to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do!"

But the politicians and the party men are so sore to think that there is no absolute power vested anywhere. Yes, there is power, and it rests in the body of the Constitution; but it so happens—fortunately, from our point of view—that its exercise is sure to prove the ruin of the whole fabric! The remedy is thus worse than the disease. If it is better to hold on to the form than to sacrifice it, only partially, nominally and temporarily, to the substance, then the rulers can have their election; but if this liberty which our poets have always sung about, and our orators have always harangued about in such eloquent strains, means something that carries practical, household, and everyday blessings in its hand, and not merely "glittering generalities" and abstractions convenient to fit into open oratorical mouths—then we shall be vindicated by conscience and charity, by sense and faith, in subordinating all technicalities to interior benefit, and in setting aside all heated considerations of the hour for calm and larger hopes of the future. The poorest disciple of liberty is he who ever stands ready to illustrate its spirit by fighting somebody; and especially those who really want to dissolve their connection with us in consequence of their changed interpretation of the word.

Mark the sorrow with which the assemblies of the seceding States have come up to enroll their individual names in favor of dissolving their connection with States that have always stood at their shoulder. This is no betrayal of anger, but a very different feeling. None of these men mean, by their act, to give their suffrages for any different form of government from this present one of ours; they do not dream of calling in foreign monarchs, nor yet of inaugurating the iron rule of military power. They simply desire to testify to the one fact, so far as this act can do it, that the predominant elements of our present national Constitution are, as they fear and believe, unsuited to the social state in which they find themselves placed. That is their opinion. We may none of us think with them, but still they must be allowed to judge on that point exclusively for themselves. If they are mistaken, then they will find it out in good time, and proceed at some future day to rectify it. If not, then nothing has been lost to liberty, but rather has much been gained; for liberty has established its foundations more broadly than ever in the principle of Peace, and they who adhere and they who secede alike testify to the eternal truth and beauty of its beneficent reign. War, however, undoes all these things. War is destructive to a nation like this, save only as it is forced upon us from without, and on principles at variance with our own; in that case, war works to the consolidation of our physical powers, and the still larger development of our ideal love of liberty itself.

It seems a hard case, we admit, as mere men of party look at it, that we should professedly have a government that is helpless to execute its own laws and ordinances. So it has seemed to men before this time. We hold, for ourselves, that governments are but representations of the state of a nation, especially free governments; they are little enough of themselves, but are important chiefly for what they signify. Ours signifies fraternity, concession, good neighborhood, and internal peace; if all these are gone, what matters it that the government is left? What is that good for? If it can operate only by the aid of bayonets, it is no longer a free government; it has, assuredly, lost its old spirit and character. If a strong central authority at Washington, or anywhere else, is what people want, that shall enforce its decrees upon unwilling and reluctant, if not openly rebellious subjects, then let them say so, and let it be understood; but be it remembered that such was not the government established by our fathers, and such is not the spirit with which they addressed themselves to its establishment; nor, for ourselves, do we desire to live under any such political arrangement.

The right of revolution is a sacred right; and, although it is not within our province to defend the actions of men in distant sections of the Union who have taken it into their own hands again, still we will contend for it, in extreme cases and under sufficient provocation, as earnestly as we will for that of free speech. We may not think that there was any cause for the withdrawal of a single State from the Union, nor indeed do we believe there was any grievance on record, fancied or real, which they could not better redress within than without the Union; but, as we said before, in working out their own destiny, they alone must be the judges of these things. Men can never be made to see more than they do see; and, what is more, they must see it for themselves. A fancied wrong often works greater hurt to a people than a real one; and if they are ready even to take up arms and peril everything that is of value to them for the sake of setting this wrong right, or of only trying to do so, it is plain that it is one of their privileges to do so. We may oppose them in their act by force, but that will not hinder the experiment; they will only believe that they have had still better proof that their grievances are real. It may suit other

forms of government, and other times, to try force upon protesting subjects; but with us there are no subjects where all are invested with sovereignty; we are all citizens, but we are not less than the government we help to form. This happens to be the opening of a New Era; that is all; and the first difficulty is for men to give up the old ideas of the past, that have so often failed, and against which men are everywhere inclined to rebel, and adopt the new idea, which is Peace, Fraternity and Love.

A Little Land.

He who has his feet on the ground, and not on pavements or floors, is said to be healthier for the unobstructed electric currents that continually pass through him. To this fact—if such it be—is said to be owing the higher condition of both physical and spiritual life, normally considered, where the individual comes closely and constantly in contact with Mother Nature. It ought to be so, we agree; and we find no proper reason why it is not so. From this point we step easily enough over to another, viz., that the individual who has the luck to live on a piece of land of his own, where he can plant and dig and harvest and meditate for himself, no matter whether he owns the plot or only leases it of another, is the healthiest and happiest of all. There is an element in human nature that requires gratification, and such as it is not always allowed; and that is its love of property, of possession, of ownership. And no ownership seems so substantial and abiding as that of land. For a wise reason this desire of holding land must have been planted in us; and, though we confess it leads to war, rapine, murder, and the unbridled gratification of the most dangerous passions (if unbalanced and unchecked), of the human heart, it likewise leads to happiness and peace. There is magic in land. It dignifies its possessor. We never set out on a free walk over other men's green pastures and woody hillsides, without a feeling of repose, of calmness, of dignity, and of peace, quite unlike that which is produced by any other. The cultivation of land leads a man, too, into a labyrinth of new and ever pleasing mysteries; he thinks he has somehow doubled his own being, and made each of more worth than the whole was before. Then it gives such breadth to thought and such strength to character. There is the same difference in men bred in the city and country, that is visible in trees that are crowded in a forest growth and trees that have always stood out, broad and strong, in the open plains and pastures.

Napoleon the Third.

This man is the man, to-day, of all Europe. On his back and not depend the movements of the other nations of the continent. What a wonderful change has come over public affairs, since the day when he broke down in his speech as a representative of the people! How the map of Europe has given tokens of change, since the day he took the oath of the Presidency of the new Republic of France! And it is our belief that, if he lives ten years longer, that map will undergo changes of a still greater character, and every one of them to the advantage of popular liberty. Italy, from being a snarl of dissonant provinces, is fast assuming the proportions and power of a first-class nation. The Pope, who not many years ago called in to his aid an army of French bayonets, has since been made to understand, by his same protector, that the Papal power is spiritual and not temporal, and that it is seriously limited in its proportions.

Napoleon gives voice and arm to Garibaldi and Kossuth, those great democrats of Europe. Italy has already asserted her individuality through one, and Hungary will shortly make her voice heard by the nations through the other. Austria has been shorn of her power by this same *parvenu* Emperor, and trembles to-day in his presence. Russia makes terms of amity and peace, and Greece and Syria and the lands across the Mediterranean feel the sunshine of his liberal influence. If he does not hold fast by the star of his destiny, and follow that inspiration alone, not forgetting that he is the agent of the popular will, and never privileged to trample it down!

Patience.

"How poor are they," says Shakespeare, "who have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" This is at the head of the virtues. Fabius of old gained his reputation by the practice of "delays," though a cheap motto tells everybody that they are "dangerous." But Fabius knew what he was about, and, above all, he was patient to watch for his opportunities. So with Washington. He threw no chances away, neither did he lose all by his impatience to go and take them. The fact about the matter is, we all get into a pet too soon; we want a fair chance for Time, and so we get tripped up by the heels in our calculations, occasionally. It serves us right, because we deserve it. Not to have a due degree of patience relative to the affairs of life is to be without faith; and that destination it is which inaugurates misery in every department. But patience is not all idleness and passivity; it is only trust and work and waiting for results.

A Mere Habit.

A man avers that he does so and so because he has been in the habit of doing so and so, and it "comes natural" to him; but he is very certain that he could break away from the habit at any moment, put it all behind his back, and be as free as if it had never been followed. Perhaps so; and perhaps not so. How unfortunate a spectacle it is, indeed, to find a man who has gradually become a slave to an evil habit, and yet does not seem to be aware of it! Insensible degradation, reached by slow and unperceived steps! Now let all persons look within and around them, to see if they are daily becoming more and more the masters, instead of the slaves. It is important that all should feel a positive assurance on this point, that they may know what and where they are and whither life is tending for them. If "a mere habit" is truly such a little thing, it is not the more lamentable that we are so many of us its serfs and creatures?

Mrs. Stowe on Spiritual Perception.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her story, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," has the following passage:—"It may be that our present faculties have among them a rudimentary one, like the germs of wings in the chrysalis, by which the spiritual world becomes sometimes an object of perception—there may be natures in which the walls of the material are so fine and translucent that the spiritual is seen through them as a glass darkly. It may be, too, that that love which is stronger than death, has a power sometimes to make itself heard and felt through the walls of our mortality, when it would plead for the defenceless ones it has left behind. All these things may be—who knows?"

TO OUR READERS.

We take great pleasure in making the following announcement, believing it will be acceptable to a great number of Spiritualists throughout the country and the world.

Mr. Newton is held in grateful remembrance by many who have studied his writings, and marked his fervent devotion to the truly Philosophical and Religious elements of Spiritualism. It has been a source of extreme regret, that, for a time, he has been silent; yet we trust that the rest from his labors he has enjoyed, has been productive of conditions which will cause whatever he may contribute to the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to meet, in a higher sense if possible than heretofore, the demands of the men and women of this age for a true Philosophy and Religion.

We let Mr. Newton's announcement tell its own story to our readers and to his friends, hoping that the step we have taken will call to the Banner of Light the aid and influence of Spiritualists.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to his many personal friends throughout the country, that he has engaged to devote a portion of his time to writing for the columns of this paper.

His contributions may be expected to commence with the issue for March 2d, and to appear each week thereafter.

This arrangement is the result of circumstances and considerations as unexpected to himself as they can be to any of his friends. Suffice it to say that it is entered upon from a conviction of duty, and with the hope that it may prove a source of satisfaction and profit to all who are interested in the progress of Spiritual Truth.

I have been specially desired to continue the series of articles in elucidation of Spiritual Philosophy, begun sometime since in another publication, under the head of "Spiritualism in Religion." Having reason to believe that none of my public efforts have proved more widely acceptable than these, so far as they have been carried, a prominent share of attention will be given to the completion of that series.

At the same time, I enter upon my duties under no restrictions, but with full liberty to discuss, as occasion may require, any and all subjects connected with human weal and Spiritual progress.

It is hardly necessary, in conclusion, to express the hope that this arrangement, with such improvements in the general management of this journal as its proprietors propose to make, will render it acceptable to all the former patrons of the *New England Spiritualist* and the *Spiritual Age*. Towards these, the companions of years of earnest toil and struggle, my heart still goes out in affection and gratitude. Beneath the ample folds of the BANNER, all will find welcome.

A. E. NEWTON.

P. S.—Letters, and communications designed especially for me, should be addressed to box 3233, Boston.

A. E. N.

Message Verified, and its Source Questioned.

Messrs. Editors.—I read in your paper a communication from Kneeland Chase, formerly of this town, and a cousin of mine. The coroner's inquest was held on his body, and the jury pronounced him murdered by some unknown person or persons. It is the opinion of most people here that he was murdered that some one might enjoy his property.

One person in this town is trying to start the story that I wrote Chase's communication, and sent it to your paper. I wish you would put in a few words in regard to this matter, so they will be satisfied that I did not write it.

Truly yours, RUSSELL TUNES.

Deering, N. H., Jan. 28, 1861.

We can only say that no person ever wrote us a line from which we manufactured any message published in these columns. We consider this a subject not to be trifled with—too sacred to be tampered with. The highwayman, burglar or pirate, is far more respectable, than that man or woman who could stoop to fraud in spiritual manifestations. Our readers may assume at all times that, true or false, the messages we publish are genuine spirit manifestations.

A Poem by Poe, through Lizzie Doten.

The public are promised a rich treat through Miss Doten on Sunday, February 24th, as the spirit of Edgar A. Poe has announced his purpose of delivering a poem through her at the close of one of the lectures on that day.

We have published poems given by the same spirit through the same medium, which have been copied extensively by the press, and in every case the praises have been deep which have accompanied the publication.

The public now has an opportunity to hear for themselves, and to judge of the merits of the case.

We will say, that in all probability the poem will be delivered at the close of the evening lecture, yet we do not speak positively on this point.

This is Miss Doten's last lecture in Boston for some months, and the friends will not fail to attend. Miss D. is not excelled as a lecturer by any of our mediums, and she has given poems not surpassed by any in the language.

The Little Masters.

It is these that chiefly tell. Dr. Johnson remarked that life was not made up of great events, but of numberless small items, consuming time and temper continually; and it is so with business affairs. Just pay your washerwoman—it is but a trifle—and she can pay her rent. Pay the retail dealer, and he can pay the jobber. Pay the publisher, and he can meet his paper bills, and the thousand other incidentals that are attendant on furnishing you with just such a paper as you say you like. It is the drops that make the springs and rills, and these make the streams, the big rivers, and the sea. All things are kept along after a harmonious law of circulation, like the ascending and descending sap of a tree. It is needless to look after the large matters, if the small ones are neglected; the large ones will never stay adjusted, and the smaller ones will give trouble forever.

A Mission of Charity.

A. W. Benton, M. D., of Fulton City, Ill., writes us that he intends to start from that place with Mrs. Briggs, a blind medium, to visit Dr. Newton in Boston. He intends to lecture on the way, to defray the lady's expenses. A. B. Whiting, the well known Spiritualist lecturer, writes as follows of the doctor:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—This is to certify that I am well acquainted with Dr. A. W. Benton, by occupation a druggist, in good standing as a business man. He is a firm Spiritualist, of good moral character, and I most cordially recommend him as worthy the acquaintance and patronage of the public, wherever he may go. A. B. WHITING, Spiritual Lecturer, Albion, Mich.

The object of the visit is surely a good one, and we have no doubt Dr. B. will meet with success in it, as it will commend itself to all humane people.

Reported for the Banner of Light

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1861.

QUESTION.—"To what extent is man responsible for the influence his actions exert upon the race?"
GEORGE S. PIERCE, Chairman.

MR. RICHARDSON thought there was no real responsibility—or, at least, a very limited one; but yet, for its effect on community, it is better for man to acknowledge himself responsible for all his acts.

MR. PIERCE thought all men were responsible for everything, wrong or right; and everything we mete out shall be measured to us again.

MR. ENSON thought no one could do anything at his own expense. Everything effects each and all surrounding. We are so bound together as a humanitary man, that an injury to one member is to all. Suffering is a necessity, and the highest and purest suffer most and severest. There is a certain truth in the doctrine of vicarious atonement, for it shows that those most angelic do not suffer least. We are to elevate the race above the condition to do wrong; and if we do not labor to this end, we must suffer the pains of responsibility. The soul with the greatest capacity suffers most; but the law of compensation rules more joy, in the end, to such an one. We must necessarily aid each other, and the spirit-world is increased by the riches of each soul, which are shared by all.

MR. HUBBERT.—Passions are gifts of God, and through passions, attraction or desires we delineate the will of the Creator. The man born a poet cannot be a potter without conflict, rebellion and perpetual disorder of his natural tendencies. Who is responsible for a man being a potter instead of a poet? Is it God? No; God formed him a poet. Then men are responsible—men in the shape of a father, mother, or legislators; and, strange to say, the whole human race are responsible and pay for an act which apparently they had no control over. The idea that everything succeeding is by the will of God, is absurd. It is a kind of consistency for men, after having abdicated their will to God, to accuse him as the author of the accident; but I must say that the abdication and the accusation are both absurd, and that the responsibility falls on the person simple or presumptuous enough to see causes of accident, and not contrive means to prevent them. Men are responsible for their actions, no doubt; but to what extent? When I see a baby under the care of an ignorant mother and father, I am convinced that the result will be an ignorant education, and that ignorance is the mother of all vices. It has always been a sorrowful sight for me to see these beautiful flowers of nature under the care of vicious stupidity. If we could take these little souls and give them nurses and teachers appropriate to the wants of their age, in a single generation we would divorce ourselves from the prejudice, errors and vice of many centuries; in not doing so, we are all responsible, and deeply contrite to satisfy burglary, crimes, bloodshed and pernicious influences, not only to ourselves, but to the future posterity, until some strong resolution will be taken to put it down at once. The question, to what extent we are responsible, brings us across the river Styx; and no doubt willful, conscious violation of eternal justice will have its gnawing and fearful spiritual retribution.

MR. LEONARD.—If we could ascertain one fact, we could easily answer the question—that is, to what extent are we free moral agents? I believe we each live under an individual law, which we cannot get rid of. We can't live by any other law than that nature gives to each of us. I have almost come to the conclusion that we are complete fatalists, and that all our actions are brought about by circumstances over which we can have no control. All men are made what they are from necessity. Washington and Napoleon were men created by the times in which they lived, and the one is to be blamed no more than the other is praised. I believe the Bible gives us a very good maxim where it says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." I don't say we have no free agency, but it is, to my mind, small indeed.

MR. THAYER.—That we are responsible for all our actions most men admit, and the doctrine was taught, according to the Bible, to the first inhabitants of the globe, in the Garden of Eden, and it has been as clearly taught ever since. Last week I spoke of the responsibility of parents for the conduct of their children. Now, in another view of the question, men are responsible for the use they make of what they have more than they want of nature's goods. Many men have a surplus, while others are starving for want of necessities. Now the one is responsible for the condition of the other, and it is a responsibility they have got to meet.

MR. AVENS.—I perceive the speakers generally agree in this discussion. The question admits the responsibility of men to a degree, but how far men are responsible, I am at a loss to tell. Fatalism is a point that has troubled me a great deal, first and last. I was brought up to believe that in the fall of Adam we all sinned, though I could find no reason for such a belief. Since I grew older, I concluded that God made men all right, but from their own weakness and ignorance, they have strayed away from the Father—a Father still, just as though we had not strayed. Though crime exists, it is an exception, and not the rule. More men are governed by right motives than wrong. We are responsible for what we do, and for what we do not do. Responsibility has a positive and negative pole, and we may be as culpable for not doing, as for doing.

MR. WERNER.—It is pretty hard to tell what it is right to do, for we are influenced by such conflicting motives, and have to measure ourselves by such various standards. There is a time when we take on certain desires, and we carry them out, good or bad. In one sense our progenitors are responsible. They are responsible for our being here. With the fact of our descent, down come a thousand things with us, and I may stop on the gallows while my brother goes into a pulpit. There is a straightforward law of unalterable justice. Everything is so perfectly balanced, that each planet holds all others exactly on the line of balance, and the slight swerving of one, were it possible, would upset the whole system. I am not inclined to give a great deal of censure to those who are frail; or praise to those who are strong; for there are powers back of all to make them what they are.

MR. GARNER.—One friend remarked that God created man perfect. I know it is claimed Adam and Eve were perfect human beings; but I cannot recognize any one as perfect. I don't believe God ever directly gave his attention to the production of any of us. He set principles at work, and it is ours to carry them out. We are created under the law, by complying with the law governing human formations. The idea of responsibility has been confined to too narrow limits always. Results took place before our birth, whose effects just begin to reach us now. Skill and science have been used on the

physiology of horses, because the pocket profits by the result; but men and women are mis-married, and so mis-live, and all they do is mis-done. I believe we are responsible for all we do; and deeds are not necessary, for we are no less responsible for our thoughts. It is an immense responsibility, and one the soul shudders to think of.

Mrs. Jones impressed upon the Conference the beauty and necessity of charity, in shaping our conduct in this life and that which is to come.

Mrs. Dunne.—Some of these present think God works directly, and others that he works through general laws. Now, if the laws of nature act upon man as upon trees, man cannot be responsible, for Nature is his master, and he is as soulless and as senseless as a breath of air. But I don't believe this. I believe the laws of nature have a maker, supporter and finisher, and that is God. Our consciences tell us we are responsible, for they approve us for our good actions, and censure us for our bad. Many think there is something out of joint in this world of ours, because one has fustiness till his eyes stick out, and another has not where to lay his head. But they who achieve wealth, get it by hard work; and if they see fit to bestow all their strength to money-getting, they are entitled to all they get. If they choose to work for it, while you do not, let them alone, and do not find fault with them.

Mrs. Atkins.—God has made laws, and if we fail to obey them, the responsibility is upon us.

Mr. Brown.—By cultivation, stock has improved, as Dr. Gardner has said; but man has gone on blindfolded, and the results are horrid and deformed. But I am glad of the thought given this subject, and hope many of us will live to see the results.

Mrs. Cooley.—I am my brother's keeper, and my conscience impresses me of the truth. I feel my responsibility, hour by hour, for the good I may do, or the harm I may cause. I am impressed always of my responsibility for what I do, to all with whom I meet.

Question next week—"Fate and Free Agency."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK AT ALLSTON HALL, Sunday, Feb. 10, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The lecturer said: We propose to consider the relation existing between Christianity and Spiritualism, and would invite your attention to the spiritual rather than the outward form of Christianity. Man is beginning to realize that there is something beside the outward form of religion—that there is a truth to it that he has not in the past been able to grasp; and that Jesus is not dead, but lives and speaks to-day through those who walk hand in hand with him, and are willing to become messengers of spiritual truth. We wish to draw the dividing line between religion and theory, though we believe theory ever will exist so long as men argue with a lack of certainty, and while anything remains in doubt, or until man receives that which fully satisfies the interior longings of his nature, and fits him better to carry out the great aim of his existence.

Outward professions do not properly belong to the spirit of Christianity. The Christian lives in Jesus; and as the world may be viewed now by the inquiring and questioning eye, and examined as to how its professions and practice accord with each other, Jesus is the only true Christian who has ever lived. But the times are even now ripening for deeper and more eternal manifestations of truth, and that will do a greater work than the past has offered.

We would have you go back to the life of Jesus, and see how fully, how thoroughly he discarded the forms of his day and generation, except so far as their recognition would enable him to reach the end he had in view. True, he went through the outward form of baptism, for by that means he could realize certain results, but he looked forward with a prophetic faith to the day when signs and symbols should be supplanted by the things they were made to signify, and when, by the power of the signs and wonders of the day, truth should go forth to the hearts of all men, and unite them all as brothers.

Victor Hugo, having completed his great romance of *Les Misérables*, demands \$60,000 for the six volumes. We thank you with all our heart, friend Andrews, for your kind notice of our humble efforts to make the BANNER a paper every way worthy of the great cause it advocates. We, too, "hope it may long wave as a beacon-light of truth to the weary and tempest-tossed mariner on the ocean of time."

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There are many such bigots in this section of the country. Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot. When Juarez occupied the city of Mexico, he sent an officer and a file of men to arrest the editor of one of the bitterest reactionary journals in the capital. The editor declined being arrested, and inflicted a severe wound upon the officer, whereupon his exasperated soldiers rushed upon the journalist, and despatched him—a martyr to the liberty of the press.

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seek earthly and sensual gratification, rather than aspire to the height of the soul's growth and unfoldment. Such are Infidels; and how can they be true to God and immortality, and yet false to themselves?

The mission of Spiritualism is to do what Christianity has not done—to carry out the teachings of Jesus, and let the world know of the intercommunion of angels with men.—You, here, have a work to do, to teach Christianity, that it may live in spirit as well as in the outward form. Then why stand ye here all the day idle? Spirits demand a hearing; and the blending of the wisdom of the angels with the dearly bought experience of mankind for the past hundreds of years, will do more to lift up the world than the teachings of theological religion ever have done. Spirits will be the harbingers of an immortality, such as man has received through no other source.

Then Christianity and Spiritualism should walk hand in hand, and their blended power will remove every unworthy obstacle from the path of man's progression—unite all as brothers and sisters in a common fraternity.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

In the evening, the medium spoke on the subject of Policy and Principle. The lecture was able, and fully up to her standard. She treated of the subject as connected with the American government, and traced all its inharmonies to the compromise of principle with policy, and claimed that a true scheme of government never would be attained to by the American people, till the principle of right was recognized, and liberty and perfect equality made the guiding motives of our national government.

Our space will not allow us to go into a detail of the discourse.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The third page of this number contains an interesting article from the gifted pen of Emma Hardinge, in which she gives pungent reasons for an organization of Spiritualists, on an associative basis.

See eighth page for New York matters. DR. CROWELL requests all those who fall to receive letters from him, to make it known to him immediately.

The freshets in various parts of the country are doing much damage. We think the railroad bridge at Newburyport will not be pushed away by the breaking up of the ice in the Merrimack river; but there can be but little doubt it will receive a terrible shaking.

Col. Drinkard, chief clerk in the War Department under Floyd, has been dismissed. If several other drink-hard clerks there were discharged, the government business would be carried on steadily.

GUILL-EDGED PAPER.—Floyd's acceptances. The new metal pen gotten up by Mr. Ludden, of New York, is a capital institution. It is diamond-pointed, is adapted to rapid writing, does not corrode, and what is quite handy, is attached to an ordinary lead pencil. When not in use, run the pencil through the barrel which holds the pen, and the latter is saved from any harm being done to the point.

Dr. Foster, who tore down and trampled upon the American flag, at Covington, Kentucky, a few days since, has been fined twenty dollars for the offence.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it gives in all directions.

BRIEF DIALOGUE.—"What do you think of the Faculty of Harvard College?" inquired *Dixie* of *Jo* Cose, yesterday.

"What do I think of them? Why, I think they may be experts in the dead languages, but they have no faculty at all to 'investigate' Spiritualism. Even a *Gardner* used 'em up most essentially in this respect."

"John" reads to that the people of South Carolina have not yet been pre-Sumptuous enough to attack Major Anderson.

But few can realize the terrible experiences through which most of our mediums are compelled to pass. A sister in Providence, R. I., refers to her ordeals, narrating a story of deep interest. She was cast out not only by the church and the world, but by dearest family friends. Yet to-day she stands firm, and with cheerful purpose is devoted to her medium mission. Let all such tried and trusting souls remember how the heavens bend with smiles and blessings, though the outer world for a time grows dark and frowning.—*Clark's Clarion*.

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The Georgia Convention has, by a unanimous vote, condemned the re-opening of the slave trade. Fanny Fern lately said:—"If one half of the girls only knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased. But the Boston Post asks, 'If the men knew, Fanny, what their future lives were to be, would n't it increase the list of old maids still further?'"

Of the human frame, water forms so large a component part, that the most thoroughly smoke-dried of crone, that ever ran the risk of being burned for a witch, would shrink very materially if the water were abstracted from her withered frame. A gentleman of comfortable dimensions, if subjected to dry distillation, would be transformed into a respectably dressed mummy.

An old dutch lady, at a religious meeting, became very much concerned for her soul, and went about sighing and sobbing, and would not be comforted. Upon being asked by the minister what the matter was, she replied, "That she could n't read English, and she was afraid the Lord could n't understand Dutch."

HUMILITY.—An exchange says: "It is worthy to remark, that soon after Paul was converted he declared himself unworthy to be called an *Apostle*; as time rolled on, and he grew in grace, he cried out, 'I am less than the least of all saints.' And just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, his exclamation was, 'I am the chief of sinners.'"

CHANGE.

Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride,
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jeweled crown of night,
All whirron the eye can see,
Shows its legibly impress.—*J. H. Clinch*.

THE MEXICAN EXILES.—A late arrival from Vera Cruz at Havana brought the exiled Foreign Ministers and Gen. Miramon. The Papal Nuncio had been insulted at Vera Cruz, and took refuge in the French Consulate. Miramon escaped in disguise after great dangers. The Archbishop and Bishops have all been exiled. The populace stoned them at Vera Cruz. They were afterwards detained by the authorities for trial.

The policy of England toward China was best shown by the English soldier's exclamation at Peking, who seizing a Chinaman by his pig-tail, decapitated him, exclaiming: "Heads I win, Tails you lose!"

There has been a great slaughter of Indians in New Mexico by a company of U. S. mounted riflemen, under command of Col. Crittenden. It was "reported," says the account, that a large war party of Camanches and Kiowas had been preying on the Chimeroncas; hence the massacre. When the Indians are hunted and butchered, on the slightest pretence, is it to be wondered at that they retaliate when opportunity offers? In this case they were surprised in camp, their property destroyed—one hundred and seventy-five lodges—and a great number of their horses captured. *The Rifle did not lose a man!*

When the unjust man has the advantage, he tells you—"I stand here for law!" but, when you have the advantage, he exclaims: "What care I for the law!"

ANOKES.

In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know, till "widened eyes"
See white wings leaping up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.—*Gerard Manley*.

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says: "Lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

An Indian squaw, roaming around the garrison at Fort Yuma, California, discovered twenty dollars' worth of postage stamps in sheets in the officers' quarters, and a happy thought struck her. Shortly after, she created quite a sensation by appearing on the parade ground stacked all over with the stamps, regardless of dignity and decency. The officer found that his postage-stamps, intended for the mail, had been appropriated by the female.

To the Afflicted.

Dr. J. B. NEWTON, whose remarkable cures have astonished our citizens, will continue to heal the sick at his rooms, No. 40 Edinboro' street, until further notice.

Death of Harvey McAlpin, Esq.

Owing to the scandalous reports going the rounds of the secular press concerning the causes of the suicide of our highly esteemed and talented brother, Harvey McAlpin, we deem it a duty we owe to Mrs. McAlpin, and to the cause of Spiritualism, to give to the public facts relative to that occurrence.

At the late November election, Harvey McAlpin was nominated as Prosecuting Attorney for St. Clair county, on the Democratic ticket, and was defeated, (and, as he himself declared, by his own party, on account of his being a Spiritualist), which defeat weighed heavily upon his mind, he having placed almost entire dependence upon obtaining that office as a means of cancelling his previous indebtedness. He also borrowed considerable money for electioneering purposes.

About a week previous to his death he declared to a merchant of this city, that had it not been for Spiritualism, he should have put an end to his existence long ago. He stated definitely, at a public meeting held in this city, that Mrs. Laura McAlpin went upon her lecturing tour with his free and full consent.

The day previous to his death, he caused to be printed in the Port Huron Commercial, an article from the Cleveland Plaindealer, giving a gratifying account of his wife's success in that place. The night previous to his death, he went to the house of Mr. E. R. Seely, of this city, and spoke with much pleasure of his wife's success as a lecturer.

These facts we place before the public, because some few public journals (the *Adrian Watch-Tower*, &c.) have, without any foundation, assigned the cause of the suicidal act to Mrs. McAlpin's being away from home without her husband's consent. Co. Such statements do not affect the spiritual power to any extent, but they do affect deeply that sensitive being who is already crushed down in sadness over the loss of her beloved friend.

To an editor that will so far as to dart poison in the bosom of a bleeding and almost broken heart, we have this to say, *we pity you*; for every pang you cause another, will sooner or later, recoil and rankle in your bosom.

With Mrs. Laura McAlpin we deeply sympathize; and when the shock and sadness of mind has settled into resignation of spirit, and she resumes her duties in the lecturing field, we commend her to the friends she will meet with. We bid her be of good cheer, and our Father, who doeth all things well, will effectually shield and protect her.

Signed:

J. H. WHITE,
E. R. SEELY,
DR. A. E. NOBLE,
JAMES M. GEE,
F. A. WEYERS,
L. S. NOBLE,
M. I. BROWN,
S. D. PAGE,
BENJAMIN TYLER,
EDWARD JONES,
JAS. H. HASLETT,
JOHN NOEL.

P. H. DALE,
MRS. JAMES H. WHITE,
S. W. HAMILTON,
HARRIET M. HAMILTON,
JOHN T. JAMES,
J. W. CAMPFIELD,
L. I. SEELY,
ISAAC HAMILTON,
SILAS BROWN,
EDWARD CULLEY,
SAMUEL MITCHELL.

Port Huron, Mich., Feb. 9, 1861.

Lecturers.

MR. A. B. FARNON of Clyde, and DR. JAMES COOPER of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will hold meetings as follows:—At Camden and West Grove, Jay county, Ind., Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Feb. 22 to 25th, inclusive. At Fort Recovery, Mercer county, Ohio, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Subscriptions taken for the "Banner of Light," and a general assortment of Spiritualist and Reform Books for sale at the meetings.

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak in Putnam, Conn., Sunday, February 24th; in Stafford, Conn., first and second Sundays in March; in New Haven, Conn., third and fourth Sundays in March.

Mrs. FRANCES LOAN BOND may be addressed at Cleveland, Ohio, box 878.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass., 6w Dec. 29.

To Public Speakers.

And others who make a free use of the vocal organs. From *Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D.* New York: "Brown's Bronchial Trochus."—"I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purposes, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BOSTON, PLAZA, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss Lizzie Boden the last two Sundays in Feb.; Miss Emma Hardinge, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April. CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 DORCHESTER STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritualist Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for discussion at the next meeting is: "Fate and Free Agency."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7.15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Eison, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

QUESTIONS OF THE AGES.

JUST PUBLISHED.

EVIL: ITS SOURCE AND REMEDY.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

THIS brief Treatise has been pronounced by some of the best thinkers in the Spiritualist ranks, the most lucid, thorough and satisfactory dissection of the vexed question of Evil, that has yet appeared. It is comprised in a tract of twenty-four pages, being No. 4 of the series by the same author. Price 5 cents single; 50 cents per dozen. Postage 1 cent each. Sold by the author at 221 Washington street, (room 8) Boston. Postage stamps received in payment, when ordered by letter.

Sold also, by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, and at the Banner of Light Office. Feb. 23.

MRS. LAKE, Healing Medium, at No. 18 Hudson street, Boston; pays particular attention to fevers and chronic diseases. Feb. 23.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S

CELEBRATED

STIMULATING ONGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

The subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Old and the Young of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

THE STIMULATING ONGUENT.

Is prepared by DR. C. P. BELLINGHAM, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE.

In from three to six weeks. The article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as by magic on the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure baldness, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn red or towny hair dark, and restore gray hair to its original color, and it is soft, smooth, and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed. Price, One Dollar a box; for sale by all Druggists and Dealers; or a box of the "Onguent," (warranted to have hair to its original color) for one dollar, sent by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage—\$1.15. Apply to or address

HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, ETC.,
24 William Street, New York.

COMMUNICATIONS

From the Spirit World,

GIVEN BY

LORENZO DOW AND OTHERS,

THROUGH A LADY.

Price 25 cents.

ALSO, THROUGH THE SAME MEDIUM:

THE RIGHTS OF MAN;

BY GEORGE FOX.

Price 6 cents.

In Press and will be issued February 14th:

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS

From the World of Spirits,

On Subjects Highly Important for the Human Family;

BY JOSHUA, SOLOMON, AND OTHERS,

THROUGH A LADY.

Containing Essays on the following subjects, viz:—

The Value of Old Traditions, and the Progressed State of the Present Age.

The Use of a Marriage Ceremony, and the Necessity of Reform in the Social State.

God in His Works.

Tyranny.

The Sideral Heavens; How, When and Where Did they Originate?

The Spirit World, and the Law which Governs There and Here.

The Second Coming of Christ.

All for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. Feb. 16.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY.

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of DISEASED SCALPS, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE BLANCHING, a specialty, has established himself at 29 Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds), where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of hair:—Debility of the Extremities, St. Vitus's Dance, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Sensitive Skin, Matted Secretion, Excess of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles which has ever been presented to the public for the restoration of the hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseased Scalps, and Restoring Hair. It is no doubt will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind. There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring its treatment by different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of these diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the supposed secretions between the skin contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

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

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains what elements are the cause of the disease, and then prescribes his nature and requirements, as will remove the disease; hence his great success in treating Capillary Diseases.

ALL inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. C. P. PERRY, box 237, Boston, Mass. Feb. 16.

MY EXPERIENCE;

OR,
Footprints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism.

BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Price 20 cents, bound in cloth. Sent, postage free, on receipt of the price in stamps, by the author, or by

BERRY, COLBY & CO., Boston.

NEW BOOK

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by a spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life; that they are not to be taken for the mere public school-boys of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

VISITORS ADMITTED.—Our sittings are free to any one who may wish to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed at about four P. M., and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Saturday, Jan. 19.—Did not the human soul begin its existence in the human body? Charles Todd; Isaac Graves Darling; Abigail Hunt; Matthew Robinson.

Tuesday, Jan. 22.—Are there male and female souls—and do not the souls in male and female differ? David Parker; Mary Ann Arms; Jeremiah Capen.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.—Is the soul ever tempted—and if so, does it ever yield to temptation? Those who read: Walter Robes, New York; Mary Francis May, South Norwalk.

Thursday, Jan. 24.—Is there any difference between soul and spirit? and what is the difference? Daniel McQuay, New York; Jacob Pease, Hartford; Margaret Melville, New York.

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

Saturday, Jan. 26.—What proof have we that the whole human family are destined to eternal happiness? Eliza White, New Haven; Jackson T. Elton, Philadelphia; Samuel Adams, Boston; Ada Augusta Doane, New York.

Tuesday, Jan. 29.—What is the highest manifestation of the soul? and is the soul of the atheist immortal? Isaiah S. Keith; Sarah Hanson; James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emery Stone, Rue Hill, Me.; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, Boston; Betsey Worthen, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Thursday, Jan. 31.—How may the sick know disease and recovery? Ebenezer Francis, Boston; Mary Elizabeth Cordes; Thomas Howell, Fryburg, Penn.; Mary Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we know that the soul may be unfolded harmoniously? Joseph W. Lyon, Boston; Michael Brady; Charles Jackson Masters; Peter Leroy.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Is Spiritism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Forrester, Dover, N. H.; Jake Motels, Mary Augusta Beward, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary L. Ware.

Friday, Feb. 8.—Why do not spirits assist in breaking up the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala; Abigail Phillips; Mary Sweetser, New York.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon race? Isaac P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Frances Almada Whortley, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—Is not the Ancestral Insuperiority of Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice D. Lacy, Montreal; Samuel Robbins, Salem; Anna Smith; Wm. Jones.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, Margaret Ellen Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murry, East Cambridge; Joseph Astor.

Do Souls Differ?

"Do not all souls differ one from another? as, for instance, does not the soul of a Webster differ from the soul of an idiot?"

The essential soul-element is one and the same thing wherever found. Then the soul of a Webster and the soul of an idiot are identically the same. The soul of a Bushman or Hotentot, and the soul of the white cultivated race, are essentially the same. This must be the fact, for all are unfolded by the same means. The same process of education serves to unfold all. This is a strong proof, if it does not become a positive knowledge, that all soul-principles, wherever found, is the same. None can say, "I am higher or better than you." But the manifestations or unfoldment of the soul do indeed differ one from the other. The manifestations of the soul of a Webster do indeed differ from those of the soul of an idiot, and indeed from all souls. But he is not alone in his individual soul-unfoldment—all stand upon the same basis, all live by the same power, all are unfolded in an individualized way.

When you consider the chronological and physiological unfoldment of a Webster, you are too apt to think that the life-essence differs from that of his neighbor—that the soul has larger capacities—a deeper fountain from whence to draw; but it is not so. God, the great author of souls, is no respecter of persons. If he give a soul at all, he gives just as much to a Hotentot as he gives to a Webster, or any of the Caucasian race.

When you resolve the question back to the soul-condition, you will see that we are right—we must be so. But we have something to say in regard to the idiot. That something must be an original standard that we have erected for ourselves. We perchance may be the first to throw out these thoughts we are about to throw at the feet of our questioner. But so sure as we do thus throw them out upon the ocean of thought, so sure they will gather to them strength, and become in the future what they are not in the present—strong, lasting and self-conscious facts.

There are two conditions of idiocy. We use the term that you may not mistake us. One belongs to the spiritual, the other to the physical or natural. If the deficiency is in the spiritual, then there is no soul there—no immortal part; you have simply the animal. But if the deficiency occurs in the mortal, you have a soul, an immortal part, but it is unable to unfold itself in consequence of the imperfect machine nature has granted it. Here is another foundation for the doctrine or theory of non-immortality. Now nature gives a new and distinct unfoldment every once in seven periods of time, or conditions or states of being. Once in seven, we say, she unfolds or puts forth something new. Perhaps she rests that she may gather strength to throw out something higher; perhaps she is more active, and something new is born. But this we know: nature once in seven gives a new and higher development.

But we will go back to our subject. We say again there are two kinds of idiocy. If the condition exists in the physical, where shall we trace the time of its beginning? How far back must we go in order to satisfy ourselves of the fact? When did this take place? When was Nature untrue to herself? We answer, the deficiency in the physical, or material inability, was brought about doubtless at the time of physical conception. We speak plain, that you may understand us. Mark us; if the deficiency exists in the external body, it must have its source then and there. But if it has its existence in the spirit, we trace it to the time of the spiritual conception, which takes place at the seventh month of physical conception. Then the soul comes into animal existence, combined with animal life. Now there are more causes than we care to enumerate from which the effect might have sprung. Perhaps the spirit, the motive power of the mother, might have suspended its powers for the time being. At the time of spiritual conception this might have been, and the consequence be a deficiency in the spiritual of the offspring.

The functional powers may have been suspended from one cause or from another. Perhaps physical disease may have caused it—perhaps accident, through which fear was engendered.

We have not time to enumerate the many causes from which the effect springs, but the effect is distinct, and the cause as positive and distinct. If you would know to a positive certainty, whether your loved ones, who have given evidences of idiocy are immortal or not, you have but to examine the physical structure. If that has every organ which a spirit must have to manifest through, then you may rely upon it the deficiency lies in the spirit, and there is no soul there.

Oh, how vast, how mighty, how grand and how sublime are all the avenues in nature! What a mighty lesson you may learn from all the manifestations around you, even from the lowest animal in your external world, to the highest in the celestial, you may learn something to lead you on your march onward. Then when you seek to analyze the external, or those things which seem to be more real

to you in the physical, fail not to seek to analyze the spiritual also. The capacities of your souls are equal to this; and, believe us, if you bring the power of the spirit within the scope of your vision while here, mighty shall be your reward in the present and the future.

Nathaniel Hazeltine.

In coming here to-day I am forced to cry out, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? oh, Grave, where is thy victory?" Thou Death, hast but given me a fair exchange of life—thou, Grave, hast but taken thine own—and I remain the self-same child of the same God that I was when inhabiting my body.

In order that I may be recognized, I will proceed to give a few facts by which those who understand me best, will not fail to know me as a spirit devoid of a mortal body.

I was born in Pembroke, N. H. My parents removed from that place when I was a little less than two years old. My name was Nathaniel Hazeltine. After my parents left New Hampshire, they went to Massachusetts; lived in the town of Springfield until I was seven or eight years of age; then they removed again to New Hampshire—first stopping at Chester; and afterwards lived in Manchester. There they lived for some time—there they died; but I left my body here in the city of Boston. I saw forty years on earth. I left the body through pulmonary consumption.

I have three children—one daughter and two sons—and God giving me power, as He has given me the privilege to return, I want to come into perfect communion with my children, if with no others. I do not want to come to build up any religious theory for them, nor to dictate, but to advise and help, to instruct and aid in every way possible for me to do.

There are certain members of our family who were not friendly toward me, and I may say I was not friendly toward them, for which I have seen many unhappy hours in my new condition; and I cannot feel perfectly easy and free until we reason together. I feel that a portion of the wrong rests upon myself, and I feel that there must be a mutual casting off, in order for either party to become happy. I might give more in regard to this, but it would not be well. That I love and bless continually those who were near and dear to me, I would not have them doubt. That I did find much consolation in my religious views, I would not have them doubt; but I would not have them believe that my religion was just what I would have had it; no, far from it.

I shall make no further desire known here. I will ask nothing they cannot give—claim nothing that I know I have no right to claim. That I am just what I was once, I do claim, and I am willing to prove it at the first hour when conditions shall be favorable for me. This view is very good as far as it extends; but we must limit our speech here, knowing, as we do, that the world, with its curious eyes, look upon all we give.

I have nothing more to say to-day, sir. Jan. 17.

Dennis Clafin.

I want to tell the boys where I been, and is, and going. I used to live down the corner of Fleet street and Ann. I had my mother and father, four sisters and a brother down there. My name was Dennis Clafin. I have a bad scraping in the throat and swelling up, and I feel sick all through me.

One of my sisters can read this letter, and I want the boys to know all about me. I've got a nice place here—good folks to look after me. We have plenty to eat, and do not get hard kicked, or knocked, nor beg, as we used to do.

I sold papers just before the Mail died. It died first—before I died myself.

I want them to know that I can move tables, and all things, if I like, if I get a medium to do so with; but not without.

Some time after I was sent up, or down, or died, I rested myself—had a good time, and did not have to work any. Afterwards I got in a very bad fix, and I looked round and seen what I'd do. I'm going to be smart as Daniel O'Connell, and be much higher than St. Patrick. Folks tell you can be so, if we try hard.

My father's name is Dennis. My mother is bad off, sometimes. Sometimes she is cleaning house and such like. I said I'd do the best I could—tell no lies, and be just as good as I could.

I'll tell you where we were before we was on the corner of Fleet and Ann streets. It was corner of Cross street—up three pairs of stairs.

My brother's name is Jimmy. My sisters' names are Mary and Bridget, Ann and Margaret. They do not live at home at all.

I'd like to talk to my mother about some things. Jan. 17.

Clara Theresa Stevens.

I've come here because I want to find my father; I left him nine years ago; I was then eight years of age. At that time he was in the drug business. My mother died, and left me an infant three days old. I was an only child; my father nurtured me tenderly, watched over me carefully for eight years; but I took a disease common among children, and left him in consequence. And now I wish to be reunited to him. I wish him to know I can come; that my mother can come; that all who have left their bodies can come, and can make themselves known in some way, if they have only such a body as the one I speak through to you, to use.

We lived in Cincinnati. This is my native place. I was born here.

My name was Clara Theresa Stevens; my father's name was William Henry Stevens. Good day, sir. Jan. 17.

Qualities of the Soul.

"Are not the qualities of the soul inherited? or, does not the child inherit many of its soul-qualities from the parent? or, does not one generation inherit its soul-qualities from the generation preceding it?"

Inasmuch as the soul is an absolute and independent essence—dependent of all things, and positive to all except Deity, it cannot inherit any of its qualities, save from Deity; nor can it be in any way affected by the conditions of life in which it exists, or through which it shall unfold itself. The man of science well knows that all the primaries of the substances in nature are one and the same thing. They are positively alike—identical in their essence, and in their nature, and yet what a vast variety of forms nature gives you from the same conditions or elements of life! What a constant variety she spreads out before you! Behold, no two blades of grass are alike; no two flowers bear precisely the same hue; no two leaves the same shape. In fact, each unfoldment in nature differs one from another, and yet the prime condition is the same with all.

Too many are apt to suppose that the soul of man is liable to contamination—liable to be affected by its surroundings—liable to fall from its first condition of life; but this is a mistake, and it has grown, not out of nature, but out of man's non-uniformity. Again, we proclaim the qualities of the soul are never inherited, except from Deity, and are the same everywhere. This one inherent element prohibits this, and everything in the vast economy of nature proves that we are true in this respect.

Man is a threefold or triune being. First, he comes forth in manly form, as man the animal. From this he merges into the spiritual. Then comes the immortal—the soul. Here, then, are three distinct, or positive, or absolute elements or conditions combined in the human. And from an intuitive conception of man's threefold being sprung doubtless the belief in the triune God—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, since they are found in the human. The Father, a basis, or foundation; the Son, the offspring of the former; the Holy Ghost, as sent from, or as found in the immortal.

Although the qualities of the soul cannot be inherited, except from Deity, yet the manifestations or unfoldments of the soul are always inherited; and thus you see a similarity running through each race of beings, descending from parent to child, marking in positive terms the outgrowth of the internal.

But when we resolve the question back to its source, when we enter within the Holiest of Holies, we find there is nothing permitted to dwell or to come within that sanctuary, save the God-principle which existed from the beginning, and will exist to all eternity.

Therefore fear not, you dwellers in earth-life, for

that you call the soul; fear not that the immortal part shall fall from its high and holy estate. It may unfold itself in a dark exterior, yet in its interior essence it must be the same. God, in his infinite majesty, prove this everywhere, and we cannot come back to earth and speak, except in harmony with the great throbbing of Nature's God.

Man has ever had an intuitive conception of his soul-faculties; but this conception has been limited—not because the law was not perfect, but because the unfoldment was imperfect—not because the law of the Holy One has been disobeyed, but because the law in the external has been disobeyed. But notwithstanding all this, all the crude unfoldments you behold in nature, the God-principle, or Immortal man, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Though the same conditions are brought to bear upon the one substance in nature as upon the other, yet behold you the variety! The same sun shines upon one flower as upon another, the same dew falls upon it, the same air breathes upon it, the same God calls it into life; and yet how vast and glorious the variety! Seek, oh son of the nineteenth century, to know thyself, and in knowing thyself thou shalt know that thou art God within thine own eternal life.

Charles L. Whofley.

'T is very hard for some of us to feel that there is a something right within us. I say it is very hard for some of us to satisfy ourselves of this, and particularly that class who can look back and see their good deeds very few on earth, while they can look back and see their evil deeds very numerous. At all events, it is very hard for me to conceive of anything just and right in me. But I suppose there will be a time when I can see myself more clearly than I do now.

I do not come back to speak in this way because I hope for heaven immediately, to be supremely happy by so doing; but because I have an intense desire to do so since I had the misfortune to lose my own body. When we find we can progress, or move onward much faster, much better, and much easier in a human organism than we can without it, if we have it not, we are apt to wish ourselves back again. At all events, this is my experience, and I suppose it is the experience of many others.

If I had been wisely unfolded to speak after the manner of the spirit who has just left, I should have been in my form now; or, if the conditions in which I was when on earth had been good, I suppose I should not be where I am at present. I sought after the good things of life; but I found I did not seek aright. I thought I was on the direct road to happiness; but I found I was on the opposite course.

I will not give a lengthy article in regard to myself, but will simply state a few facts by which I may be recognized.

My name was Charles L. Whofley. At the time of my death I was engaged in reading law. I pictured then to myself a favorable career in life; but, unfortunately, I started wrong. I drank too much; I passed too many of my hours at the gaming table. In a word, instead of looking after my soul's best welfare, or trying to unfold the qualities of the soul in the most beautiful way, I was ever striving to elevate myself in the external, caring little for the interior of things. I suppose I was like those spoken of by the good man of long ago, who were very careful to keep clean the outside of the platter, while the inside was filthy. However, it is not well to mourn over past acts.

I was twenty-three years of age. I was born in Warren, New York State. I have relatives scattered throughout that State, some in the Green Mountain State, and some in New Hampshire, although there are but few in the latter State.

I am a member of that class you call suicides. I thought I had a right to dispose of myself to suit myself when I first contemplated committing suicide. I do not now know but the right was mine; but I should have used it in a different way.

My friends concealed the fact of my committing suicide from my outside associates, so they do not know my body fills a suicide's grave; but so it is. I think I might throw off a great deal of the unhappy feeling that clings to me, if I could meet a few of my acquaintances, and give them some of my spirit-experience. I think so, from the fact that I cannot find any heaven or rest in any other direction, as yet known to me.

About six weeks prior to my departure, I lost largely at the gaming table; and, what is still worse, I did not lose that which was in reality my own; but that which belonged to the kindest and best of mothers—the being who had watched over my infancy, my boyhood, and my manhood, with a care none but a mother can exert. Yes, I caused her to drink from Poverty's bitter fountain. In my wild recklessness, I stripped her of all the comforts that belonged to the external world. If she had upbraided me, I might have suffered less in spirit; but when made acquainted with her situation, she offered a prayer in my behalf, and begged of me to turn and live a different life. But I had gone too far, had risked too much; had sold not only my own happiness and hers, but that of two others dependent upon me. I said, "I cannot exist in the body as I now feel; I have a right to cut myself free." And I did so. But I believe the same evil influences that led me to the wine-cup and the gaming-table, made me commit the last act of my life here. And now I am left to myself to find my way out of the hell I suffered.

Again I say, I doubt whether there is any real goodness in me or not. I feel like one wholly dependent upon his external surroundings for strength. My mother is now free from earth; she has left the toils and cares of mortality; but those who leaned upon her are left in a cold world, and it would seem they have but few to care for them, few to wrap the mantle of charity around them, few to shield them from the poisoned arrows of refined society, so-called.

Now I think if I can have a few conversations with some who were near kindred of mine, I can perhaps make some amends for the past; I can wipe out some of the stains I feel are resting upon me, embittering my every footstep in life. Whether I am right, or whether I am wrong, I suppose, if it is God's pleasure that I should do what I would like to do by coming in contact with humanity, I shall do it. But God has always instruments wherewith to work, and I think there are other instruments who chance to see the communication I have spoken, and feel like heeding my advice, they will use the talents God has given them in doing right, and prepare their souls for the immortal sphere.

I will pass on now, sir, and give room for others. Jan. 18.

Phoebe Chickering.

I've a favor to ask of you. Some of my family want me to come here and answer certain inquiries. I came here, not to answer them, but to tell my friends I can do so, and I propose to answer them in their own family.

If they had really thought I could come here and answer their questions, they never would have asked me. I know that to be so, for I know just how their minds run.

Now tell them I am in possession of the knowledge they want, and can give it; but not here.

My name was Phoebe Chickering. I lived at New Ipswich, N. H. That's all. Good-by. Jan. 18.

Moses Peters.

What an admirable faculty some have of building themselves up on the downfall of others. Sometimes they build themselves up on what they consider to be the downfall of others, when in fact they have not fallen at all.

Several weeks ago I made myself known to a few acquaintances who had convened to talk with the spirits. One among the number I used to be very familiar with, made this remark: "I should not think Moses would come back and talk as he does, seeing he lived such a life, and died such a death."

I do not come here because I care for this remark, but because the nurturing of such principles will injure the ones with whom they are born. So I come upon a good errand.

My name was Moses Peters. I sold rum for a living. Did business on Albany street, New York city. Will not pretend to say I am not sorry for some things I did when here, for I am; I won't say I am

as happy as I want to be, because I am not. Now, then, I will say, I do believe there are as many honest souls among rum-sellers as there are among moderate drinkers. And I will venture to say that one in three of those who profess to be followers of Christ are moderate drinkers. When a man has a desire for anything gettable, he will get it; and if I don't supply it, some one else will, and I may as well take the sin as anybody else.

I made no profession of Christianity. I was a materialist, according to the understanding of the world; while the friends who have made speeches about me, made professions of Christianity, went to church regularly, listened to the teachings of the minister, and followed one day in seven the rules prescribed by the church, and paid the pew-rents, or bought pews—and while they were doing these things, did not forget the outer man. The wants of the inner man were attended to, perhaps; but the hypocritical Christians who took their glass of rum behind the door, must come out before the world and denounce a man before death and afterwards, as a murderer, a dealer of poison, while I but furnished the weapons, and they used them. Now who has got the most to account for, seeing as I made no professions, and they made great?

I was just as honest as they. Now who will claim the first and best seat in the kingdom of heaven, I will not pretend to answer, but will leave the question for them to decide.

I've been dead about seven years. I don't see as I have changed a great deal. I have not had any of the experiences pointed out to me by the Christians; and as they have made a mistake on the start, I'm not going to believe them.

There are a good many of us who would do good if we could only get the right kind of a welcome. But when we come to those who profess to know Christ, and who don't know us, we are apt to fall back, and not to come again.

This last remark I will make to those who speak of me, and others of my class, as those friends did I have referred to.

In the first place, be sure you have got Christ; in the second place, be sure you follow in his footsteps; and in the third and last place, be sure you have not only an understanding and knowledge of Christ, but of yourselves; and if you have any doubts, commence in your own hearts; and use your duster there, before you seek to use it in the hearts of your fellows. Jan. 18.

Invocation.

Infinite and Universal Soul! while Nature, with her myriad voices, offers continual praises to thee, we, the highest and grandest of thy works, will not forget thee. We will not forget to lift our soul-offerings to thee from out the altar of mortality and death; we will not forget that we live in thee, and thou art with us ever, though we wander in the valley and shadow of destruction.

We will not forget, oh Divine Father and Mother, that we are wedded to all other souls in the universe of thought; that though they dwell in hell for a time, they are not without thee; though they dwell in the shadow for years, thy loving arms are around them, and they rest on thy bosom.

Our loving Father, we would bless thee for the infinite variety of manifestations we see in life; for the lights and shadows, joys and sorrows, that are everywhere appearing about us. We bless thee for the love thou hast implanted in each individual. Oh God, we see it resting in hell, as we see it in heaven. We feel that thou art everywhere; thy ear is never deaf, thy voice never silent, but that thou art calling us still onward forever, and art bidding us to come nearer and nearer unto thee. Jan. 18.

ALL AT HOME.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Drive every care and pain the furthest distance,
For we, the children ten,
And they, the two who blest us with existence,
Are all at home again.

Say not that three are dead and gone forever.
Talk not of me of gloom;
Tell not of Jordan's cold and cheerless river,
And brood not o'er the tomb.

We all are here, and God has not bereft us—
Then every grief assuage;
They have not gone far off, but only left us
Like actors on the stage.

And stepped aside behind a sable curtain,
Which briefly drops between
The mine and those, and busied now in dressing
Just for another scene.

I hear their foot-falls tinkling all around us,
I see their shadowy forms now flitting by,
I feel the pressure of the tie that bound us,
I breathe their teachings of philosophy.

Then drive each pain and care the furthest distance,
For we the children ten,
And they, the two, who blest us with existence,
Are all at home again.

Untold Riches.

There is a place in Kutenberg, Germany, called Luthard's Garden. This locality was supposed to be haunted, and many marvelous stories are afloat among the inhabitants, concerning the same. It is somewhat like the Alhambra, or the former residence of the Moorish kings of Granada in Andalusia, Spain. This locality in Kutenberg is supposed to contain untold riches of buried treasure. It is said that some centuries back this garden was owned by an immensely rich citizen of Kutenberg, named Luthard; that on one occasion the emperor visited him, and that Luthard served him a dish of jewels of great value, after the dinner and dessert were over, as a present; that after dinner, Luthard took the emperor, through a secret door, into a large artificial cavern, where untold riches were shown to the emperor, who asked Luthard what he intended to do with this immense treasure, and his reply was that he had a daughter, and the whole of it would be her dowry at her marriage; that the emperor was chagrined, as he had expected that Luthard would have devoted his riches to his service—but it was not so; that the daughter of Luthard had never married, and that after her death she was compelled to watch constantly this treasure; and as to the spirit of her father, he was generally occupied in counting these riches. Only one day in every year, viz.: Christmas night, the daughter is permitted to leave this cave, and that on such occasions she will appear to some young man in the city, and urge him to follow her, and if he complies, she will lead him to the cave, and after exhibiting these immense riches, he is urged to marry the spectre lady; that of the many young men who have followed her to the cavern, not one had the courage to enter the matrimonial relations with the spectre, although they had been promised as their reward the possession of these immense riches; while the ceremony was only to restore the spirits of the daughter of Luthard and her father to eternal rest, otherwise they would be compelled to watch these immense treasures until judgment day.

The entrance to this cave is so cunningly constructed that even the miners by the closest scrutiny were never able to discover it. A journeyman hatter, employed in a hat factory near the garden, was one of those that had followed the spectre lady into the cave, and had seen the immense riches, but had not the courage to enter the marriage state with the spectre; and when the hour of one struck on the cathedral steeple, he found himself standing before the perpendicular bluff of primitive rock, and could never discover the entrance. To this he was willing any time to make oath, and take the sacrament to verify the truthfulness of his statement; and he was generally believed by the people of Kutenberg.—Bohemia under Austrian Despotism.

"Pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course."
"Well, then, pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER IV.

TEACHINGS OF JONIUS CONTINUED—FIRST OF ANIMAL CREATION WERE THE FISH SPECIES—VEGETATION FIRST APPEARED, THEN ANIMALS—NATURE OF VEGETATION AT FIRST—NATURE OF THE FIRST ANIMALS—MANY OF THE FIRST RACES HAVE DISAPPEARED—MAN; WHAT IS HE?—FIRST APPEARED NEAR THE EQUATOR—WIT THE FIRST TYPES LIVED TO SO GREAT AN AGE—DID NOT ORIGINATE FROM ONE PAIR—UNION OF THE SPIRIT WITH THE BODY—SPIRITS EXIST IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD WHO NEVER EXISTED IN AN EARTH-BODY—MARTIN LUTHER—THE SPHERES—FIRST, OR RUDIMENTAL—IN THIS SPHERE MATTER DEVELOPS TO SPIRIT—DEATH OF THE BODY, OR BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT INTO THE SECOND SPHERE—WHY SHOULD MAN YEAR TO DIE?—THERE IS NO PAIN IN DEATH.

"I shall now pass over an almost indefinite period of time, and come to speak of the period when the first animal life appeared on the earth. The first that possessed animal life, was the fish species. I speak of this now, that you may see when I come to another part of my subject, how complete is the order of progression. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the lower orders of creation, but merely to mention them as we pass, so that you may understand the relation of one to the other.

There was a time when the earth was entirely submerged; or, in other words, being surrounded by a gross atmosphere, there was a continual mist surrounding it. After the earth had reached that degree, or situation in the solar system, where it could be operated upon by the sun, the atmosphere became refined, and then vegetation appeared upon its surface. The nature of the vegetation, however, was, at first, very gross. This, you will understand, when you consider that on the watery part of your globe, vegetation is far more rank than on those parts more elevated. How long it was after the earth brought forth vegetation, before the animals appeared, is uncertain; but we have good reason to say, that when the vegetable part was sufficiently developed to sustain animal life, then were they brought forth, and of a kind best adapted to a climate of a dense nature. Many of the first races have entirely disappeared from the face of the globe, and given place to those of a more refined or higher nature. That animals existed on the earth long before man, is fully known; therefore we need not dwell upon this part of the subject, but pass to the time when man first appeared.

"As I said in a former communication, in the vegetable kingdom, we discover the element of growth; so in the animal we see both growth and a degree of intelligence, which we call instinct; which is a desire to provide sustenance to maintain life. Without this they could not exist. Consequently, in the animal races we discover three kinds, or degrees of being; in the vegetable, two; in the mineral, one. As the vegetable is a connecting link between the mineral and the animal, so is the animal between the

Where heaven meets heart in secret prayer,
Each other's friend or woe to share,
We meet our friend, the lamp of love,
From heaven lighted from the spheres above,
Glowed in his breast and in his face,
Revealing thoughts of such sweet grace,
We named him Virtue's friend the strain
Of melody upon the ear
We drop, for those who feel the Ordeal
Of earthly cares now rent in twain,
For these who live in duty do not die—
Eternity shines clear before their eye—
They break no heart's-bleed, these but blend
In wider spheres as they ascend,
And he, all blessings on his will,
With broader shield, is guardian still, M. A. T.

At Warwick, N. Y., January 29, 1861, GEORGE W. HOLZ
an amiable and promising young man, son of John and
Susan Holz, after a short illness of only forty-eight hours
suddenly died.

His grandfather became convinced of immortality thru
spirit demonstration, and his parents are firm believers
the blessed reward of spirit-communication. Death had no
mortal terrors for him; his language was, "I wish to depart
now and rest my weary soul in the arms of my dear friends
hereafter, if permitted!"

• You remember how, in your boyish days, you for manhood, when you could escape from the of your big brother and your parents: when, by *force*, you might break the galling bonds that fastened you to the parental home. You had a grand ambition, which, not satisfied with contented and mother, sought a larger field; you control the society around you, and aspire to trust and honor, which you viewed only as opportunity to gratify the love of authority. rulers and monarchs of earth, we see only the of this selfish, insatiable, and unquenchable, ever, and even itself, without responsibility and appeal. What do we see in this country, near the verge of dissolution? Simply a fight for, a contest which shall best impose on the cred-

This doctrine of the Divine right of kings originated with the Jews; and when Moses gave the authority "thus saith the Lord," it was in accordance with the impressions and desires of the people; nor would they in after time, have yielded to the desire of the prophets and accepted the monarchical form of government, had not the proposal been supported by Divine sanction. Had they not, however, believed also in the right of revolution, under this government

DR. YOUNG remarked that doubts arise from the fact that the utterances through mediums sometimes seem like messages sent by chartered messengers, whereas others which they are claimed to deliver; the latter class such as would have proceeded from such and its master-minds in their own organisms. I am not prepared to assert that every medium, even when hot and in the true condition of a medium, speaks for identical spirit whose name may be attached to utterance. Sometimes the spirit assumes a name which corresponds to the personality of the person in favor of the audience. Still, I cannot consider it likely that the spirit of Theodore Parker, or Brigham Webster, should desire to bestir his race by dragging him to them in the most effectual manner a notion of the soul's immortality, nor that such benevolent efforts should often be impeded or thwarted by the imperfections of the medium. Here, however, the question arises whether the spirit who utters the spirit communicating must have undergone a complete transmigration from its former self. No Allow

Where freedom meet with freedom's God,
 To sound aloud his living word,
 Where heart meet heart in sweet prayer,
 Each other we would to share,
 We met our friend. The lamp of love,
 By angels lighted from the spheres above,
 Shined in his breast and in his eye,
 Revealing thoughts of such sweet race,
 We named him Virtue's Father. One tear
 Of sympathy upon his brow
 Shone, there, those who feel the strain
 Of earthly cross now rent in twain.
 But those who live in duty do not die—
 Eternity shines ever from their eye:
 They know no better life, but stand
 In wider spheres as they ascend,
 And he, all blessings on his will,
 With broader shield, is guardian still. M. A.

At Warwick, R. I., January 29, 1881, GEORGE W. HOLT,
 an amiable and promising young son, son of John and
 Ann Holden, after a short illness of only forty-eight hours
 died at 17 years four months.

His life was a witness of immortality through
 Spirit demonstration, and his parents are firm believers
 in the blessed reality of spirit-communication. Death had
 no mortal terrors for him; his language was, "I wish to depart
 and be with you." He sang a woeop for me, for I will never
 be hereafter, if permitted!"